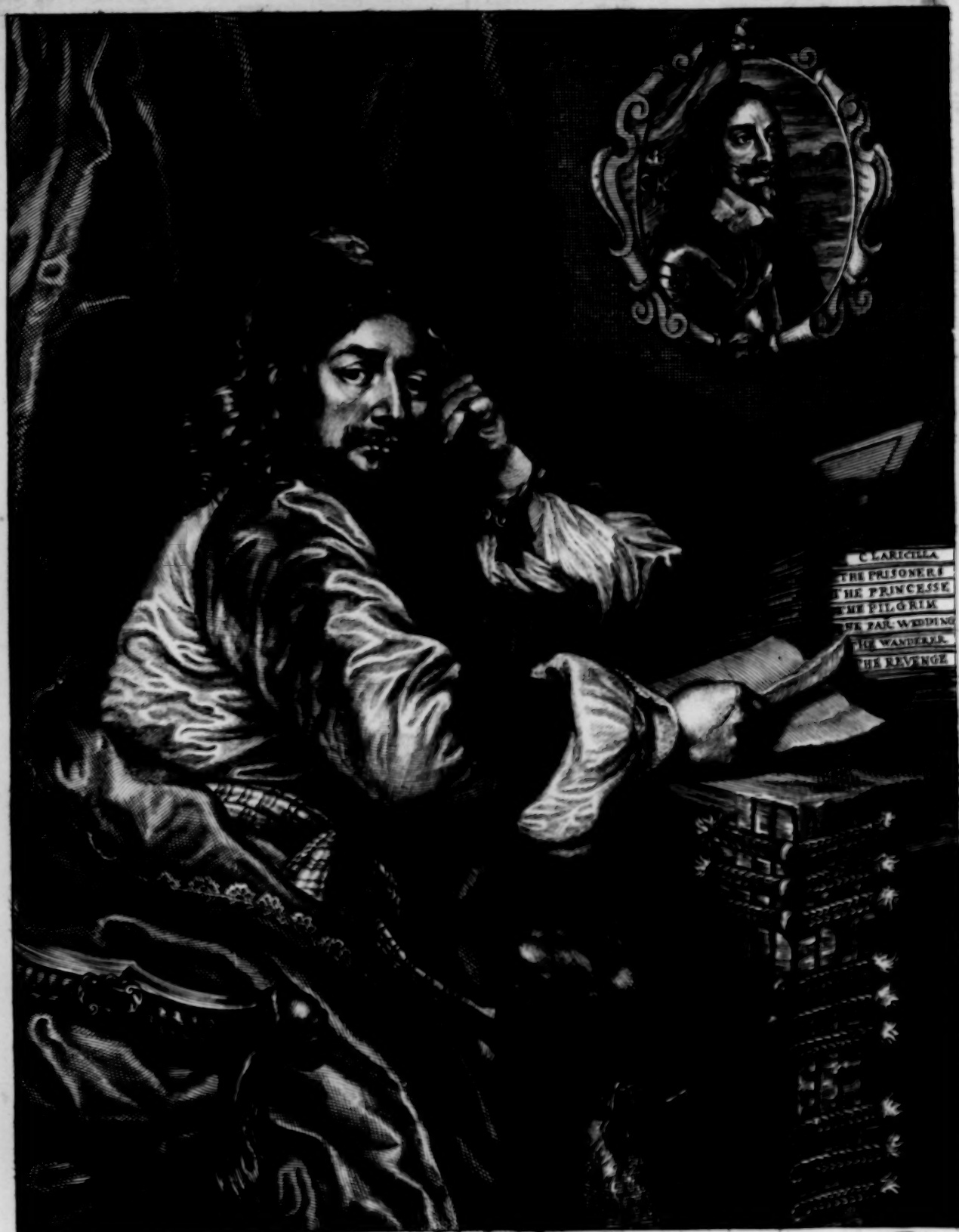
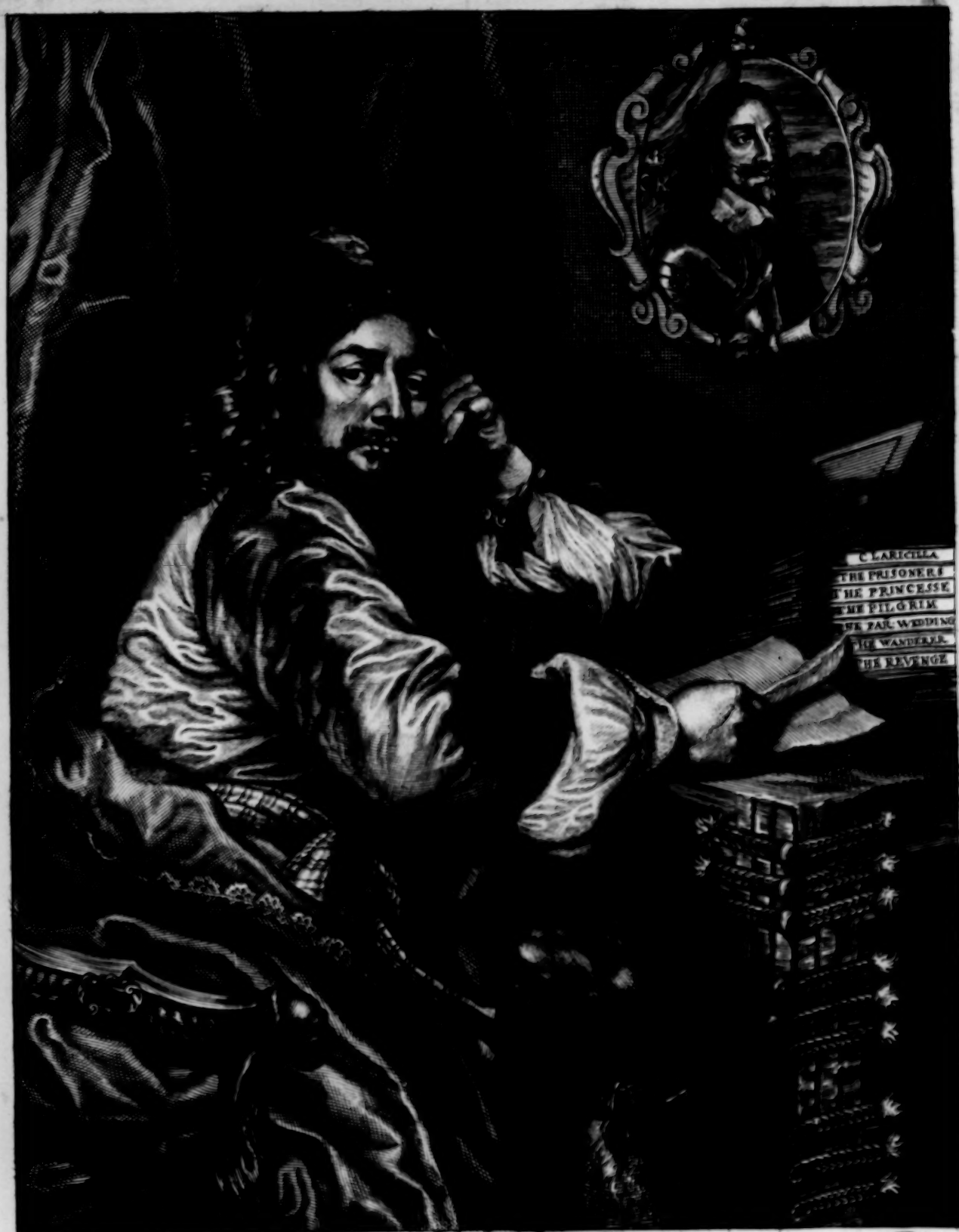


Thomas Killegrew Page of Honour to King Charles the first Groome of the Bedchamber to King Charles the Second and his Mtie's Resident with the Republique of Venice in the yeare 1650.

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COMEDIES,

AND

TRAGEDIES.

WRITTEN BY

Thomas Killigrew,

Page of Honour to King *CHARLES* the First.

AND

Groom of the Bed-Chamber to King *CHARLES* the Second.

LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, at the Sign of the *Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the *New-Exchange*. 1664.



To the Reader,

I Shall only ſay, If you have as much leaſure to Read as I had to Write theſe Plays, *you may, as I did, find a diverſion; though I wiſh it you upon better terms then Twenty Years Baniſhment.*

Yours,

THO. KILLIGREW.

A Catalogue of the Names of the *Comedies* and *Tragedies* contained in this Volumn.

THe Princeſs; *or*, Love at firſt Sight: *A Tragi-Comedy. The Scene* Naples *and* Sicily.

The Parſons Wedding: *A Comedy. The Scene* London.

The Pilgrim: *A Tragedy. The Scene* Millain.

Cecilia *and* Clorinda; *or*, Love *in* Arms: *A Tragi-Comedy, in two Parts. The Scene* Lombardy.

Thomaſo; *or*, *The* Wanderer: *A Comedy, in two Parts. The Scene* Madrid.

Bellamira *her* Dream; *or*, *The* Love *of* Shadows: *A Tragi--Comedy, in two Parts. The Scene* Naples *and* Sicily.

Claricilla: *A Tragi-Comedy. The Scene* Sicily.

The Priſoners: *A Tragi-Comedy. The Scene* Sardinia.

THE PRINCESSE:

OR,

Love at first Sight.

A

TRAGI-COMEDY:

The Scene *NAPLES* and *SICILY.*

Written in *Naples*

BY

THOMAS KILLIGREW.

Dedicated to his dear Niece

THE

LADY *ANNE WENTWORTH,*

WIFE TO

The LORD *LOVELACE.*

Maria Herrett.

LONDON:

Printed by *J. Macock*, for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be sold at his Shop at the sign of the *Blew-Anchor*, in the lower Walk of the *New Exchange*. 1663.

THE

Scene in *SICILY* and *NAPLES.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

FAcertes, *late Prince, now King of* Sicily *(by his Fathers late death in Battel) taken Priſoner by the Romans.*
Lucius, *(under the name of* Cilius*) Brother to* Facertes.
Virgilius, *Son to* Julius Cæſar.
Minetes, *his Servant.*
Nigro, *Foſter-father to* Facertes.
Viceroy of Sicily *for* Facertes.
Bragadine, *Son to the Governour of* Naples.
Terreſius, *a Sicilian Commander, turn'd Pirate.*
Lieutenant, *his Aſſociate.*
Tullius, *an humorous Companion of theirs.*
Crabb, *a Souldier of theirs.*
Other Souldiers of their Gang:
Roman Souldiers.
Priſoners.
Pimp and Baud of Naples *(Baud's name* Olympia.*)*
Bravo's.
Servants.
Sophia, *Siſter to* Virgilius.
Cicilia, *Siſter to* Facertes *and* Lucius.
Paulina, *a Neapolitan Lady.*

THE PRINCESSE: OR, Love at firſt Sight.

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

Enter two Souldiers retiring, beaten in by three others, with them, the Lieutenant, holding Sophia *in his hand.*

Lieu. SLaves, you have her? you have your Throats ſhav'd with a ſhort ſword.

1 *Sould.* By what title is ſhe yours? We fought for her.

2 *Sould.* And by our Laws you ought to ſtand to your Lot.

Lieu. By what Laws? By the Roman Law, you Raſcals? broad-ſword-law; beſides ſhe looks as if ſhe were ſweet and ſound, which are things you'l ſcarce bring a Preſident, to prove your intereſt by.

1 *Sould.* We will not quit our ſhares for words; We have ſwords.

Lieu. And no money; Go ye Raſcals: do you ſhew your teeth? Go, truſs, be gone, to the next woods ſide, there ſpeed with your Ploughs; do you threaten me with your cold Iron?

1 *Sould.* Your odds makes you preſume, but if we meet you alone, o'th' Guard.

Lieu. Then I'll cut thy Throat.

2 *Sould.* No, we'll ſpare you that labour, and have yours cut.

Lieu. Yes, yes, I know thou art good at killing, by Attorney.

1 *Sould.* S'death, come away, follow, We ſhall a have time.

[*Exeunt the two* Souldiers.

Lieut.

Lieut. And that's all, but a wheel and a croud, that thy end can claim, ——
How now? weeping? come, dry, dry; I'll be a Father to thee. Art honeſt?

Sophia. Dare not you be honeſt too?

Lieut. Honeſt? Faith, pretty one, he that dares fight is as honeſt a Souldier as needs to be.

She lies down

Sophia. O! ye Gods.

Lieut. They are the prettieſt kind of commodities, theſe women, that a man can deal in, there is nothing like 'em, but ready money.

Here they put up their ſwords.

Sould. Pray, Sir, leave talking, and fall to, that we may have your leavings.

Lieu. Not a bit, go home to your *Doll*, and fall to your cold meat, friends.

Sould. Hang her, ſhe's old.

Lieut. Speak reverently of her Age, the Jade brought great loads to our pleaſure, in her youth, and muſt not be forgotten.

Sould. O but this, Sir, has ſuch an excellent face.

Lieut. Away, you Rogues, old chins, and naked chins, Boys of the firſt beard, and find diſtinction? muſt your weak ſtomacks have face-ſauce, before you can fall to? the ſex (you Varlets) was enough, when I was young; and I confeſs they have been ſad days with me, ſince the Face and Peticoat came in eſteem: look where ſhe lies, (what? weeping, pretty one? now if I ſhould dote in my latter days, and draw in at my eyes a puniſhment, they ſay the Gods are juſt, and may, through my doublet, puniſh the ſins of my youth --- Hum, I'll think no more on't; --- Faith I muſt kiſs thee.

He lies down and ſhe riſes.

Sophia. O Sir, be not ſo barbarous as to bring thoſe dangers you have beaten hence; why do you lay ſuch rude hands on me? Think you, the innocence of Maid and Virgin have no power to guard me?

He lays hands on her.

Lieut. A Maid! by my faith, its ſtrange, I ſhould ha' jugded you at the ſecond age, when women fall; have you no witneſs of what you ſay? I have no faith[e] your witneſs, or I kiſs.

He ſtill puls her.

Sophia. Away, unhand me, and force me not to call down a Plague to guard me, ſcorn not my words, if thou doſt this wickedneſs, thou wilt find the curſe of an injur'd Maid ſtrike as ſure, as lightning, and as fatal; nor can all thy skill and courage defend thee, but deſpairs will find thee, and inhabit in thee, till thou art diſſolv'd in the horrors of thy fear. But if this calm, which ſeems to allay thy troubled blood, be real, upon my knees, I'll fall, and to the Gods ſend my Prayers for thee, and they'l prove as great a guard, and thou ſhalt find this good act interpoſe between thee and thy greateſt dangers.

He lets her go and looks on her.

Lieut. By this light ſhe talks unhappily, ſhould I keep her company, I muſt beg; no more of this diſcourſe, pray.

Sophia. Let me be ſafe in my Honour, and I'll be ſilent, and beſide the reward that heaven will pay you, my Ranſom ſhall be what you'l name.

Lieut.

Lieu. You have prevail'd, and shall be free from force; but take heed of talking of Heaven before these; to tempt them with such promises, is bidding them to their loss; for what can such fellows hope for there, but to become some odd Saints without Holy-daies?

Sould. Lieutenant, you are somewhat free in your Opinion of us.

Lieu. Why, dost thou sweet heart, hope for better? look upon him has he not a promising face? Ile prophecy, Crabb, continue in thy calling, and thou art safe, for thou hast endeavoured long, and I fear not, but hast made good friends below, and mayst be of a good rank in hell.

Sould. Faith, Lieutenant, me thinks, you spurr'd fairly forwards, and, upon my Conscience, will be richly damn'd.

Lieu. Who I? Faith and troth I think I shall, and yet, while this lasts, I have good hopes; for I am of Opinion, no Man is damn'd that has money in his purse; nor do I see how poor folks can be saved; What noise is that? *Shakes his purse.*

Sould. I hear our Captains voice.

Lieu. Away, take her to my quarter, and, upon your lives, no Insolence; pray step off with them, till I see what occasions this noise.

Sophia. I will go, But if this be Treachery
Know, though 'tis easie to abuse the Gods,
Yet it is heavy for to bear their rods.

Lieu. Away, you are safe. [*Exeunt omnes but the Lieut.*

ACT. I. SCEN. II.

Enter Captain *and* Souldiers, *with the* Romans *bound, that were taken with* Sophia.

Sould. SIR, these are some poor Rogues.

Captain. Hang 'em then for being poor.

1. *Roman.* Cannot our praiers find thy Mercy?

Capt. A pox upon your prayers, they could not protect thee; hang 'em I say.

Lieu. Hold Sir, mistake not these Men, for, if I guess right, they are no beggars.

Capt. Bring the Torture then.

Lieu. I believe, I know a way to gain the Truth without a Rack: There is a Weneh——

Capt. I, What became of her?

Lieu. She's in my power, and talks not like a beggar; by this day, she threatned me, and frighted me from my pleasure, she profer'd a Ransome too, things that beggars never dream on.

Capt. Where is she? We will load her with chains, till they confess.

Lieu. Patience a little, and Ile instruct you; do but threaten to

to kiſs her, (you underſtand me) and, upon my life, ſhe'l tell all.

Capt. To the Dungeon then with theſe, and fetch her; but doſt thou hear, Lieutenant, is ſhe likely? is it a handſome Wench? doſt thou ſee ready money in her face? [*Exeunt Sould. and Priſon.*

Lieu. O, 'tis a proper Wench, and bravely built, ſuch Eyes, ſo black, ſo great, of a Beauty that is currant every where, Then her Cheeks, and ſuch Lipps; ha! by this hand I could ha dwelt for ever there.

Capt. She came luckily for this Mart; what became o'th Boyes we took a ſwimming in *Baio*?

Lieu. They are ſafe, and will be ready for the ſame fraight.

Capt. And all will ſcarce quit coſt.

Lieu. Faith Captain, we have no luck of late, our old Souldiers are immortal too, they will not die, there comes no profit that way of late; When the Moor was Captain, in his years there fell as many of thoſe rotten plums, as were worth ten thouſand Drachms.

Capt. And ſince my reign, I cannot count a thouſand. The young *Cicilian*, the bold *Cilius*, is returned too, and now I have no hope to continue another year.

Lieu. Which? he that was the Priſoner?

Capt. Yes, the ſame, his hopes ſtand fair for the next Election, nor ſhall I envy him if he gain it, for it's a gallant Fellow, and indeed ought to command here.

Lieu. Faith Captain, a competent ill nature (I thank the Gods) I have gain'd in the ſervice, and to me 'tis indifferent who is Captain, for I muſt be Lieutenant ſtill, till my lot falls, and yet I have ſo much gratitude as to be angry with old *Tullius*.

Capt. Why doſt thou blame a Man for deſiring to live?

Lieu. By my Faith, when a Man deſires it ſo unreaſonably, I do; he knows he cannot live, and yet he has not ſo much good nature as to die; what if he may linger out this moneth? he'l die the next, and then your reign expires.

Capt. Marry, and the Villain is rich, and 'twere not amiſs to be his Heir.

Lieu. If he die in time; but if he live he will not be worth one Drachma; for ſince they told him he could not eſcape, The ſlave that grudg'd himſelf Bread before eats Gold now, and conſidering you are his Heir, it is your Gold he eats; would I had ſuch Title to his Eſtate, by this light, I'de choak him, ſlave.

Cap. Thou art in the right, if he die this moneth, I am his Heir, by the Laws of our Band, if next, he that ſucceeds; and I am certain, he made his Fortune under me.

Lieu. Why I, there's the point, Faith Captain, if you pleaſe, Ile go ſpeak with him, and try what good nature will do, it may be he'le hear reaſon, Ile urge how much he is bound to you.

Capt. Thou mayſt go, but I'me afraid it will be loſt labour.

[*Exixit Lieut.*

Enter

Enter Cilius, *and a* Souldier.

Cilius. A party of *Romans* taken, where? guide my hate, that with fatal wounds I may empty their proud veins.

Capt. How now *Cilius*, what Rage is this?

Cilius. O *Tereſius*, can you be content, becauſe our perſons lie hid, to let our ſhames continue viſible, and thus ſleep out the ſufferings of our Country? I paſt or'e her boſom in my Journey, Oh! had you, with me, ſeen the general calamities ſhe groans under, ruin'd even to a Chaos, and the wretched people, grown ſo degenerate in their ſufferings, that they begin, with joy, to obey the inſulting Conquerour.

Capt. It is wiſdom now to obey.

Cilius. Wiſdom? Is *Tereſius* grown ſo tame, to think ſo? let the Dogs, not *Cilius*, practiſe it.

Capt. Why thus impatient?

Cilius. Our Countrey and our miſeries call for our ſwords to protect her, and to ſee you thus tame makes me ſo.

Capt. This rage ſerves her as little —— And 'tis now in vain to attempt their ruine, whoſe Conqueſt has taken ſuch firm root.

Cilius. Thoſe that bled in the laſt battle thought not ſo.

Capt. To what raſh attempts would your rage guide you! is the ſad iſſue of that day no example which our brave Prince *Facertes* was forced to ſurvive, and adorn their Triumphs? But that being paſt, he had dy'd upon the Hook, nor could the Interceſſion of *Virgilius* letters have deferred the doom, though he beſtrid him in the heat of battle, had not the far-fam'd *Sophia*, in his approaching Fate, call'd to mind that which he (though an Enemy) protected her Brother from, and in the inſtant kneel'd and embrac'd *Cæſars* knees, divinely pleading, *Pallas* inſpir'd her, and with her own Beauties cloath'd the Virgin, and with ſuch power the Goddeſs moved in her, that when *Cæſar* gaz'd upon her blew eyes he left to be *Cæſar*, and rather obey'd then granted, and to be her Father could ſcarce ſecure him from being fettered with thoſe white wriſts which circled his imperial knees.

Cilius. Was *Virgilius* then in the Power of *Facertes*, that day, and did he let him eſcape, did he fawn upon the *Roman?*

Capt. It was but to return the Piety *Virgilius* ſhewed *his Foſter-father*, who (you know) protected him in that ſad day our King was ſlain, and, by his power, he grew able to give that laſt blow for his Countries Freedom, which when the aged *Nigro* ſaw inclining to the *Romans*, covetous to have his Age ſet in ſome glorious Act, he charg'd the youthful *Virgilius*, but or'e loaded with Courage, his ſilver hairs ſunk under the *Roman*, whoſe Piety beſtrid him like his Father, vowing to ſacrifice upon that breaſt, ſooner then wound it.

Cilius. 'Twas done like the *Son of the firſt Julius*; Theſe are degenerate, and ſucceed onely in the others Fortune, not his Merit, Yet——had I been by——

Capt. What could your ſingle Arm have done?

Cilius. Kill'd *Virgilius*, in Revenge of the Rape the *Roman* Ploughes has made upon my Mothers womb. For other Parent then my Country, I yet could never find. Oh! that I had been that day with the brave *Facertes*, who knows but I might have digg'd a glorious Monument in ſome lucky wound, given in the face of this admir'd *Virgilius*, and after ſuch a Fortune, I could have ſmil'd, and, unſhook, ſtep'd into my grave. Or if ſlay'd, ſuch bold truths I would have utter'd, they ſhould not have deſtroy'd me for cold Example, but rather becauſe *Rome* durſt not let me live. And yet I beg if there be any Power favourable to *Cilius*, let it ſet within my ſwords reach this *Virgilius*, this King of Men, This *Sicilian* ſcourge, that makes us kneel and kiſs our Afflictions; Then, then, *Tereſius*, thou ſhalt ſee, how with this ſword Ile hunt his pale Soul to her laſt home.

Capt. 'Tis a Gallant Youth, how his Spirit boyles, to be in Action. [*aſide.*

Cilius. If I be choſe Captain of our Band, by all our bondag'd Gods, in ſome diſguiſe, Ile ſee that *Rome*, I will *Tereſius*, and with a few wounds well dealt, gather a numerous Revenge; ſay, would not you obey, if I command, to joyn in ſuch a Sacrifice, where, to fall, The Off'ring is as glorious, as to ſtand the Prieſt, and ſuch attempts are becoming Sacrifice for Men, let Women incenſe burn, it is properer for us to expiate with wounds, then Prayer or Faſting, and had thoſe we vainly dealt in Sacrifice been given upon our Enemies, our Heards had now been fair, and *Rome* Aſhes.

Capt. May all thy thoughts prove Prophetick, and here I vow to obey what ere thou injoyneſt.—— Though it be not ſafe to let thee know the Reaſon, nor the Intereſt thou haſt in thy Countries ſufferings. [*aſide.* [*Enter Lieut.*

Lieut. Sir, will you come to the Examination, The Priſoners are at the Quarters.

Cilius. What Priſoners?

Capt. The Romans.

Cilius. Why are they not ſtak'd?

Lieut. There's a Woman amongſt 'em.

Capt. You will not ſtake her, will you?

Cilius. No, I make no war with Women.

Lieut. If ſhe muſt die, I beg the ſtaking of her.

Cilius. What is ſhe?

Lieut. More then young, and handſome, and one that talks unhappily; I know not——

Cilius. Ile go ſee her; Captain, Ile meet you at the Oak.

Capt. Ile to my Quarter, and attend you.

ACT.

ACT. I. SCEN. III.

Enter Virgilius *and* Facertes.

Virgil. O Let me ſtretch my ſelf, and thus enlarg'd poſſeſs my Joyes; for know, my longing Soul made a Crown a Burthen, and with greater joy I have put off an Empire, then thou thy chaines; and now tranſported with my hopes, the Bird that from the Cage is flown, and broke that Priſon, where ſhe was wont to mourn, and ſings all Tunes at once, That Bird, I ſay, cuts not the yielding Air with more joyful Freedom, then I, to find my ſelf, and deliver'd from that impriſoning ſtate.

Facer. Sir, Thus far I have obeyed your Commands, which enjoyned me to accompany you from *Gallia* hither: But what your deſign ſhould be, that makes you thus, with Joy, quit your Command there, and be pleaſed to find your ſelf unknown and hid in a diſguiſe at *Naples*, I cannot gueſs, nor ſhall I be ſo rude to aſk; for ſure if it were fit I knew it, you, that dare truſt your ſleeping ſelf in my power, would not hide it from me.

Virg. Doe's not my Friend gueſs, whither I am bound?

Facert. Not the particular; but I am certain 'tis ſome great deſign, to conquer which, you thus in ambuſh lay the great *Virgilius*.

Virgil. The Body was made the Souls ſlave, and now but ſerves her to advance my ends; nor is my Mind leſs, or thoughts more ſubject to fear, then when an Army compaſs'd me.

Facert. Sir, That you are alone makes you not leſs in my eſteem; for it is not your power I admire, (the loſs of mine own tells me, that's mortal) but your Mind; which, when *Virgilius* is nothing but what my Memory gives life to, will make me worſhip his Monument.

Virg. No more, Prince *Facertes*, my Friend, and to confirm him take a ſecret, by which Ile bind him to me for ever; for ſecrets have ſtronger ties then Love, or Vowes; for whilſt thou haſt Honour that binds thee, the other may by miſtake or Paſſion (which Friendſhip's ſelf is ſubject to) fall even to hate.

Facertes. Then, when I have honour, I ſhall know your deſign.

Virg. When thou haſt! O *Facertes*, my friend, it was born with thee; and where it is not natural, ſwords cannot acquire it; Take therefore into thy heart all the ſecrets of mine, and in a word, all my hopes, and all my fears, *Cicilia*.

Facert. What of her, Sir?

Virg. She is all my hopes, all my wiſhes, and all my fears; and if ſhe ſmile, I am fortunate: for know, my journey is to lay at her feet my ſelf, and all that Conqueſt gave me. What thinks *Facertes?* will ſhe accept it, and not deſtroy the deſtroyer? For nothing can be conqueſt, where ſhe ſuffer'd, but height of Murther.

Facert. What, do I hear my prayers foreſtall'd, and thoſe joys Our Country ought to ſacrifice for, offer'd to us? I hope *Virgilius*

is not ſtill pleaſed to triumph or'e our miſeries, and throw a ſcorn upon that, which he thought worthy of his ſword?

Virg. Have you not yet forgiven what was my fate? while theſe thoughts dwell in thee, I muſt not hope *Facertes* will joyn the power of a Brother to aſſiſt my wiſhes.

Facert. If you are real, you ſhall tread upon my neck, but if this be ſcorn, 'tis ſo unlike my friend, and ſo unbecoming the brave *Virgilius*, that I ſhould not fear to call him enemy, nor deſpair his conqueſt.

Virg. Real, *Facertes!* why when have I jeſted with my friend? Real? yes, as thy vows to *Sophia*. Never ſtart, nor put on amazement, was I leſs worthy of a truſt, becauſe thou thought'ſt me worthy to have been thy enemy? call me friend, and hide thy love? Either thou haſt not found the knowledge, or loſt the value of thy friend: I tell Prince *Facertes*, ſhe, whom he ſacrificeth to, has greater ties upon me as Friend then Siſter.

Facert. That I do love the divine *Sophia*, witneſs my part of heaven, which is all thou haſt left me to ſwear by; but if thou haſt gain'd the knowledge of that ſecret, by jealous gueſſes, purchas'd treachery, or with thy power haſt wrought upon her ſex to betray her innocent affection, draw thy ſword, for, by all our Gods, no diſtance, as enemy, nor neerneſs of Friendſhip ſhall divide us, or ſecure thee from my vengeance.

Facertes *draws his ſword.*

Virg. I am innocent, and you are angry; here read that, it will tell you, you have injur'd me.

He gives Facertes a Letter.

Facert. Can *Virgilius* pardon me, and ſtill have patience to learn me how to conquer Nations firſt, and then my ſelf, by his great Example?

Virg. Your friendſhip I ſhall never decline; and if *Sophia* be juſt, you have a warrant for you faith of mine. When I went for *Gallia* to take command of thoſe Legions there, at parting, we fell into diſcourſe of you, and the never-enough-admir'd *Cicilia*, whoſe beauties and vertues ſhe always mention'd with admiration: I confeſſed to her, that her former deſcriptions had engaged my affections to your Siſters fame ſo much, that I was reſolved, in ſome diſguiſe, to ſee her. O're-joyed with this news, ſhe recommended you to me for a guide, And though I ever admir'd the honour I found in *Facertes*, yet I confeſs, I made a little ſtop ere I reſolved to put my ſelf in the power of one, whom I had tempted with ſuch a ruine, as obeying my Fathers injunctions, had made me lay upon your ſuffering Country; to remove which doubt ſhe bluſhed out this ſecret; I ask'd her then, why ſhe ſuffer'd thee to be led in triumph? ſhe ſaid, ſhe pleaded againſt it, what ſhe durſt, and had ſhe loved leſs, ſhe could have ſaid more, but ſeeing her own guilt, ſhe fear'd it might have been trouble to all: Now if this truth can ſatisfie *Facertes*, that I have not wrong'd him, and now I beg, he'l give me leave to return his vows, to *Cicilia*; and now I conjure thee by that power which thou haſt given her, in *Sophia*'s name, here to bury all thy fears, all thy anger, all remembrance that I was a misfortune to thee, in return of which upon thy breaſt, the

Altar

Altar of friendſhip, I'll lay mine a ſacrifice, and vow my ſelf to fair *Cicilia*, and her Country, a conſtant friend.

Facert. Oh! Sir, The joys you load your ſlave with, I wiſh you may find, when you ſigh under ſuch a pleaſing burthen, as the enjoying all your wiſhes brings. And if my prayers be proſperous, *Virgilius* will prove our Phyſitian, and the wounds he gave, but Preſcriptions, and we have bled for our health only.

Virg. From hence then, I'll count my conqueſt over *Facertes*, and think I have brought more ſtrength to our Empire, by his friendſhip, then his Country.

Facert. If you intend a ſudden journey, give me leave to furniſh you with a Galley, I have ſome acquaintance in the Town; I'll diſpatch, and meet you preſently upon the Mould: will you not ſend, to ſee whether your Siſter be arriv'd at *Baio?*

Virg. Yes, and we'll touch there, as we go.

Facert. When I kiſs'd her hands, to go for *Gallia*, ſhe ſaid, ſhe was immediately to retire to *Baio.*

Virg. We need not bid each other haſte, ſince Love's our guide.

ACT. I. SCEN. IV.

Enter Sophia *and the* Lieutenant.

Lieu. HItherto, fair one, your beauty has preſerved you; but let not your pride teach you, from ſucceſs, to ſcorn a proffer'd love, that brings ſafety with it; for me, I confeſs I durſt not enter where that beauty guarded; there was ſomething in that Angel form that ſtroke me, and I boaſt a wound received from you, more then a conqueſt over another.

Sophia. This Act ſhews you truly valiant, and this fear, you pay the Gods, is courage: Fools and Cowards only dare their power, and you ſhall find ſucceſs and conqueſt ſtill await you, when you ſtrike not againſt them; and my prayers ſhall invert the kind of this offering, and make a ſacrifice of that which is duty: and you ſhall receive a reward for paying, as if you had given Hecatombs.

Lieu. Faith, pretty one, I am pleas'd with what you ſay, though I underſtand it not, Pray, what kind of place is yours, in heaven? By this hand, I think ſhe keeps the ſweet-meats, or elſe, is woman Butler there.

Soph. Alas, Sir, I am ſo mortal, I am ſubject to you: for heaven, I know it not, but by faith, and that tells me, when I am injur'd, my curſes wound, and when ſerved, my prayers heal.

Lieu. Then you have nothing to ſhew, under the hands of thoſe, what do ye call'um? thoſe Gods?

Soph. Nothing, but the examples of their juſtice; which, with puniſhment, viſit the wicked.

Lieu. Now do I begin to find, I was a fool, and this wench a talker, By this hand I thought ſhe had had ſome of the Gods in Li- *He offers to*
veries, at her Elbow, and there's no ſuch thing, all is but a dream; *kiſs her.*

but

but I'll be no longer fool'd by my fears. Faith, pretty one, let's try whether they be at leiſure, or no; or if they be, they cannot have the face to puniſh us for thoſe faults they were ſo ſubject to themſelves.

Soph. They are in a ſad condition, that inſtead of repentance, ſeek examples for their ſins; and the ſecond is worſe then the firſt; as inſolence, is worſe then weakneſs: why do you lay ſuch rude hands upon me, You will not deſtroy what you have built?

Cil. Wait without. [*Enter* Cilius.

Cilius *gazes upon her.*

Lieu. Are you there? Then I am prevented, a Pox upon my tender nature, this it is to be ignorantly wicked, and ſubject to fits of conſcience.

Cil. Lieutenant, is that the Priſoner, you ſpoke of?

Lieu. Yes Sir.

Cil. Thou lieſt.

Lieu. Sir.

Touches himſelf.

Cil. I tell thee, its falſe, its here the Priſoner ſtands.

Lieu. That's ſhe, I ſpoke of.

Cil. Leave us then.

Soph. Ye Gods, new miſeries.

Lieu. Why ſo; there's but three ſteps to a womans bed, liking, alone, and conſent. Two of them he has paſt already, if ſhe conſent, I would he might pay her: look how they gaze, This is Love, and I have bought wit, But if a long ſtaff keep me from the next, let 'em geld me. [*Exit* Lieu.

Cil. Fair one, what Country boaſts theſe Beauties?

Soph. Sir, I can anſwer for my ſelf, But for thoſe Beauties, you ſpeak of, let them find a friend, I have misfortunes enough to buſie my time, and I find it buſineſs enough to make it appear fit to live: The thoughts of beauty, are fit for thoſe that have fortunes like their faces, and if mine be like my fortune, (as a friend I counſel you) not to let your eyes dwell longer here, for its a dangerous habitation, Not ſafe to me, that am native there, and I ſhould mourn more for your dangers, then mine own, for I know how to be juſt, but I could never find, how to be fortunate.

Cil. A Curſe find him, and all paſs'd Plagues be but ſtor'd for him, that would ſeek to deface that Temple, and what ere your modeſty can urge.-----Thus I'll pay my duty, for I know, ſuch a worſhip can be no new thing to the Deity, that's ſhrowded in their eyes.

He kneels to her.

She kneels likewiſe.

Soph. If you kneel, I muſt kneel too, for the guilt is no leſs to take a worſhip where it is not due, then to pay it.

Cil. But if the guilt be equal, pray refuſe not to receive an unfeigned one.

They both riſe.

Soph. I dare not riſe, while you kneel; for although the fault be equal, yet civility makes this fitter.

Cil. I'll not diſpute; for know, ſhould you command, through ſin, I'de ſerve you; and therefore you may be confident, I'll obey you, when you command me ſhun it; and here, with ſhame, I confeſs, I came prepar'd with luſt, hungry with ſin, and look'd to have

have met a ſacrifice to me.---But I have found the power, and now return as from the Altar, ſtruck with holy deſpairs, and ſhall feed on what I have already fed my eyes and ears with.

Soph. Sir, I find there's honour in your breſt, but I fear that ſafety dwells not every where; for the Souldier that you found with me, repents him of the good that ſaved me.

Cil. He dares as ſoon ſuck in a Peſtilence, as breathe on that air, I frown in; he is my ſlave, and to my will his fate is tied, if he dares breathe ought but obedience, 'tis his own ſentence; ſay, faireſt, ſhall he live, By our Gods (but to ſerve you) he ſhould not. What, ho! Lieutenant, Sirrah, what was it you ſaid, to diſturb this calm. [*Enter Lieu. and two Souldiers.*

Lieu. Faith little Sir, ſomething that tended to the uſe of handſome women.

Cil. Slave, didſt thou look upon her, and not kneel? by her ſelf, I ſwear (purer then which our Temples ſhew nothing) if any act or word of thine ſhall henceforth pay leſs reverence here, then at the Altar, thou art Earth; mark me; this ſhall wound the into Earth. *He lays hand on his ſword.*

Lieu. Sir it ſhall, and I'll call it juſtice, death has taken ſix I think, and is drunk with her beauty, a pox upon me: I muſt be praiſing her forſooth.

Soph. Sir, you need not threaten, the reward is not worth the hazard, and I am ſafe.

Cil. The reward! oh, that it were to be purchas'd at the rate of Kingdoms, then the ſword might gather thoſe Beauties! but they are neither within the compaſs of conquering, nor dying for, elſe I durſt ſay, after all my wounds and triumphs, ſee your ſlave; but now I am loſt in my deſpairs.

Soph. Sir, Truth has ſuch affinity with truth, that I can ſcarce hide one from you, which I fear will be diſpleaſing.

Cil. To ſerve you, is the firſt thoughts of my heart, and ſince I cannot, my ſelf be happy, let me contribute my Power to make you ſo; dare you tell me who you are?

Soph. A vow forbids me. [*Enter a Souldier.*

Sould. Sir, the Captain expects you.

Cil. Me? I'll wait him preſently: Lieutenant, ſee you cheeriſh your firſt act, and with honour treat this Lady, and you ſhall command me; your pardon, fair one, our Captain commands me hence, but you ſhall be ſafe from all dangers, but what your ſadneſs brings, and I ſhall be proud to be call'd yours, though deſpis'd.

Soph. Witneſs heaven, all that honour can ſpare me is yours; And therefore I beg you will not injure me, to ſay I deſpiſe you: When we have not, we cannot pay, and I ſhall mourn to think I muſt dye your Debtor.

Cil. Madam, But I can admire and ſacrifice in thoughts, pray command me to do ſomething for you, oh! that theſe five tedious days were waſted, that, without a treachery, I might ſay, you are free, but if you can find a ſtrength to reſiſt theſe miſeries, till then, By our Gods, you are as free as they, and as readily I'll obey you.

Soph.

Sophia. Sir, your firſt bounties make me happy; and ſince I have your protection for my Honour, all the reſt, when they are blown over, bring but a pleaſure in the relation.

Cilius. I muſt go——There is a neceſſity that forces me to obey, I cannot elſe command your ſafety.——Lieutenant.

Lieut. Sir.

Cilius. Need I ſay again, Protect this Lady?

Lieut. No Sir, By this hand, he hath gelt me with a look, Madam, will it pleaſe you to walk? [*Exit Cilius.*

Sophia. Yes Sir, Ile follow you, and I hope I ſhall not be aſham'd to follow my *Facertes*, whoſe Soul, I think, holds Intelligence with this Souldier; and were it not that I been accuſtomed to ſee ſuch Virtue, this would ſtart me. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. II. SCEN. I.

Enter Nigro *wounded, and* Cicilia *holding him by the Arm.*

A noiſe of fighting within.

Nigro. FLy, oh fly, and ſave your ſelf, Madam, This Piety will give wings to your Innocence; for it is juſt, ye Powers, by Miracle, to ſave that Miracle.

Cicilia. No Father, The fears and nicities of our Sex I have long ſince baniſh'd hence; and ſo many have been my dayes of mourning, that I thought not to have ſhed a tear for any new miſery; But this is a loſs I could not foreſee, and by ſurprize this grief has got into my heart, look, if I have not tears left.—— Oh! ye Heavens, Where is that Juſtice and Mercy we ſacrifice to? Why were you abſent when his ſword ſtrooke in your own cauſe? He faints. Wounds, and Age! There is a kind of Sacriledge in this Murther, and I could be wicked in my anger, to ſee his faithful youth preſerv'd thus to a puniſhment, and, inſtead of a reward, ſee him purſu'd like the wicked, and his Age ſet in Blood.

A noiſe within.

Nigro. O excellent Maid! let not my ruine beget faults in thee; nor do thou thus repine at the laſt and greateſt of my Honours; is it not better to ſink thus, Then bluſhing ſay I ſurfeited, or go ſhaking out with an Ague, like a Coward School-Boy, to my Grave! Faireſt, I have been bred a Souldier; and had it been as noble to yield as conquer, I could have died as eaſily, as kil'd.—— Your Hand, Madam, for I find I faint, Why ſhould I grieve to die, that have this to lay me in the Earth! O weep not, By this laſt ſmile I conjure you, weep not; But let your ſadneſs die, and my Memory live; For witneſs that power, to whom I am now offring my ſelf, as my laſt Sacrifice, I have all that dying *Nigro* could wiſh; am I not bleſt with my Countries cauſe to die in, while a Princeſs mourns at my Funeral, and an Angel Virgin is ſent to cloſe mine Eyes.

He ſwounds. She looks ſadly upon him.

Cicilia. He's dead.—— *Enter the Vice-Roy and Souldiers, the Vice-roy is wounded and taken, he falls.*

They ſeize Cicilia.

1. *Sould.* Hands off, This is my Priſoner.

2. *Sould.*

2. *Sould.* She's finely built, I think she was furnished for the Mart.

Crabb. Ile have her Cloathes, I spy'd them first.

1. *Sould.* Ile have her, and let whose will take the rest; I desire but to be lost in the wood with her, for a night, and let him take her that finds her in the morning.

2. *Sould.* He were a bold fellow, that would come after thee.

Crabb. Come, leave this squabling, lest the Lieutenant come, and then you get not a bit.

1. *Sould.* Faith, and thou art in the right, and I confess I would be glad to find a way to be revenged for the last he took from us.

3. *Sould.* I could tell you how to do it, and profitably too, if you would all take my counsel.

2. *Sould.* Propose, propose.

3. *Sould.* Then quit your thoughts of this dainty bit, and lets away with her, and the rest, to *Naples*, and sell 'em, This fine thing shall yield Money, that will buy Wine, and Wenches, that bring no fears along with 'em; This gay thing, should we touch her forbidden fruit, we were damn'd; and we are sure, our Lieutenant will pursue us with fire and sword. *Points to Cicilia.*

All. Agreed, Agreed.

3. *Sould.* Thus rigg'd then, lets away, But we had best leave one to tell our Captain we are put to Sea, in pursuit of a Galley that bore the Roman Eagle, that will take off suspition while we are absent; then we may return, and say, they out sail'd us.

2. *Sould.* Ile stay, but remember my share.

3. *Sould.* What, dost thou think we are Thieves amongst our selves? Come, help draw these dead Bodies into the Wood, we'l bury them when we return.

1. *Sould.* Bring her away too, and take care of her, lest she spoil her self, and undo our Market.

3. *Sould.* Come, pretty one.——Nay, you must part. *She sits by the body of Nigro all this while.*

Cicilia. Fools, you pull on your Fates, and labour to steal that Vengeance that would find you were you hidden in the Earth; and my Prophetick Soul tells me, I go but to see you punished.

1. *Sould.* What saies she?

2. *Sould.* I know not what she saies, but I hope she lies; do you hear, what kind of Women are your Witches?

1. *Sould.* A pox, they are old, Come Mistress, Dangers and handsome Women dwell not together; if they do, let me fall into them.—— [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. II. SCEN. I.

Enter Captain, *and* Crabb.

Captain. WHat were those Romans, that fell to my share?

Crabb. They were taken when the pretty Wench was taken, that *Cilius* would have had.

Capt. Did you deliver 'em to the Lieutenant, and bid him come hither with his Accompt?

Crabb. I left 'em there, and bid him come to your Worſhip, but I found him a little troubled, he had been at the Souldiers; but the fellow is wilfull.

Capt. But I have taken an order to bring him to Reaſon.

Enter Lieutenant *drunk and angry.*

Lieut. Whorſon Clown, refuſe to pledge me or die; Raſcal, neither drink, nor die. Umh.

Capt. How now, Lieutenant, what paſſion's this?

Lieu. Rogue, refuſe to dye, or drink my Captains health, at my ſuit, and yet confeſs a Beer-glaſs would kill him.

Capt. Oh! is that the cauſe?

Crabb. I'll ſwear, he is very unreaſonable.

Capt. And ought to be put to death, for refuſing a health.

Lieu. That was ſpoke like my Captain, and I'll kiſs his foot, nay, nay, do not hold me, let me go, let me go, I ſay, that I may kneel, and wiſh thou maiſt live, till I refuſe a Beer-glaſs.

Capt. What haſt thou there?

He has a little bottle in his hand.

Lieu. A Julip.

Capt. What are the ingredients?

Lieu. Simple *Aqua-fortis*, to warm his ſtomack. Dog, offer to live, when wine is a poyſon to him?

Capt. You ſhall not poyſon him.

Lieu. No, I'll get his Doctor to preſcribe it, and then 'tis Phyſick.

Capt. No, no poyſon.

Lieu. Then he'll live.

Capt. No I have prevented his living, for I was afraid thou wouldſt not ſucceed. Thou haſt no Oratory, thou canſt not perſwade, Then, thou art ſo ſubject to choller; Did you mark the old woman you met at my Quarter? it was his wife. In ſix words, I made a price with her, to kill him, without any of the difficulties you found in perſwading him.

Lieu. Captain, you are weak, Captain; I not Eloquent? your Argument is weak; Death, do you think 'tis no more to perſwade one to dye, then to hire another to kill him.

Capt. No.

Lieu. Stand fair, and I'll confute you. *Crabb.*

Crabb. Lieutenant.

Lieu. What wilt thou give me to kill him.

Capt. Come, leave your fooling, and give me your Accompt.

Lieu. *offers to draw his ſword.*

Lieu. Am I Eloquent then?

Capt. Yes, yes, give me your Accompt, and I'll believe you Eloquent, what's this?

The Lieu. *pulls out a piece of dirty paper, and gives it him.*

Lieu. Your Accompt.

Capt. My Accompt?

Lieu. Yes, and an Eloquent Accompt.

Capt.

Capt. What's here? paid, lent, given, and reſts due; faith it's an Eloquent accompt indeed: But Lieutenant, is this all?

Lieu. All? why would you have more?

Capt. Kind Lieutenant, I would have an Accompt.

Lieu. Why have you not an Accompt? All is but this over and over; but if you'l give it me again, you ſhall have a longer Bill.

Capt. But Lieutenant, Eloquent Lieutenant, is this all that's left of my four thouſand *Seſtertia.*

Lieu. Why, what accompt ſhould I make you? would you not pay what you owe? and lend a good fellow that drinks fair; or is your Charity dead to pretty ſinners in their neceſſity, and militant in the world?

Capt. But grant theſe uſes, what is the ſum? what paid, what lent?

Lieu. Why, what you will.

Capt. Very good. But what means this, Reſts due, of whom muſt I enquire for that?

Lieu. Of me *Torrafuco*, lodging at the ſign of the Lieutenant.

Capt. *Crabb*, knock, and if the Party be within, tell him, I would ſpeak with him, and require an Accompt of certain living creatures that were given to his truſt, Women and Children.

Crabb. They, Sir, are encreas'd, the Moore has a Calf running by her ſide, of his own getting, the other Barbary is with Fole too; and ſhe that you ſent to day had like to have been leap'd in his Collar. [*Enter a Souldier.*

2 *Sould.* The Alarm, Sir, is given, from the ſhore, and the Lyon is in chaſe of a Galley that bears the Roman Eagle, and *Cilius* waits directions at your Quarter.

Capt. Tell him, we come, and, do you hear, get the Leopards Gang ready; what will my careful Steward do, viſit the ſick? Pray, let the Priſoners be bath'd firſt, and well fed, againſt the Mart.

Lieu. Crabb.

Crabb. Here, noble Lieutenant, I am always ready to ſerve.---- When he is in this humour I cleanſe his Pockets, and that's my Revenue. *Aſide.*

Lieu. *Crabb*, talking is not good for me when this fit is upon me; for I find, I am ſubject to grow angry, weak and drowſie.

Crabb. Therefore you muſt maſter your paſſion, at firſt, ere it grow upon you; but there is no ſpeaking to you when you are in an Argument.

Lieu. I find thee an able man, and therefore I'll lean upon thee: what's that, *Crabb?*

Crabb. What's what, Sir?

Lieu. I felt a live thing in my Pocket, *Crabb.* Crabb, *picks his pocket as he leans on him, he finds his hand in his pocket.*

Crabb. It may be your worſhips breeches are torn.

Lieu. I will reward thy faith with a Truſt, *Crabb*, here, to let thee ſee, how dear thou art to me, keep my Tobacco-box.

Crabb. Noble Lieutenant.

Lieu. No thanks, but help to lay me down behind ſome tree, in the ſhade. [*Exeunt both behind the Curtains.*

Crabb. Your worſhips head is full. ------ I could have gelt him, the ſlave has drunk himſelf ſtiff. [*Enter* Crabb *again with his money in his hat.*

Lieu. as he lies holds up the Curtain, and calls Crabb.

Lieu. Crabb, Crabb.

Crabb. Here, here.

Lieu. Prethee ſtick a bough for a mark, that thou maiſt find me again, leſt I be loſt in my thoughts.

Crabb. I ſhall, I ſhall. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. II. SCEN. II.

Enter at one Door the Souldiers, with Cicilia *and the reſt of the Priſoners, to be ſold; at the other Door a Pimp, and a ſhe Baud.*

Baud. CAptain, a word with you, I have view'd your ware, but is there any ſpecial piece amongſt 'em?

Sould. As you ſee; they are young, and ſound.

Baud. Will you give a trial?

Sould. With the eye, and the tongue, queſtion, or ſearch them, nothing elſe.

Baud. Not a little freedom alone? you were not wont to be thus hard.

3 *Sould.* Faith, we have had no luck of late, Miſtreſs, this is the firſt Mart we have made this moneth.

Baud. And you come to our houſe, it ſhall coſt you nothing.

Pimp. At what price do you hold that fine thing?

1 *Sould.* That? it is the cream of our Mart, ſhe will coſt two thouſand *Seſtertia.*

Pimp. Is ſhe a maid?

1 *Sould.* I'll warrant that, if I ſell her.

Pimp. Come, a thouſand is fair, and take you the profit of the firſt night.

1 *Sould.* No, altogether, or nothing, view her, ſhe is worth the money naked.

She ſpeaks to one of the ſlaves.

Baud. But, my friend, I hope you have try'd your ſelf, ere now? are you fruitful?

Slave. Yes, Miſtreſs, and if you agree upon the price, you ſhall find me a faithful ſervant; and for the ſport, if I raiſe you not a Crop from the Common, geld me.

Baud. Geld thee? Marry God forbid man; I'll lame thee firſt, art ſound too? elſe I may live to curſe your doings.

The ſlave hugs her.

Slave. Sound as a Bell, and as ever you hope to be ſatisfied, buy me.

He kiſſes her.

Baud. Away, away, y'are a wag, is your breath ſweet, let me ſmell, you are very forward, pray turn, and let's ſee your price, here Souldier, take your money.

1 *Sould.* Thank you, may his back never fail you.

Pimp. Faith, you are too dear. ----- Stay, here comes the Prince *Bragadine*, the Viceroys Son. [*Enter* Bragadine *and a ſervant.*

Bragad.

Bragad. How now, Souldier, what famous Prize is that?

1 *Sould.* A Greek Sir, a Virgin.

Bragad. What's her price?

1 *Soul.* Two thousand Sestertia.

Bragad. It's dear, and yet its a proper Wench.

Enter Virgilius *and his man.*

Virg. My Sister not arrived yet at *Baio?* its strange.

Serv. No Sir, not yet, but she has been expected these ten dayes.

Virg. What crowd is that?

Serv. The slave-mart is held to day.

Bragad. What stranger is that?

Virg. Was that fellow drunk?

Serv. Either drunk or worse.

Virg. Is that excellent piece to be sold?

Serv. Yes Sir.

As Virgilius *comes in, he meets* Bragadine *going out, they justle, and look fiercely at one another.*

Virg. She is not, who can buy her? or who dares set a price upon that Beauty? Fairest, what Country is (at this time) cursed with your absence, for sure 'tis perpetual night when you are thence.

Cicilia. Greece, Sir, is my Country, more particulars I must not tell.

Virgilius *spyes* Cicilia. *and falls in Love with her.*

Virg. Fools that we are, to call our selves Conquerours of *Greece*, when one slave, one handfull of that Earth, has power to conquer me, and lead me bound, even in my own Country.

Cicilia. It is not becoming your youth, nor fortune (how great so ever) to make a scorn of those miseries which chance throwes upon the Innocent.

Virg. A strange curse find me when I scorn you; dare you not tell me what you were before this ruine?

Cicilia. I must not, Sir.

Virg. And are there no statues fix'd in the Temples, or History, that preserves your Story? must all but your Beauty sink with this ruine?

Sould. Sir, if you will buy her, take her upon her price; if not, give others leave to bid.

The Souldier *interrupts him.*

Virg. Fool, thou canst not sell her, for thou know'st not how to value her, yet cozen thy self; what dost thou ask?

Sould. Two thousand Sestertia.

Virg. Is that all?

Sould. All! yes.

Virg. And is she free when that is paid?

Sould. Yes, if you please.

Virg. Madam, not to call you mine, but to have a power to appear yours, give me leave, with the loss of mine own, to find your Freedom. Go fetch two thousand Sestertia.——unbind her.

[*Exit Servant.*

Virgilius *puts her chaines upon his arm.*

Cicilia. What mean you, Sir?

Virg.

Virg. They are proper here; and I beg you will not refuſe (when Honour conſents) to releaſe me.

Cicilia. I hope my miſeries will not beget Ingratitude in me, for I confeſs, 'tis ſome Joy in the midſt of theſe troubles, to find that Honour that ſhines throughout this act; and though my bonds be as new and ſtrange to me as your ſelf, yet let me ſay, if there be a faulty thought that bids you hope to find a ſlaves heart here, you are deceived; for I would ſooner ſell my ſelf to ſlavery, or, by a wound ſeek a freedom.

Virg. By thy ſelf, by thy Angel ſelf, I approach thee with thoughts as pure and as conſtant as thoſe our Veſtals wait on the holy flame with; and but that I know you would ſcorn a Sacrifice that's offer'd by prophane hands, thoſe Attributes are given to the Gods I'de kneel and pay to you. [*Enter the Princes* Servant.

Serv. Souldier, the Prince would ſpeak with you.

Above in the window appears Paulina *and the* Baud.

Paul. Which is that fine thing you ſpoke of?

Baud. That that the ſtranger ſtands by.

Paul. That ſtranger, knoweſt thou that ſtranger?

Baud, No, not I.

Paul. Now by the ſins of my youth, 'tis a God-like form!—— Why do they pull the Woman ſo?

The Souldier *returns, and layes hold on* Cicilia.

Virg. How now, unhand her Villain, is ſhe not free?

Sould. You have not pay'd your money, and I muſt not loſe my Market you talk'd, and another ha's gon through with the bargain.

Virg. Another, what other?

Sould. One that will find the way to her Sex, before you'le come to kiſſing her hand: take her away.

Virgilius *ſtabs him.*

Virg. Slave, doſt thou glory in thy Villanies?—There, now let him that dares claim her follow me and take her.

Cicilia. What have you done, Sir?

The reſt of the Souldiers *draw and call for help. Murther.*

Virg. Faireſt, begun a Juſtice I hope the Gods will finiſh.

Bragad. How, kill'd! whoſe act is this? [*Enter* Bragadine.

Virg. Mine, and I'le anſwer it; ſome one that knew him follow me, and take the money for this Lady.

Bragad. That Woman I have paid for, and I will not quit my purchaſe; either yield her, or I ſhall force her.

Virg. I know what 'tis command, but never yet heard that voice (unleſs an Oracle) that I would have obeyed when the Speaker frowned, and thou lookſt not like him whoſe voice is thunder.

He layes hold of her. He ſtrikes him and draws.

Paul. Gallant Youth.

Bragad. I cannot talk, Sir, but I ſhall take my own.

Virg. Touch her not, yet I have patience, let her alone.——Nay, if you will be inſolent, I'le puniſh it if I can.

Bragadine *and the* Souldiers *draw. They fight.*

Bragad. Kill the Dog.

Paul. Hold Sir, as you have any ſenſe of Honour, hold for ſhame, betray not thy Fame ſo poorly as to let a ſlave ſhare in thy Revenge; this baſe odds calls thee Coward, though thou conquereſt.

Enter Souldiers *arm'd. Exeunt omnes.*

Bragad. Who made you a Judge of mine Honour?

Paul. So, I fear you'le find your Treachery no guard.

1 *Sould.* This way, this way he is gone, ſeize her and ſecure her to the Princes houſe, whilſt we follow him.

ACT.

ACT. II. SCEN. III.

Enter Virgilius, *and the Souldiers after him.*

Virg. VIllains, whither tends your Rage?
Sould. To revenge: yield, or thou art dead.
Paulina above. Slaves, leave to purſue that ſtranger, or I'll ſend thoſe ſhall ſhake your wretched ſouls out of their Caſes.
2 *Sould.* What's ſhe?
Virg. What ere you are that thus have lent your pity to a ſtranger, in diſtreſs, may you never know what 'tis to want a pity. [*Enter* Virgilius's *Servant with* Facertes.
Facert. To buy a ſlave?
3 *Sould.* Upon him, alive or dead, we'll have him.
Facert. Ha! the Prince engag'd, draw.

ACT. II. SCEN. IV.

Enter Bragadine *and* Souldiers.

Bragad. HEll upon you all, where were your Mercenary ſwords when they ſhould aſſiſt? S'death, to let a ſingle ſtranger, in mine own door, brave me, and none by, to kill the dog? who now is eſcaped, to brag that he ſnatched from *Bragadine* a ſlave that he bought and paid for.
Sould. Sir, we could not Propheſie, your Highneſs would go out; and none call'd us; But for the ſlave, ſhe is at home, and ſafe, The Sailers brought her, and are now in purſuit of the ſtranger.
Bragad. If ſhe be ſafe, let's loſe no time, but follow them, leſt he eſcape, with his glories, which which way went they?
Sould. This way, Sir. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

Enter Virgilius, Facertes, *and* Minetes *in rage, for the loſs of* Cicilia.

Facert. HOw do you, Sir?
Virg. Not well.
Facert. What accident was this?
Virg. Oh! *Facertes*, I have ſeen my Fate, and I conjure thee by all our friendſhip, not to call me weak, nor diſpute with my paſſion, but obey thy friend, and ſuddenly, or I am loſt for ever; for her innocence, I fear, will be no guard againſt their power; and without impiety I may miſtruſt the Gods, for they already have ſlept, and let her fall into miſery; oh, *Facertes*, I am a ſlave to a ſlave

ſlave, and to hers my Fate is bound. And Temples, not chains are due to her; and when thou ſeeſt her thou wilt forgive me this change, for ſhe has a Beauty againſt which thy honour muſt arm, elſe thy love will be no more a guard then was my reſolution.

Facert. All this for a ſlave!

Virg. Oh! do not revile her; for when thou meet'ſt her, thy wonder and repentance will make but one thought, and like me thou wilt be loſt in a maze.

Facert. This is ſtrange.

Virg. I confeſs it; yet when the world was innocent before the bloody ſword taught her pride by conqueſt, and learn'd the thirſty wooll to drink the purple dye, till it grew enrich'd with the farfetch'd ſtains, ſuch innocence and beauty as waits on her might any where have claim'd a ſacrifice.

Facert. Sir, though I grant all theſe beauties, yet to me they bring like miſeries to thoſe the ſwift lightning leaves the wretched huſband-man; who inſtead of full joys, reaps from thoſe wounding fires nought but weighty griefs; yet I'll obey you, though in this chance I foreſee my own deſpairs, to the little hopes I had of happineſs. Farewell.

Virg. Why do you conclude ſo? muſt you of neceſſity be miſerable, if I be happy? are my friends joys the leſs, 'cauſe mine are full?

Facert. Pardon me, Sir, if you find me troubled to ſee all my hopes wither'd, and thoſe wounds you gave my ſuffering Country now deſpairing of a cure.

Virg. O friend! friend! has that word no power?

Facert. Yes, and that makes me ſleight my intereſt; for I am ſo accuſtomed to misfortune, 'tis almoſt natural to me: But when I think on whom you throw your fortune, youth and fame, I find a greater trouble as your friend, then as I am the loſt *Facertes*; for you know not what ſhe is; your love hunts thus in the dark, A ſlave, a thing ſet at ſale for luſt.

Virg. *offers to go away.*

Virg. That, that, *Facertes* makes me rage; and again by all that's powerful I conjure thee fly with me to her reſcue, before ſuch a ruine find her.

Facert. *Virgilius*, Sir, *Virgilius* ſtay; I muſt obey him, or he's loſt.

Virg. Draw thy ſword then, and let me ſee thee plead with that againſt her enemies, as thou didſt againſt me at *Siracuſa*, and I'll conclude all hopes from that powerful Argument.

Facert. Sir, I never us'd my Arguments to ſpare my ſword; nor was my tongue now drawn, becauſe I meant that ſhould ſleep: See 'tis drawn, but in vain you hope a ſervice from it, as your ſelf; and therefore ſtay here, while I fit you with a diſguiſe.

As Virg. *and* Minetes *are going out they meet the* Baud, Olympia.

Virg. Be ſpeedy then.

Facert. I ſhall, but pray retire a little, this place is too publick, I'll return immediately. [*Exit* Facert.

Virg. I'll ſtay at the corner. ----- [*Enter* Baud.

Baud.

Baud. May I be bold?

Virg. With whom?

Baud. With you, Sir.

Virg. No.

Baud. Sir, your pardon.

He offers to go away, but she takes hold of him.

Virg. For what? I forgive thee.

Baud. Sir, I would beg.

Virg. Here, I'll prevent thee, if thou wilt let me go.------

He offers her money.

Baud. No, Sir, my buſineſs is no money; 'tis your ſelf muſt ſatisfie me.

Virg. Thou art miſtaken ſure, thy buſineſs was to my man.

Baud. No, Sir, I go upon no ſuch Errands. Did you not fight for a ſlave even now?

Virg. Yes, what of her?

Baud. Are you he?

Virg. Yes, I tell thee.

Baud. Farewell then, till you are at leiſure.

Virg. Prethee ſtay.

Baud. No, Sir, your man is buſie.

Virg. Prethee excuſe my trouble, which gave not ear to thee at firſt.

Paulina above. That's he, why ſtays ſhe ſo long to deliver her Meſſage? ſhe is angry.

Baud. For once I excuſe; you and look hereafter you entertain a woman with more: But to the buſineſs; the ſlave you wot of-----(oh! that eye of yours) there lies a wag in't that will make a world of miſchief,) you know not who it hath ſtruck, pray heaven I get not a wound.

Virg. Nay, to your ſtory, good Mother, and leave this wandring.

Baud. Mother? whoſe Mother, good-man boy? I am a Maid.

Virg. You miſtake me, I meant, Mother of my joys, and ſo you will be if you can lay by this youthful fire that makes you thus ſubject to choler, and proceed with your ſtory.

Baud. Yes, yes, do you jeer me?

Paul. I can endure no longer; Sir, what ere you are, take my faith for your ſafety, and make this houſe your ſanctuary; ſomething concerning that ſlave I would deliver to you.

Baud. Are you there, Hell and miſchief find you.

Virg. Madam, who ere you are that offers this charity to a ſtranger; know, I dare enter though I ſaw my ruine in the door. For fear I never found his pale den yet, though I have oft trod thoſe paths that led both to dangers and to death; and I ſhould ſcorn my ſelf, could I apprehend him now where beauty has the guard. Which way do your commands guide me?

Paul. That door. [*Ex.* Virg. *and his man, and* Paul. *from above.*

Baud. Now a publique Pox go with thee, that thy face may ſerve thee in no ſtead; malicious Villain, to call up my dead fears that had wont to tell me I had loſt my time; proud ſcurvey fellow, to put me thus in deſpair; and if he had any good nature, he would have offer'd me a kindneſs, in courteſie to have com-

forted me; I ſhall not eat to day; had he but call'd me Whore, yet it had been tolerable, for that carries youth with it. But old Mother? Raſcal, none of thy Mother. But I'll be reveng'd.

ACT. III. SCEN. II.

The Lieutenant *appears under the Hanging, and* Nigro *by him groaning.*

Lieu. *Crabb, Crabb.*

Nig. Oh!

Lieu. *Crabb*, what's that groans?

Nig. Help, help for charity, more wounds, or remedy.

Lieu. Ha! what's that? help, where am I? 'tis a man making his will, I'll be his heir, ha! what's here? a man wounded? this is that Rogue, *Crabb*; he has robb'd him, and laid him here to make me acceſſary.

Nig. Help, if you have charity.

Lieu. With all my heart, and prethee, do me the favour to live till we come to my Quarter.

Nig. If I do, I ſhall diſcover ſomething pleaſing to you.

Lieu. Marry, I'll carry thee, for thy teſtimony, there is nothing elſe in this caſe can ſave me.------You are no Rogue, *Crabb*! Who did this? [*Enter* Crabb.

Nig. Not he.

Crabb. That's good evidence for me.

Lieu. Nor I, by this hand, you muſt quit me, while you can ſpeak.

Nig. I acquit you both.

Lieu. Witneſs, witneſs, *Crabb.*

Crabb. Where did you find him?

Lieu. Find him? by this hand, he found me and lay down by me, as I was aſleep.

Crabb. Why, faith he is going a long journey, and came to take you with him, Thou art good company; but to leave this diſcourſe, take my buſineſs: Our Captain would have you go viſit the ſick party, and ſee whether he will be perſwaded yet or no to dye.

Lieu. I hate to ſee the Rogue; I have ſuch battels in my head, ſince morning, yet I'll go, while I am neer him, and take you charge of this old man in the mean time, and ſee him carefully dreſt. [*Exit* Lieu.

Crabb. So, lean upon me, what Rogues were theſe to uſe an old man thus? [*Exeunt.*

ACT.

ACT. III. SCEN. III.

Enter the Lieutenant, *he knocks.*

Souldier within WHo's there? *Lieu.* Where is this old fellow, is he alive still?

Sould. Yes, Sir.

Lieu. Bring him out, to take a little fresh air.

Tull. Is he come again? why did you let him in? he'll be a lasting a tedious affliction to me. [*Enter* Tullius *on his Bed.*

Lieu. How now? how is't, how is't man?

Tull. Neither live nor die in peace?

Lieu. Yes, dye in as much peace as you can.

Tull. When my time comes; but I hope a man may have leave to live out his days; my Physitian says, I may escape yet.

Lieu. Your Physitian's an Ass, and you give him too great Fees.

Tull. He tells me I may escape this fit, if I can recover mine enemies; for he assures me, my greatest danger is my heir.

Lieu. Doe's he say so? I cry him mercy then, he is a knowing man, I believe so too: and you may, perhaps, at a great charge, recover; but, in my opinion, you had better dye, and take our prayers with you; for to recover would but incense the Captain, and lose your friends.

Tull. Sure my Captain would be loath to lose me; he ever loved me.

Lieu. Why I; and yet you refuse him to dye, and think much to hasten your journey a day or two, for his sake.

Tull. Alas, I would be glad to serve my Captain in any thing that lies in my power, I'll pray for him, and I hope he will excuse me for desiring to live, and serve him.

Lieu. You may flatter your self, but I'll assure you, he takes it very ill at your hands, that you, of all his company, should refuse him such a kindness, nay, not to appear willing to do it, if it were in your power; But thus, with an unnecessary charge, endeavour to live, crossing the disease that would befriend him.

Tull. Alas, I do nothing to cross it, I do but suffer.

Lieu. Will you promise me that, and let the disease alone, it will be some satisfaction to him, and to us that are your friends, to see that you endeavour to satisfie him.

Tull. That I'll promise you: and from henceforth I'll seek no remedy, but put my self into the hand of his friend, as you call'd it.

Lieu. Then you shall see how carefully we'll provide for you; for I hope you do not think, that we or he desires this, because he is loth you should live two or three days; for what were that to him, but that he is to go out then; and the next Captain will be your heir.

Tull. Alas, Sir, how can I help it? 'tis against my will, if any body be my heir.

Lieu. Well, look you keep Covenants, and endeavour to dye finely; baniſh your Phyſitian and gelly-broth, I'll provide noiſes to keep you waking. *Crabb*, provide two Drums to beat here their watch a piece; and do you hear, beware of a good diet.

Tull. As you have charity, let me reſt, thoſe Drums are Daggers to me.

Lieu. Nay, you'll be unreaſonable again, I ſee it.

Tull. Oh miſery of wealth!

ACT. III. SCEN. IV.

Enter Paulina *and* Virgilius.

Paul. I Confeſs, my firſt thoughts were like my ſelf, faulty: but now I have gained by loſing a deſire, and I ſhall ſerve you faithfully in your love.

Virg. All my fears are, that he will violate her.

Paul. He dares not do it, I have conjur'd him from it, and when it may ſerve you, I'll boaſt my power, though purchas'd with a fault; and though your virtue ſecur'd you from that power, yet where ſin has intereſt, mine never wanted a Command; and I know he dares not ſtand thoſe frowns which your goodneſs melted into tears.

Virg. No more, when we have ſighed for our faults, they vaniſh with the ſame air; yet I fear him, though I believe your power great; for he that dares be a coward will ſtop at no wickedneſs within his reach.

Paul. I made him aſham'd of that baſe act, and vow not to purſue you; yet I counſel you not to ſtay long in this Town after you have her.

Virg. What time did he appoint to bring her?

Paul. He parted hence juſt as you entred, with a promiſe immediately to return; and if he ſhould find you here, I am afraid it would prejudice my power to ſerve you; elſe I ſhould rejoyce to be ſeen where ſo much honour dwells.

Virg. Your civilities and mercies, Madam, ſhewed to me, a ſtranger, I ſhall with a grateful mention acknowledge through the world; pray, what time will your commands enjoyn my return?

Paul. It will not be ſafe, Sir, to come at all; But pray be pleas'd to ſend a friend after dinner, and you ſhall have notice of his firſt departure, what time that will be; yet I know not, for I am ſo miſerable, I cannot now be good, but with a wicked pretence, There is another door leads into a ſtreet leſs frequented then that you entred at.

Virg. Which way muſt I take to find it?

Paul. I'll guide you, Sir.

ACT.

ACT. III. SCEN. V.

Enter Baud *alone.*

Baud. IT is well, happy diſcovery; now I ſhall be reveng'd at full; was it not enough to have his pride throw a ſcorn upon me, but ſhe muſt revile me too? Fool, in ſcorn thou called'ſt me Mother, and thou ſhalt find the Malice of an old Woman here, that in her years, not deſires, is aged; one that has loſt that Mercy-kindling fire which ſhould plead for thee, and prevent that youthful Malice, whoſe fruitful miſchiefs ſhall make thee old in miſeries; nor ſhall Religion, nor beauties of thy youth, protect thee from that dangerous hate thy ſcornes have bred, till thy deſpaires have taught thee how killing a Malice hot Luſt in cold Limbs purſues.--- The plot is here; Jealouſie, 'tis thou muſt work my ends, with that I'le aſſault the Prince, and from the wounds it brings, reap my Revenge; for Jealouſie, though it leave no ſcars behind, yet with deſperate wounds it aſſailes the Mind.

ACT. III. SCEN. VI.

Enter Facertes.

Facer. THis, by the deſcription of the houſe, ſhould be the place that holds my miſeries: from what a ſecond height of happineſs am I fallen? *Virgilius* is young, and I fear, the guilt of having ſo many wayes ruin'd me will make him hate me for being innocent; But I am reſolv'd, and will rather fall by misfortunes then faults; and, for the excellent *Sophia*'s ſake, will ſerve him till he bluſh to command me. And when his paſſion is over, he ſhall confeſs, I can bear a loſs better then he rule a victory. But what are theſe? I muſt ſtand cloſe. 'Tis he, and that (by her habit) the ſlave our Fortunes bow to: Gods! was it not enough we fell a ſacrifice to the *Julian* Deity, and fill'd the Triumph of that Monarchy, that thus your rage purſues us? muſt all our Fortunes be ſlav'd to a ſlave, and bound with chaines to chaines.—— Ye Gods! What do I ſee? *Cicilia* my Siſter?

Enter Bragadine, Cicilia, *and others.*

Cicilia. What ſaid he?

They paſs by, Cicilia looks ſadly on the ground, Facertes knows her.

Facer. It is ſhe. Bleſs'd chance. Ye powers of *Sicily*, your hands are viſible in this; forgive *Facertes* that confeſſes, Men may the metal bring, but the form of our happineſs the Gods appoint us ſtill.

She looke a-bout upon [*Exit.* Facertes *all the way, till ſhe goes off.*

Exeunt all but Facertes.

ACT.

ACT. IV. SCEN. I.

Enter the Captain, Lieutenant, Crabb, *and* Cilius.

Lieut. FAith, Sir, hanging of 'em will be but a hindrance to your ſelf; 'tis true they are Rogues, and have no Conſcience, yet, at the worſt, they are ſo much horſe.

Capt. I ſay, hang 'em.

Lieut. I ſay ſo to, if hanging were a puniſhment, but to them 'tis freedom.

Capt. No more diſpute, but hang 'em ſlaves, to rob me now when I am quitting my Command.

Lieut. Well, they ſhall be hang'd, but they ſhall ſtay till they be hungry, and have digeſted their full Cups; if if you hang 'em now they're full and drunk, they'le think they have but ſwallowed awry or ſurfeited; and inſtead of being puniſhed, the Rogues will go out like Senatours.

Cilius. The old Souldier confeſſes they were of *Sicily*, and of Quality, and now ſent for a Preſent to the Emperour, and that was the *Vice-Roy* that was ſlain, he would have yielded good money.

Capt. And one of the ſlaves confeſs'd the Woman was of ſuch a Beauty, and ſo raviſhing, that they fought who ſhould purchaſe her.

Lieut. There had been a fellow for your Bird at home, two ſuch fleas would ſuck a Man to death.

Capt. Come, talk no more on't now, there's no remedy, Go prepare thoſe others for the Mart, and ſee the ſlaves hang'd: What? how do they look? is't a handſome fraight?

Lieut. Yes faith, Sir, there will be a jolly number with the Boys; and I would adviſe you, Sir, not to ſhew the Women and the Boys together, for they'le ſpoil the ſale of the Wenches.

Capt. Why then we'll ſell the Women firſt.

Cilius. Who theſe *Sicilians* ſhould be, troubles me; if we made haſte we might hear ſome news of her at *Naples*, for there they were ſold.

Capt. To morrow we'll provide for the journey; *Lieutenant*, ſee every thing in readineſs.

Cilius. Something I'll do, to give one of them her Freedom, as ſure as you count her, though you refuſe to ſell it me.

Capt. Is the old fellow dead?

Lieut. No. But I have prevail'd with him to quit his Phyſick; and I am certain, he hath neither eat, nor drank, nor ſlept ſince.

Capt. Let's go ſee him.

Lieut. *Cilius* is melancholly for the Wench.

Capt. No matter, I'de rather he were angry then loſt; for though he know not his own value, I know it, Come let's leave him.

Cilius. 'Tis not Treachery to ſave the Innocent. I'le do it.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT.

ACT. IV. SCEN. II.

Enter Virgilius *solus.*

Virg. I'Le sacrifice to Fortune, she shall henceforth be the Power I'le worship, to whom I owe this unexpected Joy, she ha's tam'd Lust, till it was Love, and lent onely so much sin to the wicked as served me; and I that could not stand safe among the Innocent, find a security among the wicked.---*Facertes?* [*Enter* Facer.

Facer. Look here, ere I speak my news, Doe's not *Virgilius* see a Joy break like a Glory round about my Brow, to distinguish this my first happy hour?

Virg. It is thy Friendship that sympathizes mine. Oh *Facertes*, such an accident hath hapned since thou left'st me, that I must wink, rub mine eyes, and call all my Reason to secure me I do not dream.

Facer. What e're your Joyes are, they must give place to mine; for they are yours and mine, not as we are barely friends, but from the assurance that we shall ever be so.

Virg. I confess thy Joyes bring to me a greater Comfort then mine own, prithee give them a Name.

Facer. Do you believe a second view of her you have seen will not render her common to your eye? or, to possess those Beauties make them cheap in your Opinion? if not, I am happier then you, and when ever you enjoy your wishes I reap mine.

Virg. By our Friendship I beg this blessing from you, yet this is not strange where Friendship is not strange.

Facer. The slave is my Sister but by what accident fallen to this misery I know not.

Virg. Who? the fam'd *Cicilia*?

Facer. She. Never free till now, and this fall was but to raise her to a greater height.

Virg. Then I mistrust my Joyes; they grow too near a height to continue.

Facer. Are you sorry, Sir, it is she? Then it was not Chance changed our first design; is she less worthy of your Love now then before? I should be sorry to find your ignorance of what you valued preferred before your knowledge; or is there some second face you have met hath blotted out this too?

Virg. O *Facertes*, why art thou so subject to mistake thy Friend?

Facer. If I mistake, why are you so sad? I found you full of joy.

Virg. Not that 'tis she makes me sad; for, witness Heaven, I have no wish beyond her; Her Eye circles my Heaven, and till I have place in her esteem I am in Hell.

Facer. Why should that suspition make you sad, considering you are, and what you have done for her? Besides, am not I here with a Brother and a Friends interest?

Virg.

Virg. Who I am, That, *Facertes*, begets my deſpairs; for that 'tis I is all Arguments againſt me; will ſhe not, when ſhe ſees me, call to mind a Father (whoſe piety the Gods ſpared) fallen, to ſatisfie the luſt of Empire? are not yet the wounds bleeding, and the yoke ſtill laid upon her ſuffering Country? Now judge what can be ſaid of hope, when this pleads againſt me. Oh *Facertes*, thou haſt not read thy Siſter, thou look'ſt with a Brothers eye, This fate I propheſie from one ſight; and let me tell thee, if ſhe be worthy of *Virgilius* ſhe muſt hate *Virgilius*.

Facert. Sir, I confeſs my friendſhip made me overſee what I was reconcil'd to, and now I begin to fear; yet when ſhe ſhall know how I have been obliged, That mercy I found from the fair *Sophia*, her honour will guide her to return *Virgilius*; for though it makes her to reſent your injuries, yet ſhe muſt be juſt to her, and then her gratitude ſecures you; for though ſhe has honour, yet ſhe has woman too, and mercy is as great an attribute as juſtice, and ſhe cannot be always angry.

Virg. Againſt any thing but her frown I could arm, and this night be happy. For by a ſtrange chance I have found a way (if ſhe conſent) to releaſe her.

Facert. By what accident came you to that power? have you ſeen her ſince?

Virg. No, but this place is too publick; let's retire, and you ſhall know all; and when I would my Siſter know, I'll read her through thy obſervations; but here let thy intereſt give way to my love.

Facert. I ſhall obey, Sir.

ACT. IV. SCEN. III.

Enter Sophia *ſola.*

Soph. MY thoughts can find no reſt; Love, wilt thou not quit me in Priſon? art thou covetous of my chains too? Fool! haſt thou not miſeries enough of thine own? And yet I ought not to revile him; for he that hath fill'd my heart is full of honour, and could he gueſs my fate, I know he would quit a Crown, as a burthen, and ſeek a freedom in theſe chains. The Gods are juſt, to let me fall into theſe miſeries, that we may taſte what 'tis our ambition impoſes upon others, guilty only as I was, by being too weak. ----- Whoſe that? come in; Priſoners keep no doors. [*Enter* Cilius.

One knocks.

Cil. Madam, I come to tell you, our Captain has refuſed to ſell me your freedom, and to morrow is the Mart at *Naples*; But if you dare truſt him, whoſe misfortunes have made him appear your enemy, I'll gage a life to ſave your honour, and give you freedom. The plot is already laid, and thoſe that were taken with you I have already acquainted with it.

Soph. Sir, I ſhall willingly obey any directions, without a thought of fear, for ſure there's no condition below this. *Cil.*

Cil. I will not now diſpute this misfortune, but remedy it if I can; know, to morrow (leſt the accident ſurprize you ere we put to ſea) I have ſo ordered, that all the ſlaves that row in the Galley ſhall be looſe, the Captain is my creature, and my ſelf will ſtill wait upon you, and be your guard; but be pleaſed to ſit ſtill when the word is given, and let us work your fate; But once free, command *Cilius* where you pleaſe, your friends too ſhall privately be arm'd.

Soph. Sir, what to ſay in return of this, I know not, and if you that can be thus gallant, thus good, cannot likewiſe from that honour that directs you now, find a reward, I fear you will loſe this good deed.

Cil. It is a debt all honeſt men owe your virtue; and I but obey my genius, for I know not what it is, but ſomething whiſpers to my ſoul, and bids me ſerve you, and when my life can purchaſe you a good, you ſhall not need command it; I beſeech you no reply, a Souldiers prayers (that ſeldom importunes heaven) I hope will protect you.-- [*Enter Lieu. and meets them as they are going out.*

Cil. How now, what's the news?

Lieu. I ſhould ſpeak with you, Sir.

Cil. Madam, I'll wait upon you ſtraight.-----Are they all ready? [*Exit* Sophia.

Lieu. I have done it, they are all reſolv'd, I gave them their lives for it; and let him ſwear when he ſees them there, 'tis no matter: they are all looſe and arm'd, their chains are but for ſhew.

Cil. No matter for his rage, let him ſtorm; once aboard, we are maſters, for he's but one, and what's a General without obedience? his power we give, and if a multitude knew their own ſtrength, who can command that beaſt?

Lieu. I'll away, and ſend the other Galleys off before, leſt they aſſiſt him.

Cil. Be faithful, and I'll make thee fortunate.

Lieu. Sir, never fear it, I have ſaid it, and I'll do it; he that refuſes to be a knave for a handſome woman, may he dye honeſt, and be executed for a knave. [*Enter* Capt. *and* Crabb.

Capt. Where's the Lieutenant?

Lieu. Here, Sir, I have waited this hour for you.

Capt. Come, ſhall we go ſee the ſick man?

Lieu. I'll follow you, Sir. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. IV.

Enter Tullius, *ſick in his Bed, a* Souldier *with him, and Drums beating.*

Tull. NO reſt! no eaſe! O miſerable, miſerable riches! ſome drink, O, ſome drink, ere this thirſty flame hath licked up all my life, meat, any thing to ſatisfie this wolf here.

Sould. Have patience, it cannot laſt above a day or two, about which time I hope to ſee you quit of all the troubles of this world.

Tull. Let me ſleep then, quiet thoſe Drums, that I may dream of meat and drink; is there nothing to eat, no drink? oh miſery of miſeries! ---- Who's there?

One knocks.

Sould. The Captain, Sir, and Lieutenant are come to ſee you.

Tull. Is it they? not a word then that I am hungry or thirſty, I'll buy thy ſilence at any rate. [*Enter* Capt. Lieu. *and* Crabb.

Capt. How now, how is this ſick man, where is he?

Sould. He has vomited ſuch ſtuff, ſince the Lieutenant went; ſure, that your worſhip gave him was good againſt an Impoſtume.

Lieu. By this good day, the ſame water that eat *Crabb*'s knife; what ſhall we do with this Rogue? a hole in his ſide, big enough to creep in at, will not kill him.

Capt. Let's ſpeak with him.

He takes the Capt. by the hand.

Tull. Who's there? my noble Captain, and kind Lieutenant; thank you for this viſit; truly, it joys me to ſee you both here, and ſpecially my noble Captain; And I am pretty luſty on the ſudden; and I'll do what I do not uſe to do, I'll begin a health to my noble Captain, that he may ſee he is welcome; do'ſt hear honeſt friend, fetch a bottle of Sack, I'll even drink it, come what will after it, and my friend there ſhall pledge me; and do'ſt hear, reach me one of the Gammons of Bacon out of the Chimney, it may be my Captain has a ſtomack,-----If he has not, I'm ſure I have. [*aſide.*

He ſits up in his Bed.

They ſit down by his Bed-ſide.

Capt. I am glad to find you thus merry, and ſo reſolv'd; 'tis the part of a good man to prepare and dye cheerfully.

Lieu. I told you, you would find him well prepar'd; and what think you, is not Sack and Bacon better then Barley-water and ſoak'd Chickens?

Tull. I confeſs, I was a fool then, but now I'll pledge you all the Sack I refus'd then; and to let my Captain ſee I reſolve to dye, and ſerve him, look you but on, and I'll eat all the Gammon alone, but you muſt not tell the Phyſitian.

Enter the Souldier with the Wine, Bacon, a great Bottle, a Napkin and Bread.

Tull. *ſings.*

Tull. Give me a knife and ſome Bread, fill, fill a bowl of Sack, and bring it hither. Lord! Captain, you would not think how it rejoyces me to ſee all this good company here.

Capt. I am beholding to you; fill, fill the ſack.

They offer to give him the Sack.

Tull. Help to ſet me up.

Lieu. Hold, give me the Cup; I'll begin a health to the ſick man.

Tull. No, pray give me leave to begin my noble Captain's? pray, pray let me begin it.

Lieu. No faith, I'll begin.

He ſings again.

Tull. Pray drink to me then.

Capt. Why, you are very merry.

Tull. A Flincher,---- Two draughts to one Cup?

Lieu. This wine was muſty, taſte it.

Tull. Let me taſte it, it may be 'twas an ill bottle, the wine's good

good wine, admirable wine. *He drinks.*

Capt. Give me a bowl, I'll pledge it with a better will, becauſe I ſee you do not deſire it ſhould ſucceed.

Tull. Alas! I deſire to live but till I have drunk your health; To me good Captain, I'll pledge it with all my heart.

Capt. I hope ſo, I ſhould take it ill to have you refuſe me, for any nice ſcruple of your health.

Lieu. As you did me, and cry, a Beer-graſs would kill you.

Tull. Alas, I was a fool then, but now I am very deſirous to redeem that fault; To me good Captain, your wine cools. *As the Capt. goes to drink the Lieu. ſtops him.*

Lieu. Your hat Captain.

Capt. Oh! it's true.

Tull. Nay, pray drink, and ſpare your Complement.

Capt. Prithee give me a bit of that Gammon, to taſte my Wine with.

Tul. Pray help him and me too, I would fain taſte whether it be as good as the laſt was.

Capt. Yes faith, 'tis good, here *Crab.*

Tul. Nay pray let me drink to *Crab.*

Capt. No, by my faith, it ſhall go round.

Tul. Let me taſte, was not your Wine muſty too?

Capt. Here's none. *Turns the Cup.*

Tul. Fill, fill *Crab*, and drink to me, for I long to do thee reaſon, and begin my Captains.

Lieut. It's an excellent Gammon, taſte. *He gives Tullius a piece.*

Tul. Some more, pray, to taſte.

Lieut. Where ſhall I carve you?

Tul, Any where, any where.

Crab. Sir, here's your Wine; will you pledge your health?

Tul. So, ſo, now I am happy; Noble Captain, a thouſand times I thank you, and with all my heart I'll pledge you. Crab *gives* Tulius *the Cup.*

Lieut. Hold, a pox take you, *Crab*, for a couzening Rogue, you have put water in't. *As he goes to drink the* Lieutenant *takes hold of the Cup.*

Crab. No, by this hand.

Tul. No, by my life.

Lieut. Let me taſte, I'll not truſt you.

Tul. Why taſte, Noble Lieutenant; oblige me ſo far, as to let me drink my own health; nay Lieutenant, Noble Lieutenant. *The* Lieutenant *takes the Cup and drinks up all.*

Crab. Now, was it not pure?

Lieut. Hup! by my Faith it was pure indeed; here fill it again, give him a Brimmer.

Tul. I pray never ſpare me, Lieutenant, you were ſomewhat harſh the laſt time you were here, but I'll drink to you.

Lieut. I was angry then, becauſe you refus'd to pledge me; but now you'll drink, I am your Friend.

Tul. The Wine, where's the Wine?

Crab. Here's none left Sir, ſhall I fetch another bottle?

Tul. Is all gone?

Crab. Yes, Sir.

Tul. All gone?

Capt. Go fetch another, for he ſhall pledge me, this trick ſhall not ſerve's turn.

Tul. Pledge me, alaſs, Sir, rather then my life I'de pledge you.

Lieut. No, no, thou ſhalt not; faith Captain he's now good natur'd, ſpare him; it will but make him ſick; and troth he's an honeſt fellow when he is himſelf.

Capt. He ſhall pledge me.

Lieut. Alaſs, Sir, when we are ſick, the beſt of us are unreaſonable ſometimes.

Tul. Lieutenant, Noble Friend.

Lieut. I warrant thee, pray Sir let me excuſe him for this time, he ſhall kiſs the Cup onely.

Tul. I ſwear I'll drink it, not pledge my Captain, and 'twere preſent death I'de do it, fetch ſome Wine?

Capt. Nay, then I'll pardon you; for ſince I find you willing, I'll excuſe your weakneſs.

Lieut. Let the Wine alone, *Crab.*

Tul. Lieutenant.

They offer to go away.

Lieut. Spare your thanks.

Tul. Lieutenant.

Lieut. You know the Captain loves no Complements.

Capt. Farewell. Thank you for my Wine.

Tul. Captain.

Lieut. Farewell, Farewell.

Tul. Captain, one word before you go.

Capt. What's the news?

Tul. Pray let me drink; for the truth is, I muſt either eat and drink or die.

Capt. How's that? and would you drink and live?

Lieut. Why thou impudent Rogue; yeſterday it was, if I drink I die, now ſome drink or you are dead.

Capt. Nay then he ſhall not drink, is this your profeſſions?

Tul. Well Gentlemen, I ſee you'r reſolv'd I muſt die; let me but have my fill, and I'll die to morrow.

Lieut. Why, faith, it is but abſtaining till to morrow, and then you are ſure of it.

Tul. And is it not all one how I die, ſo I be dead to morrow? if it be alike to you, pray let me chooſe; for if Surfeit or Famine can but kill, pray let me ſurfeit.

Capt. I am indifferent how, ſo it be done.

Tul. Call me ſpade if it be not.

Lieut. And look we have no Equivocation, but ſee you be dead to morrow.

Capt. I fear he will prove a Rogue.

Tul. I hope you would not deſire that I ſhould lay violent hands upon my ſelf.

Lieut. Marry the Gods forbid, lay violent hands upon thy ſelf; no, no, now you have conſented, I'll get one ſhall do it for you.

Tul. Give me ſome drink, and do what you will with me afterwards.

Lieut.

Lieut. Set the Vessel by him.

Tul. But is it Sack, Lieutenant? is it Sack? excuse me if I be punctual too?

Capt. Give him a Bowl. Tullius *drinks.*

Tul. Give me another, give me a third.

Lieut. Farewell, Farewell, look you be dead to morrow, or by these hilts I'll apply my Dagger to thy side, and that will be a certain cure; come, Sir, will you please to go?

Tul. Captain, Captain, stay a little and see me die, give me another Cup. Tullius *is drunk.*

Cap. By this light, the Rogue is drunk.

Tul. Now do I not see any Reason, why I should die.

Lieut. But I shall give you a Reason to morrow.

Tul. To die with all this Sack about me! No, I am immortal, let those die that are dry.----Hum, give me my sword.

Capt. Come leave him, he is drunk.

Lieut. How now, what would'st you have? *As they go away, he rises out of his bed and reeles after them to the door.*

Tul. You'll give me leave to wait on my Captain down?

Capt. No Ceremony, good *Tullius*, no Ceremony.

Tul. It shall be yours Captain, indeed it shall be yours.

Lieut. Alas, Sir, give him leave to take cold.

Capt. Nay, if it must be so, I obey.

Tul. Nay, why Lieutenant, what do you take me for? how do you think I have been bred? [*Exit* Captain.

Lieut. Remember to morrow.

Tul. Remember to morrow, let to morrow remember me.

ACT. IV. SCEN. V.

Enter Facertes *solus.*

Facer. THis is the Place, Love be thou propitious, and let my fears prove false; hereabout should be the door. [*Exit.*

Enter Paulina *and* Cicilia.

Paul. It is true, I have promis'd him, when he comes, to deliver you; but he has vow'd to use you with Honour, do you not know him?

Cicilia. No Madam, this is the first time I ever saw him.

Paul. Pray what Country claimes your Birth?

Cicilia. Greece, Madam.

Paul. Pray grow not in Love with your griefs, but give some part of 'em to me, that now but begin to be sad.

Cicilia. Why should you be sad, that know no grief of Mind? have you lost Friends? or forfeited Freedom?

Paul. Fair one, I am more a slave then you; for I am bound by faults, and none can set me free; your miseries are but for a time, and I can release 'em, and yet cannot command my own Fate.

Cicil.

Cicilia. What ſtrange miſery can you apprehend? do you love unfortunately?

Paul. No, I love happily, but I have fallen unfortunately, and no length of dayes can ſet a period to my miſery; I love, but cannot hope a return, for I ſhould hate him I love if he could love me; yet, as his Honour forbids him that, and me all hopes to enjoy him, ſo if he be a perfect Man he hath Mercy too, and he may pity and forgive, though not love ***Paulina.***

Cicilia. I would aſk another Queſtion, but that I am afraid it would ſearch too near your griefs; dare you truſt me with the knowledge who it is you love? can I ſerve you?

Paul. You muſt not, and therefore cannot, for it is the ſtranger that fought for you. When firſt my Eye met his, it ſhot a flame in here, and the nobleneſs of that Act (which was ſacrific'd to you) ſhook me, and waked my ſleeping Honour, and I began to find deſires that till then were ſtrangers here, for they had more of love then blood in them.——What's the buſineſs? [*Enter* Baud.

One knocks.

Baud. There's a young fellow without deſires to ſpeak with you.

Paul. Your pardon. [*Exit* Paulina.

Baud. I have ſpoil'd your ſport if all hit right.

ACT. IV. SCEN. VI.

Enter Facertes *and* Paulina.

Facert. MAdam, I come from that ſtranger that this morning your Charity preſerv'd, what directions do you command me in his affairs of Love!

Paul. Sir, you are welcome, and from him all is ſo; This night I would deſire him meet in the garden, where he ſhall receive her.

Facert. I muſt beg the favour to ſpeak with that Lady, I have a meſſage to impart to her. [*Enter* Cicilia.

Paul. You ſhall command any thing my power can ſerve you in, there ſhe comes, and I'le wait upon you ſtraight. [*Exit* Paulina.

Facert. What ſhall I ſay to her? my joys have rob'd me of my Tongue.

Cicil. It is he that this morning nam'd me in the ſtreet. ----- Sir, have you any commands for me?

Facert. No Madam, I come to ſerve, if you'le pleaſe to enjoyn; and though a poor ***Sicilian***, yet I know what duty all that wretched Nation owes your Excellence.

Cicil. Me Sir! ſure you miſtake.

Facert. No, Madam, I cannot miſtake, nor can any miſeries ſo cloud your Beauties, but through all the Innocency and Majeſty of ſuch a Princeſs will appear; ſure you will not deny the name of ***Cicilia?***

She looks about her.

Cicil. To you, Sir, I will not, yet I conjure you to conceal me, and let me know to whom I ſtand endebted for this Civil opinion.

Facert. My name is not worth your knowledge, but my fortunes

tunes I boaſt of, for I had the honour to be a Souldier, and a Priſoner with your Princely Brother, and fell with him the ſame day when we loſt the battel at *Siracuſa*.

Cicil. Who, *Facertes*? where is he, at *Rome*! Oh, tell me how do's he bear the Inſolence of that unworthy Conquerour? It is many years ſince I ſaw that beloved Brother, did he never ſpeak of me?

Facert. Yes, Madam, I have often heard him mention you with Tears, and like a Brother give your Character to the fair *Sophia*, ſiſter to *Virgilius*, who ſaved his Life when he was doom'd to the hook.

Cicil. The Hook? Oh, ye powers, why do you let this wicked Tyrant thus triumph o're our miſeries? But for *Virgilius*, that falſe ſeed of the old Tyrant, that's young and falſe, and cruel in his youth, let him find ſome curſe, ſtrange as his wickedneſs.

Facert. Madam, upon my life, you injure him; for, my ſoul to pawn, he loves your Brother: and had no ſhare in that guilty Triumph, for he was then in *Gallia*.

Cicil. Oh, thou art deceiv'd, he envies my Brother, and cannot love; and when he could not by force conquer him, by falſhood he ſought his ruine.

Facert. I perceive, Madam, you are a ſtranger to the Prince's affairs at *Rome*.

Cicil. What are they? new miſeries?

Facert. Have you not heard how, at the Triumph, the fair *Sophia* and he, in a look, chang'd hearts, and that now he has his freedom?

Cicil. No, this is the firſt time that I heard of it.

Facert. Madam, I ſaw him free; and (by his friendſhip with *Virgilius*) 'tis hoped he ſhall marry the Princeſs *Sophia*: But this is a ſecret I dare not give to any ear but your own.

Cicil. My Brother and *Virgilius* friends? 'tis falſe, it muſt be falſe, I know he is too much my Brother to make a Friendſhip there.

Facert. His Love to the Siſter, and her merits, who has a virtue equal to her Beauty, made him forget the injuries which *Virgilius* (in ambitious honour, not malice) threw upon him; beſides, it will be a guard for *Sicily* hereafter, and *Facertes* gains his ends upon them.

Cicil. Pray no more of this diſcourſe; I hope my Brother has no ends beyond his Honour; it cannot be he ſhould forget mine and his own injuries, or ſo bury a Brothers and a Fathers loſs; but if abſence can do all this, yet his Honour is with him, and that may tell him how glorious, in ſtory, a Slave appears, whilſt he keeps his Honour; and how mean and poor that Prince is that ſells it for his paſſion.

Facertes, aſide, Excellent Maid ----- Madam, I am ſorry my diſcourſe diſpleas'd you.

Cicil. I would I were with him, or I would I could but write to him.

Facert. Madam, if you'le pleaſe to write, I'le deliver it him.

Cicil. No, Sir, that would be too great a trouble, for I believe, thoſe

thoſe Occaſions which drew you hither are of more conſideration then a letter.

Facert. None of ſuch importance as to ſerve my Prince; 'Tis true, I have a Comrade, a Prince that has diſguis'd himſelf into that condition, and is reſolved, under that private habit, to ſee the world; a ſcurvy Accident befel him to day, upon the Mole, at the Slaves Mart, where he 'ſcaped hardly with his life; ſome wounds he has too, which will retard him, I fear, till my return.

Cicil. Was it not this morning? a young man, brown-hair'd?

Facert. Yes, it was about a ſlave he ſaw, and fell in love with; and while he ſtay'd for money to redeem her, another bought her; I was not at the beginning, but, I thank my fate, I came time enough to his Reſcue.

Cicil. Is he ſafe then?

Facert. Yes, Madam, but ſo impatient, for fear ſome violence ſhould be offer'd to her, I am now going in ſearch of her; for I know he'le find no Peace, till he has gain'd her freedom.

Cicil. Is he a Prince, ſay you, and in love with that Slave?

Facert. Yes, Madam, and now his ſoul labours in pain, to know what condition ſhe is of; but I hope his flame is made of young mens fire, ſuch as will not laſt.

Cicil. Why do you hope ſo?

Facert. Becauſe I have the honour to be his friend; and though I ſerve his paſſion, yet I ſhould be loath to ſee him continue his Love for a Slave, that has nothing but miſeries for his Honour to work upon.

Cicil. A Prince! then all my Prayers fall not to the Earth, nor loſe their way 'twixt heaven and my miſeries.

Facert. Your prayers, Madam? how, under pardon, are you concern'd in his love or birth?

Cicil. You are a Souldier, and by your honour I conjure you; you are a *Sicilian*, and now Ile take the power you gave, and command you; or by my Brother and his friendſhip I enjoyn you.

Facert. What, Madam?

She ſtops and turns from him.

Cicil. Nothing, nothing; ye gods! whither am I falling? down, down Woman; All the pleadings of my Sex be gone, I will not be a ſlave to my Paſſion.

Facert. Nor will I be ſo rude as to preſs a Secret from you; yet your Brother, Madam, ſhould not ſerve you more faithfully, nor more willingly, then I.

Cicil. I muſt not, no, I will not; yet I durſt tell you, but 'tis not like *Cicilia*, nor the Laws that ſhe has ever followed.

Facert. Madam, your name has given Laws, and *Cicilia's* Acts have ever ſtood Examples, as unqueſtioned as unimitable: and by your ſelf, I beg this truſt.

Cicil. Then, as you are a Souldier, take it, and protect it, (I know no guilt,) why ſhould I fear? I was that ſlave he fought for; and I rejoyce, the man I honour is ſo favoured of the Gods.

Facert. O Madam, this is a bleſſing beyond my hopes; dare you truſt me to diſcover who you are? I'le firſt ſound whether his Love

aim

aim with honour, and by degrees work upon him till I have found the ſecrets of his heart; he ſhall deſpair too, and in fear ſpend ſome days; But at length dare you not let him know there is a hope? pray leave it to me, I'le ſee all the Laws of Love obſerv'd, he ſhall doubt, and hope, and you ſhall defer his Joys; But ſtill I'le wiſh your Love may increaſe too, for I know he'le deſerve it. *She walks and looks down: he follows her.*

Cicil. Sir, I have not ſaid I love, nor will not, till I hear him ſay ſo firſt; I confeſs I hope he loves, and what that hope can be call'd I acknowledge.

Facert. Then all my Joys are full ----- Nay, my Siſter, you muſt not turn away.

Cicil. Siſter?

Facert. Did I ſay Siſter?

Cicil. Yes, and if my Ears abuſe me not, this morning you call'd me ſiſter.

Facert. Then I'le hide my ſelf no longer from thee; and ſince you could confeſs to a ſtranger you hop'd he loved, I claim ſo much truſt as to confeſs you love; will this ſatisfie you who I am? I mean to give it to the Prince. *He pulls off a patch from his eye. He ſhews her a Ring.*

Cicil. Oh, my Brother, why did you hide your ſelf from me? is it true you told of your ſelf? are you in love? ſhall not I know your ſtory, that I may rejoyce in your joys?

Facert. Thou ſhalt know all, but let me not now defer the Prince's joy, who waits without and ſuffers in the doubts which longing love brings.

Cicil. The Prince without? is that a truth? pardon me, for ſince you have deceiv'd me once, it is lawful to ſuſpect.

Facert. Yes, and there is another truth which I durſt not diſcover till thy love warranted it me: But now know the man thou hated'ſt is the man thou loveſt; for *Virgilius* is that Prince; but when thou haſt made an acquaintance with him thou wilt confeſs thy ignorance only could hate him.

Cicil. Virgilius, then I am miſerable!

Facert. Do not ſay ſo, but take a Brothers knowledge of him, I have tryed him, friend and enemy, and by both find him pure; and I conjure you, give me your griefs, and believe my love before your hate of the man you love.

Cicil. Is it *Virgilius* then?

Facert. By thy ſelf, it is he.

Cicil. Swear not, unworthy; witneſs the Gods, that ſaw and piti'd not my griefs, with what pain I loſt thee; yet that was nothing, compar'd to this affliction, that finds thee thus; Go boaſt to thy friend, what ſucceſs thy treachery, aſſiſted by a Brothers intereſt, has gain'd upon a Siſter, o'recome with miſery.

Facert. Why do you accuſe me thus? have I injur'd you? is it a fault, to tell you your opinion wrongs a gallant man?

Cicil. Were he a God, and his friendſhip of ſo ſovereign a nature, it would protect us againſt their rods, when with a plague they make a curious ſearch amongſt men: were he this, yet, in thee and me 'twere ſin to ſacrifice to him; and I would ſooner oppoſe that

plague which only wounds my mortal part, then meet *Virgilius* as a friend.

Facert. Why do you conclude me ſo unworthy, as to call him friend without a ſatisfaction?

Cicil. Thou art not *Facertes*; he knows there can be no ſatisfaction: did he not ruine our Country? fell not my aged Father under a Roman ſword? is not *Lucius*, our Brother, loſt? and his Ghoſt ſtill wandring for want of Funeral Rites: But if thou art *Facertes*, remember how his falſhood let thee adorn a triumph; but theſe are paſt. Am not I this day ſold a ſlave? do's not our Country ſtill bleed; and whil'ſt we talk, the licens'd luſt of the common Souldier add new crimes? oh! my Brother, let me not have reaſon to repent that neerneſs, but learn to hate him; and while he is in our power take a brave revenge; that he would do ſomething to redeem theſe faults is no Argument to prefer him before your Country; and though it be gallant in him to love, yet in thee or me a low mean ſin.

Facert. Had he not ſaid all this, had he not condemn'd himſelf, I had done it; but when I ſee his youth ſoul-ſick with love, and full of deſpairs, ready to ſacrifice himſelf to redeem the misfortunes of a conqueſt (which he was but a ſervant in) I muſt tell *Cicilia*, when he leaves thus to be an enemy, I muſt be a friend, for I ſcorn to hate what loves me; but he loves thee, and to deſtroy him now is murder, and not revenge.

Cicil. That he loves I owe him nothing, for it was chance and fate; and that I love him will be no guard: if I did not love him, 'twere eaſie to deſtroy the thing I hate; but it ſhall be my glory, through my love and loſs of peace, to find revenge.

Facert. But his love was no chance; this journey we deſign'd by the counſel of his Siſter, whoſe intereſt pleads here, and we were bound for *Sicily*, and his intents were to heal, by marriage, the wounds you thus lament in our Country; and if now you deſtroy this means of peace, you have ruin'd it; *Cicilia* has deſtroy'd her Country, and to obey her paſſion wilfully ſacrificed our freedom.

Cicil. Still thou bloweſt new fires; were your deſigns for *Sicily* and me? what has rendred me ſo cheap to my Brothers thought, as to believe I would receive ſuch a viſit from a vain ſwoln Conqueror, promiſing to himſelf ſucceſs? But he ſhall find I dare, and can ſcorn him; and now if I had all the paſſions that our ſex ever yet ſunk under, I'de forbid him to my ſelf; and he and you ſhall find *Cicilia*'s mind not ſubject to his conqueſt. [*Exit Cicilia.*

Facert. Women, when they have ſaid they are angry are half revenged; and friends, when they have avowed a quarrel. I know her ſoul full of ſoftneſs, however her fortune makes this war betwixt her nature and her juſtice.------Sir, you have heard, I fear, the little hope ſhe gives; yet ſhe loves, let that ſecure you.

Enter

Enter Virgilius.

Virg. Will you take my opinion of your Sister hereafter? This I foreſaw. *He appears very ſad and penſive.*

Facert. What ſhall we do?

Virg. Something I will do, pray, let me ſerve her in ſome diſguiſe, till ſhe be freed from this place while I have an intereſt here.

Facert. If I can, I'll perſwade her to eſcape this night.

Virg. I would I had ſpoke with her, I would fain ſay ſomething to her before I dye.

Facert. Dye, Sir?

Virg. Yes dye, *Facertes*, now when I would faineſt live; for why ſhould I linger here when that which makes her excellent muſt render me miſerable? for had ſhe forgiven me, I could not have forgiven her; for ſhe has juſtice, and I deſpair; farewell *Facertes*, I'll meet thee at the Galley.

Facert. Pray ſtay, Sir, you ſhall ſpeak with her, and it may be ſhe cannot find that ſtrength againſt you.

Virg. If you'll gain me the liberty of ſpeaking with her, I ſhall gladly do it; and then what I will do ſhall ask no long time to conſider.

Facert. Pray, Sir, follow me.

Virg. I dare not preſs in there; I that have forced a paſſage through the world dare not enter there where love onely has the guard.

ACT. IV. SCEN. VII.

Enter Bragadine, *and the Baud.*

Baud. THey are now there; ſhe is falſe, and you abus'd; ſhe threatned me with wounds, unleſs I would obey her, and invite him to her bed, and the ſlave would ſcarce be won to come.

Bragad. But has ſhe given the ſlave to him that I preſented to her to day?

Baud. She has given him all, and to lay the greater ſcorn upon you, to your enemy, ſhe is one who loves the ſlave, and wants the common excuſe of being woo'd.

Bragad. Was this the reaſon ſhe commanded me not to purſue my revenge? Fool, it ſhall now fall on you both.

Baud. You muſt be ſpeedy then; for this night they are gone, and the garden is the appointed place to receive the ſlave in; but if you'l obey my counſel, they ſhall find their graves there; and then the old woman will laugh at the young Raſcals.

Bragad. But how ſhall I come to this opportunity of revenge?

Baud. Go arm your ſelf, and take ſuch to your aſſiſtance, whoſe

faith you have tryed, and bring 'em in the evening to our garden, where I'll place you ſo, that you ſhall have a full view of them, and take your revenge ſafely.

Bragad. The Moon will aſſiſt us, for ſhe ſhines early this night.

He offers her money. ——This in earneſt.

Baud. Sir, I expect no money, I have ſaid, I love you.

Bragad. O, excuſe me till to morrow. [*Exit* Bragadine.

Baud. I thank you, Sir, —— How all theſe young things are ſubject to overſee a woman when ſhe is ſtricken a little in years! and this Fool too, whom I chuſe, becauſe I thought all had been alike to fools, and yet ſee how hardly he is drawn on; as I live, but that there is one young man that I love, I would make him kill 'em both, and take the wench; Ah! farewell the memory of my dear *Britain, Gorgianus*; well did he deſerve to be their Patron, he never refus'd an old woman, but they knew his virtue, and while he was young call'd him home. O happy Iſland, that has one young man in it that will be charitable to the old woman: Every one ſtrives to feed the young till their bellies burſt again, while we praiſe and beg, and can ſcarce get 'em to ſell us their ware.—— How now, what have we here? oh is it you? I'll retire. [*Exit Baud.*

Enter Facertes *and* Cicilia.

Cicil. If thou haſt not loſt all thine honour, By the memory of thy Fathers aſhes, By that chaſte Mother, whoſe memory thou ſo oft haſt worſhipped, give me leave to retreat to my ſtrength, and while I have power preſerve my honour, leſt there be none left in our family, for thou haſt thrown off thine, as if it had been a burthen to thee.

Facert. Dare you not hear him ſpeak? if you have no Argument to deny what he ſaid, why do you accuſe me of weakneſs, when I was conquered?

Cicil. I dare not longer hear him ſpeak? for all the weakneſs that our ſex or nature is ſubject to plead againſt me, and I have only honour to defend me; yet I can give you powerful Reaſons that can deſtroy all his hopes. [*Enter* Virg.

Facert. No, no, give 'em him when you ſee him.

[*Exit* Facertes, *and pulls to the door.*

Virg. 'Tis juſt you fly me, 'tis juſt you ſcorn me, and here I ſtand mine own judge, my own accuſer and executioner too, if you frown, and bid me ſtrike.

Cicil. Sir, you miſtake me, if you think I ſcorn you; there are other ways, and juſt ones, to be revenged without a fault.

Virg. Facertes, you do not covet a revenge more then I thirſt to give it; and now I know what you deſire, with wings I'll haſte to ſerve you.

Cicil. You cannot, her fruits are ſeldom ſweet, unleſs we pluck them our ſelves.

Virg. Let me beg you will not pay ſuch a rate as your innocence for it, can you not forgive? Is there nothing can expiate what

what my fate was only guilty in? for I was never faulty to you.

Cicil. Nothing; my honour tells me I must not find a peace,---- But my heart tells me I belie it. [*Aside.*

Virg. Oh, do not frown; can you not be just but you must be angry too? The Judge that speaks the Malefactors fate, and tells him to morrow thou shalt dye, he do's it because it is just, not that he is pleas'd with the wretches misery. Oh, be you but so merciful; let my doom come but as a necessity from you, and not appear to affect my miseries.

Cicil. Brother *Facertes*, what shall I say? *Cicilia*, be thy self, or thou hast lost the glory of thy revenge.

Virg. No, divinest, do not wrong me so, as to think I plead for life; 'tis for your pity onely that I beg; do not you destroy me, command some one that the act but addes to his guilt; stain not with blood that innocence, nor with cruelty punish cruelty.

Cicil. No, Sir, I know your friend has said enough to secure you I cannot be cruel; but since such a sullen fate attends me that my passion will rob me of the revenge I hop'd to have had on you, I'll take it on my self; and if thou lovest through my own wounds, strike thy false heart which I see, yet have no power to punish.

Virg. False? oh, do not say so, any thing, but false.

Cicil. Did'st thou not plead thus, till thy Arguments prevail'd with my Brother, that Brother under whose Sword thou fell'st, and found'st protection, though his enemy? did'st thou not vow there he should not be led in triumph, who else would not have lived? for he defended himself only to let thy pride see thou could'st not overcome him; and when he had taught thee with his sword that he could conquer, he yielded to let thee see he durst dye.

Virg. Dare you be judg'd by that Brother?

Cicil. Yes, when he is himself; but these injuries are silent, when I call to mind that barbarous rage that did not spare the aged snow of my honoured Father. What glory could his death add to your conquest, whose heart had not blood enough to stain the sacrilegious weapon.

Virg. Oh! Madam, for these misfortunes which call me their head, I plead the duty I owed a Father, whose Battel I fought; and it became me to obey mine, as it do's you to mourn yours.

Cicil. Then, to these add the vanity of this journey, promising your self a victory over our hearts too; and because your sword is forbid in this war, alone you undertook the journey; as if *Virgilius* name were enough to slave the world.

Virg. Madam, witness *Facertes*, how full of despairs I obeyed my fate, and your misfortunes will quit me of vanity; for when they had set a rate upon your beauty, when there was a price made for the excellent *Cicilia*, yet then I durst not hope a purchase. Vain, false and cruel! think me any thing but such a monster.

Cicil. Oh Brother! cruel Brother! Sir, if I have injur'd you, I shall teach you to forgive by forgiving greater faults: my faith,

and

and my faith, alas, that can neither advantage me, nor prejudice *Virgilius*.

Virgil. Do not ſay ſo; 'tis the ſaving balm; 'tis mercy it ſelf; and your faith of me muſt ſave me here, as mine hereafter; Oh, Divineſt, ſtop not your mercy, but let it fall here; your eyes are full of pity; let that precious dew drop upon my thirſty heart, and ſave me, ere deſpair hath licked all my life thence; Turn not away, but look upon me as I appear in repentance, in the whiteneſs of my tears, in their Innocency, in my Souls Love to *Cicilia*, ſtrewed upon the Earth in ſubmiſſion. Behold me, and view me, not as I ſtand ſtained with thy miſeries, but ſpeak to me, and ſpeak mercy, Mercy whoſe figure thy fair ſelf wears, and adorns; O let her ſoftneſs guide thy tongue, and let my Souls bleeding ſadneſs make thy fathers wounds dumb.

He kneels.

Cicilia. Oh, ye gods, why did not ye make him Innocent? pray Sir, Why do you kneel?

Virgil. For mercy, is there no mercy? your tears ſhould be friendly; can you weep when you are Angry? (*He riſes.*)

He riſes.

Cicil. No, Sir, my tears have Prophetique miſery, and ſo much weakneſs in them, they deſerve your pity.

Virgil. Oh, Madam, do not call it weakneſs, This is Charity, and her Alms yields a double benefit, and adorns as well as ſaves; Oh, my fate, would you had made me any thing that's moſt ſcorn'd, rather then an Enemy here.

Cicil. That had been too great a Bleſſing; for know Sir, you do not, more then I, wiſh your Innocence, or with ſadder thoughts mourn your guilt. [*Enter* Facertes.

Facert. She muſt not ſee this Paſſion; Sir, pray let your love give way a little to Our ſafety; *Paulina* is coming, and 'twill be dangerous, by the diſcovery of yours, to put her Love to a deſpair; Siſter, I hope your Reaſon has found a way to be reconcil'd to this Prince, whoſe misfortunes I know cannot deſerve your hate; when your Juſtice guides; pray let her not ſee you here.

Cicil. I can forgive him, and you; But I can ne're forgive my ſelf; and ſomething I'le do ſhall ſave my honour. [*Exit* Cicilia.

Facert. Pray, Sir, put off this ſadneſs, and ſollicite *Paulina* to deliver her this Night; is ſhe as unſenſible of your Love as ſhe appear'd to be?

Virgil. She is all honour, all her ſelf; All thy Siſter, and I happy onely to be more miſerable.

Facert. Pray retire, before *Paulina* comes.

Virgil. I'le follow you.

Facert. This way we ſhall meet her, courage Sir; After Parly Womans wars give Quarter ſtill, and ſhe cannot long be cruel.

ACT.

ACT. IV. SCEN. VIII.

Enter Bragadine *and* Bravo's.

Bragad. ARe you all provided?
Barv. Yes, Sir, how many are they?
Bragad. Three is the moſt; give me a Piſtol, 'tis about the time ſhe appointed, ſtay here, and whiſtle, if ſhe comes; I'le look out. [*Ex.*
1. *Brav.* This wench has every day a Quarrel; I kil'd two for her, the laſt Olympick.
2. *Brav.* Marry, the gods ſend her many Quarrels, peace Brings us no harveſt; Who comes here? [*Enter* Baud.
Baud. The Moon is up, and he not come. They are upon departure; This Coward will fail me, and they will eſcape, and the Raſcal will ſcorn me to death.
1. *Brav.* Who's there?
Baud. 'Tis I, whoſe that? the Prince?
1. *Brav.* No, Madam, but one of his Creatures.
Baud. Who's that? *Ennius*? why, where have you been many a day?
1. *Brav.* Faith, I durſt not be ſeen till laſt night.
Baud. You promis'd me a viſit once, but you broke your word.
1. *Brav.* Lets retire, and call my Lord; I'Ie pay it now.
Baud. Follow me then, is my Lord this way?
1. *Brav.* Yes, let me guide you. [*Enter* Bragadine.
Bragad. Who's that paſſed by?
2. *Brav.* It's the old Woman, that ſerves *Paulina.*

Enter Baud *and* Bravo *again.*

Baud. O, are you ready, Sir, you have ſtayed the utmoſt time; ſhe expects him with longing thoughts, they are all provided, and a Gally lies ready at the Mole, to convey them away; but if your hearts be true, we will ſtay their Journey.
Bragad. We are all ready, and reſolute.
Baud. Follow me then, I'le ſee you plac'd where they muſt paſs by.
Bragad. Lead the way.

ACT. IV. SCEN. IX.

Enter Cicilia *and* Paulina.

Cicilia. WHat return to make you, for this good Act, I know not; But I ſhall ever admire you for daring (in ſo wicked a Place) to be ſo ſingly good.
Paul. I, that durſt be wicked, ought not to diſpute now; but with ſhame to look upon my faults, and offer this, as my firſt ſacrifice,

crifice, to witneſs I repent; and may my wiſhes prove fortunate, and make you happy in that Love that makes me miſerable.

Aſide. *Cicil.* You cannot be ſo miſerable as I, ------ That muſt love my Enemy. [*Enter* Baud.

Baud. Madam, are you ready, they ſtay at the Garden gate, ſhall I let them in?

Paul. Yes, yes, and ſee the gates ſhut that lead to the ſtreet.

Baud. All is ſafe, pray make haſte.

Paul. Wee'le meet you, call at my window. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. X.

Enter Virgilius *and* Facertes.

Facert. THis Moon is friendly, come, pray let not this cloudy ſadneſs hang upon our Joys; you ſee ſhe conſented to put her ſelf into your protection; her tears too are your warrant, for all Womens ſtorms are paſt when thoſe ſhowers fall.

Virgil. I do not now grieve for fear ſhe ſhould be angry, but that I am ſo unlucky as to deſerve it; and my Friends can witneſs my heart never ſinned againſt her, yet ſomething lies heavy upon it I cannot remove; for my fears tell me ſhee'l take ſome Revenge upon her ſelf; for you ſaw it was her Paſſion, not her reaſon, that forgave me.

Facert. I know her Religion will protect her againſt her ſelf, and ſhe has too much honour, to wiſh health, and put poyſon in the Cup; and though ſhe threatned revenge, yet ſhe ſcorns to take it when ſhe is reconcil'd.

Virgil. Oh, ſhe is too Excellent to be falſe; Peace. Whoſe there? [*Enter* Baud.

Baud. Is the Galley ready, they Expect you.

Facert. All's ready, lead the way.

Baud. Follow me. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Bragad. within. Stand cloſe, I hear 'em come.

Enter Virgil. Facertes, *and* Baud *again.*

Baud. Stay here, while I return, with the Key.

Bragadine *ſhoots,* Virgil *puts his hand to his eye, with a bloody ſponge and the blood runs down.* Facertes *draws his ſword, and takes him in his Arms.*

Facert. This is the Garden.

Virgil. Oh! This may be juſt: but whether it be fair, or no, Heaven, thou ſee'ſt.

Facert. How do you, Sir?

Virgil. Why well, *Facertes*; The Bullet but glanced.

Facert. Oh my ſiſter, If thou haſt a hand in this Treachery, may Plagues ſuddain and laſting find and ſink thee with deſpairs, when mercy flies thee as thou haſt done thy honour; nor ſhall all the tyes of love, or nature, prove thy guard, nor the mercies due to thy weeping penitence; No, thy ſex ſhall not protect thee from the Juſtice of my ſwoln rage, which with ſword, and words (that wound more) ſhall afflict thee.

Virgil. *is ſtill in* Facertes *Arms.*

Virgil.

Virg. Why doſt thou rage and curſe her, ſtill miſtaking that excellent Maid? Upon my Soul, ſhe has no hand in't, ſhe is too full of Honour, to take ſo baſe a way to her Revenge, or ſeek by Treachery a life that's onely worn to ſerve her; and when ſhe frownes, may command me put it off.

Facer. Draw your ſword then, and take my counſel, if your ſtrength fail not, and fall, as if their malice had been more proſperous, perchance the Villain, Author of this deed, lurks here about, and expects ſuch a ſign ere he dare diſcover himſelf.——Pray, Sir, let me bear you home. *He ſpeaks ſoftly to him.* *Aloud.*

Virg. No, *Facertes*, let me die here.

Facer. Unfortunate Youth, Murther. Villaines, where are you, you accurſed Actors of this black deed? do you hide already Cowards? dare you not look on your Act? Virgilius *draws his ſword and lies down.*

Cicilia. It was my Brothers voice that cry'd Murther. Cicilia *and* Paulina *above.*

Paul. I heard a Piſtoll, where's *Olympia?*

Enter Bragadine, Baud, *and* Bravoes.

Cicilia. Heark, there's ſome body comes.

Facer. Villaines, dare you not yet appear?

Bragad. Yes, fool, we dare, and laugh upon your miſeries.

Baud. Yes, an old Woman will laugh; fool, thou had'ſt better have deſtroy'd thy Mother, then with ſcorn have awaked my Malice, now where is all your young wits? am not I prov'd a Mother of your Joyes? fool, I am reveng'd now.

Cicilia. What cry was that?

Bragad. How now, what ailes you? Virgilius *as he lies, runs his ſword into the*

Baud. Oh me, oh me, I am dead. Baud, *and kills her, ſhe ſqueekes*

Facer. Then, though our miſeries be great, they are not ſo ill as I fear'd; what moved thee, Villain, to this baſe Act?

Bragad. Revenge, fool; thought'ſt thou, I could forgive a wound, and ſuch an Injury as to have her I call mine poſſeſs'd by another?

Facer. Villain, thou ſhalt dearly pay for this baſe Act; Riſe, Sir, the Truth is now at large diſcovered. Virgilius *riſes, and kills one of the* Bravoes.

Brav. Oh!

Bragad. Ha, alive?

Virg. Yes, and I hope ſhall find ſo much Mercy as to puniſh thy Treachery.

They fight.

Bragad. Draw, *Ennius*, we have yet as many ſwords as they. Virgilius *and* Bragadine. Facertes *and*

Ennius. I warrant you, Sir, and as good hearts. Ennius.

Virg. Traitor, thou want'ſt the cauſe.

Cicilia above. It is they, they are ſet upon, I hear their ſwords too; let's haſte, our preſence may bring ſome aid; for Heavens ſake, let us not look on and ſee them murthered. *They are all wounded,* Bragad. *faints and falls.*

Bragad. Hold, as thou haſt Mercy, hold; and as thou haſt faults, ſhew Mercy. *Kills him.* Facertes *and* Ennius *ſtruggle on the*

Virg. Yes, in this Juſtice, for Juſtice is ever merciful. *ground,* Facertes *kills him.*

Facer. There, Villain, There's thy treacheries firſt reward; thou art going for thy laſt.

Enter Cicilia *and* Paulina; *whilſt they are fighting upon the ground,* Cicilia *runs to* Facertes.

Cicilia. Ha! upon the ground, *Facertes*, what accident is this?

Facer. Where's the Prince?

Virg. Here, how fares *Facertes?*

Facer. Well, onely a little ſcratch'd.

Paul. Sir, I hope you believe I had no hand in this Treachery.

Virg. No Madam, we know the unworthy cauſe.

Cicilia. What was it?

Facer. All our Joyes (within this minute) had a cloud on them; and I confeſs, I was afraid it had hid my Siſters faults, whilſt I fear'd a miſtake of Juſtice had betray'd thee to a Murther; yet then in his wounds the Prince was himſelf, and collected; I chid my miſtruſt; ſee, he bleeds ſtill, do's not that expiate? This is twice he has ſhed it in ſacrificing to thy liberty; and now to be angry is wilfull and humor, not honour.

Cicilia. Do you command, *Cicilia* ſhall obey; for I confeſs, the Prince is Maſter of that honour I but talked of; will you mediate a pardon for the Injuries my Paſſion threw upon him? and I ſhall joy to find I was miſtaken.

Virg. O Madam, do not ſpeak of pardon, for your Innocence knows not the way to that Injury I could not forgive; But I will not talk; for I ſhould hate my ſelf, if I had words to expreſs this Joy.

Paul. Ha! The Prince ſlain, and *Olympia* dead? as you love your ſafety haſte hence; he whom your Juſtice has found is the *Vice-Roy*'s Son, and its preſent death if you be taken.

Facer. No diſtraction; The Galley is ready, and waits us at the *Mole*, thither we'll immediately; Siſter, dare you yet put your ſelf into the Princes Protection?

Cicilia. Yes, but not now; when I am free I will; and as I refus'd at firſt, becauſe it was early, ſo now, 'cauſe it is forced, and looks like giving upon the Death-bed; and I would be loath to become the Princes Legacy.

Virg. I beſeech you, let not a nicity interrupt my Joyes; but truſt me with your protection, till I have made good my vowes to your Brother, whoſe Joyes my Affairs have deferr'd: But when you ſee him poſſeſſed of his Country, then I'll kneel for a Bleſſing in the fair *Cicilia*; dare you bid me hope?

Cicilia. I promiſe to do what honour ſhall warran. and when theſe wounds are heal'd, I ſhall not call it weakneſs that makes me yield to my paſſion.

Facer. This Cloud is blown over by Fate; and now I'll ſmile and prophecy, through all our wounds and tears, a joyfull iſſue.

Virg. We'll for *Sicily* firſt, the *Vice-Roy* being dead they dare not refuſe my Authority; beſides, if they do, the Army is mine, and that ſhall ſecure *Facertes*. Madam, what Commands have you to enjoyn me, that I may return this favour?

Paul.

Paul. When you appear'd a private Man and compaſs'd with dangers you had a power here, which now is turn'd to duty; and I beg a protection in your company, for the Prince was known to have an Intereſt here; and to be found dead in my Garden will bring a certain ruine upon me; For that I am Innocent will be no guard, but I ſhall fall now to expiate my other faults; and I confeſs, I would fain live now, for I am certain I repent, and ſhall ever ſacrifice to the Prince *Virgilius* as my good Genius.

Cicilia. Sure we ſhall not deny you a ſafety, to whom we owe all ours.

Facer. No Complement, but this way through the Garden to the Galley, the wind is ſomewhat high.

Virg. The Clouds are black, we'll keep under the ſhore, that if need be, we may put in upon the Coaſt of *Calabria*.

Facer. Not I, as I live.

Virg. Let me beg that Olive branch ſign of Peace; and witneſs all, I joy more to be thus bound, then to have conquer'd *Sicily*. *He refuſes to lead his Siſter.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

Enter Cilius *ſolus.*

Cilius. THe Captain has refuſed to give me the freedom of her I Love, but if the *Lieutenant* keep his word, I ſhall make him repent it at as ſad a rate as I bear my miſery; 'tis not Love, ſure, that afflicts my Heart, for I have heard 'em ſay, That it is a ſoft and gentle Paſſion, which ſtrokes and courts the Mind, and his ſervice perfect freedom, for Love is both the Famine and the Food, none of theſe chains afflicts them; I have ſeen Women and Boyes play with this Power: 'Tis the ſport of Virgins, and yet their Hearts laſt Ages; Nay, they can be falſe too, and yet not loſe one Grace, nor one Beauty falls; Even the perjur'd Lovers weare their quiet Minds and fair Faces ſtill, whil'ſt I pine and wither under theſe two dayes miſery. I cannot eat nor ſleep ſince I ſaw her, and my frinds are irkſome to me, I love loanneſs, and hunt Corners, and prize a thought of being her ſlave, more then a Conqueſt over the world; Yet I ſtammer ſtill, and cannot ſpeak ſence when my griefs would tell her, the ſtory of what I ail. I have loſt my Courage too of late; for, by all our Gods, I ſtart and tremble when I ſee her; Nay, I am a Dog if I do not weep when I behold her; no Boy at School has his tears readier then I, I could weep like froward Children. This makes me mad, to find my ſelf abandoned by all the Gods, whoſe ends I cannot gueſs, nor why they ſend me this new way to miſery. Cilius *lies down.*

[*Enter* Lieut.

Lieut. How, Sir, upon the ground? up, Sir, the Souldiers are prepared, and expect your preſence only to finiſh the work; The ſlaves too are looſe and privately arm'd; and when he is once aboard, give but the ſign, and be Maſter both of him and her. —— Fie, Sir,

what means this dejection? up, for ſhame.

He helps him up.

Cilius. See Lieutenant, I am grown the obedient'ſt thing that ever ſigh'd himſelf away; O Lieutenant, kind old Friend, if we miſcarry in this deſign, I am loſt for ever; for I am become the wretched'ſt thing thy heart can fancy.--- Prithee pray.——

He leans upon him.

Lieut. Bondue, pray? you have found your Man indeed.

Cilius. The Angry Gods to ſend Men and bold wounds, not cowardly thoughts and Women when they will, call *Cilius* to the Earth again.

Lieut. Death! what ayle you, Sir?

Cilius. Oh Friend! this trouble of my Mind is ſent like ſome new diſeaſe to ſcourge thy Friend, and act what ſword and ſickneſs could not do; and my deſpair will throw me upon ſome horrid Crime, againſt which 'tis in vain to oppoſe or Armes or Virtue; The Tyrant-Boy Lords it o're my Heart, and now he has wounded me will make me kiſs the Dart.

Lieut. Oh! is this it you complain of? Let me know Man or boy that dares wrong you; By this hilt, I will ſend him on a cold Errand.

Cilius. Thy threats are vain, for my griefs are a diſeaſe I never felt before; The remedy too is hid from Gods and Men, the Maid, the lovely Maid thou gav'ſt me.

Lieut. A pox on her, the Wench, is ſhe the cauſe? was ſhe not ſound, Sir?

Cilius. Sound!

Lieut. I, ſound, by this hand for all that I know ſhe was; I am a Dog if I touched her; and but for a kiſs or two you had her as pure as I found her.

Cilius. Peace, Beaſt.

Lieut. By this Light, Sir, I am in earneſt, and unleſs 'twere *Crab* had a touch,----for no body elſe was alone with her, 'tis that old Rogue has ſpoild her.

Cilius. Villain, Slave.

Lieut. Why, in paſſion, Sir? you are not the firſt; why this, what a pox, a Clap is no ſuch diſhonour to a Souldier.

Cilius. Peace, wretch.

Lieut. He is modeſt; a Plague upon her for a diſſembling prating Whore: By this hand I would ha' ventur'd my life ſhe had been ſound.

Strikes him.

Cilius. Dog, doſt thou know her whom thou thus profan'ſt?

Lieut. Know her? miſchiefs know her and the whole ſex, they are nothing but diſſimulation: why do you ſtrike me? you beg of me to be your *Baud*, and are angry for a miſchance, thank your ſelf; you were never quiet till you had a bout with her.

Cilius. He will miſtake me ſtill.

Lieut. Miſtake you? 'Tis you miſtake your ſelf; can I help it if you have a Clap; if you will tell me what you ail, there are wayes and eaſie cures enough for ſuch chances, without the ſword; you have but one remedy for all diſeaſes, that damn'd ſword, you think, can cure all.

Cilius,

Cilius. Fool, thou hast prophan'd a Maid with thy base thoughts purer then thy Prayers.

Lieut. I understand not your Raptures; if she has given you a touch, I'll help you to a Chirurgeon, and my self to another; if you'll be modest and lick your self whole you may.

Cilius. How natural 'tis for him to apprehend such dangers as he has found. Fool, thou hast mistaken me all this while, and would'st thou have been silent I had told thee; 'tis her Eyes that have wounded me, and my disease is Love, desperate Love; if I can judge of that strange Passions; for 'tis Love for her that dies for another; hast thou a remedy for such a wound in the Mind?

Lieut. Love, is that your disease? I am glad 'tis no worse; by my troth, Sir, if you will starve with meat before you, I will bury you, but I will never pity you; Love and Marriage are the only two mischiefs that belong to the Sex which I have not had, and therefore can onely prescribe you Wine and Women for a remedy.

Cilius. Prithee no more and if thou lov'st me, let thy kindness excuse my Passion, without making Mirth of my misery.

Lieut. Now cannot I be angry with him though I bleed; Sir, I would fain serve you if I knew how. Can you tell what 'tis your Love would have? what does the blind Child cry for, would he lie with the Wench? by this hand I will fetch her to you once more, if I thought that would cure your disease.

No more as you are a Souldier, by your Honour no more; your Honesty in other things excuses your Ignorance in this; no more I say. Alone I will find my remedy; and this sword, as I said before, has a Cure for all my miseries; for he that dares die may defie the worst of Fates.

Lieut. Faith, Sir, but he that dies for a Woman in *Italy* is but a small friend to the Sex and *Lachrymæ*, and by my consent should be buried in a feather-bed. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCEN. II.

Enter the Lieutenant, *and* Souldiers *chain'd.*

Lieut. WHat, are you all resolv'd?

All. Yes, Sir, release us and we'll do it.

Lieut. Or must I make an Oration to perswade you to this Geer?

All. No, Sir, we need no perswasions.

Lieu. Methinks you should not, considering I humbly desire you not to be hang'd, and shall take it for an obligation, if you will throw away your cold water, and pledge me in Greek wine, and entreat your worships to quit these iron Jewels, and hard benches, for Gold-chains and pretty Wenches.

1 *Sould.* Sir, we hope you do not mean to abuſe us, and ſhew us this heaven only in words.

Lieu. By this good day I am real, and you ſhall all be looſe and arm'd; and when he comes aboard, put off ſpeedily, and then diſcover your ſelves; if he reſiſts, kill him, if not, only bind him; by theſe hilts, I have order to hang you every man, and mine own ſafety tells me I were beſt to do it.

All. Oh! Lieutenant, noble Lieutenant, you know we have been honeſt Rogues to you always.

Lieu. All but my friend that would cut my throat the other day, becauſe I would not give him my Wench.

2 *Sould.* 'Tis true, Lieutenant, I was faulty, and you may leave being a Lyon, and take revenge upon a Dog; but you know you ſpoil a good fellows drinking when ever you hang me; and it may be, you'l not find one to bear my part in your Catches when I am gone; and then you'l wiſh you had not been ſo revengeful.

Lieu. No, you Rogues, you know I am of a moſt merciful nature, and that makes you ſo preſumptuous; and to confirm you, I'll have all joyn hands, and you ſhall ſee what a miracle I'll work; ſo now, circle me about while I conjure up a ſpirit that ſhall tell me all your thoughts, and you mine.

Here they make a ring about him and ſing a Catch.

The Catch in three Parts.

I. All 3 TO Bacchus *bow, to* Bacchus *ſing,*
with wine and mirth let's conjure him.
1 *By his Mothers eye*
2 *And his Fathers thigh,*
3 *By her God brought delight.*
1 *And his too glorious ſight,*
2 *By* Juno's *deceit,*
3 *And thy ſad retreat.*
1 *Appear, appear, appear*
2 *Kind God in Bottles, here.*
Bacchus. *Lo I appear, lo I appear.*

II. All 3 *To* Bacchus *bow, to* Bacchus *ſing,*
with wine and mirth let's conjure him.
1 *By* Ariadne's *wrongs,*
2 *And the falſe youth's harms,*
3 *By the rock in his breaſt.*
1 *That fled from the diſtreſt*
2 *By the tempeſt in her mind*
3 *Which ceas't when thou wert kind.*
1 *By thoſe beauties that he fled,*
2 *And the pleaſures of her bed.*
All 3 *Appear, appear, appear*
Kind God in Bottles here.
Bacchus. *Drink and I will appear.*
Drink deep and I am here.

III. All

III. All 3 *To* Bacchus *bow, to* Bacchus *ſing,*
'Tis wine and mirth that conjures him.
1 *By this blood of the Vine,*
2 *Thus pour'd on thy ſhrine;*
3 *By this full glaſs*
1 *To the laſt kind laſs,*
2 *'Twas a girle twice nine*
3 *That claſp'd like thy Vine.*
1 *By this and that appear, appear, appear*
2 *Kind and kinder God in Bottles here.*
Bacchus, All 3 *Lo I appear, one kind bottle more and I will dwell here.*

IV. All 3 *Then thus again we will conjure him*
Becauſe he has propitious been.
1 *Hence this glaſs, a poor and ſingle ſacrifice,*
2 *A Hecatomb in this bottle dies,*
3 *By the men that thou haſt won,*
1 *And the women thou haſt undone.*
2 *By the friendſhips thou haſt made,*
3 *And the ſecrets thou haſt betray'd.*
1 *By this cure of our ſorrow,*
2 *Thus charm'd till to morrow.*
3 *Appear, appear, appear*
All 3 *Kind God in bottles here.*
Bacchus, All 3 *Lo I appear, lo I am here,*
And there and there;
Lo, I am every where.

1 *Sould.* Is *Bacchus* a Devil, Lieutenant, that he obeys your charm? I thought he had been a God.

Lieu. Faith, that is as he is uſed, and may be both; But I mean he ſhall play the Devil now; and therefore each man take into his hand one of theſe Familiars; and when he has ſucked the ſecret from him, let him releaſe the ſpirit into the Cellar again.

3 *Sould.* But what ſecret, Lieutenant?

Lieu. Converſe with that ſpirit, and he will inſtruct thee: whiſper to him thus.---- Hup, and thou ſhalt find liberty ſlip down thy throat. *He drinks, they all drink.*

1 *Sould.* Haſt thou met him yet?

3 *Sould.* Not yet, but I believe he's hard by, for I met his baggage; I could be angry to think he ſhould have ſo many fine Wenches and we none.

Lieu. He's in the right, anger and luſt, liberty is hard by, I warrant it; but ſhe is in the laſt drop, and have at her; will you take my word hereafter? *They all drink again. They throw all the bottles in at a hole upon the Stage, and cry liberty,*

1 *Sould.* Yes, but good Lieutenant, call to the devil for one Bottle more, and let it be burnt ſack.

Lieu. It is too late, yonder comes our chief, The brave *Cilius.*

Enter liberty.

Enter Cilius.

2 *Sould.* Chief, Lieutenant? We have no Chief, Lieutenant, but liberty.

Cil. How now, Lieutenant, what noiſe is this?

Lieu. We have been conſulting, Sir, about this buſineſs; I, and my fellow Souldiers here,-----I have ground the Rogues to ſuch an edge they will cut iron; and being perſwaded they are free, you may command them like Dogs. [*aſide.*

Cil. Haſte then to the Galley, I'll ſtay the Captain and his company till you are aboard; and honeſt friends when this is done, command your own and my power to ſerve you.

All. Long live *Cilius*, long live *Cilius*.

Cil. Thanks to all, did the ſtorm laſt night do no miſchief amongſt the Gallies?

Lieu. I had taken ſix when I lay down, and it did but rock me.

Cil. Pray loſe no time, but haſte aboard; for I muſt wait upon the Captain. [*Exit* Cilius.

Lieu. Fear not us; how now, who have we here? [*Ent.* Tull.

Tull. Gentlemen, and my fellow Souldiers, I have an humble ſuit to you.

All. What is't, what is't?

Tull. That I may have leave to live.

All. Live? why not?

Tull. You muſt ask my Lieutenant that, he knows the reaſon better then I; for he has a bill of my hand, to be dead to morrow.

Lieu. Thou art a fool, here's nothing but liberty; and he that dares drink ſhall never dye.

Tull. Nay, I'll drink, ſo I may live.

1 *Sould.* Hum! Fellow *Tullius*, no covenants, no conditions for drinking while you live, drink freely.

Lieu. Joyn hands, and ſing aboard, there's liberty.

[*Exeunt omnes ſinging.*

ACT. V. SCEN. III.

Enter Cilius *and* Sophia, *with ſome of thoſe Romans were taken Priſoners with her.*

Cil. MAdam, be confident, for it ſhall not be in his power to wrong you, my ſelf will be your guard.

Soph. Sir, laſt night (but that I threatned, not to out-live his injury) he had forc'd me.

1 *Roman.* We appear'd upon her call, and with our cries made him ſuſpect the noiſe might have given notice to the Souldiers.

Cil. Force you? he dares not do it, by our Laws he dies, or any that forces a Virgin after ſhe is in our publick Treaſury, which you are now; for your price, Madam, if you were ſold, is to be divided; 'tis true, if he will marry you, that priviledge he has as Captain;

tain; he pays our shares, and takes you, but from all those dangers, my life and honour to pawn, I'le secure you.

Soph. The gods, Sir, I hope, will reward this goodness, and joyn with you to protect our Innocence.

2. *Roman.* Will it be long, Sir, ere we go to the Galley?

Cilius. No, he is now coming with the rest of the Slaves; I beseech you be not sad, it looks prophetickly, and 'tis a kind of ill Omen; The Souldiers are all firm for you, I dare not stay; for to be seen with you might breed Suspition. ----- I kiss your hand. [*Exit* Cilius

1. *Roman.* Be not dejected, Madam, you see by what strange means your stars have raised you a power among your Enemies. This gallant youth will not be so false as to deceive your trust; and once in *Italy Sophia*'s name is guard enough. [*Enter* Capt. *and* Nig.

Capt. Sir, had you nam'd your self, or Countrey, The fam'd *Nigro* had found no Enemies here; for we are all a part of that unfortunate Island, that are thus forc'd to live by spoil of them that have destroyed us; and I am sad to think of the misfortune of Our Princess, especially this last Accident, wherein the vertuous *Cicilia* suffer'd; But for those slaves whose falshood were the Authors of her Misery, This day the Dogs shall, upon the hook, find a Justice.

Nig. Sir, I have no joy now left; for I have seen all my Masters family ruin'd; and Our Countrey sold to slavery, yet if we make haste, we may again redeem the unfortunate *Cicilia*; for being sold at Naples, 'tis not likely they will so suddenly remove her.

Capt. We are this morning bound thither, the Slaves Mart is held there to day.

Soph. What do I hear? *Nigro* nam'd, was not that he my Brother saved in the *Siracusan* battel?

1. *Roman.* Yes, Madam, and that was he that saved the Prince *Facertes* in that battel where his Father fell.

Soph. And the Princess *Cicilia* was she that Prisoner that the slaves stole? Oh, my *Facertes*, then thy hopes and mine are sunk.

1. *Roman.* Have patience, Madam, lest you discover who you are; these new griefs of their lost Princess may bring a certain ruine upon us, should they know how near a relation you have to the cause.

Nig. I am instructed Sir, what are they that stand bound? *They appear'd habite before.*

Capt. *Roman* Prisoners, slaves for the Mart.

Nig. Though their Tyrannies have made them odious; yet when I see them miserable it finds a pity. [*Enter* Cilius.

Cilius. Are you ready, Sir, all stays; The wind is fair too.

Capt. Did the storm do no harm, last night? it was very violent for the time.

Cilius. Not much, the Gallies were well moored, onely the Lyon drove.

Capt. Come Sir, We have now a double Occasion; and I hope we shall in *Naples* find our last hope; *Cilius*, bring off the Slaves, and follow. [*Exeunt* Captain *and* Nigro.

Cilius. I shall follow, to your pain, Come Madam, now let

your prayers ſtrengthen our deſigns; for where they ſide, the party cannot loſe. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. V. SCEN. IV.

Enter Virgilius, Facertes, Cicilia, Paulina, *after the ſtorm.*

Virg. MAdam, the unfriendly winds have forced us to an unfrequented place, and brought new troubles; but I hope your vertue can arm againſt them.

Cicil. I am ſo uſed; Sir, to miſery, that this is a common chance, and here onely the Gods war with us.

Facert. Pray let me ſerve you, your charity deſerves a greater care then this.

Virgil. Madam, the unrulineſs of the weather made you loſe the benefit of laſt nights ſleep; pray repoſe here while we watch, leſt ſome rude paſſengers interrupt you.

Cicil. I cannot ſleep, Sir, I have too many cares, and waking thoughts upon me, Brother; how do's our Friend do?

Facert. She will not reſt neither, ſhe ſeems to be leſs able to bear troubles then you; pray give Example, and try to ſleep, leſt ſickneſs find you, and add a heavy accident to your other misfortunes.

Lies down, She, and Virgilius *kneeling by her.*

Cicil. If the Prince will ſleep too, I will try to betray my thoughts; for truly I am weary.

Virgil. Till you are ſafe I cannot; but I'le kneel by you; are you not afraid of me? for 'tis my fortune and croſs fate that brings you all theſe troubles; and where I am you cannot be happy; ſay Divineſt, am not I troubleſome to you?

Cicil. Oh, Sir, do not make me bluſh, to ſay you are welcome; for I grieve more, that you are ſo unfortunate as to have a ſhare in my miſeries, then that I was unfortunate; for I have now no wiſh, but that the Prince *Virgilius* had no Intereſt in the cauſe.

Facert. No more of ſadneſs now; but pray try if you can take ſome reſt.

Cicil. 'Tis not ſadneſs now; there is a Joy in this grief; and when we are happy, 'tis a pleaſure to recount our paſs'd miſeries.

The Lieutenant *and* Souldiers *ſinging the Catch.*

Virgil. What noiſe is that?

Facert. It draws nearer.

Virgil. Some *Bacchanale*, by their Song, ---- whether tends this noiſe, turn back again, there's no way this way.

Enter ſinging, firſt the Souldiers, *then the* Lieutenant, *the Catch of, To* Bacchus *bow.*

2. *Sould.* Sir, we have ſeen ſtrange things, and therefore let us go.

Lieu. How now, my Friend, who would you ſpeak with?

Virgil. With none of you; pray turn, and take another Path.

Lieu. Turn, no not we; and I adviſe you not to ſtop us, for we have a world of Sack about us, and our way lies this way.

1. *Sould. Lieutenant*, by theſe hilts, 'tis he that kil'd our Corporal, he that fought for the Slave at *Naples*.

Lieu.

Lieu. Is it ſo? Look about, it may be, ſhe is here too.

Facert. What do you ſtare at? *He points to Cicilia.*

Lieu. I look for a thing that troubles you; Oh, there it lies; come fellows, we'le help 'em to carry it.

Virgil. Away, be gone, or I'le make thee curſe the time thy erring feet ſtrayed this way.

Lieu. Draw, Mates, Sir, we dare fight; you ſhall not brave us at home, though you did at *Naples.* *He winds a Horn.*

Virgil. Draw, *Facertes*, theſe are the ſame Pirates we charg'd when thy fair Siſter was ſold at *Naples.*

Lieu. Yes, yes, theſe are they, and we will ſell your worſhips there. Lieutenant *winds a Horn again.*

Facert. Loſe no time, for that Horn was a Call, and I fear ſome aid. [*Exeunt Fighting.*

They all fight, Virgilius *wounds the Lieutenant*, Facertes *kills a Souldier. Enter the* Captain, Virgilius *charges him, he retires, and* Virgilius *follows him off the Stage. Enter* Cilius *and Souldiers*, Facertes *and he fight. They take* Facertes, Cicilia, *and* Paulina *Priſoners.*

Cicil. Though courage be a vertue, and beauteous conqueſt courted amongſt men, yet murther has no ſhare in either; and thoſe that be diſarm'd cannot be call'd enemies, nor their death conqueſt; and if ever you knew what it was to want it, you'l find mercy, and hear me, a kneeling Virgin that never bowed to any (but the Gods) before, and ſave my Brother.

Cil. And ſave thy Brother?

Cicil. If there be any thing that's dear to thee, by that I conjure thee; ſave him.

Cil. Fair one, I have already unfortunately ſtruck againſt one who now commands my fate; and know, I do not uſe to war with miſeries; or if I could, who durſt deſtroy what your prayers protect? or what deſperate fool hope a ſafety, when your prayers have call'd down his ruine? ----- Take his life, unbind him, and bind me, if you cannot forgive; for know, there is one in Beauty, Innocence and Miſeries ſo like you, that I glory to ſerve you; for 'tis a kind of ſacrifice to her; for whoſe dear ſake had you interpos'd thoſe eyes, you had divided us more then ſeas; and would I were able to ſay too that ſhe were free as well as ſafe; and ſomething, it may be, I ſhall do for that liberty too.

Cicil. May your Prayers, your Sword, nor your Love never find a ſtop, but ſuch as addes glory to the conqueſt, for being thus good, thus merciful.

Cil. Madam, I cannot talk. ------ Souldiers, carry theſe to the Captains Quarter, and with your lives protect them from all inſolence; let them be apart with the Romans, and ſtay with them till I come. Your pardon, Madam, I muſt hence, leſt this accident diſcover a Plot, whoſe good ſucceſs may make me capable to ſerve you; if it miſs, it brings a ruine where I muſt love, and cannot hope return. Sir, you that know ſo well how to deal wounds, I am certain will forgive them.

Facert. Sir, I never hated the perſon of mine enemy, much leſs you that have proved a friend.

Cil. I dare not ſtay; your pardon. Be careful of your charge; and do you hear, be ſpeedy, and meet me at the Captains Quarter; my peace dwell for ever here. [*Exit* Cilius.

Enter Captain *wounded, leaning on a Souldier.*

Capt. I am paid, how the ſlave has notch'd me!

Sould. How do you, Sir?

Capt. How do I? why thou ſeeſt I am ſpoil'd: a douzen of Surgeons will ſcarce repair me; how now, what are thoſe?

Sould. Priſoners, Sir.

Capt. There's ſome comfort in that, come, bring 'em away, bring 'em away, ſet half a douzen of Surgeons to work.

Cicil. Oh *Facertes*, I fear the Prince is loſt. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. V. SCEN. V.

Enter Virgilius *wounded.*

Virg. HA! gone, fool that I was, whither did my rage guide me? I have fought and conquer'd to my ruine, as raſhly and unreaſonably as beaſts, forgetting the cauſe for which I fought; they are gone, which way ſhall I take? Love, either guide me to her reſcue, or to my grave. [*Exit* Virg.

Enter Lieutenant *wounded.*

He cryes hup, and holds his breath.

Lieu. I am pay'd; what a caſe I am in ---- The Bottle is whole, that's ſome comfort ſtill; I live now by the Spirit of ſack, for all my blood's gone. ------ H'as lam'd my drinking hand too: How ſhall I ſtop a Pipe? I leak apace, and reel as if I were drunk; how I ſtumble? dying is a kind of being drunk; It grows night by my eyes; I ſhall faint ere I get to my Quarter. A pox take him that ſet me abroach, he has quite ſpoil'd my skin, a Tanner will not give a groat for it, ----- This is the firſt time that I remember I ever fell when I was ſober; if I die alone, I ſhall be as Melancholy, as a lame man in a ditch, Oh! for a Beer Glaſs of Sack, or Crab, and a Catch, to prepare for the Melancholy, and a cold grave. [*Enter* Tullius *wounded.*

He ſtumbles and falls.

Tull. This was my Lieutenants plot, All the world is my Enemy; how they have hack'd me, it is a ſcurvy trade, this fighting it wears out ones cloaths, worſe then drinking; I will hide me in this Wood till the ſtorm is over; and if I get ſafe to *Naples*, *Celia* and I will live out my few days merrily, and ſpoil my Captains plot; I will ſpend all, and die mine own heir.

Tullius *lies down in the Wood.*

Lieu. Sure I heard *Tullius* his voyce; who's there?

Tull. I am purſu'd, yet if I can counterfeit dead well, I may live; My fear will betray me; O that I were valiant enough but to lie ſtill; I never found the uſe of courage till now: Lord, how I ſhake!

Lieu.

Lieu. 'Tis his voice; *Tullius*, *Tullius*, prithee stay a little.

Tull. 'Tis my *Lieutenant*; if he should take this opportunity now, and kill me, and say the Enemy did it, and share with my Captain in all I have; Oh, the misery of Wealth! men can neither be happy with it, nor without it; I dare not look towards him, I'le creep backward, and run away.

Lieu. The ill-natur'd Rogue is gone, and left me; I shall bleed to death before any Friend finds me; Now the Rogue is reveng'd upon me for the frights I put him in to day.

Tull. Hum! say you so, bleed to death ------ His wounds have heal'd mine ----- Now do I grow strong, and valiant ---- *Lieutenant* how is't? *He goes to the* Lieutenant.

Lieu. Faith, quite spoil'd, I fear the Rogues have made lanes quite through me; prithee help me to my Quarter, for I am faint.

Tull. Has been something uncivil with your Breeches, I smell it, ----How fell you out? did he refuse my Captains health? Tull. *smells to him.*

Lieu. No, no, there was no wine in the business, yet there was a Wench, the other half of mans mischief; but 'tis no time now for to talk, for unless thou help'st me to a Surgeon, thou wilt find me a mortal Lieutenant.-----Give me thy hand good *Tullius*, oh! what hast thou done. Tull. *shakes him by the hand, and instead of helping him up lets him fall.*

Tull. Alas! farewell, noble Lieutenant, We must all dye; there is a tall man, and a fair drinker, gone; I will say that for thee.

Lieu. Why *Tullius*, thou wilt not leave me in this misery? I have not fingers enough to stop the holes; get a Surgeon, or I shall dye.

Tull. 'Tis sack, pure sack, and 'tis pity it should leak thus; but that I will not hinder our Captain the occasion of being your heir, when you die so conveniently now, just upon his going out. Tull. *put his finger to the Lieu. side and smells.*

Lieu. A pox o'this fooling, 'tis unseasonable; be but kind to me, and thou shalt be my heir.

Tull. How! your heir? By this light, and 'tis well consider'd, now I think on't; I will be thy heir, or at least a careful steward for my Captain; let me see, this sword has a good guard, this hat and feather how sits it?

Lieu. What do'st thou mean?

Tull. This Buff-coat will not be amiss neither.------ *He begins to strip him.*

Lieu. Villain, unhand me.

Tull. Nay, nay, you must part.

Lieu. Dog.------ *Kicks him as he lies.*

Tull. And these Breeches too, and this Doublet, I'll wear them for your sake; nay, no resisting.

Lieu. Slave, Villain.

Tull. See how impatient you are, come, come, you are going to another world (as you say) quit the thoughts of these transitory things now, and prepare to dye finely like a fine gentleman, and a Lieutenant.

Lieu. Hell take thee, slave.

Tull. 'Tis more then ever I got by a Legacy before; by my faith, 'tis a fair Coat; a pox take 'em that cut it thus: Now for the Breeches.

Lieu.

Lieu. Why, thou wilt not murder me?

Tull. No, no, only borrow your Breeches; for look, Sir, what need you ſuch gay things as theſe now when you are going to lie alone in the dark?

Lieu. Oh! miſery of miſeries!

Tull. Ha, ha, this revenge is better then long life.

A noiſe within. *Lieu.* O inhumane ſlave!

Tull. What noiſe is that?

Lieu. 'Tis vengeance, ſlave; I will make thee curſe thy ſelf.

He draws his Dagger. *Tull.* Silence, my ſmall friend, or elſe I have a Plaiſter of cold iron, hight a Dagger; By this hilt, I will apply the point to your ſide, if you breathe one loud ſyllable more; marry, if you will, curſe inwardly; 'twas my own caſe once, and I forgive it.

Lieu. Patience, oh patience.

Tull. I, I, come when ſhe will, you will have uſe of her; this noiſe draws this way, I muſt pluck him into the wood, and then I'll cut his throat; you had beſt bethink you of ſome odd prayer, for it muſt be ſo.

He pulls him by the heels off the Stage.

Lieu. Murther, Villain, Dog.

Tull. Come, come along, Sir; why ſhould you grudge to dye when I am to be your heir?

Lieu. Oh miſery, miſery of miſeries, is there no revenge?

[*Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCEN. VI.

Enter Sophia *and Romans.*

Soph. WHence grew this ſudden Alarm?

1 *Rom.* I fear, from the diſcovery of the Plot; if it be ſo, we are loſt for ever.

Enter Captain *and* Nigro, *after them* Facertes, Cicilia *and* Paulina.

Capt. Lead them in and bind 'em, and ſome one run for a Surgeon.

Nig. What are theſe, Sir?

Capt. I know not; pray heaven they be worth the purchaſe: We have paid dear for 'em; prethee help me off.

[*Exeunt* Capt. *and* Nigro.

Soph. Facertes! 'tis he, and women in his company; I will not ſuſpect him ſhe that is jealous; ſets a cheap rate upon her ſelf; for if he be worthy of ſuch a pain as jealouſie, he cannot be ſo faulty as to deſerve it.

Facert. I am amaz'd, 'tis the Princeſs *Sophia.*

Cicil. Sophia?

Facert. What miſeries do I ſee, Madam, to add to mine own afflictions; I never thought I ſhould have liv'd to ſee the day wherein

wherein I ſhould have grieved to have met the fair *Sophia*.

Soph. Why are you afflicted to meet me now?

Facert. Oh! Madam, my love begets my ſorrows; for what ſhall I think? my thoughts are divided, to meet your Highneſs, where licenſe ſows, and ſin reaps; here, where rage fetches her fire, and murther bathes his bloody hands; and unſenſibly recounts in ſecurity the treacherous ſtabs.

Soph. Say this guilt be here, muſt I be ſubject to the infection?

Facert. I do not think you are guilty, yet my fears tells me, where tir'd luſt retires to pant, ſuch beauties as adore the fair *Sophia*, muſt kindle freſh fires.

Soph. Why do you wound me thus with your ſuſpition, and rob me of the joy I had to ſee you? 'tis not kindly done to add ſuch a pain to my misfortune; had you fall'n into the power of our ſex, though ſold to ſin; like theſe, I could have dy'd ſooner then have injur'd you ſo as to think you would-out live your honour; and when you are juſt to me, you will not believe I prize mine ſo little as to ſell it for a ſham'd life.

Facert. Oh! divineſt, pardon my love, whoſe fears ſtill apprehend the worſt.

Cicil. Madam, let the impatiency that begets this rudeneſs excuſe it while I profeſs my ſelf, by all ties, yours; for though, till now, a ſtranger to you; yet I am one that owes your civil mentions a life, which your mercy lent this unfortunate Brother.

Soph. Speak, *Facertes*, is this the Princeſs, *Cicilia?*

Facert. This was; but what ſhe is now the Gods only know. *They embrace and weep.*

Soph. Oh! Madam, in love and miſeries we are become one; and my whole ſtock of tears I would waſte here, could that waſh off my Countries crime, or remove the ſtain.

Cicil. I have forgot my part of them; ſo new and ſo ſtrange are the favours you and your gallant Brother have loaded us with, that his dangers now are all my fears.

Soph. My Brother! where is he? have you ſeen him?

Cicil. Yes, Madam; and I fear he is at this inſtant hunting, with certain danger, our uncertain ſafety.

Enter Nigro, Captain, *and a Souldier.*

Capt. Ha! the ſame Priſoners that were ſtole, and ſold at *Naples*.

Sould. Upon my life, Sir, 'tis true.

Nig. 'Tis, 'tis ſhe, and the Prince *Facertes* too. Nig. *kneels, and they embrace him.*

Facert. The honour'd *Nigro?*

Cicil. Alive? oh ye Gods! This day is full of your hands; and all is like you (wonder.)

Facert. Riſe, why do you kneel? oh, lay that aged head here; where are we? what ſtrange place is this the Sicilian Deity is run to hide her ſelf in?

Capt. Though I do not know thy face; yet to *Facertes* name, here kneels a ſubject, and one of thoſe your dead Father call'd faithful, my name *Terreſius*.

Nig.

Nig. Terreſius?

Capt. Yes *Terreſius*, *Nigro*, that with him from the ſame battle, when you fled with this gallant Prince, bore away the hopeful *Lucius*; we have run ſtrange fortunes ſince; but I durſt not tell him what he was, leſt his fiery nature ſhould have pull'd on a certain ruine.

Facert. My Brother *Lucius* living?

Capt. Yes, Sir; and that, I hope, will expiate the fault my ignorance this day committed.

Cicil. Where is he, Sir?

Capt. I left him purſuing the victory, but I'll haſte and tell him this news it will ſtay his rage, which elſe may purſue his own ruine upon his friends.

Cicil. For heavens ſake haſte, leſt he and the Prince *Virgilius* meet; for either of their conqueſts brings my ruine.

Facert. Let me accompany you.

Capt. I dare not, Sir, for yet the Souldiers know you not; and their miſtake of duty to me may bring on a ſad conſequence.

Nig. For heavens ſake loſe no time, but haſte to prevent this danger.

Capt. I'll ſend an Officer, Sir, to guard you; and then with ſafety you may come but till then; I beſeech you ſtir not. [*Exit* Capt.

Soph. Pray, Madam, what bleſt chance brought my Brother to have the power to ſerve you.

Facert. Defer that ſtory till a fitter time, and haſte now to the ſaving of your Brother.

Cicil. Pray lead the way, leſt our ceremony hinder our charity.

Soph. If you'l give me leave to command, I'll obey; you muſt not refuſe me your hand; oh! that the Gods had made our Countries joyn thus in peace. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. V. SCEN. VII.

Enter Virgilius *ſolus.*

Virg. THey cannot eſcape; I have fir'd their Galley, and mine lies looſe, in wait for any that ſhall come to their aid. Miſerable *Virgilius!* unfortunate that I am, preſerved onely to a greater loſs; this way a Souldier (whoſe dying words could only guide me) ſaid they took; I'll hunt them to their den but I'll find the monſters. [*Exit.*

ACT. V. SCEN. VIII.

Enter Cilius *and a Souldier.*

Cil. THe Galley fir'd, and the Lieutenant ſlain; Hell upon him, he has croſs'd all my deſigns; Fate thou art Fate ſtill

ſtill, but whither juſt or no thus to ſtrike againſt the intentions of the honeſt, the Gods be Judge; All my hopes are ſunk; that excellent Maid is loſt too, and I ſhall appear guilty and treacherous to her; But if I find the curſed Incendiary, with his hatefull Blood I'll quench the flame: Take that path, if you find him, call.

Sould. Sir, this is he.

Virg. This, by deſcription, ſhould be him I ſeek.

At the Souldier *goes on, he calls* Virgilius.

Cilius. What art thou, that walk'ſt with ſuch confidence in theſe forbidden Woods? Know, thou haſt kindled a fire nothing but thy Blood ſhall extinguiſh.

Virg. Unleſs thou wilt fall too, and make one in that ruine, I counſell thee immediately to deliver (without repetition) thoſe whom thy treacherous odds have raviſhed hence.

Cilius. I will not revile thee, becauſe I mean to fight with thee; Yet I would gladly know whence thou art, that hopeſt with thy threats to waſh off this glorious colour, and ſhake thoſe fruits that Conqueſt gave a growth to here.

Virg. Rome claimes my Birth.

Cilius. So it do'es of him I hate more then the loath'd Iſſues of the Earth.

Virg. What art thou, that dar'ſt avow ſuch a hatred of a *Roman* to a *Roman*'s face?

Cilius. I am of *Sicily*, the unfortunate ſubject of your Rage.

Virg. So is ſhe I prefer equal with the Gods; yet her intereſt in the Nation ſhall not protect thee that art ſo baſe as to make ſpoil of thine own neſt.

Cilius, You'll find words of no force here, and thou look'ſt as if thou would'ſt not yield upon intreaty.

Virg. Nor canſt thou conquer me, when I fight in her cauſe, though thou tak'ſt the odds of his ſword.

Cilius. His? he dares not ſtrike, where he ſees my ſword drawn upon a ſingle oppoſite.

Virg. You will not deliver theſe Ladies then?

Cilius. I'll give thee all my glory firſt; yet I know thou art the Author of all thoſe miſeries that ſhall ſucceed; for had'ſt not thou burnt my Galley, I had decreed their ſafety, but now thou haſt ſold them to perpetual ſlavery.

Virg. The guilty never want excuſes, but I ſhall puniſh both thoſe falſhoods.

Cilius. Souldier, upon your life ſtir not a foot to my reſcue, I ſcorn to live upon Charity.

Virg. I'll talk no longer, their freedomes or thy ſword; for my vowes are writ in Heaven, never to ſheath this ſword till I found them or a Grave.

Cilius. One of them I'll guide you to, or miſs my aime.—Fortune, haſt thou decreed that I ſhall bluſh to death? Looſe where my Love and Countries Genius both ſtrike? If thou bee'ſt a Deity ſave my Honour.

They fight, and are both wounded. Cilius *staggers.*

They fight, and in the cloſe Vigilius *takes hold of* Cilius *ſword.*

Virg. Will you yield, or try a farther Fate?

Cilius. No, *Roman*, we may be overcome, but we ſcorn to yield.

Virg. Aſk thy life, or thou art dead.

Cilius. No, when thou canſt give it, 'tis not worth aſking.

They ſtruggle upon the ground, a noiſe within crying follow follow. Virgil. *and* Cilius *riſe together and part.*

Virg. Then 'tis not worth taking.

Cilius. What noiſe is that?

Sould. I know not, Sir.

Cilius. Draw, and kill any thing that offers to reſcue me; for when *Cilius* cannot ſtand alone in this cauſe, let him fall for ever.

Virg. I would thou had'ſt not deſerv'd my ſword.

Enter Captain *and* Nigro.

Sould. Stand, he that advances a ſtep as Friend or Enemy, till they have done, ſhall kill or die.

They go to them.

Capt. How now, Sirrah? *Cilius*, if the name of *Facertes* or *Cicilia* have a power, you'll ceaſe to be an Enemy there.

Nigro. Or if the brave *Virgilius* be ſatisfi'd with ſhedding of *Scicilian* Blood, he will now ſpare the loſt *Lucius*, and reconcile himſelf to that Brother Enemy.

They part 'em, they gaze upon one another.

Virg. Prince *Lucius*!

Cilius. Virgilius!

Capt. Yes, Sir, *Virgilius*, and there are coming thoſe whoſe Intereſt in either will quickly clear this doubt.

Enter Facertes, Cicilia, Sophia, Paulina, *and* Romans.

Facer. Sir, by the name of Brother; I conjure you to defer this hate till you have heard us ſpeak.

Sophia. And if I have a Siſters intereſt it will diſarm *Virgilius.*

To Cicilia.

Virg. Siſter? what ſtrange accident brought thee hither? ----- Madam, will you pardon that uncivil Joy that paſs'd you to find a Siſter?

Cicilia. Yes, Sir, if you'll help me find a friend to *Virgilius*, and a loſt Brother to *Cicilia.*

Cilius. Terreſius, unfold this Riddle, amazement yet with-holds my ſword, and has almoſt bound my Reaſon; what means this ſhuffling of *Facertes*, *Cicilia*, *Virgilius* and *Lucius* together? Thoſe names, and this dearneſs, what means it?

Nigro. Dare you truſt me?

Cilius. The honour'd *Nigro.*

Sophia. Or me, whoſe faith you have bought; and give us leave to reconcile this wonder?

Cilius. Madam, I am all your ſlave, and when your hand deals it deſtruction ſhall fall on *Cilius* unreſiſted.

Sophia. Dare you ſhew your breaſt? 'tis all I beg.

Cilius. Yes, fair one, and every thought of it ſhall to you be viſible.

Nigro. Here, here, 'tis a thouſand witneſſes to prove the loſt *Lucius.*

Capt.

Capt. 'Tis ſo, and upon his knees *Tereſius* begs his pardon for keeping this ſecret ſo long from you; But now it comes accompany'd with many bleſſings; ſee here your Brother, the Prince *Facertes*, and the Excellent *Cicilia*, whoſe Loves have been by Fate appointed to reſtore our Country to her long-loſt liberty.

Facer. And if *Lucius* finds a part of this Joy, let him with friendly armes embrace *Virgilius*, who is now a Brother, and ever a Friend.

Cicilia. Dare you from my hand take him?

Cilius. That I have been thus long ſilent, let the wonder you have begot plead for me; And, Sir, that we durſt be Enemies ſhould be no ſtop to that faith, which confirms we dare be friends. *They embrace*

Virg. Sir, your laſt act aſſures *Virgilius*, who cannot believe he is ſafe till you embrace him; for I know, ſuch an Enemy as Prince *Lucius* reconcil'd will prove a conquering friend.

Sophia. The Gods make this friendſhip as laſting as 'tis ſtrange.

Cilius. Madam, doth this change bring no hope to *Lucius*? muſt he ſtill be the deſpairing *Cilius*? dare you not yet tell me who you are? *They embrace again.*

Sophia. Yes, my Name's *Sophia.*

Cilius. Ha, the Princeſs *Sophia*?

Facer. Yes, *Lucius*: But why is my Brother ſad? do's he mourn my Intereſt there?

Cilius. No, Sir, I neither mourn yours there, nor the Excellent *Sophias* here; but I am hunting out a way to bear my ſelf like *Lucius* in this great day; your hand, Madam,-----Here *Facertes* from Fate receive this Jewel, 'tis a Wealth I cannot hope to poſſeſs, but by being unworthy of it; and it ſhall be *Lucius* his glory to ſay, To keep his Fame, he gave that away.

Nigro. Let no replyes defer the Joyes that attend this day.

Cilius. To the Temple then, while with healing ſacrifice *Virgilius* loads the Altars.

Virg. I ſhall follow, if *Lucius* will lead the way. Thus bleſt, and thus embraced, more a God then they.

Yet leſt we leave our Enemies behind,
Let's know how theſe our Judges ſtand enclind. [*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

THE
Parſons Wedding,
A
COMEDY.

The Scene *LONDON.*

WRITTEN AT

Baſil in Switzerland:

BY

THOMAS KILLIGREW.

DEDICATED

TO THE

LADY *URSULA BARTU,*

WIDOW.

LONDON:

Printed by *J. M.* for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be ſold at his Shop at the ſign of the *Blew Anchor*, in the lower Walk of the *New-Exchange*. 1663.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Mr *Careleſs*, A Gentleman, and a Wit.
Mr *Wild*, A Gentleman, Nephew to the *Widow*.
Mr *Jolly*, An Humerous Gentleman, and a Courtier.
Captain, A Leading Wit, full of Deſigns.
Parſon, A Wit alſo, but over-reached by the *Captain*, and his *Wanton*.
Mr *Conſtant*, } Two dull Suitors to the Lady *Widow*, and
Mr *Sadd*. } M^ris *Pleaſant*.

Lady *Wild*, A rich (and ſomewhat youthful) *Widow*.
M^ris *Pleaſant*, A Handſome young Gentlewoman, of a good Fortune.
Mr *Secret*, Her (Indifferent honeſt) Woman.
Lady *Love-all*, An old Stallion Hunting *Widow*.
Faithful, Her (errant honeſt) Woman.
M^ris *Wanton*, The *Captains* Livery Punk, Marryed to the *Parſon* by Confederacy.
Band.
Servants.
Drawers.
Fidlers.

THE
Parſons Wedding
A
COMEDY.

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

Enter the Captain *in Choler, and* Wanton.

Capt. NO more, I'le ſooner be reconcil'd to want, or ſickneſs, then that Raſcal; A thing, that my Charity made ſociable; one, that when I ſmil'd would fawn upon me, and wag his ſtearn, like ſtarved Dogs; ſo naſty, the Company cried foh upon him; He ſtunk ſo of *Poverty*, *Ale*, and *Bawdry*. So poor and deſpicable, when I relieved him, he could not avow his calling, for want of a Caſſock, but ſtood at Corners of Streets, and whiſper'd Gentlemen in the Ear, as they paſs'd, and ſo deliver'd his Wants like a Meſſage which being done, the Rogue vaniſhed, and would dive at Weſtminſter like a Dabchick, and riſe again at Temple-gate; The ingenuity of the Raſcal, his Wit being ſnuft by want, burnt cleer then, and furniſh'd him with a bawdy Jeſt or two, to take the Company; But now the Rogue ſhall find he has loſt a Patron.

Want. As I live, if I had thought you would have been in ſuch a fury, you ſhould never have known it.

Capt. Treacherous Rogue, he has always rayl'd againſt thee to me, as a danger his Friendſhip ought to give me warning of; and nightly cry'd, yet look back, and hunt not, with good Nature and the beauties of thy Youth, that falſe Woman; But hear thy Friend, that ſpeaks from ſad Experience.

Want. Did he ſay this?

Capt. Yes, and ſwears ye are as unſatiate as the Sea, as Covetous

tous, and as ungrateful: that you have your Tempest too; and Calmes, more dangerous then it.

Want. Was the slave so Eloquent in his malice?

Capt. Yes, faith, and urg'd, you (for your part) were never particular, and seldom sound.

Want. Not sound? Why, he offer'd to marry me, and swore he thought I was chast, I was so particular; and prov'd it, that consent was full marriage, by the first Institution, and those that love, and lie together, and tell, have fulfill'd all Ceremonies now.

Capt. Did he offer to marry thee?

Want. Yes, yes.

Capt. If ever then I deserv'd from thee, or if thou be'st deer to thy self, as thou hast any thing thou hop'st shall be safe or sound about thee, I conjure thee, take my Counsel; Marry him, to afflict him.

Want. Marry him?

Capt. If I have any power I shall prevaile; thou know'st he has a fat Benefice, and leave me to plague him, till he give it me to be rid of thee.

Want. Will you not keep me then?

Capt. I keep thee? prithee, wilt thou keep me? I know not why men are such Fools to pay? We bring as much to the sport, as Women; Keep thee? I'de marry thee as soon; Why? *that's Wedding sin*; No, no keeping I, that you are not your own, is all that prefers you before Wives.

Want. I hope this is not real.

Capt. Art thou such a stranger to my humor? Why I tell thee, I should hate thee if I could call thee mine, for I loath all Women within my knowledge, and 'tis six to four if I knew thy sign I'de come there no more; A strange Mistris makes every night a-new, and these are your pleasing sins; I had as live be good, as sin by course.

Want. Then I am miserable.

Capt. Not so, if you'le be instructed, and let me pass like a stranger when you meet me.

Want. But have you these humors?

Capt. Yes faith; yet if you will observe them, though you Marry him, I may perchance be your Friend; But you must be sure to be coy; for to me the hunting is more pleasure then the Quarry.

Want. But if I observe this, will you be my Friend hereafter?

The Parson calls within.

Capt. Firm as the day; Hark, I hear him; I knew he would follow me, I gave him a small touch that waken'd his guilt; Resolve to indear your self to him, which you may easily do, by taking his part when I have vex'd him; No dispute, Resolve it, or as I live here I disclaim thee for ever.

Want. 'Tis well, something I'le do. [*Exit* Wanton.

Capt. Open the door, I say, and let me in; your favorite and his Tythes, shall come no more here. [*Enter* Parson.

Pars. Yes, but he shall; 'tis not you, nor your brac'd Drum, shall fright me hence, who can command the souls of men; I have read

Divine

Divine *Seneca*; thou know'ſt nothing but the earthly part, and canſt cry to that, Faces about.

Capt. Thou read *Seneca*? thou ſteal his Cover, to clothe thee, naked and wicked, That for money wouldſt ſell thy ſhare of the Twelve, and art allow'd by all that know thee, fitter to have been *Judas*, then *Judas* was for his treachery.

Parſ. Rail, do Rail, my illiterate Captain, that can only abuſe by memory; and ſhould I live thou couldſt read my Sentence, I ſhould never die.

Capt. No ingrateful, live till I deſtroy thee; and thankleſs Wretch, Did all my care of thee deſerve nothing but thy malice, and treacherous ſpeaking darkly ſtill? with thy fine, No, not he, when any malicious diſcourſe was made of mee, and by thy falſe faint, No, Faith; Confeſs, in thy denials, whilſt thy ſmiling Excuſes ſtood a greater and more dangerous Evidence againſt me, then my Enemies Affidavits could have done.

Parſ. I'le lie for never a lean Souldier of you all.

Capt. I have, for thee, ſlave, when I have been wondred at for keeping Company with ſuch a face; But they were ſuch as know thee not; all which thy looks deceiv'd, as they did me; They are ſo ſimple they'd Couzen a Jury, and a Judge that had Wit would ſwear thou ly'dſt, ſhouldſt thou confeſs what I know to be true, and award Bedlam for thee; 'tis ſo ſtrange and ſo new a thing, to find ſo much Rogue lodge at the ſign of the Fool.

Parſ. Leave this injurious language, or I'le lay off my Caſſock, for nothing ſhall priviledge your Braggers tongue, to abuſe me, a Gentleman, and a Souldier ancienter then thy ſelf.

Capt. Yes, thou wer't ſo; and now I think on't, I'le recount the Cauſe, which, it may be, thou haſt forgot, through the variety of ſins; It was a Hue and Cry that follow'd thee a Scholar, and found thee a Souldier.

Parſ. Thou ly'ſt; thou, and ſcandal have but one tongue, hers dwells with thy Cowards teeth.

Capt. Oh! do you rage? nay, I'le put the cauſe in Print too, I am but a skirvy Poet, yet I'le make a Ballad ſhall tell how like a faithful diſciple you follow'd your poor Whore, till her Martyrdom in the Suburbs.

Parſ. I'le be reveng'd for this ſcandal.

Capt. Then ſhall ſucceed, thy flight from the Univerſity, diſguis'd into Captain only the outſide was worſe Buff, and the inſide more Atheiſt, then they furniſh'd with an Inſolent Faith, uncharitable heart, envious, as old Women, cruel and bloody as Cowards; thus arm'd at all points, thou went'ſt out, Threatning God, and trembling at men.

Parſ. I'le be reveng'd, thou poor man of War, I'le be reveng'd. [*Enter* Wanton.

Want. And why ſo bitter? whoſe houſe is this? who dares tell this ſtory?

Capt. Why ſweet? hath he not treacherouſly broke into our Cabinet, and would have ſtol'n thee thence? By theſe hilts, I'le

hang him; and then I can conclude my Ballad with, *Take warning all Christian People by the same*: I will, you lean Slave; I'le prosecute thee, till thou art fain to hide in a Servitors gown again, and live upon Crums with the Robin Red-breasts that haunt the Hall, your old Mess-Mates; Do you snarle? I'le do't, I will, and put thee to fight with the Dogs for the Bones that but smell of meat; those that your hungry Students have polish'd with their teeth.

Want. If you do this, good Captain, Lieutenant, and Company (for all your Command, I think, is within your reach) I say, if you dare do this, I shall sing a song of one that bad stand, and made a Carrier pay a dear Rent for a little ground, upon his Majesties high-way.

Capt. How now, Mistress *Wanton*? What's this? What's this?

Parf. This? 'Tis matter for a Jury, I'le sweare, and positively, I'le hang thee, I'le do't, by this hand, let me alone to swear the Jury out of doubt.

Capt. But you are in Jest, Mistris *Wanton*, and will confess (I hope) this is no truth.

Want. Yes Sir, as great a truth, as that you are in your unpay'd-for Scarlet; Fool! didst think, I'de quit such a Friend, and his stay'd fortune, to rely upon thy dead pay, and hopes of a second Covenant?

Capt. His fortune? what is't? Th'Advowson of Tybourn Deanry?

Parf. No, nor Rents brought in by long staff-speeches, that asks Alms with frowns, till thy looks and speech have laid violent hands upon mens Charity.

Want. Let him alone, I'le warrant, hee'l never be indicted for drawing any thing but his tongue, against a man.

Capt. Very good.

Parf. Dear Mrs *Wanton*, you have won my heart, and I shall live to dote upon you for abusing this impetuous *Captain*; will you listen to my old suit? will you marry me, and vex him? say, dare you do't, without more dispute?

Capt. 'Twas a good Question; she that dares marry thee dares do any thing; she may as safely lie with the great Bell upon her, and his Clapper is less dangerous then thine.

Want. Why, I pray?

Capt. What a miserable condition wilt thou come to? his wife cannot be an honest Woman; and if thou should'st turn honest, would it not vex thee to be chaste and Paxat, a Saint without a Nose? what Kalender will admit thee, by an incurable slave that's made of Rogues flesh, consider that.

Want. Why, that's something yet; Thou hast nothing but a few scars, and a little old Fame to trust to, and that scarce thatches your head.

Capt. Nay then I see thou'rt base, and this Plot (not Accident,) and now I doe not grudge him thee; go together, 'tis pity to part you, Whore and Parson, as consonant.

Want. As Whore and Captain.

Capt.

Capt. Take her, I'll warrant her a breeder, I'll prophecy ſhe ſhall lie with thy whole Congregation, and bring an Heir to thy Pariſh, one that thou maiſt encloſe the Common by his Title, and recover it by Common Law.

Parſ. That's more then thy dear Dam could do for thee, thou Son of a thouſand Fathers, all poor Souldiers, Rogues, that ought miſchiefs, no Midwives for their Birth; But I cry thee Mercy, my Patron has an Eſtate of old Iron by his ſide, with the Farm of old Ladies he ſcrapes a dirty living from.

Want. He earn from an old Lady? hang him, he's only wicked in his deſires; and for Adultery he cannot be condemn'd, though he ſhould have the vanity to betray himſelf; God forgive me for belying him ſo often as I have done; the weak-chin'd ſlave hir'd me once to ſay, I was with Child by him.

Capt. This is pretty, Farewell; and may the next Pig thou farrow'ſt have a promiſing face, without the Dads fool or Gallows in't, that all may ſwear, at firſt ſight, That's a Baſtard; and it ſhall go hard but I'll have it call'd mine; I have the way, 'tis but praiſing thee, and ſwearing thou art honeſt before I am aſkt: You taught me the trick.

Parſ. Next *Levy* I'll preach againſt thee, and tell them what a piece you are; your Drum and borrowed ſcarf ſhall not prevail, nor ſhall you win with Charmes half-ell-long, (hight ferret Ribband) the youth of our Pariſh, as you have done.

Capt. No, loſe no time, prithee ſtudy and learn to preach, and leave railing againſt the Surplice, now thou haſt preach'd thy ſelf into Linen; Adieu, *Abigal*, Adieu, Heir apparent to Sir *Oliver Marre-text*; To Church, go, I'll ſend a Beadle ſhall ſing your *Epithalamium.*

Parſ. Adieu, my Captain of a tame band, I'll tell your old Ladyhow you abuſed her breath, and ſwore you earn'd your money harder then thoſe that dig in the Mines for't. *Exit* Captain. A fart, fill thy ſail, Captain of a Gally Foyſt. He's gone, come ſweet, let's to Church immediatly, that I may go and take my Revenge; I'll make him wear thin Breeches.

Want. But if you ſhould be ſuch a Man as he ſayes you are, what would my Friends ſay, when they hear I have caſt my ſelf away?

Parſ. He ſayes? Hang him, lean, mercenary, provant Rogue; I knew his beginning when he made the ſtocks lowſie, and ſwarm'd ſo with vermin we were afraid he would have brought that Curſe upon the County; He ſayes? but what's matter what he ſayes? a Rogue, by Sire and Damm; his Father was a broad fat Pedler, a what do you lack, Sir, that haunted good houſes, and ſtole more then he bought; His Damm was a Gypſie, a pilfering canting Sibyll in her youth, and ſhe ſuffered in her old age for a Witch; Poor *Stromwell*, the Rogue was a perpetual Burthen to her, ſhe carried him longer at her back then in her belly; he dwelt there, till ſhe loſt him one night in the great Froſt upon our Common, and there he was found in the morning candid in Ice: a pox of

their Charity that thaw'd him, you might smell a Rogue then in the bud, he is now run away from his Wife.

Want. His Wife?

Pars. Yes, his Wife; Why, do you not know he's married according to the Rogues Liturgy? a Left-handed Bridegroom; I saw him take the Ring from a Tinkers Dowager.

Want. Is this possible?

Pars. Yes, most possible, and you shall see how I'll be reveng'd on him; I will immediatly go seek the Ordinance against Reformadoes.

Want. What Ordinance?

Pars. Why, they do so swarm about the Town, and are so destructive to Trade and all Civil Government, that the State has declared, No person shall keep above two Colonels and four Captains, (of what Trade soever) in his Family; For now the War is done, Broken breech, Wood-monger, Rag-man, Butcher, and Link-boy, (Comrades that made up the ragged Regiment in this holy War) think to return and be admitted to serve out their times again.

Want. Your Ordinance will not touch the Captain, for he is a known Souldier.

Pars. He a Captain? an Apochryphal Modern one, that went Convoy once to *Brainford* with those Troops that conducted the Contribution-Puddings in the late holy War, when the City ran mad after their Russet Levites, Apron-Rogues, with horn hands; Hang him, he's but the sign of a Souldier; and I hope to see him hang'd for that Commission, when the King comes to his Place again.

Want. You abuse him, now he's gone; But,----

Pars. Why? dost thou think I fear him? No Wench, I know him too well for a Cowardly slave, that dares as soon eat his Fox, as draw it in earnest; the slave's noted to make a Conscience of nothing but fighting.

Vant. Well, if you be not a good Man, and a kind Husband---

Pars. Thou know'st the Proverb, as happy as the Parsons Wife, during her Husbands life.

ACT. I. SCEN. II.

Enter Mistress Pleasant, *Widow* Wild *her Aunt, and* Secret, *her Woman, above in the Musick Room, as dressing her, A Glass, a Table, and she in her night cloathes.*

Pleas. SEcret, give me the Glass, and see who knocks.

Wid. Niece, what, shut the Door? as I live this Musick was meant to you, I know my Nephews voice.

Pleas. Yes, but you think his friends has more Musick in't.

Wid. No Faith, I can laugh with him, or so, but he comes no nearer then my lace.

Pleas. You do well to keep your smock betwixt.

Wid.

Wid. Faith, Wench, ſo wilt thou and thou beeſt wife, from him and all of them, and be rul'd by me, we'll abuſe all the Sex, till they put a true value upon us.

Pleaſ. But dare you forbid the travel'd Gentlemen, and abuſe them and your ſervant, and ſwear, with me, not to marry in a twelve moneth, though a Lord bait the hook, and hang out the ſign of a Court *Cupid*, whipt by a Country *Widow*; then I believe we may have mirth cheaper then at the price of our ſelves, and ſome ſport with the wits that went to loſe themſelves in *France*.

Wid. Come, no diſſembling, leſt I tell your ſervant, when he returns, how much you're taken with the laſt new faſhion.

Secret. Madam, 'tis almoſt Noon, will you not dreſs your ſelf to day?

Wid. She ſpeaks as if we were Boarders; Prethee, Wench, is not the dinner our own, ſure my Cook ſhall lay by my own Roaſt till my ſtomack be up.

Pleaſ. But there may be Company, and they will ſay, we take too long time to trim. *Secret.* Give me the flowers my ſervant ſent me, he ſware 'twas the firſt the Wench made of the kind.

Wid. But when he ſhall hear you had Muſick ſent you to day, 'twill make him appear in his old cloathes.

Pleaſ. Marry, I would he would take exception, he ſhould not want ill uſage to rid me of his trouble; as I live, cuſtom has made me ſo acquainted with him, that I now begin to think him not ſo diſpleaſing, as at firſt; and if he fall not out with me, I muſt with him, to ſecure my ſelf. Sure (Aunt) he muſt find Sence and Reaſon abſent, for when a Queſtion knocks at his head, the Anſwer tells that there is no body at home; I ask'd him, th'other day, if he did not find a blemiſh in his underſtanding, and he ſware a great Oath, Not he; I told him 'twas very ſtrange, for Fool was ſo viſible an eye-ſore, that neither Birth nor Fortune could reconcile to me.

Wid. Faith, methinks his humour is good, and his purſe will buy good company, and I can laugh and be merry with him ſometimes.

Pleaſ. Why, pray, Aunt, take him to your ſelf, and ſee how merry we will be; I can laugh at any bodies Fool, but mine own.

Wid. By my troth, but that I have married one Fool already, you ſhould not have him. Conſider, he asks no portion, and yet will make a great joynture; a Fool with theſe conveniences, a kind loving Fool, and one that you may govern, makes no ill huſband; Niece, there are other Arguments too, to bid a Fool welcome, which you will find without teaching; think of it, Niece; you may lay out your affection to purchaſe ſome dear wit, or judgement of the City, and repent, at leiſure a good bargain, in this Fool.

Pleaſ. Faith, Aunt, Fools are cheap in the Butchery, and dear in the Kitchin; they are ſuch unſavory inſipid things that there goes more charge to the ſauce then the Fool is worth, ere a woman can confidently ſerve him, either to her bed or board; then if he be a loving Fool, he troubles all the world a days, and me all night.

Secret.

Secret. Friendship-love, Madam, has a remedy for that.

Pleas. See if the air of this place has not enclin'd *Secret* to be a Baud already. No, *Secret*, you get no Gowns that way, Upon my word; if I marry, it shall be a Gentleman that has wit and honour, though he has nothing but a sword by his side; such a one naked is better then a Fool with all his Trappings, Bells and Baubles.

Wid. Why, as I live, he's a handsome fellow, and merry; mine is such a sad soul, and tells me stories of Lovers that dy'd in despair, and of the lamentable end of their Mistresses (according to the Ballad) and thinks to win me by Example.

Pleas. Faith mine talks of nothing but how long he has lov'd me; and those that know me not, think I am old, and still finds new causes, (as he calls them) for his love; I ask'd him the other day if I chang'd so fast or no.

Wid. But what think'st thou, *Secret*; my Nephew dances well, and has a handsome house in the *Piazza*.

Pleas. Your Nephew? not I, As I live; he looks as if he would be woo'd; I'll warrant you, he'l never begin with a woman till he has lost the opinion of himself; But since you are so courteous, I'le speak to his friend, and let him know how you suffer for him.

Wid. Him! marry God bless all good women from him; why, he talks as if the Dairy-maid and all her Cows could not serve his turn; then they wear such baudy-breeches, 'twould startle an honest woman to come in their company, for fear they should break, and put her to count from the fall of them; for I'le warrant, the year of the Lord would sooner out of her head then such a sight.

Pleas. I am not such an enemy now to his humour as to your Nephews, he rails against our sex, and thinks by beating down the price of women to make us despair of Merchants; But if I had his heart-strings tied on a True-lovers-knot, I would so firk him till he found physick in a Rope.

Secret. He's a scurvey tongu'd fellow, I'me sure of that; and if I could have got a staff, I had mark'd him.

Wid. What did he do to thee, *Secret?*

Pleas. Why, he swore, he had a better opinion of her then to think she had her Maiden-head; but if she were that Fool, and had preserv'd the toy, he swore he would not take the pains of fetching it, to have it; I confess, I would fain be reveng'd on them, because they are so blown up with opinion of their wit.

Wid. As I live, my Nephew travels still; the sober honest *Ned Wild* will not be at home this moneth.

Pleas. What say you? will you abuse them and all the rest, and stand to my first Proposition?

Wid. Yes, faith, if it be but to bury my servant, *Sadd*; for he cannot last above another Fall, and how, think you, will your servant take it?

Pleas. Mine! oh God help me, mine's a healthy Fool, I would he were subject to pine and take things unkindly; there were some hope to be rid of him; for I'll undertake to use him as ill as any body.

Wid.

Wid. As I live, I am eaſily reſolv'd; for if I would marry, I know neither who nor what humour to chuſe.

Secret. By my troth, Madam, you are hard to pleaſe; elſe the Courtier might have ſerv'd turn.

Wid. Serve turn! Prithee what haſte, *Secret?* that I ſhould put my ſelf to bed with one I might make a ſhift with; when I marry, thou ſhalt cry, I, marry, Madam; this is a husband without bluſhing wench, and none of your ſo-ſo husbands; yet he might half overcome my averſion, I confeſs.

Pleaſ. Overcome! I think ſo, he might have won a City his way; for when he ſaw you were reſolv'd he ſhould not eat with you, he would ſet himſelf down as if he meant to beſiege us, and had vow'd never to riſe till he had taken us in; and becauſe our ſex forbad force, he meant to do it by famine; yet you may ſtay, and miſs a better market; for hang me, I am of *Secrets* opinion; he had but two faults, a handſome fellow, and too ſoon deny'd.

Wid. 'Tis true, he was a handſome fellow, and a civil, that I ſhall report him; for as ſoon as it was given him to underſtand, I deſir'd he would come no more, I never ſaw him ſince, but by chance.

Pleaſ. Why did you forbid him?

Wid. There were divers exceptions; But that which angred me then, was, he came with the Kings Letters Patents, as if he had been to take up a wife for his Majeſties uſe.

Pleaſ. Alas! was that all? why, 'tis their way at Court, a common courſe among them, and was it not one the King had a great care of? when my mother was alive, I had ſuch a packet from the Court directed unto me, I bid them pay the Poſt, and make the fellow drink, which he took as ill as I could wiſh, and has been ever ſince ſuch a friendly enemy.

Wid. Nay, as I live, ſhe was for the Captain too; his Scarfe and Feather won her heart.

Secret. Truly, Madam, never flatter your ſelf; for the Gentleman did not like you ſo well as to put you to the trouble of ſaying, no.

Pleaſ. Lord, how I hated and dreaded that Scarfe and Buff-coat?

Secret. Why, Miſtreſs *Pleaſant*, a Captain is an honourable Charge.

Wid. Prithee, *Secret*, name them no more, Colonel and Captain, Commiſſioner, Free-quarters, Ordnance and Contribution; When Buff utters theſe words, I tremble and dread the ſound; it frights me ſtill when I do but think on them; Cuds body, they 're twigs of the old Rod (Wench) that whipt us ſo lately.

Pleaſ. I, I, and they were happy dayes, Wench, when the Captain was a lean, poor, humble thing, and the Souldier taine, and durſt not come within the City, for fear of a Conſtable and a Whipping-poſt; they know the penal Statutes give no Quarter; Then Buff was out of countenance, and ſculk'd from Ale-houſe to Ale-houſe, and the City had no Militia but the Sheriffs-men; In

thoſe

those merry days, a Bailiff trode the streets with terror, when all the Chains in the City were rusty, but Mr. Sheriffs, when the people knew no evil but the Constable and his Watch; Now every Committee has as much power, and as little manners, and examines with as much ignorance, impertinence and authority, as a Constable in the Kings key.

People talking without. *Wid.* See, who's that so loud?

Secret. The men you talk'd of, newly come to Town.----

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. I. SCEN. III.

Enter Jack *Constant*, Will. Sadd, Jolly, *and a Footman, they comb their heads, and talk.*

Joll. Remember our covenants, get them that can, all friends; and be sure to dispatch the Plot, to carry them into the Country, lest the brace of new-come Monsieurs get them.

Const. Those flesh-flies? I'll warrant thee from them, yet 'twas foolishly done of me to put on this gravity; I shall break out, and return to my self if you put me to a winters wooing.

Sadd. A little patience do's it; and I am content to suffer any thing till they're out of Town: *Secret* says, they think my pale face proceeds from my love.

Joll. Do's she? that shall be one hint to advance your designs, and my revenge; for so she be couzen'd I care not who do's it, for scorning me, who (by this hand) lov'd her parlously.

Footm. Sir, what shall I do with the horses?

Sadd. Carry them to *Brumsteds.*

Footm: What shall I do with your worships.

Joll. Mine? take him, hamstring him, kill him, any thing to make him away, lest having such a conveniency I be betray'd to another journey into the Country. Gentlemen, you are all welcome to my Country-house; *Charing-cross*, I am glad to see thee, with all my heart.

Const. What? not reconcil'd to the Country yet?

Sadd. He was not long enough there to see the pleasure of it.

Joll. Pleasure? what is't call'd? walking or hawking, or shooting at Butts?

Const. You found other pleasures, or else the story of the Meadow is no Gospel.

Joll. Yes, a pox upon the necessity. Here I could as soon have taken the Cow, as such a Milk-maid.

Sadd. The wine and meat's good, and the company.

Joll. When, at a Tuesday-meeting the Country comes in to a match at two shillings Rubbers, where they conclude at dinner what shall be done this Parliament, railing against the Court and Pope, after the old *Elizabeth-way* of preaching, till they are drunk with zeal; and then the old Knight of the Shire from the boards end, in his Coronation breeches, vies clinches with a silenc'd Minister,

ſter, a Rogue that rail'd againſt the Reformation meerly to be eas'd of the trouble of preaching.

Conſt. Nay, As I live, now you are to blame, and wrong him, the man's a very able man.

Joll. You'l be able to ſay ſo, one day, upon your wives report; I would he were gelt, and all that hold his opinion: By this good day, they get more ſouls then they ſave.

Sadd. And what think you of the Knights Son? I hope he's a fine Gentleman, when his green Suit, and his blew ſtockings are on; and the welcomeſt thing alive to Mrs. *Abigail*, but *Tib* and *Tom* in the Stock.

Joll. Who, Mr. *Jeoffry? Hobinol* the ſecond; By this life, 'tis a very Veal, and he licks his Noſe like one of them; By his diſcourſe you'ld gueſs he had eaten nothing but Hay; I wonder he doth not go on all four too, and hold up his leg when he ſtales; he talks of nothing but the ſtable. The Coblers Black-bird at the corner has more diſcourſe; he has not ſo much as the family-jeſt, which theſe Coridons uſe to inherit; I pos'd him in *Booker*'s Propheſies, till he confeſt he had not maſter'd his Almanack yet.

Conſt. But what was that you whiſper'd to him in the Hall?

Joll. Why, the Butler and I, by the interceſſion of *March* beer, had newly reconcil'd him to his Dads old Cod-piece Corſlet, in the Hall; which, when his zeal was up, he would needs throw down, becauſe it hung upon a Croſs.

Conſt. But what think you of my neighbour? I hope her charity takes you.

Joll. Yes, and her old Waiting-womans devotion; ſhe ſigh'd in the Pew behind me; A Dutch Skipper belches not ſo loud, or ſo ſower; my Ladies miſerable ſinner, with the white [illegible] ſhe do's ſo ſqueeze out her prayers; and ſo wring out, *Have [illegible] upon us*; I warrant her, ſhe has a waiting-womans ſting in her conſcience; ſhe looks like a dirty ſoul'd Baud.

Conſt. Who is this, my Lady *Freedom*'s woman that he deſcribes?

Joll. The ſame, the Independent Lady, I have promiſed to ſend her a Cripple or two by the next Carrier; her ſubject husband would needs ſhew me his houſe one morning; I never viſited ſuch an Hoſpital, it ſtunk like *Bedlam*, and all the ſervants were carrying Poultiſſes, Julips, and Gliſters, and ſeveral Remedies for all Diſeaſes, but his; The man ſigh'd to ſee his Eſtate crumbling away; I counſell'd him either to give or take a ounce of *Rats-bane*, to cure his mind.

Conſt. She is my Cozen; but he made ſuch a complaint to me, I thought he had married the Company of Surgeons Hall; for his directions to me for ſeveral things for his Wives uſe, were fitter for an pothecaries-ſhop then a Ladies Cloſet.

Joll. I adviſed him to ſettle no Joynture, but her old Stills, and a Box of Inſtruments upon her; ſhe hates a man with all his Limbs; a Wooden-leg, a Crutch and *Fiſtula* in *Ano*, wins her heart; her Gentleman-uſher broke his leg laſt Dog-days, meerly

to have the honour to have her set it, a foul rank Rogue, and so full of salt humours, that he posed a whole Colledge of old Women with a Gangrene; which spoil'd the jest, and his ambling before my Lady, by applying a hand-saw to his gartring place; and now the Rogue wears booted Bed-staves, and destroys all the young ashes to make him legs.

Sadd. I never saw such a nasty affection; she would ha done well in the incurable; a Hand-maid to have waited on the Cripples.

Jolly. She converses with naked men, and handles all their members though never so ill affected, and calls the Fornication Charity; all her discourse to me was flat bawdry, which I could not chide, but spoke as flat as she, till she rebuked me, calling mine beastliness, and hers, Natural Philosophy; By this day, if I were to marry, I would as soon have chosen a drawn whore out of mine own Hospital, and cure the sins of her youth, as marry a she-Chirurgeon; one that for her sins in her first Husbands dayes cures all the crimes of her Sex in my time. I would have him call her *Chiron*, the Centaur's own Daughter; a Chirurgeon by Sire and Damm, *Apollo*'s own Colt, she's red-hair'd too, like that bonny beast with the golden Mane and flaming taile.

Sadd. You had a long discourse with her, *Jolly*; what wa'st about?

Jolly. I was advising her to be divorc'd, and marry the Man in the Almanack; 'twould be fine pastime for her to lick him whole.

Sadd. By this day, I never saw such a Mule as her Husband is, to bear with her madness; the house is a good house, and well furnished.

Jolly. Yes, but 'tis such a sight to see great French Bedds full of found Children, sons of Batchelors, Priests Heirs, Bridewell Orphans; there they lie by dozens in a Bed, like sucking Rabbets in a dish, or a row of pins; and then they keep a whole Dairy of milch Whores to suckle them.

Sadd. She is successful, and that spoils her, and makes her deaf to counsel; I bad him poyson two or three, to disgrace her; for the Vanity and Pride of their remedies make those Women more diligent then their Charity.

Jolly. I asked him why he married her; and he confessed, if he had been found he had never had her.

Const. He confes'd, she cur'd him of three Claps before he married her.

Jolly. Yes, and I believe some other member (though then ill affected) pleaded more then his tongue; and the Rogue is like to find her business still, for he flies at all; My God, I owe thee thanks for many things; but 'tis not the least, I am not her Husband, nor a Country Gentleman, whither I believe you cannot easily seduce me again, unless you can perswade *London* to stand in the Country; To *Hide Park*, or so, I may venture upon your Lady-fair dayes, when the Filly Foales of fifteen come kicking in, with their Maines and tailes ty'd up in Ribbands, to see

their eyes roule and neigh, when the Spring makes their blood prick them; so far I am with you by the way of a Country Gentleman and a Beer-drinker.

Sadd. For all this dislike, Master *Jolly*; your greatest acquaintance lies amongst Country Gentlemen.

Jolly. I, at *London*, there your Country Gentlemen are good Company, where to be seen with them is a kind of credit; I come to a Mercers shop in your Coach; Boy, call your Master; he comes bare, I whisper him, Do you know the *Constants* and the *Sadds* of *Norfolk?* yes, yes, he replyes, and strokes his beard; they are good Men cry I, yes, yes; No more, cut me off three sutes of Sattin, he does it, and in the delivery whispers, Will these be bound? pish, drive on Coachman, speak with me to morrow.

Const. And what then?

Jolly. What then? why, come again next day.

Sadd. And what if the Country Gentleman will not be bound?

Jolly. Then he must fight.

Sadd. I would I had known that before I had sign'd your Bond, I would have set my sword sooner then my Seal to it.

Jolly. Why, if thou repent there's no harm done, fight rather then pay it.

Sadd. Why, do you think I dare not fight?

Jolly. Yes, but I think thou hast more wit then to fight with me; for if I kill thee, 'tis a fortune to me, and others will sign in fear; and if thou should'st kill me, any body that knows us would swear 'twere very strange, and cry, there's Gods just judgement now upon that lewd youth, and thou procur'st his hang-mans place at the rate of thy Estate.

Const. By this hand, he is in the right; and for mine I meant to pay when I sign'd; hang it, never put good fellowes to say, prithee give me a hundred pounds.

Sadd. 'Tis true, 'tis a good ganty way of begging; yet, for being kill'd, if I refuse it, would there were no more danger in the Widows unkindness, then in your fighting; I would not mistrust my design.

Jolly. Why I, there's a point now in nicity of Honour, I should kill you for her; for, you know I pretended first; and it may be if I had writ sad lines to her, and hid my self in my Cloak, and haunted her Coach, it may be in time she would have sought me; not I, by this hand, I'll not trouble my self for a Wench, and married Widowes are but Customary authoriz'd Wenches.

Const. Being of that Opinion, how can'st thou to think of marrying one?

Jolly. Why, faith, I know not, I thought to rest me, for I was run out of breath with pleasure, and grew so acquainted with sin, I would have been good, (for variety;) in these thoughts, 'twas my fortune to meet with this Widow, handsome, and of a clear Fame.

Const. Did'st love her?

Jolly. Yes, faith? I had Love, but not to the disease that makes

men ſick; and I could have lov'd her ſtill, but that I was angry to have her refuſe me for a fault I told her of my ſelf, ſo I went no more.

Sadd. Did ſhe forbid you but once?

Joll. Faith, I think I ſlipt a fair Opportunity, a handſome wench, and three thouſand pounds *per annum* in certainty, beſides the poſſibility of being ſaved.

Widow *and* Pleaſant *looking out at a window.*

Conſt. Which now you think deſperate?

Pleaſ. That is you; Croſs or Pile, will you have him yet or no?

Wid. Peace, obſerve them.

Joll. Faith no, I do not deſpair, but I cannot reſolve.

Enter Wild, Careleſs, *and the* Captain, *going in haſte, he comes in at the middle Door.*

Wid. Who are thoſe?

Carel. Captain, whither in ſuch haſte? what defeated? call you this a retreat, or a flight from your friends?

Pleaſ. Your Nephew, and his Governour, and his Friend! here will be a Scene, ſit cloſe, and we may know the ſecret of their hearts.

Wid. They have not met yet ſince they return'd, I ſhall love this bay window.

Capt. Prithee let me go, there's miſchief a Boyling; and if thou ſhak'ſt me once more thou wilt Jumble a lye together I have been hammering this hour.

Carel. A pox upon you, a ſtudying lies?

Capt. Why, then they are no lies, but ſomething in the praiſe of an old Ladies Beauty, what do you call that?

Joll. Who are thoſe?

They ſpie each other.

Sadd. I'ſt not the *Captain*, and my Friend?

Jolly *ſalutes them, then he goes to the* Captain *to embrace him, the* Captain *ſtands in a French poſture, and ſlides from his old way of embracing.*

Joll. Ned *Wild?* Tom *Careleſs?* What ayl'ſt thou, doſt thou ſcorn my embraces?

Capt. I ſee you have never been abroad, els you would know how to put a value upon thoſe whoſe careful obſervation brought home the moſt Exquiſite Garb and Courtſhip that *Paris* could ſell us.

Joll. A pox on this fooling, and leave off Ceremony.

They embrace.

Capt. Why then agreed, off with our masks, and let's embrace like the old knot.

Joll. Faith, ſay, where have you ſpent theſe three years time? in Our Neighbour *France*? or have you ventur'd o're the *Alps*, to ſee the ſeat of the *Cæſars?*

Sadd. And can tell us (Ignorant, doom'd to walk upon our own Land) how large a ſeat the Goddeſs fix'd her flying *Trojans* in.

Conſt.

Conſt. Yes, yes,and have ſeen, and drunk (perhaps) of *Tybers* famous ſtream.

Jolly. And have been where *Æneas* buried his Trumpeter, and his Nurſe; Tom looks as if he had ſuck'd the one, and had a Battel founded by the other, for Joy to ſee our Nation ambitious not to be underſtood or known when they come home.

Capt. So, now I'me welcome home, this is freedom, and theſe are Friends, and with theſe I can be merry; for Gentlemen, you muſt give me leave to be free to.

Jolly. So you will ſpare us miſerable men,condemn'd to *London*, and the Company of a *Michelmas* Term, and never travel'd thoſe Countries that ſet Mountains on fire a purpoſe to light us to our lodging.

Wild. Why this is better then to ſtay at home, and lie by hearſay, wearing out your ſelves and Fortunes like your cloathes, to ſee her that hates you for being ſo fine, then appearing at a Play dreſt like ſome part of it, while the Company admire the Mercers and the Taylors work, and ſwear they have done their parts to make you fine Gentlemen.

Carl. Then leap out of your Coach, and throw your Cloak over your ſhoulder, the Caſting Nets to catch a Widow, while we have ſeen the world, and learn'd her Cuſtoms.

Capt. Yes, Sir, and return'd perfect Mounſieurs.

Sadd. Yes, even to their diſeaſes; I confeſs my Ignorance; I cannot amble, nor ride like S. *George* at *Waltham*.

The Captain *has a patch over his Noſe.*

Jolly. Yet, upon my Conſcience, he may be as welcome with a trot, as the other with his pace; and faith, Jack, (to be a little free) tell me,doſt thou not think thou hadſt been as well to paſs here, with that Engliſh Noſe thou carryedſt hence, as with the French tongue thou haſt brought home?

Capt. It is an Accident, and to a Souldier 'tis but a ſcar; 'tis true, ſuch a ſign upon Mr. *Jolly*'s face had been as ill as a *Red Croſs*, and *Lord have mercy upon us*, at his lodging door, to have kept women out of Court.

Jolly. For ought you know of the Court.

Capt. I know the Court,and thee, and thy uſe, and how you ſerve but as the handſomeſt movables, a kind of Implement above ſtairs, and look much like one of the old Court Servants in the hangings.

Wild. But that they move, and look freſher, and your Apparel more Modern.

Carl. Yet, faith, their Office is the ſame, to adorn the Room, and be gaz'd on: Alas! hee's ſad, Courage man, theſe riding cloaths will ſerve thee at the latter day.

Capt. Which is one of their grievances,for nothing troubles them more then to think they muſt appear in a foul winding ſheet, and come undreſt.

Jolly. Gentlemen, I am glad to find you know the Court; we know a Traveller too, eſpecially when he is thus chang'd and Exchang'd, as your Worſhips, both in Purſe and Perſon, and have

have brought home forreign viſages and Inſcriptions.

Conſt. Why that's their perfection, their ambition to have it ſaid, there go thoſe that have profitably obſerv'd the vices of other Countreys, and made them their own; and the faults of ſeveral Nations, at their return, are their Parts.

Jolly. Why there's *Jack Careleſs*, he carried out as good ſtable manners as any was in *Suffolk*, and now he is return'd with a ſhrug, and a trick to ſtand crooked, like a ſkirvy Bow unbent, and looks as if he would maintain Oyl and Sallads againſt a Chyne of Beef; I knew a great Beaſt of this kind, it haunted the Court much, and would ſcarcely allow us (fully reduc'd to Civility) for ſerving up Mutton in whole joynts.

Conſt. What, ſilent?

Sadd. Faith, the *Captain* is in a ſtudy.

Jolly. Do, do, Conn the Rivers and Towns perfectly, *Captain*; thou may'ſt become Intelligencer to the People, and lie thy two ſheets a week in *Corrantoes* too.

Conſt. And could you not make Friends at Court, to get their Pictures cut ugly, in the Corner of a Map, like the old Navigators.

Jolly. Wee'le ſee, wee'le ſee. [*Enter* Widow *and* Pleaſant *above.*

Wid. I'le interrupt them; *Servant*, you're welcome to Town; how now, *Nephew*? what, dumb? where are all our travel'd tongues?

Joll. Servant! who doth ſhe mean? By this hand, I diſclaim the Title.

Pleaſ. Captain, Secret has taken Notes, and deſires you would inſtruct her in what concerns a waiting Woman, and an Old Lady.

Capt. Very good, yet this ſhall not ſave your Dinner.

Wid. Nay, while you are in this humor I'le not ſell your Companies; and though Maſter *Jolly* be incenſed, I hope he will do me the favour to dine with me.

Jolly. Faith, Lady, you miſtake me if you think I am afraid of a widow; for I would have the world know I dare meet her any where, but at Bed. [*Exit* Jolly.

Wild. No more Aunt, wee'le come; and if you will give us good meat, weel bring good humors, and good ſtomacks.

Widow ſhuts the Curtain.

Carel. By this day I'le not dine there, they take a pleaſure to raiſe a ſpirit that they will not lay, I'le to *Banks*'s.

Capt. A Pox forbid it, you ſhall not break Company, now you know what we are to do after Dinner.

Carel. I will conſent, upon condition you forbid the ſpiritual Non-ſence the age calls *Platonick* Love.

Capt. I muſt away too; But I'le be there at Dinner, you will joyn in a Plot after dinner.

Wild. Any thing, Good, Bad, or Indifferent, for a Friend and Mirth. [*Exeunt all but the* Captain.

Capt. I muſt go and prevent the Rogues miſchief, with the Old Lady. *Exit* Captain.

ACT.

ACT. II. SCEN. I.

Enter Jolly, *and the old Lady* Love-all.

Love-all. AWay, unworthy, falſe, ingrateful; with what Brow dar'ſt thou come again into my ſight, knowing how unworthy you have been, and how falſe to love?

Jolly. No, 'tis you are unworthy, and deſerve not thoſe truths of Love I have pay'd here; elſe you would not believe ev'ry report that Envy brings, and condemn, without hearing me, whom you have ſo often try'd and found faithful.

Love. Yes, till I too credulous had pity on your tears; till I had mercy you durſt not be falſe.

Joll. Nor am not yet.

Love. What doſt thou call Falſe? is there a treachery beyond what thou haſt done; when I had given my Fame, my Fortune, my ſelf, and my husbands honour, all in one Obligation, a ſacrifice to that Paſſion; which thou ſeem'ſt to labour with deſpair of, to tell and Brag of a conqueſt o're a Woman, fool'd by her Paſſion, and loſt in her love to thee, unworthy; ----(*ſhe turns away her head.*

Joll. By this Day, 'tis as falſe as he that ſaid it; hang him, ſon of a Batchelour; a ſlave that envying my Fortune in ſuch a happineſs as your love, and chaſt embraces, took this way to ruine it; Come, dry your Eyes, and let the guilty weep; if I were guilty I durſt as ſoon approach a Conſtable drunk, as come here; you know I am your ſlave.

Love. You ſwore ſo, and honour made me leave to triumph over your miſeries.

Joll. Do you repent that I am happy? if you do, command my death.

Love. Nay, never weep, nor ſit ſadly, I am Friends, ſo you will onely talk and diſcourſe; for 'tis your company I onely covet.

Joll. No, you cannot forgive, becauſe you have injur'd me; 'tis right womans Juſtice; Accuſe firſt, and harder to reconcile when they are guilty, then when they are Innocent, or elſe you would not turn from me thus.

Love. You know your youth hath a ſtrong power over me; Turn thoſe bewitching Eyes away; I cannot ſee them with ſafety of mine honour.

Joll. Come you ſhall not hide your Face, there's a Charm in it againſt thoſe that come burnt with unchaſt fires; for let but your Eyes or Noſe drop upon his heart it would burn it up, or quench it ſtrait.

Love. No Cogging, you have injur'd me; and now though my love plead, I muſt be deaf, my honour bids me; for you will not fear again to prove unworthy when you find I am ſo eaſie to forgive ---- Why, you will not be uncivil. *Jolly kiſſes her, and ſhe ſhoves him away with her mouth.*

Joll. So, the ſtorm is lay'd, I muſt have thoſe Pearls--- ſhe ſhov'd me away with her mouth, I'le to her again.

Love

Still as he offers to touch her, ſhe ſtarts as if he pluckt up her coats.

Love. Where are you? what do you take me for? why you will not be uncivil?

Joll. Uncivil! By thy chaſte ſelf, I cannot, Chick; thou haſt ſuch a terror, ſuch a guard in thoſe eyes, I dare not approach thee, nor can I gaze upon ſo much fire; Prithee, Sirrah, let me hide me from their power here.

Love. You preſume upon the weakneſs of our ſex; what ſhall I ſay or do? Tyrant Love!

Joll. There's a charm in thoſe Pearls; pull them off; if they have a Froſt in them, let me wear them, and then we are both ſafe.

Love-all. I would you had taken them ſooner, I had then been innocent, and might with whiteneſs have worn my love which I ſhall ne're out-live.

Joll. Dear, do not too faſt pour in my joys, leſt I too ſoon reach my heaven.

Love-all. Be gone then, leſt we prove (having gain'd that height) this ſad truth in Love; The firſt minute after noon is night.

Joll. Part now? The Gods forbid; take from me firſt this load of joys you have thrown upon me; for 'tis a burthen harder to bear then ſadneſs; I was not born till now, this my firſt night in which I reap true bliſs.

Love-all. No, no; I would it had been your firſt night, then your falſhood had not given argument for theſe tears; and I hate my ſelf to think I ſhould be ſuch a fooliſh fly, thus again to approach your dangerous flame.

Joll. Come, divert theſe thoughts; I'll go ſee your Cloſet.

Love-all. No, no, I ſwear you ſhall not.

Joll. You know, I am going out of Town for two days.

Love-all. When you return, I'll ſhew it you; you will forget me elſe when you are gone, and at Court.

Joll. Can your love endure delays? or ſhall buſineſs thee from hence remove? theſe were your own Arguments; come, you ſhall ſhew it me.

Love-all. Nay, then I perceive what unworthy way your love would find; Ye Gods, are all men falſe?

He pulls her Bodkin, that is tied in a piece of black Bobbin.

Joll. As I live, you ſhall ſtay; come, you ought to make me amends for ſlandring of me; Hang me, if ever I told; and he that reports it is the damn'dſt Rogue in a Country, Come, I ſay.----

Love-all. Ah! As I live, I will not, I have ſworn; do not pull me, I will not be damn'd, I have ſworn.----

He pulls her, and ſays this.

Joll. As I live, I'll break your Bodkin then, a weeping Tyrant! Come; by this good day, you ſhall be merciful.

Love-all. Why, you will not be uncivil; you will not force me, will you? As I live, I will not.

He pulls ſtill.

Joll. Nay, and you be wilful, I can be ſtubborn too.

Love-all. Hang me, I'll call aloud, why *Nan!* nay, you may force me; But, As I live, I'll do nothing. [*Exeunt ambo.*

ACT.

ACT. II. SCEN. II.

Enter Captain.

Capt. A Pox upon you, are you earth'd? The Rogue has got her Neck-lace of Pearl; but I hope he will leave the Rope to hang me in, how the pox came they ſo great? I muſt have ſome trick to break his neck, elſe the young Rogue will work me out; 'tis an excellent old Lady, but I dare not call her ſo; yet would ſhe were young enough to bear, we might do ſome good for our heirs, by leaving ſuch a charitable brood behind; ſhe's a woman after the firſt kind; 'tis but going in to her and you may know her; then ſhe'l oblige ſo readily, and gives with greater thankes then others receive, takes it ſo kindly to be courted. I am now to oblige her (as ſhe calls it) by profeſſing young *Wilds* love, and deſiring an aſſurance; ſhe's ſenſible of his ſufferings, which though it be falſe, and beyond my Commiſſion, yet the hopes of ſuch a new young thing that has the vogue of the Town, for handſomeſt, 'twill ſo tickle her age, and ſo blow up her vanity, to have it ſaid, He is in love with her, and ſo endear her to me for being the means that the Parſons malice will be able to take no root; ------- She comes, I muſt not be ſeen.------- [*Enter* Love-all, *and* Jolly.

Love-all. Give me that Letter I'll ſwear, you ſhall not read it.

Joll. Take it, I'll away, What time ſhall I call you, in the evening? there's a Play at Court to night.

Love-all. I would willingly be there, but your Ladies are ſo cenſorious, and malitious to us young Ladies, in the Town, eſpecially to me, becauſe the Wits are pleas'd to afford me a viſit, or ſo; I could be content elſe to be ſeen at Court; Pray what humour is the Queen of? the Captain of her Guard I know.

Joll. The Queen? Who's that knocks at the back-door.---- *The Captain Knocks.*

Love-all. Smooth my Band, I know not, go down that way, and look you be not falſe; if you ſhould be falſe, I'll ſwear, I ſhould ſpoil my ſelf with weeping.

Joll. Farewell, in the evening I'll call you. [*Exit* Jolly.

Love-all. Who's there? Captain? Where have you been all this while; I might ſit alone, I ſee, for you, if I could not find converſation in Books. *She takes a book in her hand and ſits down.*

Capt. Faith, Madam, friends newly come to Town engag'd me, and my ſtay was civility rather then deſire, what Book's that?

Love-all. I'll ſwear he was a Witch that writ it; for he ſpeaks my thoughts as if he had been within me; the Original, they ſay, was French.

Capt. Oh, I know it, 'tis the accompliſh'd Woman, Your ſelf, he means by this, while you are your ſelf.

Love-all. Indeed, I confeſs, I am a great friend to converſation, if we could have it without ſuſpition; But the world's ſo apt to judge, that 'tis a prejudice to our honour now to ſalute a man.

Capt. Innocence, Madam, is above opinion, and your fame's too great to be ſhook with whiſpers.

Love-all. You are ever civil, and therefore welcome; pray, what news is there now in Town? for I am reclus'd here; unleſs it be yours, I receive no viſits; and I'll ſwear, I charg'd the Wench to day not to let you in; I wonder ſhe let you come.

Capt. Faith, Madam, if it had been my own buſineſs I ſhould not have ventur'd ſo boldly; But the neceſſity that forces me to come concerns my friend, againſt whom if your mercy be now bounded with thoſe ſtrict ties of honour, and cold thoughts which I have ever found guard your heart, My friend, a young and handſome man, is loſt, is loſt in his prime, and falls like early bloſſoms; But methinks you ſhould not prove the envious froſt to deſtroy this young man, this delicate young man, that has whole bundles of Boys in his Breeches; yet if you be cruel, he and they dye, as uſeleſs as open Arſes gathered green.

She muſt be earneſt in her looks all the time he ſpeaks; deſirous to know who he ſpeaks of.

Love-all. Good Captain, out with the particular, what way can my charity aſſiſt him; you know by experience I cannot be cruel, remember how I fetch'd you out of a ſwoond, and laid you in my own bed.

Capt. That act preſerved a life, that has always been labour'd in your ſervice; and I dare ſay, your charity here will find as fruitful a gratitude.

Love-all, But, I hope, he will not be ſo uncivil as you were; I'll ſwear, I could have hang'd you for that Rape, if I would have follow'd the Law; but I forgave you upon condition you would do ſo again; but what's this young man you ſpeak of?

Capt, Such is my love to you and him, that I cannot prefer mine own particular before your contents; elſe I'de have poyſon'd him ere I'de have brought him to your houſe.

Love-all. Why, I pray?

Capt. Becauſe, he's young, handſome, and ſound parts; that I'me ſure will ruine me here.

Love-all. His love may make all theſe beauties, elſe I have an honour will defend me againſt him, were he as handſome as young *Wild.*

Capt. Why I, there it is; that one word has remov'd all my fears and jealouſies with a deſpair; for that's the man whoſe Love, Life and Fortune, lies at your feet; and if you were ſingle, by lawful ways he would hope to reach what now he deſpairs of.

Love-all. Let him not deſpair, Love is a powerful pleader, and youth and beauty will aſſiſt him; and if his love be noble I can meet it; for there's none that ſacrifices more to friendſhip-love, then I.

Capt. My friends intereſt makes me rejoyce at this; dare you truſt me to ſay this to him, though it be not uſual, pray ſpeak; Nay, you are ſo long ſtill a reſolving to be kind: Remember, charity is as great a vertue as chaſtity, and greater, if we will hear nature plead; for the one may make many Maids, the other can but preſerve one: But I know you will be perſwaded, let be my importunity

tunity that prevail'd, ſhall I bring him hither one evening?

Love-all. Why do you plead thus? pray be ſilent, and when you ſee him, tell him he has a ſeat here, and I --- *She turns away.*

Capt. Out with it, what is't? ſhall he call you Miſtreſs? and his Platonick?

Love-all. Away, away; Me?

Capt. No niceneſs, is't a match?

Love-all. Lord, would I were as worthy as willing (pray tell him ſo) he ſhall find me one of the humbleſt Miſtreſſes that ever he was pleas'd to honour with his affections.

Capt. Dare you write this to him, and honour me with bearing it? I confeſs, I am ſuch a friend to friendſhip-love too that I would even bring him on my back to a mid-nights meeting.

Love-all. If you will ſtay here, I'll go in and write it.--- *She's going out and he calls her.*

Capt. Madam, I forgot to ask your Ladiſhip one Queſtion.

Love-all. What was't?

Capt. There hapned a buſineſs laſt night betwixt Mr. *Wild* and one *Jolly*, a Courtier that brags extreamly of your favour; I ſwear, if it had not been for friends that interpos'd themſelves there had been miſchief, for Mr. *Wild* was extream zealous in your cauſe.

Love-all. Such a Raſcal I know; Villain, to bring my name upon the Stage, for a ſubject of his quarrels, I'll have him cudgeld.

Capt. And I'll ſwear, he deſerv'd it; for the quarrel ended in a Bet of a Buck-hunting-nag, that ſometime to day he would bring a Neck-lace and chain of Pearl of yours (not ſtoln, but freely given) to witneſs his power.

Love-all. Did the vain Raſcal promiſe that?

Capt. Yes, but we laught at it.

Love-all. So you might; and, as I live, if the Neck-lace were come from ſtringing I'de ſend them both to Mr. *Wild*, to wear as a favour, to aſſure him I am his, and to put the vain ſlave out of countenance.

Capt. I marry, ſuch a timely favour were worth a dozen Letters, to aſſure him of your Love, and remove all the doubts the others diſcourſe may put into his head; and faith I'de ſend him the chain now, and in my Letter promiſe him the Neck-lace, he'l deſerve ſuch a favour.

Love-all. I'll go in and fetch it immediately, will you favour me to deliver it?

Capt. I'll wait upon your Ladiſhip.

Love-all. I'll ſwear you ſhall not go in, you know I forſwore being alone with you. *She goes and he follow's her, ſhe turns and bids him ſtay.*

Capt. Hang me, I'll go in; do's my Meſſage deſerve to wait an Anſwer at the Door?

Love-all. I, but you'l be naught.

Capt. O, ne're truſt me if I break.

Love-all. If you break ſome ſuch forfeit you'l loſe; Well, come in for once.

Capt. You are ſo ſuſpitious.

Love-all. I'll ſwear, I have reaſon for't, you are ſuch another man. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. II. SCEN. III.

Enter Wanton *and* Baud.

Want. IS he gone?

Baud. Yes, he's gone to the old Ladies, high with miſchief.

She playes with a Wedding Ring upon her finger.

Want. Fare him well, eaſie Fool, how the Trout ſtrove to be tickled, and how does this Ring become me? Ha! they are fine kind of things theſe Wedding Rings.

Baud. Beſides the good cuſtom of putting ſo much Gold in 'em, they bring ſuch conveniencies along.

Want. Why I, now I have but one to pleaſe; and if I pleaſe him, who dares offend me? and that Wife's a fool that cannot make her Huſband one.

Baud. Nay, I am abſolutely of Opinion, it was fit for you to marry; but whether he be a good Huſband or no.

Want. A pox of a good Huſband, give me a wiſe one; they onely make the ſecure Cuckolds, the Cuckold in grain; for die a Huſband that has wit but with an Opinion thou art honeſt, and ſee who dares waſh the colour out; Now your fool changes with every drop, dotes with confidence in the Morning and at Night, jealous even to Murther, and his Love (Lord help us) fades like my Gredaline Petticote.

Baud. This is a new Doctrine.

Want. 'Tis a truth, Wench, I have gain'd from my own Obſervations, and the Paradox will be maintain'd. Take wiſe Men from Cuckolds, and fools to make them; for your wiſe Man draws eyes and ſuſpition with his viſit, and begets jealous thoughts in the Huſband, that his Wife may be overcome with his parts; when the fool is welcome to both, pleaſeth both, laughes with the one, and lies with the other, and all without ſuſpition; I tell thee, a fool that has money is the Man. The wits and the we's, which is a diſtinct Parreal of Wit bound by it ſelf, and to be ſold at *Wit-hall*, or at the ſign of the Kings-head in the Butchery; theſe wiſe things will make twenty jealous, ere one Man a Cuckold; when the family of fools will head a Pariſh ere they are ſuſpected.

Baud. Well, I ſee one may live and learn; and if he be but as good at it now, you are his own; as he was, when he was your Friends Friend, (as they call it) you have got one of the beſt hiders of ſuch a buſineſs in the Town; Lord, how he would Siſter you at a Play!

Want. Faith, tis as he is us'd at firſt; if he get the bridle in's teeth he'll ride to the Devil; but if thou beeſt true, we'll make him amble ere we have done; the Plot is here, and if it thrive I'll alter the Proverb, The Parſon gets the Children, to, the Parſon Fathers them.

Baud.

Baud. Any thing that may get Rule; I love to wear the Breeches.

Want. So do we all, Wench; Empire? 'tis all our aim; and I'll put my ranting *Roger* in a Cage but I'll tame him; he loves already, which is an excellent Ring in a fools noſe, and thou ſhalt hear him ſing.——

Happy onely is that Family, that ſhewes
A Cock that's ſilent, and a Hen that crowes.

Baud. Do this, I'll ſerve you for nothing; the impetuous ſlave had wont to taunt me for beating of my Huſband, and would ſing that ſong in mockery of me.

Want. In Revenge of which, thou (if thou wilt be faithful) ſhalt make him ſing.

Happy is that Family that ſhewes
A Cock that's ſilent, and a Hen that crowes. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. II. SCEN. IV.

Enter Parſon, Love-all, *and* Faithfull.

Love-all. GO, you are a naughty Man; do you come hither to rail againſt an honeſt Gentleman? I have heard how you fell out, you may be aſham'd on't, a Man of your Coat.

Parſ. What? to ſpeak Truth and perform my Duty? the world cries out you are a ſcab'd ſheep, and I come to tarr you, that is, give you notice how your Fame ſuffers ith' opinion of the world.

Love-all. My Fame, Sirrah? 'tis purer then thy Doctrine, get thee out of my houſe.

Faithf. You uncivil fellow, do you come hither to tell my Lady of her faults, as if her own Levite could not diſcern 'em?

Love-all. My own Levite? I hope he's better bred then to tell me of my faults.

Faithf. He finds work enough to correct his dearly beloved ſinners.

Parſ. And the Right Worſhipfull my Lady, and your ſelf, they mend at leaſure.

Love-all. You are a ſaucy fellow, Sirrah, to call me Sinner in my own houſe; get you gone with----your Madam, I hear, and (Madam) I could adviſe, but I am loath to ſpeak; take heed, the world talkes, and thus with dark ſentences put my Innocence into a fright, with you know what you know good Miſtreſs *Faithfull*; ſo do I, and the world ſhall know too thou haſt married a Whore.

Parſ. Madam, a Whore?

Faith. No, Sir, 'tis not ſo well as a Madam-whore, 'tis a poor Whore, a Captains caſt Whore.

Love-all. Now bleſs me, marry a Whore? I wonder any Man can endure thoſe things, what kind of Creatures are they?

Parſ. They'r like Ladies, but that they are handſomer; and though you take a priviledge to injure me, yet I would adviſe your Woman

man to tie up her Tongue, and not abuſe my Wife.

Love-all. Fie, art thou not aſham'd to call a Whore, Wife? Lord bleſs us, what will not theſe men do when God leaves them! But for a Man of your Coat to caſt himſelf away upon a Whore, come Wench, let's go and leave him! I'll ſwear, 'tis ſtrange, the State doth not provide to have all Whores hang'd or drown'd.

Faithf. I, and 'tis time they look into it, for they begin to ſpread ſo, that a man can ſcarce find an honeſt woman in a Country; they ſay, they're voted down now, 'twas mov'd by that charitable Member that got an Order to have it but five miles to *Croyden*, for eaſe of the Market-women.

Love-all. I, I, 'tis a bleſſed Parliament.

[*Exit* Love-all *and* Faithful.

Parſ. That I have plaid the fool, is viſible; this comes of raſhneſs; ſomething I muſt do to ſet this right, or elſe ſhe'l hate, and he'l laugh at me, I muſt not loſe him, and my revenge too, ſomething that's miſchief, I am reſolv'd to do. [*Exit* Parſ.

ACT. II. SCEN. V.

Enter Wild *and* Careleſs.

Wild. NOW is the *Parſons* Wife ſo contemptible?

Carel. No, but I'me ſo full of that reſolution to diſlike the ſex, that I will allow none honeſt, none handſome; I tell thee, we muſt beat down the price with our ſelves, court none of 'em; but let their Maiden-heads and their Faces lie upon their hands, till they're weary of the commodity, then they'l haunt us to find proper Chap-men to deal for their ware.

Wild. I like this, but 'twil be long a doing, and it may be er'e they be forc'd to ſell, our bank will be exhauſted, and we ſhall not be able to purchaſe.

Carel. I, but we'l keep a credit, and at three ſix moneths, thou and the Captain ſhall be my Factors.

Wild. You had beſt have a partner, elſe ſuch an undertaking would break a better back then yours.

Carel. No partners in ſuch commodities, your Factor that takes up Maiden-heads, 'tis upon his own accompt ſtill.

Wild. But what courſe will you take to purchaſe this trade with women?

Carel. I am reſolv'd to put on their own ſilence and modeſty, anſwer forſooth, ſwear nothing but Gods nigs, and hold Arguments of their own cold Tenents, as if I believ'd there were no true love below the line, then ſigh when 'tis proper, and with forc'd ſtudies betray the enemy, who ſeeing my eye fix'd on her, her vanity thinks I am loſt in admiration, calls and ſhakes me ere I wake out of my deſign, and being collected, anſwer out of purpoſe. Love, divineſt? yes, who is it that is mortal and do's not, or which amongſt all the Senate of the Gods, can gaze upon thoſe eyes,

eyes, and carry thence the power he brought? This will ſtart her.

Wild. Yes, and make her think thee mad.

Carel. Why that's my deſign; for then I ſtart too, and rub my eyes, as if I wak'd, then ſigh and ſtrangle a yawn, 'till I have wrung it into tears, with which I riſe, as if o'recome with grief; then kiſs her hands, and let fall thoſe witneſſes of faith and love, brib'd for my deſign. This takes; for who would ſuſpect ſuch a Devil as Craft and Youth to live together?

Wild. But what kind of women do you think this will take?

Carel. All kind of women, thoſe that think themſelves handſome; it being probable, concludes it real; and thoſe that are handſome in their opinion, that ſmall number will believe it, becauſe it agrees with their wiſhes.

Wild. And when you are gone, it may be they ſigh, and their Love breaks out into Paper, and what then?

Carel. What then? why then I'll laugh, and ſhew thee their Letters, and teach the world how eaſie 'tis to win any woman.

Wild. This is the way, and be ſure to diſlike all, but her you deſign for; be ſcarce civil to any of the ſex beſides.

Carel. That's my meaning, But to her that I mean my prey, all her ſlave; ſhe ſhall be my Deity; and her opinion my religion.

Wild. And while you ſad it thus to one, I'll talk freer then a priviledg'd fool, and ſwear as unreaſonably as loſing Gameſters, and abuſe thee for thinking to reclaim a woman by thy love, call them all bowls thrown that will run where they will run, and Lovers like fools run after them, Crying, Rub, and fly, for me; I believe none fair, none handſome, none honeſt, but the kind.

Carel. We muſt make the Captain of our Plot, leſt he betray us; this will gain us ſome revenge upon the Lovers to whom I grudge the Wenches, not that I believe they're worth half the coſt they pay for them; and we may talk, but 'tis not our opinion can make them happier, or miſerable. [*Enter* Jolly.

Wild. Jolly, Will, where haſt thou been? We had ſuch ſport with the Parſon of our Town, he's married this morning to *Wanton.*

Joll. Who? the Captains Wench? he's in a good humor then; as you love mirth, let's find him, I have news to blow his rage with, and 'twill be mirth to us, to ſee him divided betwixt the ſeveral cauſes of his anger, and loſe himſelf in his rage while he diſputes, which is the greater; your opinion, Gentlemen; is this, or his Wench, the greater loſs?

Here he pulls out the Pearl.

Carel. What haſt thou there? Pearl! they're falſe, I hope.

Joll. Why do you hope ſo?

Carel. Becauſe I am thy friend, and would be loath to have thee hang'd for ſtealing.

Joll. I will not ſwear they are honeſtly come by; but I'll be ſworn, there's neither force nor theft in't.

Wild. Prithee, ſpeak out of Riddles, here's none but your Friends.

Joll. Faith, take it, you have heard the Captain brag of an old Lady,

Lady, which he thinks he keeps close in a Box; but I know where hangs a key can let a friend in, or so: From her, my brace of worthies, whose wits are dull'd with plenty, this morning, with three good words, and four good deeds, I earn'd this toy.

Carel. The mirth yet, we will all share; I am in pain till we find him, that we may vex his wit that he presumes so much on.

Wild. Let's go, let's go, I will desire him to let me see his Wench; I will not understand him if he says she's gone.

Carel. I'll beg of him, for old acquaintance sake, to let me see his old Lady.

Joll. Heark, I hear his voice.----- *Capt.* Which way?

Carel. The Game plays it self; begin with him, *Ned*, while we talk, as if we were busie, we'l take our Q.

Wild. When I put off my hat. [*Enter* Capt.

Capt. 'sBlood, I thought you had been sunk, I have been hunting you these four hours. Death, you might ha left word where you went; and not put me to hunt like *Tom Fool*, 'tis well you are at *London*, where you know the way home.

Wild. Why in choler? We have been all this while searching you; come, this is put on to divert me for claiming your promise, I must see the Wench.

Capt. You cannot a dad, a dad you cannot.

Wild. I did not think you would have refus'd such a kindness.

Carel. What's that?

Wild. Nothing, a toy, he refuses to shew me his Wench.

Carel. The Devil he do's; what have we been thus long Comrades, and had all things in common, and must we now come to have common Wenches particular? I say, thou shalt see her, and lye with her too, if thou wilt.

Joll. What? in thy dumps, Brother, call to thy aid thy two edged wit; the Captain sad? 'tis prophetick, I'de as live have dreamt of Pearl, or the loss of my teeth; yet if he be musty, I'll warrant thee, *Ned*, I'll help thee to a bout; I know his Cloak, his long Cloak that hides her; I am acquainted with the Parson, he shall befriend thee.

Capt. 'Tis very well, Gentlemen; but none of you have seen her yet?

Wild. Yes, but we have, By thy self, by thy anger, which is now bigger then thou; By chance we crost her, coming from Church, leading in her hand the Parson, to whom she swore she was this day married.

Joll. And our friendships were now guiding us to find thee out, to comfort thee after the treachery of thy Levite.

Capt. Come, bear it like a man, there are more Wenches, What hast thou spy'd?----

He gives no answer, but peeps on Jollies *hat.*

Wild. His Pearl, I believe.

Capt. Gentlemen, I see you are merry; I'll leave you; I must go a little way, to enquire about a business.

Wild. Has got a sore-eye, I think.

Capt. I will only ask one Question, and return.

Carel.

Carel. No faith, ſtay, and be ſatisfy'd.

Joll. Do, good Brother, for I believe there is no queſtion that you now would aſk, but here's an Oracle can reſolve you.

Capt. Are thoſe Pearl true?

Joll. Yes?

Capt. And did not you ſteal them?

Joll. No.

Carel. Nor he did not buy them with ready money; But took them upon Mortgage of himſelf to an old Lady.

Joll. Dwelling at the ſign of the Buck in *Broad-ſtreet*; are you ſatisfy'd, or muſt I play the Oracle ſtill?

Capt. No, no, I am ſatisfied.

Joll. Like Jealous men, that take their wives at it, are you not?

Capt. Well, very well, 'tis viſible, I am abus'd on all hands; But Gentlemen, why all againſt me?

Carl. To let you ſee your Wit's mortal, and not proof againſt all.

Wild. The *Parſon* hath ſhot it through with a Jeſt.

Capt. Gentlemen, which of you, faith, had a hand in that?

Joll. Faith, none; onely a general Joy, to find the *Captain* over reach'd.

Capt. But do you go ſharers in the Profit, as well as in the Jeſt?

Joll. No faith, the Toy's mine own.

Capt. They are very fine, and you may afford a good peny worth, will you ſell them?

Joll. Sell them? I, where's a Chapman?

Capt. Here, I'le purchaſe them.

Joll. Thou? No, no, I have barr'd thee, By and Mayn, for I am reſolv'd not to fight for them; that excludes thy purchaſe by the ſword; and thy wench has prov'd ſuch a loſs, in thy laſt Adventure of Wit, that I'me afraid, it will ſpoil thy credit that way too.

Capt. Gentlemen, as a Friend, let me have the refuſal, ſet your price.

Wild. Hee's ſerious.

Carel. Leave fooling.

Joll. Why if thou could'ſt buy them, what would'ſt thou do with them.

Capt. They're very fair Ones, let me ſee them, me-thinks they ſhould match very well with theſe.

Joll. Theſe, which?

Omnes. Which?

Carel. They are true.

Capt. Yes, But not earn'd with a pair of ſtoln verſes, of, I was not born till now, this my firſt night, and ſo forſooth; nor given as a Charm againſt luſt.

Carl. What means all this?

Joll. What? why 'tis truth, and it means to ſhame the Divel; by this good day, he repeats the ſame words with which I gather'd theſe Pearls.

Wild. Why then we have two to laugh at.

Carel. And all Friends hereafter, let's fool altogether.

Capt. Gentlemen with the fine Wits, and my very good Friends do you, or you, or he think I'le keep you Company, to make you laugh, but that I draw my honey from you too?

Carel. Come, come, the *Captain's* in the right.

Capt. Yes, yes, the *Captain* knows it, and dares tell you, your Wit, your Fortune, and his Face, are but my Ploughs; and I would have my fine Mounsieur know, who, in spight of my Counsel, will be finer then his Mistriss, and appears before her so curiously built she dares not play with him for fear of spoiling him; and to let him know the truth I speak, To his fair hands I present this letter, but withal give him to understand, the Contents belong to me.

He reads the Letter.

Wild. The Pearl are sent to me.

Capt. I deny that, unless you prove you sent me; for the Letter begins, Sir, this noble Gentleman, the bearer, whom you are pleas'd to make the messenger of your love, and so forth; And now you should do well to enquire for that noble Gentleman, and take an Account of him how he has lay'd out your Love, and it may be hee'l return you Pearl for it; and now Gentlemen, I dare propose a peace, at least a Cessation of Wit (but what is defensive) till such time as the Plot which is now in my head be effected, in which you have all your shares.

Wild. So she knows I have not the Pearl, I am content.

Capt. She'l quickly find that, when she see's you come not to night, according to my appointment, and hear's I have sold the Pearl.

Joll. Here then ceaseth our Offensive War.

Capt. I'le give you Counsel worth two Ropes of Pearl.

Carel. But the Wench, how came the *Parson* to get her?

Capt. Faith 'tis hard to say which labour'd most, he, or I, to make that Match, but the knave did well; There it is (if you assist) I mean to lay the Scene of your mirth to night, for I am not yet fully reveng'd upon the Rogue; for that I know him miserable is nothing, till he believe so too; *Wanton* and I have lay'd the Plot.

Joll. Do you hold Correspondence?

Capt. Correspondence? I tell thee the plots we lay'd to draw him on would make a Comedy. [*Enter a* Servant.

Serv. Sir, the Ladies stay Dinner.

Joll. And as we go I'le tell you all the story, and after Dinner, be free from all Engagements, as we promis'd thee; and follow but your directions, I'le warrant you mirth and a prety Wench.

Omnes. Agreed, any thing that breeds mirth is welcome.

Joll. Not a word at the Widows, let them go on quietly, and steal their Wedding too.

Capt. I heard a Bird sing, as if it were concluded amongst the Couples.

Wild. They have been long about it; my Couze is a girle deserves more haste to her Bed, he has arriv'd there by Carriers Journeys.

Carel. But that I hate wooing, by this good day, I like your Aunt,

Aunt ſo well and her humour ſhe ſhould ſcarce be thrown away upon Pale-face, that has ſigh'd her into a Wedding Ring, and will but double her Joynture.

Capt. Why I, thus it ſhould be, pray let us make them the Seat of the war all Dinner, and continue united and true among our ſelves, then we may defie all forreign danger.

Joll. And with full Bowles let us crown this peace, and ſing, *Wit, without war, no Mirth doth bring.* *Exeunt.*

ACT. II. SCEN. VI.

Enter Parſon *and* Wanton.

Want. WAs ſhe deaf to your report?

Parſ. Yes, yes.

Want. And ugly, her *Abigail*, ſhe had her ſay too?

Parſ. Yes, yes.

The Parſon *walks troubled up and down.*

Want. And do you walk here biting your Nayls: do you think I'le be ſatisfy'd with ſuch a way of righting me?

Parſ. What would'ſt have me do?

Want. Have you no Gall? be abus'd and laugh'd at by a dull Captain, that a ſtrict Muſter would turn Fool? you had Wit, and could rail, when I offended you, and none ſo ſuddain, none ſo terrible, none ſo ſure in his Revenge, when I diſpleaſe you.

Parſ. Something I'le do.

Want. Do it then, or I ſhall curſe that e're I ſaw you Death, let the ſign of my Lady, an out of faſhion whore, that has pay'd for ſin, ever ſince yellow ſtarch and wheel Fardingales were cry'd down, let her Abuſe me, and ſay nothing? if this paſſes.

Parſ. As Chriſt bleſs me, but I did (ſweet heart:) and if it were not Church livings are mortal, and they are always hitting me in the teeth with a man of your Coat, ſhe ſhould find I am no Church man within, nor Mr. *Parſon* but in my Coat; Come to Dinner, and after Dinner I'le do ſomething.

Want. I ſhall do ſomething will vex ſome body. [*Enter* Baud.

Baud. Will you pleaſe to come to Dinner? the Company ſtays.

Parſ. Come, let's go in.

Want. No, I muſt walk a little to diſgeſt this breakfaſt, the gueſts elſe will wonder to ſee I am troubled.

Parſ. Come, let this day paſs in Mirth, ſpight of miſchief, for lucks ſake. [*Exit* Parſon.

Want. I'le follow you, and do what I can to be merry.

Baud. Why, he ſtands already.

Want. Peace, let me alone, I'le make him Joſtle, like the Millers Mare, and ſtand like the Dun Cow, till thou may'ſt milk him.

Baud. Pray break him of his miſerableneſs, it is one of the chief Exceptions I have againſt him; he reared a puppy once, till it was ten days old, with three hap'worth of milk, and then with his own Dagger ſlew it, and made me dreſs it: bleſt my ſelf to ſee him eat

it, and he bid me beg the Litter, and ſwore it was ſweeter and wholſomer then ſucking Rabbets, or *London* Pigs, which he call'd *Belmens* iſſue.

Parſon *calls within. Why ſweet heart.*

Want. Heark, he calls me, we muſt humour him a little, he'll rebell elſe.

ACT. II. SCEN. VII.

Enter (at the windowes) the Widow *and Maſter* Careleſs, *Miſtreſs* Pleaſant *and Maſter* Wild, Captain, *Maſter* Sad, Conſtant, Jolly, Secret, *a Table and Knives ready for Oyſters.*

Wid. YOu're welcome all, but eſpecially Maſter *Jolly*; no reply, with I thank your Ladyſhip.

Pleaſ. I beſeech you, Sir, let us never be better acquainted.

She ſpeaks to Maſter Jolly

Jolly. I ſhall endeavour, Lady, and fail in nothing that is in my power to diſ-oblige you; for there is none more ambitious of your ill Opinion then I.

Pleaſ. I rejoyce at it, for the leſs Love, the better welcome ſtill.

Wid. And as ever you had an ounce of Love for the Widow, be not Friends among your ſelves.

Wild. Aunt, though we were at ſtrife when we were alone, yet now we unite like a Politick State againſt the common Enemy.

Pleaſ. The common Enemy, what is that?

Wild. Women, and Lovers in general.

Wid. Nay, then we have a party Niece, claim; quickly, now is the time, according to the Proverb; Keep a thing ſeven years, and then if thou haſt no uſe on't throw't away.

Pleaſ. Agreed, let's challenge our Servants; by the Love they have profes'd, they cannot in honour refuſe to joyn with us; and ſee where they come. ——

Enter Sadd *and* Conſtant, *and meet* Secret, *ſhe whiſpers this to* Sadd.

Secret. Sir, tis done.

Sadd. Be ſecret and grave, I'll warrant our deſign will take as we can wiſh.

Conſt. Sweet Miſtreſs *Pleaſant.*

Wid. Servant *Sadd.*

Sadd. Madam.

Wid. We are threatened to have a War wag'd againſt us, will you not ſecond us?

Sadd. With theſe youths we'll do enough, Madam.

Widd. I'll ſwear my Servant gave hit for hit this morning, as if he had been a Maſter in the Noble Science of Wit.

Pleaſ. Mine laid about him with ſpik and ſpan new Arguments, not like the ſame Man, his old ſayings and Preſidents laid by.

Wid. Thus arm'd, then, we'll ſtand and defie them.

Wild. Where's your Points, ſure Aunt, this ſhould be your Wedding

Wedding day, for you have taken the Man for better for worſe.

Wid. No, Nephew, this will not prove the day that we ſhall either give or take a Ring.

Carel. Hang me, if I know you can go back again with your Honour.

Wild. Or in Juſtice refuſe him Liberty, that has ſerv'd out his time; either marry him or provide for him, for he is maim'd in your ſervice.

Wid. Why Servant *Sadd*? you'll arm; my Nephew has thrown the firſt dart at you.

Capt. Haſt hit, haſt hit?

Wild. No, Captain, 'twas too wide.

Capt. Too wide? Marry he's an ill Marks-man that ſhoots wider then a Widow.

Jolly. We are both in one hole, Captain; but I was loath to venture my Opinion, leſt her Ladyſhip ſhould think I was angry; for I have a good mind to fall upon the Widow.

Pleaſ. You're a conſtant Man, Maſter *Jolly*; you have been in that mind this twelve-months day.

Conſt. You are in the right, Madam; ſhe has it to ſhew under his hand, but ſhe will not come in the Liſt with him again; ſhe threw him the laſt year.

Wid. Come, ſhall we eat Oyſters? Who's there? call for ſome Wine, Maſter *Jolly*; you are not warm yet, pray be free, you are at home.

Jolly. Your Ladyſhip is merry.

Wid. You do not take it ill, to have me aſſure you you are at home here?

Wild. Such another invitation (though in jeſt) will take away Maſter *Sadds* ſtomack.

Oyſters not brought in yet.

Sad. No, faith, *Ned*, though ſhe ſhould take him, it will not take away my ſtomack; my Love is ſo fix'd I may wiſh my wiſhes, but ſhe ſhall never want them to wait upon hers.

Pleaſ. A Traytor, bind him, has pull'd down a ſide; profeſs your Love thus publick?

Jolly. I by my faith, continue Maſter *Sadd*, give it out you Love, and call it a new Love, a Love never ſeen before, we'll all come to it as your Friends.

Sadd. Gentlemen, ſtill I Love; and if ſhe to whom I thus ſacrifice will not reward it, yet the worſt Malice can ſay, is, I was unfortunate and misfortunate; not falſe made me ſo.

Jolly. In what Chapter ſhall we find this written, and what verſe? you ſhould preach with a Method, Maſter *Sadd.*

Wid. Gentlemen, if ever he ſpoke ſo much dangerous ſence before (either of Love or Reaſon) hang me.

Sad. Madam, my Love is no news where you are; Know, your ſcorn has made it publick; and though it could gain no return from you; yet others have eſteemed me for the Faith and Conſtancy I have pay'd here.

Pleaſ. Did not I foretell you of his Love? I foreſaw this danger,

ſhall

ſhall I never live to ſee Wit and Love dwell together?

Capt. I am but a poor Souldier, and yet never reach'd to the Honour of being a Lover; yet from my own obſervations, Maſter *Sadd*, take a Truth; 'tis a folly to believe any Woman loves a Man for being conſtant to another, they diſſemble their hearts onely; and hate a Man in Love worſe then a Wencher.

Jolly. And they have Reaſon; for if they have the grace to be kind, he that loves the Sex may be theirs.

Carel. When your conſtant Lover, if a Woman have a mind to him, and be bleſt with ſo much grace to diſcover it; He, out of the noble miſtake of Honour hates her for it, and tells it perchance, and preaches Reaſon to her Paſſion, and cryes, miſerable Beauty, to be ſo unfortunate as to inhabit in ſo much frailty.

Capt. This counſel makes her hate him more then ſhe lov'd before; Theſe are troubles, thoſe that love are ſubject to, while we look on and laugh, to ſee both thus ſlav'd while we are free.

Carl. My prayers ſtill ſhall be, Lord deliver me from Love.

Capt. 'Tis Plague, Peſtilence, Famine, Sword, and ſometimes ſudden death.

Sadd. Yet I love, I muſt love, I will love, and I do love.

Capt. In the preſent tenſe.

Wid. No more of this Argument, for Loves ſake.

Capt. By any means, Madam, give him leave to love, and you are reſolv'd to walk tied up in your own Armes, with your Love as viſible in your Face, as your Miſtreſſes colours in your Hat; that any Porter at *Charing-Croſs* may take you like a Letter at the Carriers, and having read the ſuperſcription, deliver Maſter *Sadd* to the fair hands of Miſtreſs or my Lady ſuch a one, lying at the ſign of the hard heart.

Pleaſ. And ſhe, if ſhe has wit (as I believe ſhe hath) will ſcarce pay the Poſt for the Pacquet.

Wid. Treaſon, how now Niece, joyn with the Enemy?

They give the Captain Wine.

Capt. A health, *Ned*, what ſhall I call it?

Carel. To Maſter *Sadd*, he needs it that avowes himſelf a Lover.

Sadd. Gentlemen, you have the Advantage, the Time, the Place, the Company; But we may meet when your wits ſhall not have ſuch advantage as my Love.

Pleaſ. No more of Love, I am ſo ſick on't.

Conſt. By your Pardon, Miſtreſs, I muſt not leave Love thus unguarded, I vow my ſelf his follower.

Jolly. Much good may Love do him, give me a Glaſs of Wine here; *Will*, let them keep company with the blind Boy, give us his Mother, and let them preach again; hear that will, he has good luck, perſwades me 'tis an ugly ſin to lie with a handſome Woman.

Capt. A pox upon my Nurſe, ſhe frighted me ſo when I was young with ſtories of the Devil, I was almoſt fourteen er'e I could prevail with Reaſons to unbind my Reaſon, it was ſo ſlav'd to Faith and Conſcience; ſhe made me believe Wine was an evil ſpirit,

rit, and Fornication was like the Whore of *Babylon*, a fine face, but a Dragon under her Pety-coats; and that made me have a mind to peep under all I met ſince.

Wid. Fie, fie, for ſhame, do not talk ſo; are you not aſham'd to glory in ſin, as if variety of women were none.

Joll. Madam, we do not glory in Fornication; and yet I thank God, I cannot live without a woman.

Capt. Why, do's your Ladiſhip think it a ſin to lye with variety of handſome women? if it be, would I were the wicked'ſt man in the company.

Pleaſ. You have been mark'd for an indifferent ſinner; that way Captain.

Capt. Who I? No faith, I was a fool, but and I were to begin again, I would not do as I have done, I kept one; but if ever I keep another, Hang me; nor would I adviſe any friend of mine to do it.

Joll. Why, I am ſure 'tis a provident and ſafe way; a man may always be provided and ſound.

Pleaſ. Fie upon this diſcourſe.

Capt. Thoſe conſiderations betrayed me, A pox; it is a dull ſin to travel, like a Carriers-horſe, always one Road.

Wid. Fie, Captain, repent for ſhame, and Marry.

Capt. Your Ladiſhip would have ſaid, Marry, and repent; No, though it be not the greateſt pleaſure, yet it is better then marrying; for when I am weary of her, my unconſtancy is term'd vertue, and I ſhall be ſaid to turn to grace. Beware of women, for better for worſe; for our wicked nature, when her ſport is lawful, cloyes ſtraight; therefore, rather then Marry keep a Wench.

Joll. Faith, he is in the right, for 'tis the ſame thing in number and kind; and then the ſport is quickned, and made poynant with ſin.

Capt. Yet 'tis a fault, faith, and I'll perſwade all my friends from it; eſpecially here where any innovation is dangerous; 'twas the newneſs of the ſin that made me ſuffer in the opinion of my friends; and I was condemned by all ſorts of people; not that I ſinn'd, but that I ſinn'd no more.

Carel. Why I, hadſt thou been wicked in faſhion, and privily lain with ev'ry body, their guilt would have made them protect thee; ſo that to be more wicked is to be innocent at leſt ſafe; A wicked world, Lord help us.

Capt. But being particular to her, and not in love, nor ſubject to it, taking an Antidote ev'ry morning, before I venture into thoſe infectious places where Love Beauty dwells; this enraged the Maiden Beauties of the Time, who thought it a prejudice to their Beauties to ſee me careleſs, and ſecurely paſs by their conquering eyes; my name being found amongſt none of thoſe that deckt their Triumphs. But from this 'tis eaſie to be ſafe, for their Pride will not let them love, nor my leiſure me. Then the old Ladies that pay for their pleaſures; they, upon the news, beheld me with their natural frowns, deſpairing when their money could not prevail;

vail; and hated me when they heard that I for my pleasure would pay as large as they.

Joll. Gentlemen, take warning; a Fee from ev'ry man; For by this day, there's strange counsel in this confession.

Wid. Captain, you forget to pledge Mr. *Careless*; here, will you not drink a cup of wine, who's there? Bring the Oysters.

Capt. Yes, Madam, if you please.

Wild. Proceed, *Captain.*

Pleas. Fie, Mr. *Wild*, are you not asham'd to encourage him to this filthy discourse.

Capt. A glass of wine then; and I'll drink to all the new married Wives that grieve to think, at what rate their Fathers purchase a little husband. These when they lie thirsting for the thing they paid so dear for. [*Enter a Servant with Oysters.*

Carel. These, methinks, should be thy friends, and point thee out as a man for them.

Capt. Yes, till the faithful Nurse cries; Alas, Madam, he keeps such a one, he has enough at home; then she swells with envy and rage against us both, calls my Mistress ugly, common, unsafe; and me, a weak secure fool.

Joll. These are strange truths, Madam.

Wid. I, I, but these Oysters are a better jest.

Capt. But she's abus'd that will let such reason tame her desire, and a fool in Loves School; else she would not be ignorant that variety is such a friend to love, that he which rises a sunk coward from the Ladies bed would find new fires at her Maids; nor ever yet did the man want fire, if the woman would bring the fuel.

Pleas. For Gods sake, leave this discourse.

Wid. The Captain has a mind we should eat no Oysters.

Wild. Aunt, we came to be merry, and we will be merry, and you shall stay it out; Proceed Captain.

Wid. Fie Captain, I'me asham'd to hear you talk thus: Marry, then you will have a better opinion of women.

Capt. Marry! yes, this knowledge will invite me, it is a good encouragement, is it not think you? What is your opinion? were not these Marriages made in Heaven? By this good day, all the world is mad, and makes haste to be fool'd, but we four: And I hope there's none of us believes there has any Marriages been made in Heaven, since *Adam.*

Joll. By my faith, 'tis thought the Devil gave the Ring there to.

Wid. Nephew, I'll swear I'll be gone.

He points to Sadd. *Capt.* Hold her, *Ned*, she goes not yet; there's a fourth kind of women that concerns her more then all the rest, *Ecce signum* —— She is one of those who, cloathed in Purple, triumph over their dead husbands; these will be caught at first sight, and at first sight must be catcht; 'tis a Bird that must be shot flying, for they never sit; if a man delay they cool, and fall into considerations of Joynture, and friends opinion; in which time, if she hears thou keep'st a Wench, thou had'st better be a Beggar in her opinion; for then her Pride, it may be, would betray her to the vanity of setting up a proper man

man; (as they call it) but for a Wencher no Argument prevails with your Widow; for ſhe believes they have ſpent too much that way, to be able to pay her due benevolence.

Wid. As I live, I'll be gone if you ſpeak one word more of this uncivil ſubject.

Joll. Captain, let me kiſs thy cheek, for that Widow; you underſtand this, Widow? I ſay no more; Here Captain, here's to thee; as it goes down, A pox of care.

Wid. Jeſus! Mr. *Jolly*, have you no obſervations of the Court, that are ſo affected with this of the Town?

Conſt. Faith, they ſay, there's good ſport there, ſometimes.

Pleaſ. Mr. *Jolly* is afraid to let us partake of his knowledge.

Joll. No faith, Madam.

Capt. By this drink, if he ſtay till I have eaten a few more, I'll deſcribe it.

Joll. What ſhould I ſay, 'tis certain the Court is the braveſt place in the Kingdom, for ſport, if it were well lookt to, and the Game preſerved fair; But as 'tis, a man may ſooner make a ſet in the *Strand.* And it will never be better, whil'ſt your *divine Lovers* inhabit there.

Carel. Let the King make me Maſter of the Game.

Capt. And admit us Laiety-lovers.

Joll. I would he would; for as 'tis, there's no hopes amongſt the Ladies; beſides, 'tis ſuch an example to ſee a King and Queen good, Husband and Wife, that to be kind will grow out of faſhion.

Capt. Nay, that's not all, for the women grow malicious, becauſe they are not courted; nay, they bred all the laſt miſchiefs, and call'd the Kings chaſtity a neglect of them.

Joll. Thou art in the right; An *Edward*, or a *Harry*, with *ſeven Queens in Buckram*, that *Haught* among the men, and *Stroakt* the women, are the Monarchs they wiſh to bow to; they love no tame Princes, but *L*yons in the Foreſt.

Capt. Why, and thoſe were properly call'd the Fathers of their People, that were indeed akine to their Nobility; now they wear out their youth and beauty, without hope of a monumental Ballad, or Trophee of a Lie-bell that ſhall hereafter point at ſuch a Lord, and cry that is the royal Son of ſuch a one.

Joll. And theſe were the ways that made them powerful at home; for the City is a kind of tame Beaſt; you may lead her by the horns any whither, if you but tickle them in the ear ſometimes. Queen *Beſs*, of famous memory, had the trick on't; and I have heard them ſay, *In Eighty eighty*, er'e I was born, as well I can remember, ſhe rode to *Tilbury* on that bonny Beaſt, the Mayor.

Capt. I would I might counſel him; I'de ſo reform the Court.

Carel. Never too ſoon; for now, when a ſtranger comes in, and ſpies a Covey of a Beauties, would make a Faulconer unhood, before he can draw his Leaſh he is warn'd that's a markt Partridge; and that, and ev'ry he, has by their example a particular ſhe.

Wild. By this light, the ſix fair Maids ſtand like the Working-days in the Almanack; one with A ſcored upon her breaſt, that is

as much to ſay, I belong to ſuch a Lord; the next with B for an elder Brother; C for ſuch a Knight; D poſſeſt with melancholy, and at her breaſt you may knock an hour er'e you get an anſwer, and then ſhe'l tell you there's no lodging there; ſhe has a conſtant fellow Courtier that has taken up all her heart to his own uſe: in ſhort, All are diſpos'd of, but the good Mother; and ſhe comes in like the Sabbath, at the weeks end; and I warrant her make any one reſt that comes at her.

Carel. I marry; but if ſhe were like the Jews Sabbath, it were ſomewhat; but this looks like a Broken Commandment, that has had more work done upon her, then all the week beſides.

Capt. And what think you, is not this finely carryed? you that are about the King, counſel him, if he will have his ſport fair, he muſt let the Game be free, as it has been in former Ages; then a ſtranger that has wit, good means, and handſome cloaths, no ſooner enters the privy Chamber, and beat about with three graceful legs, but he ſpring a Miſtreſs that danc'd as well as he, Sung better, as free as fair; thoſe at firſt ſight could ſpeak, for wit is always acquainted: Theſe fools muſt be akin er'e they can ſpeak; and now the friends make the bargain, and they go to Bed er'e they know why.

Joll. Faith, he's in the right, you ſhall have a Buzzard now hover and beat after a pretty Wench, till ſhe is ſo weary of him ſhe's forc'd to take her Bed for covert, and find leſs danger in being truſs'd then in flying.

Capt. And what becomes of all this pudder, after he has made them ſport for one night, to ſee him towſe the Quarry, he carries her into the Country, and there they two fly at one another till they are weary.

Carel. And all this miſchief comes of Love and Conſtancy; we ſhall never ſee better days till there be an Act of Parliament againſt it; Enjoyning Husband not to Till their Wives, but change and lay them fallow.

Joll. A pox, the women will never conſent to it; they'l be till'd to death firſt.

Wid. Gentlemen, you are very bold with the ſex.

Capt. Faith, Madam, it is our care of them; why you ſee they are married at fourteen, yield a Crop and a half, and then dye, 'tis meerly their love that deſtroys 'em; for if they get a good huſbandman, the poor things yield their very hearts.

Pleaſ. And do you blame their loves, Gentlemen?

Joll. No, not their love, but their diſcretion; let them love, and do, a Gods name; but let them do with diſcretion.

Wild. But how will you amend this?

Joll. Inſtead of two Beds and a Phyſitian; I'de have the State preſcribe two Wives and a Miſtreſs.

Wild. Ho! it will never be granted; the State is made up of old men, and they find work enough with one.

Joll. We will petition the lower Houſe, there are young men, and (if it were but to be factious) would paſs it, if they thought the

the upper houſe would Croſs it; Beſides, they ought to do it, Death! they provide againſt cutting down old Trees, and preſerving high-ways and Poſt-horſes, and let pretty Wenches run to decay?

Carel. Why may it not come within the Statute of Depopulation? As I live, the State ought to take care of thoſe Pretty creatures; Be you Judge, Madam; Is't not a ſad ſight to ſee a rich young Beauty, with all her Innocence and Bloſſoms on, ſubject to ſome rough rude Fellow, that ploughs her; and eſteems and uſes her as a chattel, till ſhe is ſo lean, a man may finde as good Graſs upon the Common, where it may be ſhee'le ſit coughing with ſunk Eyes, ſo weak that a Boy (with a Dog) that can but whiſtle, may keep a ſcore of them?

Wid. You are ſtrangely charitable to Our Sex, on a ſudden.

Capt. I know not what they are; but for my part, I'le be a Traytor ere I'le look on, and ſee Beauty go thus to wrack; it is enough, cuſtom has made us ſuffer them to be enclos'd; I am ſure, they were created common, and for the uſe of Man, and not intended to be ſubject to jealouſie and choler, or to be bought or ſold, or let for term of lives or years, as they are now, or elſe ſold at Out-crys; Oh! Yes; who'le give moſt take her.

Wid. Why do not ſome of you, Excellent men, Marry, and mend all theſe Errours, by your good Example?

Joll. Becauſe we want Fortunes, to buy rich wives, or keep poor ones, and be loath to get Beggars, or whores, as well as I love 'em.

Pleaſ. Why, are all their Children ſo that have no fortune think you?

Joll. No, not all; I have heard of *Whittington* and his Cat, and others, that have made Fortunes by ſtrange means; But I ſcarce believe my Son would riſe from Hope, a half peny, and a Lambs-ſkin; And the Wenches commonly having more Wit & Beauty then Money, foreſeeing ſmall Portions, grow ſad, and read Romances, till their Wit ſpie ſome unfortunate merit like their own, without money too, and they two ſigh after one another, till they grow myſterious in Colours, and become a Proverb for their conſtancy; and when their Love has worn out the cauſe, marry in the end a new Couple, then grown aſham'd of the knowledge they ſo long hunted, at length part, by conſent, and vaniſh into *Abigail* and Governour.

Wid. Well Gentlemen, Excuſe me for this One time; and if ever I invite you to Dinner again, puniſh me with ſuch another diſcourſe, in the mean time let's go in and dine, meat ſtays for us. [*Exe. Omnes.*

Capt. Faith Madam, we were reſolved to be merry; We have not met theſe three years till to day, and at the Bear we meant to have din'd; and ſince your Ladyſhip would have Our Company, you muſt pardon Our humour; here Miſtriſs *Sadd*, here's the Widows health to you.

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

Enter all from Dinner.

Wid. NEphew, how do you disposе of your self this afternoon?
Wild. We have a design we must pursue, which will rid you of all this troublesome Company; and wee'l make no Excuse, because you peeped into our privacies to day.

Carel. Your humble servant, Ladies; Gentlemen, wee'l leave you to pursue your fortunes. [*Exit* Carel.

Joll. Farewel Widow, may'st thou live unmarryed till thou run'st away with thy self. [*Exit* Jolly.

Capt. No, no, When that day comes, Command the humblest of your Servants. [*Exit* Captain.

Wild. Farewel Aunt; sweet Mistris *Pleasant*, I wish you good fortune. [*Exit* Wild.

Wid. Farewel, farewel Gentlemen; Niece, now if we could be rid of these troublesome Lovers too, we would go see a Play.

She speaks aside.

Pleas. Rid of them? Why, they are but now in season; as I live, I would do as little to give mine content as any she in Town, and yet I do not grudge him the happiness of carrying me to a Play.

Wid. I, but the world will talk, because they pretend; and then we shall be sure to meet my Nephew there, and his wil'd Company, and they will laugh to see us together.

Pleas. Who will you have? *Tym* the Butler, or *Formal* your Gentleman Usher? I would take *Philip* the foreman of the shop assoon.

Wid. Let's mask our selves, and take *Secret*, and go alone by water.

Pleas. Yes, and follow her like one of my Aunts of the Suburbs; it is a good way to know what you may yield in a Market; for I'le undertake, there are those shall bid for you before the play will be done.

Secret. As I live, Madam, Mistris *Pleasant* is in the right; I had such a kindness offer'd me once, and I came to a price with him in knavery; and hang me, if the Rogue was not putting the earnest of his affection into my hand.

Wid. Let's go to the Glass-house then.

Pleas. I'le go to a Play with my Servant, and so shall you; hang Opinion, and wee'le go to the Glass-house afterwards; it is too hot to Sup early.

Secret. Pray Madam go, they say 'tis a fine Play, and a Knight writ it.

Pleas. Pray let *Secret* prevail, I'le propose it to the Lovers; in the mean time go you, and bid the Coachman make ready the Coach. (Secret *whispers* Sadd, *'twill take.*)

Secret. Alas, Madam, hee's sick, poor fellow, and gone to bed, he could not wait at Dinner.

Wid. Sick?

Pleas.

Pleaſ. Why, ſee how all things work for the young men, either their Coach, or a Foot; Mr. *Conſtant*, what think you of ſeeing a Play this afternoon? is it not too hot to venture, this Infectious time?

Conſt. Fie, Madam, there's no danger, the Bill decreas'd Twenty laſt week.

Sad. I ſwear, they ſay, 'tis a very good Play to day.

Wid. Shall we go, Niece?

Pleaſ. Faith 'tis hot, and there's no body but we.

Sadd. Do's that hinder? pray Madam, grudge us not the favour of venturing your ſelf in Our company.

Wid. Come, leave this Ceremony, I'le go in, and put on my Mask; *Secret* ſhall bring you yours;

Pleaſ. No, I'le go, and put it on within. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. III. SCEN. II.

Enter Wild, Careleſs, Captain *and* Jolly.

Carel. BY this day, you have netled the Widow.

Wild. The *Captain* neglected his dinner for his mirth, as if he had forgot to eat.

Joll. When did he overſee his drinking ſo?

Capt. Gentlemen, ſtill it is my fortune to make your worſhips Merry.

Wild. As I live, *Captain*, I ſubſcribe, and am content to hold my wit as Tenant to thee; and to night I'le invite you to Supper, where it ſhall not be lawful to ſpeak till thou has victual'd thy Man of War.

Capt. Shall's be merry? what ſhall we have?

Wild. Half a ſcore diſhes of meat, chooſe them your ſelf.

Capt. Provide me then the Chines fry'd, and the Salmon Calver'd, a Carp, and black ſawce, Red-Dear in the blood, and an Aſſembly of Woodcocks, and Jack-ſnipes, ſo fat you would think they had their winding Sheets on; And upon theſe, as their Pages, let me have wait your Suſſex Wheat-Ear, with a Feather in his Cap; Over all which let our Countrey-man, General Chyne of Beef, Command: I hate your French pottage, that looks as the Cook maid had more hand in it then the Cook.

Wild. I'le promiſe you all this.

Carel. And let me alone to Cook the Fiſh.

Capt. You Cook it? No, no, I left an honeſt fellow in Town, when I went into *Italy*, Signiour *Ricardo Ligones*, one of the ancient houſe of the Armenian Ambaſſadours; if he be alive he ſhall be our Cook.

Wild. Is he ſo Excellent at it?

Capt. Excellent? You ſhall try, you ſhall try; Why, I tell you, I ſaw him once dreſs a ſhooing-horn, and a Joyners apron, that the Company left Pheaſant for it.

Wild. A Shooing-horn?

Cap.

Capt. Yes, a ſhooing-horn; marry, there was Garlick in the Sawce.

Wild. Is this all you would have?

Capt. This, and a Bird of Paradiſe, to entertain the reſt of the night, and let me alone to Cook her.

Wild. A Bird of Paradiſe, what's that?

Capt. A Girl of Fifteen, ſmooth as Satten, White as her Sunday Apron, Plump, and of the firſt down: I'le take her with her guts in her Belly, and warm her with a Countrey dance or two, then pluck her, and lay her dry betwixt a couple of ſheets; There pour into her ſo much oyl of Wit as will make her turn to a man, & ſtick into her heart three corns of whole love, to make her taſte of what ſhe is doing, then having ſtrewed a man all over her, ſhut the door, and leave us, wee'le work our ſelves into ſuch a Sauce as you can never ſurfeit on, ſo Poynant and yet no Hogough; Take heed of a hogough, your Onion and woman make the worſt ſawce; This ſhook together by an Engliſh Cook (for your French ſeaſoning ſpoils many a woman) and there's a Diſh for a King.

Wild. For the firſt Part, I'le undertake.

Capt. But this for Supper; *Capt.* No more of this now; This afternoon, as you are true to the Pettycoat, obſerve your Inſtructions, and meet at *Neds* houſe in the Evening.

Omnes. We will not fail.

Capt. I muſt write to *Wanton*, to know how things ſtand at home, and to acquaint her how we have thrived with the Old Lady to day.

Wild. Whither will you go to write?

Capt. To thy houſe, 'tis hard by, there's the Fleece.

Joll. Do, and in the mean time I'le go home and diſpatch a little buſineſs, and meet you.

Wild. Make haſte then.

Joll. Where ſhall I meet you?

Wild. Whither ſhall we go till it be time to attend the deſign.

Carel. Let's go to Court for an hour.

Joll. Do, I'le meet you at the Queens ſide.

Wild. No, prithee, we are the Mounſieurs new come Over; and if we go fine they will laugh at Us, and think we believe Our ſelves ſo; if not, then they will abuſe our cloaths, and ſwear we went into *France* onely to have our cloaks cut ſhorter.

Carel. Will you go ſee a Play?

Capt. Do, and thither I'le come to you, if it be none of our Gentlemen Poets, that excuſe their writings with a Prologue that profeſſes they are no Scholars.

Joll. On my word this is held the beſt penn'd of the time, and he has writ a very good Play; By this Day, it was extreamly applauded.

Capt. Do's he write Plays by the day; Indeed a man would ha judged him a labouring Poet.

Joll. A Labouring Poet? by this hand hee's a Knight; upon my recommendation venture to ſee it; hang me if you be not extreamly well ſatisfied.

Carel.

Carel. A Knight and write Playes? it may be, but 'tis ſtrange to us; ſo they ſay there are other Gentlemen Poets without Land or Latine; this was not ordinary; prithee when was he knighted?

Jolly. In the North, the laſt great knighting, when 'twas Gods great Mercy we were not all Knights.

VVild. I'll ſwear, they ſay, there are Poets that have more Men in Liveries, then Books in their ſtudies.

Capt. And what think you, Gentlemen, are not theſe things to ſtart a Man? I believe 'tis the firſt time you have found them lie at the ſign of the Page, Foot-men and gilded Coaches; They were wont to lodge at the thin Cloak, they and their Muſes made up the Family; And thence ſent Scenes to their Patrons, like Boyes in at windowes, and one would return with a Dublett, another with a pair of Breeches, a third with a little ready Money; which, together with their credit with a company, in three Tearms you rarely ſaw a Poet repaired.

Jolly. This truth no body denies.

VVild. Prithee let us reſolve what we ſhall do, leſt we meet with ſome of them: for it ſeemes they ſwarm, and I fear nothing like a Dedication, though it be but of himſelf; For I muſt hear him ſay more then either I deſerve or he believes; I hate that in a Poet, they muſt be dull, or all upon all Subjects; ſo that they can oblige none but their Muſe.

Jolly. I perceive by this you will not ſee the Play; what think you of going to *Sims*, to Bowles, till I come?

Carel. Yes, if you will go to ſee that Comedy; but there is no reaſon we ſhould pay for our coming in, and Act too; like ſome whoſe intereſt in the Timber robs them of their Reaſon, and they run as if they had ſtolne a Byaſs.

Wild. Reſolve what you will do, I am contented.

Carel. Let's go walk in the Spring-garden.

VVild. I'll do it for Company, but I had as live be rid in the Horſe-market, as walk in that fools faire; where neither wit nor money is, nor ſure to take up a Wench; there's none but honeſt Women.

Capt. A pox on't, what ſhould we do there? let's go and croſs the Field to *Pikes*, her kitching is cool Winter and Summer.

Carel. I like that motion well, but we have no time, and I hate to do that buſineſs by halfe; after Supper, if you will, we'll go and make a night on't.

Capt. Well, I muſt go write, therefore reſolve of ſomewhat; ſhall I propoſe an indifferent place where 'tis probable we ſhall all meet.

Omnes. Yes.

Capt. Go you before to the Devil, and I'll make haſte after.

Carel. Agreed, we ſhall be ſure of good Wine there and in *Freſco*, for he is never without *Patent ſnow*.

VVild. Patent ſnow, what doth that project hold?

Jolly. Yes, faith, and now there is a Commiſſion appointed for Toaſts againſt the next Winter.

VVild.

Wild. Marry, they are wise, and fore-saw the Parliament, and were resolv'd their Monopolies should be no grievance to the People.

Capt. Farewell, you will be sure to meet.

Omnes. Yes, yes. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. III. SCEN. III.

Enter Wanton *and her* Maid, *with her lap full of things.*

Want. BId them ply him close and flatter him, and rail upon the old Lady and the Captain; and, do you hear, give him some hints to begin the story of his life, do it handsomely, and you shall see how the Sack will clip his tongue.

Maid. I warrant you, I'll fit him.

Want. When he is in his discourse, leave him and come down into the Parlour, and steal away his box with the false Rings that stands by his bed-side; I have all his little Plate here already.

Maid. Make you haste, I'll warrant you I'll dress him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. III. SCEN. IV.

Enter the Captain *with a Letter in his hand, and his Boy to him with a Candle, his going to write the superscription.*

Boy. SIR, the Lady *Love-all* passed by even now.

Capt. The Lady *Love-all?* which way went she.

Boy. To the rich Lady the Widow, where your Worship dined.

Capt. 'Tis no matter; here, carry this Letter, and bring an answer to the Devil quickly; and tell her we'll stay there till the time be fit for the design. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. III. SCEN. V.

Enter Careless, Wild, *and a* Drawer, *at the Devil.*

Careless. JAck, How goes the world? Bring us some bottles of the best Wine.

Drawer. You shall, Sir; your Worship is welcome into *England.*

Carel. Why look you, who sayes a *Drawer* can say nothing, but anan, anan, Sir? score a quart of Sack in the half-moon.

Draw. Your Worship is merry; but I'll fetch you that, Sir, shal speak Greek, and make your Worship prophecy, you drank none such in your journey.

Gives him an Angel.

Wild. Do it then, and make a hole in this Angell thou maist creep through; who is't that peepes, a Fidler? Bring him by the Ears. [*Enter the* Taylor *that pipes.*

Taylor. A Taylor, an't like your Worship.

Carel.

Carel. A Taylor? haſt thou a ſtout Faith?

Taylor. I have had, an't like your Worſhip; But now I am in deſpair.

Carl. Why then thou art damn'd; go, go home, and throw thy ſelf into thine own Hell, it is the next way to the other.

Taylor. I hope your Worſhip is not diſpleas'd.

Carel. What doſt do here? a *Taylor* without faith, dos't come to take meaſure of ours?

Taylor. No, I come to ſpeak with one Maſter *Jolly*, a Courtier, a very fine ſpoken Gentleman, and a juſt Compter, but one of the worſt pay-maſters in the world.

VVild. As thou lov'ſt me, let's keep him here till he comes, and make him valiant with Sack that he may urge him till he beates him; we ſhall have the ſport, and be reveng'd upon the Rogue for dunning a Genleman in a Tavern. *Aſide.*

Carel. I'll charge him: Here drink, poor fellow, and ſtay in the next room till he comes.

Taylor. I thank your Worſhip, but I am faſting; and if it pleaſe your Worſhip to call for a dozen of Manchets that I may eat a cruſt firſt, then I'll make bold with a glaſs of your Sack.

VVild. Here, here, drink in the mean time, fetch him ſome bread.

Taylor. Will your Worſhip have me drink all this veſſel of Sack?

Carel. Yes, yes, off with't, 'twill do you no harm. *The* Taylor *drinkes.*

VVild. Why do you not take ſome Order with that *Jolly* to make him pay thee?

Taylor. I have petition'd him often, but can do no good.

Carel. A pox upon him, petition him, his heart is hardned to ill, threaten to arreſt him; nothing but Serjeant can touch his Conſcience.

Taylor. Truly, Gentlemen, I have reaſon to be angry, for he uſes me ill, when I aſk him for my money. Jolly *ſpeakes within.*

Jolly. Where is Maſter *VVild*, and Maſter *Careleſs*?

Taylor. I hear his voice.

Jolly. Let the Coach ſtay. How now, who would he ſpeak with? [*Enter* Jolly.

VVild. Do not you know?

Jolly. Yes, and be you Judge if the Rogue does not ſuffer deſervedly; I have bid him any time this twelve moneth but ſend his wife, and I'll pay her, and the Rogue replyes, no body ſhall lie with his wife but himſelf.

Carel. Nay, if you be ſuch a one.

Taylor. No more they ſhall not, I am but a poor man.

Jolly. By this hand, he's drunk.

Taylor. Nay then, I arreſt you in mine own Name at his Majeſties Suit.

VVild. As I live, thou ſhalt not beat him.

Jolly. Beat him? I'll kiſs him, I'll pay him, and carry him about with me, and be at the charge of Sack to keep him in the humour.

Taylor. Help, reſcue, I'll have his body, no Bayle ſhall ſerve. *He hugs the quart pot.*

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, yonder is a Gentleman would ſpeak with you; I do not like his followers.

Joll. What are they, Bailiffs?

Drawer. Little better.

Joll. Send him up alone, and ſtand you ready at the Stairs feet.

Carel. How can that be?

Joll. It is the Scrivener at the Corner, pick a Quarrel with him for coming into our Company; the Drawers will be armed behind them, and we will ſo rout the Raſcals; take your ſwords, and let him ſleep.

Carel. What Scrivener?

Joll. *Cropp* the Browniſt, he that the Ballad was made on.

Carel. What Ballad?

Joll. Have not you heard of the Scriveners Wife that brought the Black-moore from the holy Land, and made him a Browniſt; and in pure charity lay with him, and was deliver'd of a Mag-Pie; a pied Prophet; which when the elect ſaw, they propheſi'd, if it liv'd, 'twould prove a great enemy to their Sect; for the Mid-wife cri'd out, 'twas born a Biſhop, with Tippet and white-ſleeves; at which the zealous Mother cri'd, Down with the Idoll; ſo the Mid-wife and ſhe in pure devotion kill'd it.

Wild. Kill'd it? what became of them?

Joll. Why, they were taken and condemn'd, and ſuffer'd under a Catholick Sheriff, that afflicted them with the Letany all the way from *New-gate* to the Gallows, which in Rog'ry he made to be ſet up Altar-wiſe too, and hang'd them without a Pſalm.

Wild. But how took they that breach of Priviledge?

Joll. I know not, *Gregory* turn'd them off, and ſo they deſcended, and became Brown-martyrs.

Wild. And is the husband at door now?

Joll. Yes, yes, but he's married again to a rich Widow at *Wapping*, a Wench of another temper, one that you cannot pleaſe better then by abuſing him; I always pick quarrels with him, that ſhe may reconcile us, the peace is always worth a dinner, at leaſt. Hark, I hear him.---- Save you Mr. *Cropp*, you are come in the nick to pledge a health.

Crop. No, Sir, I have other buſineſs, ſhall I be paid my money, or no?

Jolly *drinks.* *Joll.* Yes.

Crop. Sir?

Joll. You asked whether you ſhould be paid your money, or no, and I ſaid, Yes.

Crop. Pray, Sir, be plain.

Carel. And be you ſo, Sir; how durſt you come into this Room, and company, without leave?

Crop. Sir, I have come into good Lords company, er'e now.

Carel. It may be ſo, but you ſhall either fall upon your knees, and

and pledge this health, or you come no more into Lords companies, no, By theſe hilts.

Crop. 'Tis Idolatry; Do, martyr me, I will not kneel, nor joyn in ſin with the wicked. *They tug him and make him kneel.*

Joll. Either kneel, or I'll tear thy Cloak, which by the age and looks, may be that which was writ for in the time of the Primitive Church.

Crop. Pay me, and I'll wear a better; it would be honeſtlier done, then to abuſe this, and prophane the Text; a Text that ſhews your Biſhops in thoſe days wore no Lawn-ſleeves; and you may be aſham'd to protect him that will not pay his debts; The cries of the Widow will come againſt you for it.

Joll. Remember, Sirrah, the dinners and ſuppers, fat Veniſon and good words, I was fain to give you, Chriſtning your Children ſtill, by the way of Brokadge; count that charge, and how often I have kept you from fining for Sheriff, and thou art in my debt; then I am damn'd for ſpeaking well of thee ſo often againſt my conſcience, which you never conſider.

Crop. I am an honeſt man, Sir.

Joll. Then uſhering your wife, and Miſtreſs *Ugly* her daughter, to Plays and Maſques at Court; you think theſe courteſies deſerve nothing in the hundred; 'tis true, they made room for themſelves with their dagger Elbows; and when *Spider* your daughter laid about her with her breath, the Devil would not have ſat neer her.

Crop. You did not borrow my money with this language.

Joll. No, Sirrah; then I was fain to flatter you, and endure the familiarity of your family, and hear (nay fain ſometimes to joyn in) the lying praiſes of the holy Siſter that expir'd at *Tyburn*.

Crop. Do, abuſe her, and be curſt; 'tis well known ſhe dy'd a martyr; and her blood will be upon ſome of you, 'tis her Orphans money I require; and this is the laſt time I'll ask it, I'll find a way to get it. *He offers to go, and* Jolly *ſtays him.*

Joll. Ar't ſerious? By that light, I'll conſent, and take it for an infinite Obligation if thou wilt teach the reſt of my Creditors that trick; 'twill ſave me a world of labour; For, hang me if I know how to do't.

Crop. Well, Sir, ſince I ſee your reſolution, I ſhall make it my buſineſs.

Carel. Prithee, let's be rid of this fool.

Crop. Fool? let him pay the fool his money, and he'l be gone.

Joll. No, Sir, not a farthing; 'twas my buſineſs to borrow it, and it ſhall be yours to get it in again; nay, By this hand, I'll be feaſted too, and have good words; nay, thou ſhalt lend me more er'e thou get'ſt this again.

Crop. I'll lay my Action upon you.

Joll. Your Action you Rogue, lay two. *They kick him and thruſt him out the room.*

Carel. Lay three for Battery; What have we here? a ſhe Creditor too? who would ſhe ſpeak with?

Enter Faithful, Wild *and* Careleſs *return and meet her.*

Wild. She looks as if ſhe had truſted in her time.

Carel. Would you ſpeak with any here, old Gentlewoman?

Faithf. My buſineſs is to Mr. *Jolly.*

Carel. From your ſelf, or are you but a Meſſenger?

Faithf. My buſineſs, Sir, is from a Lady.

Carel. From a Lady? from what Lady, pray? Why ſo coy?

Faithf. From a Lady in the Town.

Carel. Hoh! hoh! from a Lady in the Town; Is it poſſible I ſhould have gueſt you came from a Lady in the Suburbs, or ſome Country-madam, by your riding face? [*Enter* Jolly *again.*

Joll. I think we have routed the Raſcals. *Faithful?* what makes thy gravity in a Tavern?

Faithf. Sport, it ſeems, for your ſaucy companions.

Joll. Ho, ho, Mull, ho; No Fury, *Faithful.*

Faithf. 'Tis well, Sir; my Lady preſents her ſervice to you, and hath ſent you a Letter, there's my buſineſs.

Carel. Prithee, who is her Lady?

Joll. The Lady *Love-all.*

Carel. Oh, oh, do's ſhe ſerve that old Lady? God help her.

Faithf. God help her: Pray for your ſelf, Sir, my Lady ſcorns your prayers.

Joll. Faithful, come hither; Prithee is thy Lady drunk?

Faithf. Drunk, Sir?

Joll. I, drunk, or mad, ſhe'd never writ this elſe; ſhe requires me, here, to ſend back by you the Pearl ſhe gave me this morning; which ſure ſhe'd never do if ſhe were ſober; for you know, I earn'd them hard.

Faithf. I know? What do I know? you will not defame my Lady, will you?

Carel. By no means, this is by way of counſel; fie, give a thing, and take a thing; if he did not perform, he ſhall come at night, and pay his ſcores.

Faithf. 'Tis well, Sir; is this your return for my Ladies Favours? ſhall I have the Pearl, Sir?

Joll. No; and tell her 'tis the opinion of us all, he that opens her ſtinking Oyſter is worthy of the Pearl.

Faithf. You are a foul-mouth'd fellow, Sirrah; and I ſhall live to ſee you load a Gallows, when my Lady ſhall find the way to her own again.

Joll. If ſhe miſs, there are divers can direct her, you know; adieu, *Faithful*, do you hear? ſteal privately down by the back-door, leſt ſome knaviſh Boy ſpie thee, and call thine age, Baud.

[*Exit* Faithful.

Carel. Prithee, who is this thing?

Joll. 'Tis my Ladies Waiting-woman, her Baud, her ſhe Confeſſor, her ſelf at ſecond hand; her beginning was ſimple and below ſtairs, till her Lady finding her to be a likely promiſing Baud; ſecret

cret as the Key at her Girdle, obedient as her thoughts, thoſe vertues rais'd her from the flat Peti-coat, and Kercher, to the Gorget and Bum-roll; and I remember 'twas good; ſport at firſt, to ſee the Wench perplext with her Metamorphoſis; ſhe ſince has been in love with all the Family, and now ſighs after the Levite; and if he forſake her too, I propheſie, a Waiting-womans curſe will fall upon her, to dye old, deſpis'd, poor, and out of faſhion. [*Enter* Capt.

Capt. Why do you not hang out a painted cloath? and take two pence a piece, and let in all the tame fools at door, thoſe ſons of wonder that now gape, and think you mad.

Carel. 'Tis no matter what they think, madneſs is proper here; are not Taverns *Bacchus* his Temples, the place of madneſs, Do's not the ſign of madneſs hang out at the door?

Joll. While we within poſſeſs our joys and cups, as full of pleaſure as weeping *Niobe*'s afflicted eyes were ſwell'd with grief and tears; Bleſſing on the cauſe that made our joys thus compleat; for ſee *Plutus* in our Pockets, *Mars* by our ſides, *Bacchus* in our head, ſelf-love in our hearts, and change of Virgins in our Arms, Beauties whoſe eyes and hearts ſpeak love and welcome; No rigid thinkers, no niggard beauties that maliciouſly rake up their fire in green ſickneſs to preſerve a ſpark that ſhall flame only in ſome dull day of Marriage; let ſuch ſwear and forſwear, till (of the whole Pariſh) they love each other leaſt, whil'ſt we wiſely ſet out our cob-webs in the moſt perſpicuous places to catch theſe fooliſh flies.

Carel. He's in the right; do'ſt think we retreated hither to beat a bargain for a ſcore of Sheep, or diſpute the legality of Votes, and weigh the power of Prerogative and Parliament, and club for concluding Sack, or read the Fathers here, till we grow coſtive, like thoſe that have worn their ſuffering Elbows bare, to find a knowledge to perplex 'em? A pox on ſuch brain-breaking thoughts; avoid them, and take with me into thy hand a glaſs of eternal Sack, and propheſie the reſtauration of ſenſes, and the fall of a Lover from grace, which our dear friend, Mr. *Jolly*, will prove to whom the Lady *Love-all* (by *Faithful* lately departed) ſent for the Pearl you wot of.

Capt. But, I hope, he had the grace to keep them.

Joll. No, no; I'me a fool, I.

Capt. Was not my Boy here?

Joll. No, we ſaw him not.

Capt. A pox of the Rogue, he's grown ſo laſie.

Wild. Your Boy is come in juſt now, and call'd for the key of the back-door, there's women with him.

Capt. Oh! that's well, 'tis *Wanton*; I ſent for her, to laugh over the ſtory of the old Lady and her Pearl; where have you been all this while, Sirrah? [*Enter* Boy.

Boy. I could overtake the Coach, Sir, no ſooner.

Capt. The Coach? what Coach?

Boy. The Lady *Love-alls*.

Capt. The Lady *Love-alls*? why what had you to do with her Coach?

Boy.

Boy. I went to give her the Letter your worſhip ſent her.

Capt. The Letter? what Letter?

Boy. That your worſhip gave me.

Capt. That I writ, at *Neds* houſe, to *Wanton?*

Boy. The Letter you gave me, Sir, was directed to the Lady *Love-all*, and ſhe ſtorm'd like a mad-woman at the reading of it.

Carel. Why, thou wilt not beat the Boy for thy own fault? what Letter was it?

Capt. 'Twas enough, only a relation of the Pearl, wherein ſhe finds her ſelf ſufficiently abus'd to *Wanton.*

Joll. Now, Gentlemen, you have two to laugh at.

Capt. A pox of fooling, let's reſolve what to do, there's no denying, for ſhe has all the particulars under my hand.

Boy. You muſt reſolve of ſomething, for ſhe's coming, and ſtay'd only till the back-door was open'd.

Capt. How did ſhe know I was here?

Boy. Your worſhip bad me tell her, you would ſtay here for her.

Carel. How came this miſtake?

Capt. Why, the Devil ought us a ſhame it ſeems. You know I went home to give *Wanton* an accompt how we advanc'd in our deſign; and when I was writing the ſuperſcription, I remember the Boy came in and told me the Lady *Love-all* paſs'd by.

Joll. And ſo, it ſeems, you in pure miſtake directed your Letter to her.

Carel. Well, reſolve what you'l do with her, when ſhe comes.

Capt. Faith, bear it like men, 'tis but an old Lady loſt; lets reſolve to defie her, we are ſure of our Pearl; but leſt we prolong the war, take the firſt occaſion you can all to avoid the room; when ſhe's alone, I'll try whether ſhe'l liſten to a compoſition.

Joll. Have you no friends in the cloſe Committee?

Capt. Yes, yes, I am an *Eſſex* man.

Carel. Then get ſome of them to move, it may be voted no Letter.

Joll. I, I; and after 'tis voted no Letter, then vote it falſe, ſcandalous and illegal, and that is in it; they have a preſident for it in the Daniſh packet, which they took from a fooliſh fellow, who preſuming upon the Law of Nations, came upon an Embaſſie to the King without an Order, or Paſs from both houſes.

Capt. Heark, I hear her coming. [*Enter* Love-all *and* Faithf.

Love. Sir, I received a Letter, but by what accident I know not; for I believe it was not intended me, though the contents concern me.

Capt. Madam, 'tis too late to deny it; is it peace or war you bring? without diſpute, if war, I hang out my defiance; if peace, I yield my weapon into your hands.

Love. Are you all unworthy? your whole ſex falſhood? is it not poſſible to oblige a man to be loyal? this is ſuch a treachery no age can match; apply your ſelf with youth and wit to gain a Ladies love and friendſhip only to betray it? was it not enough

you

you commanded my fortune, but you muſt wrack my honour too, and inſtead of being grateful for that charity which ſtill aſſiſted your wants, ſtrive to pay men with injuries, and attempt to make the world believe I pay to loſe my fame? and then make me the ſcorn'd ſubject of your Whores mirth; Baſe and unworthy, do you ſmile, falſe one? I ſhall find a time for you too, and my vengeance ſhall find you all. *He ſmiles.*

Faithf. Yea, Sir; and you that had ſuch a ready wit to proclaim my Lady, Whore and me Baud, I hope to ſee you load a Gallows for it.

Capt. Once again, is it peace or war?

Love. Peace? I'll have thy blood firſt, Dog; where's my Pearl? -----You ought to right me, Sir, in this particular; it was to you I ſent them. *She ſpeaks to* Wild.

Wild. Madam, I ſent not for them.

Capt. No more words; I have them, I earn'd them, and you paid them.

Faithf. You are a foul-mouth'd fellow, Sirrah.

Love. Peace, Wench, I ſcorn their ſlander, it cannot ſhake my honour; 'tis too weighty and too fixt for their calumny.

Foll. I'll be ſworn for my part on't, I think it is a great honour; I am ſure I had as much as I could carry away in ten nights, and yet there was no miſs on't.

Capt. You? I think ſo; there's no mark of my work, you ſee, and yet I came after thee, and brought away loads would have ſunk a Sedan-man.

Wild. By this relation ſhe ſhould be a woman of a great fame.

Carel. Let that conſideration, with her condition, and her age, move ſome reverence, at leaſt to what ſhe was; Madam, I am ſorry I cannot ſerve you in this particular. [*Exe.* Joll. *and* Carel.

Love. I ſee all your mean baſeneſs, purſue your ſcorn; Come, let's go, Wench, I ſhall find ſome to right my fame; and though I have loſt my opinion, I have gain'd a knowledge how to diſtinguiſh of Love hereafter; and I ſhall ſcorn you and all your Sex, that have not Soul enough to value a noble Friendſhip.

Wild. Pray, Madam, let me ſpeak with you.

Capt. We'll have no whiſpering; I ſaid it, and I'll maintain it with my ſword. [*Enter* Drawer.

Drawer. Sir, there's one without would ſpeak with you?

Capt. With me?

Drawer. No, Sir, with Maſter *Wild.*

Wild. Madam, I'll wait upon you preſently. [*Exit* Wild.

Capt. Madam, I know my Company is diſpleaſing to you, therefore I'll take my leave; *Drawer*, ſhew me another Room? [*Exit* Captain. *The* Capt. *makes a turn or two, they look at each other, then he goes out.*

Love-all. Oh *Faithfull*, *Faithfull*; I am moſt miſerably abus'd, and can find no way to my Revenge.

Faithf. Madam, I'll give them Rats-bane, and ſpeedily too, ere they can tell; for that Raſcall the *Captain* has a Tongue elſe, will proclaim you, and undoe your Fame for ever.

Love-all.

Love-all. I, I, my Fame, my Fame, *Faithfull*; and if it were not for mine Honour, (which I have kept unſtained to this minute) I would not care.

Faithf. This it is; you will ſtill ſet your affection upon every young thing; I could but tell you on't.

Love-all. Who could have ſuſpected they would have been ſo falſe in their Loves to me that have been ſo faithfull to them. ---- Honeſt Friend, where is Maſter *Wild*? [*Enter* Drawer.

Drawer. The other Gentlemen carried him away with them?

Love-all. Are they all gone then?

Aſide. *Drawer.* Yes, by this hand; Theſe Gentlemen are quickly ſatisfi'd; what an ugly Whore they have got! how ſhe ſtates it!

She offers to go. *Love-all.* Come, let's go Wench.

Drawer. Miſtreſs, who payes the reckoning?

Love-all. What ſaies he?

Faithf. He aſkes me, who payes the reckoning?

Love-all. Who payes the reckoning? why, what have we to do with the reckoning?

Drawer. Shut the door, *Dick*, we'll have the reckoning before you go.

Faithf. Why, good-man ſawce-box, you will not make my Lady pay for their reckoning, will you?

Drawer. My Lady? a pox of her Title, ſhe'd need of ſomething to make her paſs.

Faithf. What do you ſay, Sirrah?

Drawer. I ſay, the Gentlemen paid well for their ſport; and I know no reaſon why we ſhould loſe our reckoning.

Love-all. What do you take me for, my Friend?

Drawer. In troth, I take you for nothing; but I would be loath to take you for that uſe I think they made ſhift with you for.

Faith. Madam, this is that Raſcally Captains plot.

Love-all. Patience, Patience, oh for a bite at the ſlaves heart. Friend, miſtake me not, my name is *Love-all*, a Lady; ſend one along with me and you ſhall have your money.

Drawer. You muſt pardon me, Madam, I am but a Servant; if you be a Lady pray ſit in an Inner Room, and ſend home your Woman for the money; The ſum is ſix pounds, and be pleaſed to remember the Waiters.

Love-all. Go *Faithfull*, go fetch the money; Oh Revenge, Revenge: ſhall I loſe my Honour, and have no Revenge. [*Exeunt omn.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. I.

Enter Wanton, Captain, Careleſs *and* Wild.

Want. BY all that a longing Bride hopes for, which I am not, I am better pleas'd with this Revenge then mine own plot, which takes as I could wiſh; I have ſo anointed my high Prieſts with Sack, that he would have confuted *Baal*'s Prieſt; and now he do's ſo

ſo ſlumber in his Ale, and calls to bed already, ſweares the Sun is ſet.

Capt. Faith, Wench, her abuſing of me made me leave her for the Reckoning.

Carel. Yes, faith, they have treated her upſey Whore lain with her, told, and then pawn'd her.

Want. Yes, yes, you are fine things; I wonder Women, can endure you; for me, I expect you worſe, and am arm'd for't.

VVild. Faith let's ſend and releaſe her, the jeſt is gone far enough; as I live, I pity her.

VVant. Pity her? hang her, and rid the Country of her, ſhe is a thing weares out her limbs as faſt as her cloathes, one that never goes to bed at all, nor ſleepes in a whole ſkin, but is taken to pieces like a Motion, as if ſhe were too long; ſhe ſhould be hang'd for offring to be a Whore.

Capt. As I live, ſhe is in the right; I peep'd once to ſee what ſhe did before ſhe went to bed; By this light, her Maids were diſſecting her; and when they had done, they brought ſome of her to bed, and the reſt they either pin'd or hung up, and ſo ſhe lay diſmembred till Morning; in which time, her Chamber was ſtrew'd all over, like an Anatomy School.

VVant. And when ſhe travels any where ſhe is tranſported with as great a care, and fear of ſpoiling, as a Juglers Motion, when he removes from Faire to Faire.

Carel. She is a right broken Gameſter, who, though ſhe lacks wherewithall to play, yet loves to be looking on.

Enter Wantons *Maid.*

Baud. He is awake, and calls for you impatiently, he would fain be in Bed, the Company is all gone.

VVant. Are you inſtructed?

Baud. Let me alone, I'll warrant you for my part.

VVant. Farewell then, you are all ready; who playes Maſter Conſtable?

Capt. I, I; and *Ned Jolly* the ſumner.

Want. Farewell, farewell then.

Exit Wanton *and* Baud.

Wild. It is a delicate wench.

Carel. She has excellent fleſh, and a fine face; by this light, we muſt depoſe the *Captain* from his reign here. *They whiſper this.*

Wild. I like her ſhrewdly; I hate a wench that is all Whore and no Company; This is a Comedy all day, and a Faire at night.

Carel. I hope to exalt the Parſons horn here.

Capt. And what think you? is it not a ſweet ſin, this lying with another mans Wife?

Want. Is *Jolly* come Wanton *above.*

Capt. No, but he'll be here inſtantly.

Wild. Is he a bed?

Want. Yes, yes, and he ſleepes as if he had been put to bed by his Sexton, with duſt to duſt, and aſhes to aſhes.

Capt. And we'll wake him with that ſhall be as terrible to him as the latter day.

Want. Let him ſleep a while that he may be freſh, elſe the Jeſt is ſpoil'd; for it is his ſenſe of his diſgrace muſt work my Ends.

Wild. I'll go home then, and get ſupper ready, and expect you. [*Enter* Jolly.

Capt. Do, Our Scene lies here; Who's there, *Jolly?*

Joll. Yes.

Capt. Are you fitted?

Joll. Yes, I have got the *Black-fryers* Muſick; I was fain to ſtay till the laſt Act; and who do you think I ſaw there?

Wild. I know not.

Joll. Gueſs.

Wild. Prithee, I cannot gueſs.

Joll. Your Aunt and Miſtriſs *Pleaſant*, and truſty *Secret.*

Wild. What man?

Joll. The Lovers onely, ſo cloſe in a Box!

Capt. It will be a match, and there's an End; prithee let them go to't; what is't to Us, let's mind our buſines now, and think on them hereafter.

Want. A pox upon them for a couple of Stauk-hounds; have they killed at laſt? Why, this is Fools fortune; it would be long enough ere one that has wit got ſuch a wife.

Capt. No more of this now; have you borrowed the watchmens Coats?

Joll. Yes, and Bills, Beards, and Conſtables ſtaff, and Lanthorn; and let me alone to fit him, for the Summer; But when this is done I expect my Fee, a Tythe Night at leaſt; *Wanton*, I will lie with thee for thy Roguery; what are you dumb, you will not refuſe me, I hope?

Want. Not, if I thought thou deſiredſt it; but I hate to have it deſired indifferently, and but ſo ſo done neither when 'tis done.

Joll. I hope you will not diſgrace my work, will you?

Want. Faith, they ſay thy pleaſure lies in thy Tongue; and therefore, Though I do not give thee leave to lie with me, yet I will give thee as good a thing that will pleaſe thee as well.

Joll. Some Roguery I expected.

Want. No Faith, I am ſerious; and becauſe I will pleaſe you both, Maſter *Wild* ſhall lie here, and you ſhall have leave to ſay you do, which will pleaſe you as well.

Joll. Faith, and my part is ſome pleaſure, elſe, I have loved, enjoyed, and told, is miſtook.

Want. I, but never to love, ſeldom enjoy, and always tell? Faugh, it ſtinks, and ſtains worſe then *Shoreditch* durt, and women hate and dread men for't; Why, I that am a whore profeſs'd as'll cannot ſee you, he digeſt it, though it be my Profit and Intereſt. For

to

to be a private whore in this Town ſtarves in the neſt like young Birds when the old one's kil'd.

Carel. Excellent Girl, 'tis too true *Jolly*; your tongue has kept, many a woman honeſt.

Want. Faith, 'tis a truth, this I ſhall ſay, you may all better your pleaſures by, if you will obſerve it; I dare ſay, the fear of telling keeps more women honeſt then *Bridewell* Hemp; And were you wiſe men, and true Lovers of liberty, now were the time to bring wenching to that perfection no age could ever have hoped; now you may ſow ſuch ſeed of pleaſure, you may be prayed for hereafter; Now, in this Age of zeal and Ignorance, would I have you four, in old cloathes, and demure looks, preſent a Petition to both Houſes, and ſay, you are men touched in Conſcience for your ſhare in that wickedneſs which is known to their worſhips by the pleaſure of Adultery, and deſire it may be death, and that a Law may be paſs'd to that purpoſe; How the women will pray for you, and at their own charges rear Statu's in memory of their Benefactors; the young and kind would then haunt your Chambers, Pray, and preſent you, and Court the Sanguine youth, for the ſweet ſin ſecur'd by ſuch a Law; None would loſe an Occaſion, nor churliſhly oppoſe kind Nature, nor refuſe to liſten to her ſummons, when youth and Paſſion calls for thoſe forbidden ſweets; when ſuch ſecurity as your lives are at ſtake, who would fear to truſt; with this Law all Oaths and Proteſtations are cancell'd; Letters and Bawdes would grow uſeleſs too; By inſtinct the Kind will find the Kind; and having one nature become of one mind; Now we loſe an Age, to obſerve and know a mans humour, ere we dare truſt him; But get this Law, then 'tis, like and enjoy; and whereas now, with expence of time and Fortune, you may glean ſome one Miſtriſs amongſt your neighbours wives, you ſhall reap women whole Armfulls as in the Common field; there is one ſmall Town, wiſe onely in this Law; and I have heard them ſay, that know it well, There has been but one Execution this hundred years; yet the ſame party ſearched ſeven years, and could not find an honeſt woman in the Town.

Carel. An Excellent Plot, let us about it; Inke and Paper, dear *Wanton*, we will draw the Petition preſently.

Want. Will Maſter *Jolly* conſent too? You muſt not then, aſſoon as a handſome woman is named, ſmile, and ſtroak your Beard, tell him that is next you, you have layen with her; ſuch a lie is as dangerous as a truth, and 'twere but Juſtice to have thee hang'd for a ſin thou never commitedſt, for having defam'd ſo many women.

Joll. If all thoſe Lyars were hang'd, I believe the ſcale would weigh down the guilty.

Want. One Rogue hang'd, for Example, would make a thouſand kind Girls: If it take it ſhall be called my Law, *Wanton*'s Law; Then we may go in Pettycoats again, for women grew imperious and wore the Breeches, only to fright the poor cuckolds, & make the Fools digeſt their Horns --- Are you all ready, ſhall I open the door?

Capt. Yes.

Wild. I'le expect you at my house. [*Exit* Wild *one way, and the rest of the Company another.*

Omnes. Wee'l come, wee'l come.

They knock within, and the Parson *discover'd in his Bed and the* Baud *with him.*

Capt. So, knock lowder.

Parf. Who's there? what would you have?

Capt. Here's his Majesties Watch, and Master Constables Worship must come in; We have a warrant from the Lords to search for a Delinquent.

Parf. You come not here, I'le answer your warrant to morrow.

Joll. Break open the door.

Parf. I would you durst.

Baud. Lord! Dear what shall we do?

Parf. Why, sweet, I'le warrant you, art thou not my wife, my Rib, bone of my bone? I'le suffer any thing ere one hair of thee shall be touch'd.

Baud. Heark, they break open the door.

Parf. They dare not; why dost thou tremble so? alas, sweet Innocence, how it shakes?

Capt. Break open the door.

Parf. I'le complain to the Bishop of this Insolence.

Baud. They come, they come, Lamb.

He delivers the Warrant.

Parf. No matter sweet; They dare not touch thee; what would you have Mr. Constable? you are very rude.

Capt. Read our Warrant, and our business will excuse us? do you know any such person as you find there?

Parf. Yes, Sir, but not by this name; such a woman is my wife, and no Lindabrides; we were married to day, and I'le justifie her my wife the next Court day; you have your answer, and may be gone.

Joll. We must take no notice of such Excuses now; if she be your wife, make it appear in Court, and she will be delivered unto you.

Parf. If she be my wife Sir? I have wedded her and Bedded her, what other Ceremonies would you have? Be not afraid, sweet heart.

Joll. Sir, We can do no less then Execute our Warrant; we are but Servants; And, Master Constable, I charge you in the Kings Name to do your Duty; behold the body of the Delinquent.

He drawes his Dagger. Here they offerve to take her out.

Parf. Touch her that dares; I'le put my Dagger in him, fear nothing, sweet heart; Master Constable you'll repent this Insolence offerd to a man of my Coat.

Baud. Help, my deareſt, will you let me be hal'd thus?

Parf. Villains, what will you do? Murther, Rape.

Capt. Yes, yes, 'tis likely; I look like a Ravisher.

As they goe to pull her out of the Bed, they discover the Baud. *When they let him go he turns to her, and holds her in his Arms.*

Joll. Hold him, and wee'le do well enough with her.

Capt. What have we here, an old woman?

Parf. Let me go, slaves and Murtherers.

Capt. Let him go.

Joll. Do any of you know this woman? this is not she we look'd for.

Parf.

Parſ. No? Raſcal, that miſtake ſhall not excuſe you.

Joll. It is old *Goodman* what d'ye call him? his wife.

Capt. Hold the Candle, and let's ſee her face.

When they hold the Candle, ſhe lies in his boſom and his Arms about her; She muſt be as naſtily dreſt as they can dreſs her; when he ſees her he falls into a maze, and ſhoves her from him.

Joll. What have were here, Adultery? take them both, here will be new matter.

Parſ. Maſter Conſtable, a little Argument will perſwade you to believe I am groſly abus'd; ſure this do's not look like a piece that a man would ſin to enjoy, let that then move your Pity, and care of my Reputation; conſider my calling, and do not bring me to a publike ſhame for what you're ſure I am not guilty of, but by plot of ſome Villains.

Baud. Dear, will you diſclaim me now?

Parſ. Oh, Impudence!

Joll. Maſter Conſtable, do your duty; take them both away, as you will anſwer it.

Capt. Give him his Caſſock, to cover him.

They put on his Caſſock and her coat, and lead them away.

Parſ. Why Gentlemen, whither will you carry me?

Capt. To the next Juſtice, I think it is Maſter *Wild*, he is newly come from travel, it will be a good way, Neighbours, to expreſs our Reſpects to him.

Parſ. No faith, Gentlemen, e'ne go the next way to Tybourn, and diſpatch the buſineſs without Ceremony, for yee'll utterly diſgrace me; this is that damn'd *Captain*; My wife is abroad too, I fear ſhe is of the Plot.

Joll. Come, away with'em.

Baud. Whither will they lead us, Dear?

Parſ. Oh, oh, Impudence! Gentlemen, do not lead us together I beſeech you.

Capt. Come, come, lead them together, no Ceremony's; your faults are both alike. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. II.

Enter Wanton *and* Wild.

Want. YOu had beſt brag now, and uſe me like my Lady what'ſt ye call; But if you do I care not.

Wild. Come, y'are a Fool, I'le be a faithful Friend, and make good conditions for thee before thy husband be quit.

Want. You muſt do it now or never.

Wild. Heark, heark, I hear them --- What's the news?

Wild *ſits down with* Wanton *in his Lap.*

Enter Captain, Jolly, Watch, Baud *and* Parſon.

Capt. We have brought a Couple of Delinquents before your Worſhip, they have committed a very foul fault.

Joll.

Joll. And we have brought the fault along too, that your Worſhip may ſee it, you will be the better able to judge of the offenders.

Parſ. Ha! What do I ſee? my wife in Maſter Juſtices Lap?

Want. What has the poor fellow done?

Capt. Why Madam, he has been taken a Bed with this woman, anothers mans wife.

Want. In bed with her? and do you raiſe him to puniſh him? Maſter Conſtable, if you would afflict him, Command them to lie together again; Is not the man mad?

Parſ. This is fine Roguery, I find who rules the roaſt.

Wild. Well, to the buſineſs; you ſay, he was taken in bed with another mans wife.

Capt. Yes, and't like your Worſhip.

Wild. Make his Mittimus to the Hole at *New-gate*.

Want. Sure I have ſeen this Fellows face.---- Friend, have I never ſeen your face before?

Parſ. If I miſtake not, I have ſeen one very like your Ladyſhips too, ſhe was a *Captains* caſt-whore in the Town. I ſhall have a time to be reveng'd.

Wild. How now, Sirrah? are you threatning? away with him.

Capt. I'll fetch a ſtronger Watch, Sir, and return preſently.

Wild. Do, Maſter Conſtable, and give the poor Woman ſomething, and ſet her free; for I dare ſay 'twas his wickedneſs, ſhe lookes like one that ne're thought on ſuch a thing.

Baud. God bleſs your Worſhip, I am innocent; he never left making Love till I conſented. [*Enter* Captain *in his own ſhape.*

Parſ. Oh miſerable! miſerable!

Capt. How now, what's the news here? my honoured Friend, and Maſter *Parſon*, what makes you here at this time of night? Why I ſhould have thought this a time to have envy'd you for your fair Brides embraces, do you give theſe favours? are theſe your Bride-laces? It's a new way.

Plays with the cord that bindes his Armes.

Parſ. Is it new to you?

Want. How now Captain?

Capt. Wanton, is this your plot to endear your Huſband to you?

Parſ. No, 'tis thy plot, poor beaten *Captain*, but I ſhall be reveng'd.

Capt. Yes, faith, it was my plot, and I glory in't, to undermine my *Machiavell*, which ſo greedily ſwallowed that ſweet bait that had this hook.

Parſ. 'Tis well.

Capt. But my anger ends not here. Remember the baſe language you gave me, Son of a thouſand Fathers, Captain of a tame band, and one that got my living by the long ſtaffe-ſpeeches; for which, and thy former Treacheries, I'll ruine thee, Slave; I'll have no more Mercy on thee, then old women on blind puppies; I'll bring you to your Commendations in Latine Epiſtles again, nor leave thee any thing to live on, no, not Bread, but what thou earn'ſt by raking Gentlewomens names in Anagrams; and Maſter Juſtice, if ever you'll oblige me, ſtand to me now, that I may procure the whipping of him from the Reverend Bench.

Parſ.

Parſ. I am undone.

Wild. I can do nothing but Juſtice, you muſt excuſe me; I ſhall onely make it appear how fit it is to puniſh this kind of ſin in that Coat in time, and to cruſh ſuch ſerpents in the ſhels.

Parſ. Mercy, Oh Mercy! *They pull him away.*

Wild. Officers, away with him.

Parſ. No Mercy?

Want. Yes, upon Conditions there may be ſome Mercy. *The* Parſon *lookes very dejected.*

Wild. And theſe they are-----let the watch ſtay in the t'other Roome.----Firſt, your Wife ſhall have her liberty, and you yours, as ſhe reports of you; and when you bring her with you, you ſhall be welcome; then you ſhall not be jealous, that's another point. [*Exit* Watch.

Capt. That he ſhall have a Cure for----

Want. Yes, yes, I'll apply ſomething to his Eyes ſhall cure him of his doubt.

VVild. Then you ſhall aſk the *Captain* pardon and your Wife; to him you ſhall allow half your Parſonage to maintain her; The Deedes are ready within; if you'll ſign them, and deliver your Wife to our uſe, ſhe ſhall diſcharge you.

Parſ. I ſubmit, Sir, But I hope your Worſhip will deſire no witneſs to the uſe of my Wife; The *Sumner* and the Watch too; I hope your Worſhip will enjoyn them ſilence.

VVant. You ſhall not need to fear, I'll have a Care of your Credit; call in the Watch; Do you know theſe Faces? *She diſcovers them.*

Parſ. Ha! abus'd?

Jolly. Nay, no flinching, if you do, I betake me to Maſter *Sumner* again.

Capt. And I become ſevere Maſter Conſtable in a trice.

Parſ. No, no, I ſubmit, and I hope we are all Friends; I'me ſure I have the hardeſt part, to forgive.

VVant. And I, before all this Company, promiſe to forget and forgive thee, and am content to take thee again for my dear and mortal Huſband, now you are tame; but you muſt ſee you do ſo no more, and give your ſelf to be blind; when it is not fit for you to ſee; and practiſe to be deaf; and learn to ſleep in time, and find buſineſs to call you away when Gentlemen come that would be private.

Capt. Why ſo, now things are as they ſhould be; and when you will obey, you ſhall command: But when you would be imperious, then I betake me to my Conſtables Staff 'till you ſubſcribe. *Cedunt Armis Togæ*; and if it be falſe Latine, *Parſon*, you muſt pardon that too.

Jolly. By this hand, I muſt have my Tythe-night with thee; thou art ſuch a wag; ſay, when? when wilt thou give me leave? ha!

VVant. Never.

Jolly. Never?

VVant. No, never.

Jolly. D' ye hear, I am none of them that work for Charity; either reſolve to pay, or I kick down all my Milk again.

VVant.

VVant. What would you have?

Jolly. Give me leave to lie with you.

VVant. No indeed.

Jolly. No?

VVant. No; but rather then quarrell, as I ſaid before, I will give you leave to ſay you have lain with me.

Wild. I am of opinion ſhe owes you nothing now, ſo Miſtreſs *Wanton*, take your Huſband; and to remove all doubts, this night I'll be at the charge of a Wedding ſupper.

Parſ. This is better then *Newgate* hole yet, *Bridewell* Hemp, brown bread and whip-cord. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. III.

Enter the Widow *and Miſtreſs* Pleaſant, *Maſter* Sad, *and Maſter* Conſtant.

VVid. BY my troth, is was a good Play.

Pleaſ. And I am glad I am come home, for I am en'e as weary with this walking; For Gods ſake whereabouts do's the pleaſure of walking lie? I ſwear, I have often ſought it till I was weary, and yet I could ne're find it.

A watch at the Widows *door.*

Sadd. What do theſe Halberds at your door?

Wid. Halberds, where?

Sadd. There, at your Lodging.

Conſt. Friend, what would thoſe Watch-men have?

VVatchm. The houſe is ſhut up for the ſickneſs this afternoon.

Pleaſ. The ſickneſs?

VVatchm. Yes forſooth, there's a Coach-man dead full of the Tokens.

Sadd. Where is the Officer?

VVatchm. He is gone to ſeek the Lady of the Houſe, and ſome other Company that din'd here yeſterday, to bring her in, or carry her to the Peſt-houſe.

VVid. Ha! What ſhall we do, Niece?

Sadd. If you pleaſe to command our Lodging.

Pleaſ. It will be too much trouble.

VVid. Let's go to *Love-all's*.

Pleaſ. Not I, by my Faith; it is ſcarce for our Credits to let her come to us.

VVid. Why? is ſhe naught?

Conſt. Faith, Madam, her Reputation is not good.

VVid. But what ſhall we do then?

Conſt. Dare you adventure to oblige us?

Wid. Thank you Sir, We'll go to my Nephews at *Covent-Garden*; he may ſhift among his acquaintance.

Pleaſ. It was well thought on, the *Piazza* is hard by too.

VVid. We'll borrow your Coach thither, and we'll ſend it you back again ſtraite.

Conſt. We'll wait upon you, Madam.

VVid. This accident troubles me; I am heartily ſorry for the poor Fellow.

Pleaſ.

Pleaſ. I am ſorry too; but pray, Aunt, let us not forget our ſelves in our grief; I am not ambitious of a Red-croſs upon the door.

Conſt. Miſtreſs *Pleaſant* is in the right; for if you ſtay the Officers will put you in.

Wid. We ſhall trouble you, Sir, for your Coach. [*Exe. omnes.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. IV.

Enter Parſon, Captain, Wild, Wanton, Careleſs *and* Jolly.

Parſ. I Am reconcil'd; and will no longer be an uncharitable Church-man; I think this ſack is a cooler.

Capt. What? do's it make you to ſee your errour?

Parſ. Yes, and conſider my man of war; nor will I again diſpute his Letters of Mart, nor call them Paſſes for Pyrates; I am free.

Capt. And welcome, any thing but anger is ſufferable, and all is jeſt when you laugh; and I will hug thee for abuſing me with thy eyes in their ſcabbards; but when you rail with drawn eyes, red and naked, threatning a Levites ſecond revenge to all that touches your Concubine, then I betake me to a dark-lanthorn, and a Conſtables-ſtaff, and by help of theſe Fathers whom I cite I prove my Text, women that are kind ought to be free.

Parſ. But Captain, is it not lawful for us Shepherds to reclaim them?

Capt. A meer miſtake; for ſin like the Sea may be turned out, but will ne're grow leſs; and though you ſhould drain this Miſtreſs *Doll*, yet the Whore will find a place, and perhaps overflow ſome Maid, till then honeſt; and ſo you prove the author of a new ſin, and the defiler of a pure Temple; therefore I ſay, while you live, let the Whore alone till ſhe wears out; nor is it ſafe to vamp them, as you ſhall find, read *Ball* the firſt and the ſecond.

Wild. No more diſcourſe. Strike up Fidlers.

Capt. See, who's that knocks?

A Country-dance. { *When they are merry, ſinging Catches and drinking healths, the* Wid. *Mrs.* Pleaſ. *and the two Lovers knock at the door.*

Serv. Sir, 'tis Miſtreſs *Pleaſant*, and the two Gentlemen that din'd there to day.

Wild. My Aunt, and Miſtreſs *Pleaſant.*

Joll. What a pox makes them abroad at this time of night?

Capt. It may be, they have been a wenching.

Serv. Sir, they were upon alighting out of the Coach when I came up.

Wild. Quickly, Mrs. *Wanton*, you and your husband to bed, there's the Key; Mr. *Parſon*, you know the way to the old Chamber, and to it quickly, all is friends now.

Parſ. Sweet heart, we'l ſteal away.

Want. The Devil on them, they have ſpoyld our mirth.

[*Exit* Parſon.

Wild. *Jack*, get you and your company down the back-way into the Kitchin, and ſtay there till we ſee what this Viſit means.

[*Exeunt* Fidlers.

Capt. Means! What ſhould it mean? it is nothing but the miſchievous Nature all honeſt Women are endu'd with, and naturally given to ſpoyl ſport: I wonder what Fart blew them hither to night.

Wild. Nay, have a little patience, Captain; you and Mr. *Jolly* muſt ſit quietly awhile within, till we know the cauſe.

Capt. It is but deferring our mirth for an hour, or ſo.

Servant. Sir, here's my Lady.

Wild. Quickly remove thoſe things there: Captain, ſtep in there.--- [*Enter* Widow, Pleaſant, Sad *and* Conſtant.

Wid. Nephew, do you not wonder to ſee me here, at this time of night?

Wild. I know it is not ordinary, therefore I believe 'tis ſome deſigne: what is it, Mrs. *Pleaſant?* Shall I make one?

Pleaſant. As I live, Sir, pure neceſſity; neither mirth nor kindneſs hath begot this Viſit.

Carleſs. What, is your Coach broke?

Widow. Faith, Nephew, the truth is, the Sickneſs is in my houſe, and my Coach-man dy'd ſince Dinner.

Wild. The Sickneſs?

Pleaſant. I, as I live, we have been walking ſince the Play; and when we came home we found the Watch at the door, and the houſe ſhut up.

Sadd. And a Conſtable gone in ſearch of all thoſe that dined there to day, with order to furniſh us lodgings in the Peſt-houſe.

Wid. Are you not afraid to receive us?

Wild. As I live, the accident troubles me; and I am ſorry ſuch a misfortune ſhould beget me this favour; and I could wiſh my ſelf free from the honour, if the cauſe were removed too.

Pleaſ. As I live, Mr. *Wild*, I muſt have been forc'd to have lain with my ſervant to night, if you had not received me.

Wild. If I thought ſo, I would carry you out in my arms, I am ſo much Mr. *Conſtant*'s friend.

Pleaſ. But are you more his friend then mine, Mr. *Wild?*

Wild. No, but I preſume by this he has gain'd ſo much intereſt as he would not be very diſpleaſing to you.

Conſt. Oh! your humble ſervant, Sir.

Pleaſ. If I had had a mind to that lodging, I had ne're come hither; for when I have a mind to it, I'll marry without diſpute; for I fear no body ſo much as a husband; and when I can conquer that doubt, I'll marry at a minutes warning.

Wid. No diſpute now, can you furniſh us with a couple of Beds?

Wild. Yes, yes.

Wid. And have you er'e a woman in the houſe?

Wild. My Siſters Maid is here.

Carel. Madam, if you reſolve to do us this honour, you ſhall find clean linen, and your Beds quickly ready.

Wid.

Wid. But where will my Nephew and you, Sir, lie to night?

Carel. Oh, Madam, we have acquaintance enough in the Town.

Wid. Well, Sir, we'l accept this courteſie; and when you come into *Suffolk* you ſhall command my houſe.

Wild. Prithee call *Beſs*, and bid her bring ſheets to make the Bed; I'll go and fetch in a Pallet, 'tis as good a Bed as the other, and if you will ſtay the removing, we'l ſet up a Bed-ſtead.

Pleaſ. No, a Pallet, pray; but what ſhall we do for night cloathes, Aunt?

Wild. Why, what are thoſe you bought my Siſters?

Wid. Is not that Linen gone yet?

Carel. No faith, Madam, his man forgot it, till the Carriers were gone laſt week.

Wild. Will that ſerve?

Pleaſ. Yes, yes, pray do us the favour to let us have it, 'tis but waſhing of't again.

Wild. Nay, if it will ſerve, diſcourſe no more; I'll fetch the bundle; and prithee fetch the Combs and Looking-glaſſes I bought the other day; for other neceſſaries that want a name the wench ſhall furniſh you with.

Wid. Nay, but where is ſhe, Nephew?

Wild. I'll call her, if ſhe be not gone to Bed; it is an ignorant young thing, I am to ſend her to my Siſters in the Country; I have had ſuch ado to put her in the Faſhion.

Pleaſ. What Country is ſhe? Prithee, Mr. *Wild*, let's ſee her.

Wild. I'll call her down. [*Exit* Wild.

Sadd. Madam, now we ſee y'are ſafe we'l kiſs your hands, and wait upon you to morrow.

Wid. It muſt be early then, Sir; for I ſhall borrow my Nephews Coach, and be gone betimes into the Country to take a little freſh Air, and prevent the ſearch.

Conſt. Pray, Madam, be pleaſed to command ours.

Wid. No, Sir, I humbly thank you; my Nephew's will hold our company.

Conſt. Your humble ſervant, Miſtreſs *Pleaſant*.

Sadd. Your ſervant, Madam.

Pleaſ. Good night, Mr. *Conſtant*.

Wid. Sir, you'l excuſe us, we have no body here to light you down.

Carel. Madam, I am here your ſervant as much as thoſe that wear your Livery; and this houſe holds no other; we can be civil, Madam, as well as extravagant.

Wid. Your humble ſervant, Mr. *Careleſs*.

Carel. Gentlemen, if you'l wait on my Lady to her Chamber, then I'll wait upon you down.

Sadd. You oblige us, Sir. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. V.

Enter Wild, Captain, Wanton, Parson *and* Jolly.

Capt. THe Plague?

Wild. The Plague; As I live, and all my relation is truth, every syllable; But, Mrs. *Wanton*, now must you play your master-piece; be sure to blush, and appear but simple enough, and all is well; thou wilt pass for as arrant a Chamber-maid as any is in the Parish.

Parſ. Hum! new Plots?

Capt. Let me put on a Petti-coat and a Muffler, and I'll so Chamber-maid it, and be so diligent with the clean Smock and the Chamber-pot: now would I give all the Shooes in my Shop to lie with 'em both.

Want. Let me alone to fit them, I can make a scurvey Curt'sie naturally; remember, I am an *Essex* woman, if they ask.

Wild. Come, come quickly, take those Sweet-meats; bring the great Cake and Knife, and Napkins, for they have not supp'd; and Captain, make some *Lemonade*, and send it by the Boy to my Chamber; and do you hear, *Jolly*, you must stay till we come, for we must lie with you to night.

Joll. We'l stay, but make haste then.

Capt. And bring our Cloaks and Swords out with you.

Wild. I will, I will; but be quiet all.

Parſ. Mr. *Wild*, I hope there is no Plot in this.

Capt. There's no jealousie, Mr. *Parson*; 'tis all serious upon my life. [*Exeunt omnes*, Come away with us.

ACT. IV. SCEN. VI.

The Tyring-Room, Curtains drawn, and they discourse, his Chamber, two Beds, two Tables, Looking-glasses, Night-cloathes, Waste-coats, Sweet-bags, Sweet-meats and Wine, Wanton *dress like a Chamber-maid; all above if the Scene can be so order'd.*

Enter Widow *and Mrs.* Pleasant, Wild *and* Careless; *the* Widow *and Mrs.* Pleasant *salute* Wanton.

Wild. FAith, Aunt, 'tis the first time I have had the honour to see you in my house; and as a stranger I must salute you.

Wid. As I live, Nephew, I'me asham'd to put you to this trouble.

Wild. It is an obligation.---- Mrs. *Pleasant*, I know you have not supp'd; I pray you be pleas'd to taste these Sweet-meats, they are of *Salls* doing; but I understand not Sweet-meats, the wine I'll answer for; and, in a word, you are welcome: You are *Patrona*, and we your slaves.

Carel. Good rest, and a pleasing dream, your humble servant wishes you.

Wid.

Wid. Good night, Nephew; good night, Mr. *Careleſs.*

Pleaſ. Good night, Mr. *Careleſs*; your humble ſervant, Mr. *Wild.*

[*Exeunt* Wild *and* Careleſs.

Wid. Why I, here are men have ſome wit; By this good night, had we lain at my ſervants, we ſhould have found the lac'd Cap and Slippers that have been entail'd upon the Family theſe five deſcents, advanc'd upon the Cup-boards-head inſtead of Plate.

They ſit down to undreſs them.

Pleaſ. They are a couple of the readieſt youths too; how they run and do all things with a thought! I love him for ſending his Siſter, a pretty wench.

Wid. Pray, let's go to bed; I am weary.

Pleaſ. You will not go to bed with all thoſe windows open; ſweet heart, prithee ſhut them, and bring me hither; ------ Doſt underſtand me? As I live, 'tis a great while ſince I went to the Play.

Wid. It has been one of the longeſt days; a year of them would be an Age.

Pleaſ. Oh, do you grow weary; you'l break your Covenant ere the year go out.

VVid. Prithee, ſhut the windows, and come pin up my hair.

The Curtains are cloſed.

ACT. IV. SCEN. VII.

Enter Wild, Jolly, Careleſs, Captain *and* Parſon, *and* Fidlers, *and one with a Torch, with their Cloaks and their Swords, putting them on. Enter* Wilds *man.*

Wild. SEE you wait diligently, and let them want nothing they call for; come ſhall we go? 'tis very late.

Capt. But how do's *VVanton* carry it?

Wild. They ſaluted her; and Mrs. *Pleaſant* ſwore you might ſee the Country-ſimplicity in her Face.

Parſ. A pox upon her, crafty Gypſie.

Capt. Why, art not thou glad to ſee ſhe can be honeſt when ſhe will?

Parſ. I'll ſhew you all a Trick, for her, within theſe few days, or I'll miſs my aim.

They all offer to go.

Joll. Come, let's go.

Capt. I have a mind to ſtay till *Wanton* comes.

Wild. Stay a little then, for 'twill not be long ere they be a Bed.

Capt. I hear *VVanton*'s voice. [*Enter* Wanton.

VVild. Are they a Bed?

VVant. Yes, and have ſo admir'd you, and Mr. *Careleſs*, and abus'd the Lovers; well, Gentlemen, you are the wits of the time; but if I might counſel, well they might lye alone this night; but it ſhould go hard if I lay not with one of them within a moneth.

Carel. Were they ſo taken with their lodging?

VVant. All that can be ſaid they ſaid, you are the friendlieſt men, the readi'ſt men, the handſom'ſt men that had wit; and could tell when to be civil, and when to be wild; and Mrs. (what's her name)

name) the *Younger*, asked why Mr. *VVild* did not go a wooing to ſome rich Heir; upon her conſcience, ſhe ſaid, you would ſpeed.

They offer to depart.

Carel. Well, well, there's a time for all things; come let's go.

Wild. Take a light.----Good night, *VVanton.*

Capt. D'ye hear, d'ye hear; let me ſpeak with you.

They all come back again.

Wild. What's the buſineſs?

Capt. I cannot get hence this night: but your good angels hang at my heels; and if I can prevail, you ſhall ſtay.

Wild. What to do?

Capt. What to do? why I'll be hang'd if all this Company do not gueſs.

Joll. Prithee, what ſhould we ſtay for?

Capt. For the widow, and her Neice; are they worth the watching for a night?

VVild. Yes, certainly.

Capt. Then take my counſel, and let me give it out y'are married, you have new cloaths come home this morning, and ther's that you ſpoke of I'll fetch from the Taylors, and here's a Parſon ſhall rather give them his living, then ſtay for a Licenſe; the Fidlers too are ready to ſalute 'em.

Carel. But if they refuſe?

Joll. Which, upon my conſcience, they will.

Capt. As you hope, elſe you are laugh'd at for miſſing the widow: *Ned*, follow my counſel, appear at her Chamber window in thy Shirt, and ſalute all that paſſes by; let me alone to give it out, and invite Company and provide dinner; then when the buſineſs is known, and I have preſented all your friends at Court with Ribbands, ſhe muſt conſent, or her honour is loſt, if you have but the grace to ſwear it, and keep your own counſel.

Carel. By this hand, he has reaſon; and I'll undertake the widow.

VVild. It will incenſe them, and precipitate the buſineſs which is in a fair way now; and if they have wit, they muſt hate us for ſuch a treachery.

Capt. If they have wit they will love you; beſide, if it come to that, we two will ſwear we ſaw you married, and the Parſon ſhall be ſworn he did it:----Prieſt, will you not ſwear?

Parſ. Yes, any thing; what is't, Captain?

VVild. If this jeſt could do it, yet 'tis baſe to gain a wife ſo poorly; ſhe came hither too for ſanctuary; it would be an uncivil and an unhoſpitable thing, and look as if I had not merit enough to get a wife without ſtealing her from her ſelf; then, 'tis in mine own houſe.

Capt. The better; nay, now I think on't, why came ſhe hither? how do you know the Plague is there? all was well at dinner; I'll be hang'd if it be not a Plot; the Lovers too whom you abus'd at dinner, are joyn'd with them; a trick, a meer trick of wit to abuſe us; and to morrow when the Birds are flewn, they'l laugh at you, and ſay, Two Country Ladies put themſelves naked into the hands of three travel'd City-wits, and they durſt not lay hold on them.

Carel.

Carel. A pox upon theſe Niceties.

Want. If they have not ſome deſign upon you hang me, why did they talk ſo freely before me elſe?

Carel. Let's but try, we are not now to begin to make the world talk; nor is it a new thing to them to hear we are mad fellows.

Capt. If you get them, are they worth having?

Wild. Having? yes.

Capt. If you miſs them the Jeſt is good; Prithee, *Ned*, let me prevail, 'tis but a mad trick.

Wild. If we would, how ſhall we get into the Chamber?

Want. Let me alone for that; I'le put on my country ſimplicity, and carry in a Chamber pot; then under Pretence of bolting the back door I'le open it, and yet I grudge them the ſport ſo honeſtly; for you wenchers make the beſt husbands; after you are once married, one never ſee's you.

Capt. I warrant thee wench.

Want. No faith, I have obſerv'd it, they are ſtill the doting'ſt husbands, and then retreat and become Juſtices of the Peace, and none ſo violent upon the Bench, as they, againſt us poor ſinners; yet I'le do it, for upon my Conſcience the young Gentlewoman will fall upon her back, and thank me. [*Exit* Wanton.

Capt. Away, go then, and leave your fooling, and in the Morning, *Ned*, get in, and plead naked with your hands in the bed.

Parſ. And if they cry, put your lips in their mouths, and ſtop them.

Capt. Why look you, you have the Authority of the Church too.

Wild. Well, I am now reſolv'd; go you about your part, and make the Report ſtrong.

Carel. And d'ye here? be ſure you ſet the Cook at work, that if we miſs we may have a good Dinner, and good wine, to drink down our grief.

Capt. Miſs? I warrant thee thrive. [*Exit Captain.*

Carel. Nay, if I knock not down the *VVidow*, geld me, and come out to morrow compleat Uncle, and ſalute the Company, with, you are well-come Gentlemen, and good morrow Nephew *Ned.*

VVild. Uncle *Tom*, good morrow, Uncle *Tom.* [*Enter* Wanton.

VVant. All's done, the door is open, and they're as ſtill as Childrens thoughts; 'tis time you made you ready, which is, to put off your breeches, for 'tis almoſt day; and take my Councel, be ſure to offer force enough, the leſs reaſon will ſerve; Eſpecially you, Maſter *VVild*, do not put a may'd to the pain of ſaying, I.

VVild. I warrant thee, wench; let me alone.

Carel. Wee'll in, and undreſs us, and come again; for we muſt go in at the back door.

VVild. I'le meet you, is the Captain gone? [*Exe.* Wild *and* Carel.

VVant. Yes, yes, hee's gone.

Joll. Come Maſter *Parſon*, let us ſee the Cook in Readineſs, where are the Fidlers? what will become of our Plot? for the Coach

Coach-man; Maſter *Sadd* and his friend will ſtink of their jeſt if this thrive.

Parſ. They have ſlept all night, on purpoſe, to play all day.

Joll. When the Ribbands and Poynts come from the Exchange, pray ſee the Fidlers have ſome, the Rogues will play ſo out of tune all day elſe, they will ſpoil the dancing if the plot do take.

Enter Wild, *and* Careleſs, *in their Shirts, with drawers under; Night-gowns on, and in Slippers.*

Want. Let's ſee them in the Chamber firſt, and then I ſhall go with ſome heart about the buſineſs; ſo, ſo, creep cloſe and quietly; you know the way, the widow lies in the high bed, and the Pallet is next the door.

They kneel at the door to go in. She ſhakes her Coats over 'em.

Wild. Muſt we creep?

Want. Yes, Yes, down upon your knees, always, till you get a woman, and then ſtand up for the Cauſe; ſtay let me ſhake my ſmock over you for luck ſake.

Joll. Why ſo, I warrant you thrive.

Parſ. A pox take you, I'll pare your nails when I get you from this place once.

Want. Sweet heart, ſweet heart, off with your ſhooe.

Parſ. I, with all my heart, there's an old ſhooe after you; would I gave all in my ſhop the reſt were furniſh'd with wives too.

Joll. Parſon, the Sun is riſing, go ſend in the Fidlers, and ſet the Cook on work, let him chap ſoundly.

Parſ. I have a tythe Pig at home, I'll e'ne ſacrifice it to the Wedding. [*Exit* Parſon.

Want. They will find them in good Poſture, they may take Privy marks if they pleaſe; for they ſaid it was ſo hot they could endure no cloathes, and my ſimplicity was ſo diligent to lay them naked, and with ſuch 'twiſts and turns faſtned them to the feet, I'll anſwer for't, they finde not the way into them in an hour. [*Enter a* Servant *and* Parſon.

Joll. Why then they may pull up their Smocks, and hide their faces?

Serv. Maſter *Jolly*, there was one without would ſpeak with you.

Joll. Who was it?

Serv. It is the Lady that talks ſo well.

Joll. They ſay indeed ſhe has an Excellent Tongue, I would ſhe had chang'd it for a face; 'tis ſhe that has been handſome.

Parſ. Who? not the Poeteſs we met at Maſter *Sadds*?

Joll. Yes, the ſame.

Parſ. Sure ſhee's mad.

Joll. Prithee tell her I am gone to bed.

Serv. I have done as well Sir; I told her Miſtris *Wanton* was here, at which diſcreetly, being touch'd with the guilt of her Face, ſhe threw out a Curſe or two and retreated.

Want. Who is this you ſpeak of, I will know who 'tis.

Parſ. Why 'tis ſhe that married the Genoway Merchant; they conzen'd one another.

VVant.

Want. Who? Pegg Driver, Bewgle Eyes?

Foll. The ſame, the ſame.

Want. Why ſhe is ugly now?

Parſ. Yes, but I have known her, by this hand, as fine a wench as ever ſinn'd in Town or Suburbs; when I knew her firſt, ſhe was the Original of all the wayn-Scote Chambermaids, with Brooms, and barefoot Madams, you ſee ſold at Temple-Bar, and the Exchange.

Want. Ah! th'art a Divel; how could'ſt thou find in thy heart to abuſe her ſo? Thou lov'ſt Antiquities too; The very memory that ſhe had been handſome ſhould have pleaded ſomething.

Foll. Was handſome ſignifies nothing to me.

Want. But ſhee's a wit, and a wench of an Excellent Diſcourſe.

Parſ. And as good company as any's i'th Town.

Foll. Company? for whom? Leather-Ears, his Majeſty of *Newgate* watch? There her ſtory will do well, while they louſe themſelves.

Parſ. Well, you are curious now, but the time was, when you have ſkipp'd for a kiſs.

Foll. Prithee, *Parſon*, no more of wit, and was handſome, but let us keep to this Text --- and with joy think upon thy little *Wanton* here, that's kind, ſoft, ſweet and ſound; Theſe are Epithetes for a Miſtris; Nor is there any Elegancy in a woman like it; give me ſuch a naked Scence, to ſtudy Night and Day; I care not for her Tongue, ſo her face be good; A whore dres't in verſe, and ſet ſpeeches, tempts me no more to that ſweet ſin, then the Statute of whipping can keep me from it; This thing we talk'd on, which retains nothing but the name of what ſhe was, is not onely Poetical in her diſcourſe, but her Tears and her Love, her health, nay her Pleaſure, were all Fictions, and had ſcarce any live-fleſh about her till I adminiſtred. *He kiſſes* Wanton.

Parſ. Indeed 'tis time ſhe ſat out, and gave others leave to play; for a Reveren'd whore is an unſeemly ſight; beſides it makes the ſin malicious, which is but venial elſe.

Want. Sure, hee'le make a caſe of Conſcience on't; you ſhould do well (ſweet heart) to recommend her Caſe to your Brethren that attend the Committee of Affection, that they may order her to be ſound and young again, for the good of the Commonwealth.

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

Enter Fidlers, Jolly *and* Wanton.

Jolly. OH, are you ready? are you ready?

Fidlers. Yes, and't like your worſhip.

Foll. And did you bid the Cook chop Luſtily, and make a Noiſe?

Fidlers. Yes, Sir, hee's at it.

Want. I hear the *Captain*. [*Enter* Captain.

Joll. Have you brought Clothes and Ribbands?

Capt. Yes, yes, all is ready; did you hear them ſqueak yet?

VVant. No, by this light; I think, 'tis an appointment, and we have been all abus'd.

Capt. Give the Fidlers their Ribbands, and carry the reſt in; Miſtris *VVanton*, you muſt play my Ladys Woman to day, and Mince it to all that come, and hold up your head finely when they kiſs you, and take heed of ſwearing when you are angry, and pledging whole cups when they drink to you.

Want. I'le warrant you, for my part.

Captain. Go get you in then, and let your husband dip the Roſemary.

Jolly. Is all ready?

Captain. All, all, ſome of the Company are below already, I have ſo blown it about, one Porter is gone to the Exchange, to invite Maſter *Wild*'s Merchant to his Wedding, and, by the way to bid two or three Fruiterers to ſend in Fruit for ſuch a Wedding, another in my Ladies name to *Sall*'s, for ſweet meats; I ſwore at *Bradborn* in his Shop my ſelf, that I wonder'd he would diſappoint Maſter *Wild* for his Points, and having ſo long warning; He proteſted 'twas not his fault, but they were ready, and he would ſend *John* with them preſently; One of the Watermen is gone to the Mellon Garden, the other to *Cooks* at the Bear, for ſome Bottles of his beſt Wine, and thence to *Gracious-ſtreet*, to the Poulterers, and all with directions to ſend in Proviſions for Maſter *Wild*'s Wedding; and who ſhould I meet at Door, but Apricock *Tom*, and *Mary*, waiting to ſpeak with her young Maſter; they came to beg that they might ſerve the Feaſt; I promis'd them they ſhould, if they would cry it up and down the Town, to bring Company; for Maſter *Wild* was reſolved to keep open houſe.

Joll. Why then here will be witneſſes enough.

Capt. But who ſhould I meet at the corner of the *Piazza*, but *Joſeph Taylor*; he tells me, there's a new Play at the Fryers to day, and I have beſpoke a Box for Maſter *Wild* and his Bride.

Joll. And did not he wonder to hear he was married?

Capt. Yes; but I told him, 'twas a Match his Aunt made for him, when he was abroad.

Joll. And I have ſpread it ſufficiently at Court, by ſending to borrow Plate for ſuch a Wedding. [*Enter a* Servant.

Serv. There's half a dozen Coach fulls of Company lighted; they call for the Bride-Laces and Points.

Capt. Let the Fidlers play then, and bid God give them joy, by the name of my Lady *Careleſs* and Miſtriſs *Wild*.

Fid. Where ſhall we play, Sir?

Joll. Come with us, wee'le ſhew you the window.

ACT.

ACT. V. SCEN. II.

The Fidlers play in the Tyring Room, and the Stage Curtains are Drawn, and diſcover a Chamber, as it was, with two Beds and the Ladies aſleep in them; Maſter Wild *being at* Miſtris Pleaſant's *Bed-ſide, and* Maſter Careleſs *at the* Widow's; *The Muſick awakes the* Widow.

Wid. Niece, Niece, Niece *Pleaſant.*

Pleaſ. Ha! I hear you, I hear you, what would you have? *She opens the Curtain and calls her, ſhe is under a Canopy.*

Wid. Do you not hear the Fidlers?

Pleaſ. Yes, yes, but you have wak'd me from the fineſt dream.

Wid. A dream, what was't? ſome knavery.

Pleaſ. Why, I know not, but 'twas merry, e'ne as pleaſing as ſome ſins; well, I'le lie no more in a mans bed, for fear I loſe more then I get.

Wid. Heark, that's a new Tune.

Pleaſ. Yes, and they play it well; This is your Jaunty Nephew; I would he had leſs of the Father in him, I'de venture to dream out my dream with him; In my conſcience hee's worth a dozen of my dull Servant, that's ſuch a troubleſome viſitant, without any kind of conveniency.

Wid. I, I, ſo are all of that kind; give me your Subject Lover; Thoſe you call Servants are but troubles, I confeſs.

Pleaſ. What is the Difference, pray, betwixt a Subject, and a Servant Lover?

Wid. Why, one I have abſolute Power over, the other's at large; Your Servant Lovers are thoſe take Miſtreſſes upon tryal, ſcarce give them a Quarters warning before they are gone.

Pleaſ. Why, what do your Subject Lovers do? I am ſo ſleepy.

Wid. Do? All things for nothing; then they are the diligent'ſt and the humbleſt things a Woman can employ; Nay, I ha' ſeen of them tame, and run looſe about a houſe; I had one once, by this light, he would fetch and Carry, go back, ſeek out, he would do any thing; I think ſome Faulconer bred him.

Pleaſ. By my Troth, I am of your mind.

Wid. He would come over, for all my Friends; but it was the dogged'ſt thing to my enemies, he would ſit upon's tail before them, and frown, like John a Napes when the Pope is nam'd; he heard me once praiſe my little Spanniel Bitch Smut for waiting, and hang me if I ſtirr'd for ſeven years after, but I found him lying at my door.

Pleaſ. And what became of him?

Wid. Faith, when I married he forſook me; I was advis'd ſince, that if I would ha' ſpit in's mouth ſometimes he would have ſtay'd.

Pleaſ. That was cheap, But 'tis no certain way; for 'tis a generall opinion, that marriage is one of the certain'ſt cures for Love that one can apply to a man that is ſick of the ſighings; yet if you were to live about this Town ſtill, ſuch a Fool would do you a

world of ſervice; I'me ſure *Secret* will miſs him, and would alwayes take ſuch a care of her ha's ſav'd her a hundred walkes for Hoods and Maſques.

VVid. Yes, and I was certain of the earlieſt Fruits and Flowers that the Spring afforded.

Pleaſ. By my troth, 'twas fooliſhly done to part with him; a few crums of your affection would have ſatisfied him, poor thing.

Wid. Thou art in the right; in this Town there's no living without 'em; they do more ſervice in a houſe for nothing, then a pair of thoſe, what d' ye call 'ems, thoſe he waiting-women, Beaſts, that Cuſtome impoſe upon Ladies.

Pleaſ. Is there none of them to be had now, think you? I'de feign get a tame one, to carry down into the Country.

Wid. Faith, I know but one breed of them about the Town that's right, and that's at the Court; The Lady that has them brings 'em all up by hand; ſhe breedes ſome of them from very puppies; there's another wit too in the Town that has of them; but hers will not do ſo many tricks; good ſullen diligent waiters thoſe are which ſhe breedes, but not half ſo ſerviceable.

Pleaſ. How do's ſhe do it? is there not a trick in't?

VVid. Onely patience, but ſhe has a heavy hand with 'em (they ſay) at firſt, and many of them miſcarry; ſhe governes them with ſignes, and by the Eye, as *Bank*'s breedes his Horſe; there are ſome too that arrive at writing, and thoſe are the right breed, for they commonly betake themſelves to Poetry; and if you could light on one of them, 'twere worth your money; for 'tis but uſing of him ill, and prayſing his verſes ſometimes, and you are ſure of him for ever.

Pleaſ. But do they never grow ſurly, Aunt?

VVid. Not, if you keep them from raw fleſh, for they are a kind of Lyon-lovers; and if they once taſte the ſweet of it, they'll turn to their kind.

Pleaſ. Lord, Aunt, there will be no going without one this Summer into the Country; pray let's enquire for one; either a he one to entertain us, or a ſhe one to tell us the ſtory of her Love; 'tis excellent to bed-ward, and makes one as drowſie as Prayers.

VVid. Faith, Niece, this Parliament has ſo deſtroy'd 'em, and the Platonick Humour, that 'tis uncertain whether we ſhall get one or no; your leading Members in the lower Houſe have ſo cow'd the Ladies, that they have no leiſure to breed any of late; Their whole endeavouts are ſpent now in feaſting, and winning cloſe Committee-men, a rugged kind of ſullen Fellows, with implacable ſtomacks and hard hearts, that make the gay things court and obſerve them, as much as the fooliſh Lovers uſe to do; Yet I think I know one ſhe-Lover, but ſhe is ſmitten in years o'th wrong ſide of forty; I am certain ſhe is poor too; and in this lean Age for Courtiers, ſhe perhaps would be glad to run this Summer in our Park.

Pleaſ. Dear Aunt, let us have her; has ſhe been famous? has ſhe good Tales, think you, of Knights? ſuch as have been falſe or true to Love, no matter which.

Wid.

VVid. She cannot want cauſe to curſe the Sex; handſome, witty, well born, and poor in Court, cannot want the experience how falſe young men can be; Her Beauty has had the higheſt fame; and thoſe Eyes that weep now unpitied have had their Envy, and a dazling Power.

Pleaſ. And that Tongue, I warrant you, which now growes hoarſe with flattering the great Law-breakers, once gave Law to Princes; was it not ſo Aunt? Lord, ſhall I die without begetting one ſtory?

VVid. Pentheſilea, nor all the cloven Knights the Poets treat of, yclad in mightieſt Petticoats, did her excell for gallant deeds; and, with her Honour, ſtill preſerv'd her Freedom; My Brother lov'd her; and I have heard him ſwear, *Minerva* might have own'd her Language; An Eye like *Pallas*, *Juno*'s wriſts, a *Venus* for ſhape, and a Mind chaſte as *Diana*, but not ſo rough; never uncivilly Cruel, nor faulty kind to any; no vanity, that ſees more then Lovers pay, nor blind to a gallant Paſſion; Her Maxim was, he that could Love, and tell her ſo handſomely, was better Company, but not a better Lover then a ſilent Man; Thus, all Paſſions found her Civility, and ſhe a value from all her Lovers. But alaſs, Niece, this was (which is a ſad word) was handſome, and was beloved, are abhorred ſounds in Womens ears.

The Fidlers play again.

Pleaſ. Hark, the Fidlers are merry ſtill; will not *Secret* have the wit to find us this morning, think you?

Fidlers. God give you joy, Maſter *Careleſs*; God give your Ladyſhip joy, my Lady *VVild.*

VVid. What did the Fellow ſay? God give me joy?

Pleaſ. As I live, I think ſo.

Fidlers. God give you joy, Miſtreſs *Pleaſant Wild.*

VVid. This is my Nephew, I ſmell him in this knavery.

Pleaſ. Why did they give me joy by the name of Miſtreſs *VVild?* I ſhall pay dear for a nights lodging if that be ſo, eſpecially lying alone; By this light, there is ſome knavery afoot.

All the company confuſed without, and bid God give them joy.

Jolly. Riſe, riſe, for ſhame, the year's afore you.

Capt. Why, *Ned Wild*, why *Tom*, will you not riſe and let's in? what, is it not enough to ſteal your wedding over night, but lock your ſelves up in the morning too? All your Friends ſtay for points here, and kiſſes from the Brides.

Wild. A little Patience, you'll give us leave to dreſs us?

The Women ſqueeke when they ſpeak.

Carel. Why, what's a Clock, Captain?

Capt. It's late.

Carel. Faith, ſo it was before we ſlept.

Wid. Why, Nephew, what means this rudeneſs? As I live, I'll fall out with you. This is no jeſt.

Wild. No, as I live, Aunt. We are in earneſt; but my part lies here, and there's a Gentleman will do his beſt to ſatisfie you; and ſweet Miſtreſs *Pleaſant*, I know you have ſo much wit as to perceive this buſineſs cannot be remedied by denials; here we are, as you ſee, naked, and thus have ſaluted hundreds at the window that paſt by, and gave us joy this morning.

They catch the Women in their Armes.

Pleaſ. Joy, of what? what do you mean?

Care.

Careleſs *kiſſes the* Widow.

Carel. Madam, this is viſible, and you may coy it, and refuſe to call me Huſband; But I am reſolved to call you Wife, and ſuch proofs I'll bring as ſhall not be denyed.

Wid. Promiſe your ſelf that; ſee whether your fine wits can make it good; you will not be uncivil?

Carel. Not a hair but what you give, and that was in the Contract before we undertook it; for any Man may force a Womans Body, but we have laid we will force your Mind.

Wild. But that needs not, for we know by your diſcourſe laſt night and this morning, we are Men you have no averſion to; and I believe, if we had taken time and wooed hard, this would have come a courſe; but we had rather win you by wit, becauſe you defi'd us.

VVid. 'Tis very well, if it ſucceed.

Carel. And, for my part, but for the jeſt of winning you, and this way, not ten joynters ſhould have made me marry?

VVid, This is a new way of wooing.

Carel. 'Tis ſo, Madam; but we have not laid our plot ſo weakly (though it were ſudden) to leave it in any bodies power but our own to hinder it.

Pleaſ. Do you think ſo?

Wild. We are ſecure enough, if we can be true to our ſelves.

Carel. Yet we ſubmit in the midſt of our ſtrength, and beg you will not wilfully ſpoile a good jeſt by refuſing us. By this hand, we are both ſound, and we'll be ſtrangely honeſt, and never in ill humours, but live as merry as the Maids, and divide the year between the Town and the Country; What ſay you, is't a Match? Your bed is big enough for two, and my meat will not coſt you much; I'll promiſe nothing but one heart, one purſe betwixt us, and a whole dozen of boyes, is't a bargain?

VVid. Not, if I can hinder it, as I live.

Wild. Faith, Miſtreſs *Pleaſant*, he hath ſpoken nothing but reaſon, and I'll do my beſt to make it good; Come faith, teach my Aunt what to do, and let me ſtrike the bargain upon your Lips.

Pleaſ. No, Sir, not to be half a Queen; if we ſhould yield now your wit would dominere for ever; and ſtill in all diſputes (though never ſo much reaſon on our ſide) this ſhall be urged as an Argument of your Maſter wit to confute us; I am of your Aunts mind, Sir; and if I can hinder it, it ſhall be no match.

Wild. Why then know, it is not in your Powers to prevent it.

Wid. Why, we are not married yet.

Carel. No, 'tis true.

Wid. By this good light then I'll be dumb for ever hereafter, leſt I light upon the words of Marriage by chance.

Pleaſ. 'Tis hard, when our own Acts cannot be in our own power, Gentlemen.

Wild. The plot is only known to four, the Miniſter and two that ſtood for Fathers, and a ſimple Country Maid that waited upon you laſt night, which playes your Chamber-maids part.

Pleaſ.

Pleaſ. And what will all theſe do?

Wild. Why, the two friends will ſwear, they gave you; the Parſon will ſwear, he married you; and the wench will ſwear, ſhe put us to bed.

Wid. Have you men to ſwear we are married?

Pleaſ. And a Parſon to ſwear he did it?

Both. Yes.

Wid. And a wench that will ſwear, ſhe put us to Bed?

Both. Yes, By this good light, and witneſs of reputation.

Pleaſ. Dare they or you look us in the face, and ſwear this?

Carel. Yes faith, and all but thoſe four know no other but really it is ſo; and you may deny it, but I'll make Mr. Conſtable put you to bed, with this proof, at night.

Wid. Pray, let's ſee theſe witneſſes.

VVild. Call in the four only. [*Exit* Careleſs.

Pleaſ. Well, this ſhall be a warning to me; I ſay nothing, but if ever I lye from home again.

Wild. I'll lye with you.

Pleaſ. 'Tis well; I dare ſay, we are the firſt women (if this take) that ever were ſtollen againſt their wills.

Wild. I'll go call the Gentlemen. [*Exit* Wild.

VVid. I that have refus'd a fellow that lov'd me theſe ſeven years, and would have put off his hat, and thanked me to come to bed, to be beaten with watch-mens ſtaves into anothers; For by this good light, for ought that I perceive, there's no keeping theſe out at night.

Pleaſ. And unleſs we conſent to be their wives, to day, M. Juſtice will make us their whores at night: oh, oh, what would not I give to come off! not that I miſlike them, but I hate they ſhould get us thus.

Enter Wild, Jolly, Captain, Careleſs, Parſon, Wanton, *with Roſe-mary in their hands, and Points in their Hats.*

Carel. Follow.---- Will not you two ſwear we were married laſt night?

Joll. Capt. Yes, By this light, will we.

VVild. Will not you ſwear you married us?

Parſ. Yea, verily.

Carel. And come hither, pretty one, will not you ſwear you left us all a bed laſt night, and pleas'd?

Want. Yes forſooth; I'll ſwear any thing your worſhip ſhall appoint me.

Wid. But, Gentlemen, have you no ſhame, no conſcience; will you ſwear falſe, for ſport?

Joll. By this light, I'll ſwear, if it be but to vex you: Remember you refus'd me, [That is contrary to Covenants though with my brace of Lovers; what will they do with their Coach-mans plot? but 'tis no matter, I have my ends; and ſo they are couzen'd I care not who does it.] *Speaks theſe words, aſide.*

Capt.

Capt. And, faith, Madam, I have sworn many times false, to no purpose; and I should take it ill, if it were mine own case, to have a friend refuse me an Oath upon such an occasion.

Pleas. And are you all of one mind?

Pars. Verily we will all swear.

Pleas. *laughs.* *Pleas.* Will you verily? what shall we do, Aunt?

Wid. Do you laugh? By this light, I am heartily angry.

Pleas. Why, As I live, let's marry them, Aunt, and be reveng'd.

Wid. Marry, where's the Parson?

Capt. Here, here, M. Parson, come and do your Office.

Pleas. That fellow? No, by my troth, let's be honestly joyn'd, for lucks sake, we know not how soon we may part.

Wild. What shall she do for a Parson? *Captain*, you must run and fetch one.

Capt. Yes, yes; but methinks this might serve turn; By this hand, he's a *Marshal*, and a *Case*, by Sire and Dam; pray try him, By this light, he comes of the best preaching kind in *Essex*.

Wid. Not I, As I live, that were a blessing in the Devils name.

Pars. Apox on your wedding; give me my wife and let me be gone.

Capt. Nay, nay, no choler, Parson; the Ladies do not like the colour of your Beard.

Pars. No, no, fetch another, and let them escape with that trick, then they'l jeer your beards blew, y'faith.

Carel. By this hand, he's in the right; either this Parson, or take one anothers words; to Bed now, and marry when we rise.

Pleas. As I live, you come not here till you are married; I have been no body's whore yet, and I will not begin with my husband.

Wild. Will you kiss upon the bargain, and promise before these witnesses not to spoil our jest, but rise and go to Church.

Pleas. And what will M. *Constant* and M. *Sadd* say?

Capt. Why, I'll run and invite them to the wedding; and you shall see them expire in their own Garters.

Joll. No, no, ne're fear't, their jest is only spoil'd.

Capt. Their jest, what jest?

Joll. Faith, now you shall know it, and the whole Plot: In the first place, your Coach-man is well, whose death, we, by the help of *Secret*, contriv'd, thinking by that trick to prevent this danger, and carry you out of Town.

Capt. But had they this Plot?

Joll. Yes faith, and see how it thrives; they'l fret like carted Bauds when they hear this news.

Pleas. Why, Aunt; would you have thought M. *Sadd* a Plotter? well, 'tis some comfort we have them to laugh at.

Wid. Nay faith, then, Gentlemen, give us leave to rise, and I'll take my venture, if it be but for a revenge on them.

Carel. Gentlemen, bear witness.

Capt. Come, come away, I'll get the points; I'me glad the Coach-man's well, the Rogue had like to have spoild our Comedy.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT.

ACT. V. SCEN. III.

Enter the Lady Love-all, *Maſter* Sadd, *and* Conſtant, *undreſs'd and buttoning themſelves as they go.*

Sadd. MArried?

Conſt. And to them?

Love. I, married, if you prevent it not; catch'd with a trick, an old ſtale trick; I have ſeen a Ballad on't.

Sadd. We ſhall go neer to prevent 'em.----Boy, My Sword.

Enter Captain.

Capt. Whither ſo faſt?

Sadd. You gueſs.

Capt. If you mean the wedding, you come too late.

Conſt. Why, are they married?

Capt. No, but luſtily promiſed.

Sadd. We may come time enough to be reveng'd though.----

Capt. Upon whom? your ſelves, for you are only guilty: who carried them thither laſt night? who laid the Plot for the Coachman?

Sadd. Why, do they know it?

Love. Well, you'l find the Poet a Rogue, 'tis he that has betray'd you; and if you'le take my counſel, be reveng'd upon him.

Conſt. Nay, we were told he did not love us.

Capt. By my life, you wrong him; upon my knowledge the Poet meant you ſhould have them.

Sadd. Why, who had the power to hinder then?

Capt. I know not where the fault lies directly; they ſay, the wits of the Town would not conſent to't, they claim a right in the Ladies, as Orphan-wits.

Conſt. The wits! hang 'em in their ſtrong lines.

Capt. Why I, ſuch a clinch as that has undone you; and upon my knowledge 'twere enough to hinder your next match.

Sadd. Why, what have they to do with us?

Capt. I know not what you have done to diſoblige them; but they croſt it; there was amongſt 'em too a pair of ſhe-wits, ſomething ſtricken in years; they grew in fury at the mention of it, and concluded you both with an authority out of a modern Author; beſides 'tis ſaid, you run naturally into the ſix-peny Room and ſteal ſayings, and a diſcourſe more then your peny-worth of jeſts, every Term; why, juſt now, you ſpit out one jeſt ſtollen from a poor Play, that has but two more in five Acts; what conſcience is there in't, knowing how dear we pay Poets for our Plays?

Conſt. 'Twas, Madam, with the ill face, one of thoſe whom you refus'd to ſalute the other day, at *Chipps* houſe; a Chees-cake had ſav'd all this.

Love. Why do you not make haſte about your buſines, but loſe time with this Babler?

Sadd. Madam, will you give us leave to make uſe of your Coach?

Love. You may command it, Sir; when you have done, ſend him to the Exchange, where I'll diſpatch a little buſineſs, and be with you immediately. [*Exeunt all but the Captain.*

Capt. So, this fire's kindled; put it out that can. What would not I give for a Peepers place at the meeting; I'll make haſte, and it ſhall go hard but I'll bear my part of the mirth too. [*Exit.*

ACT. V. SCEN. IV.

Enter Widow, Pleaſant, Careleſs, Wild, Parſon, Jolly, Wanton *and* Secret: *the Fidlers play as they come in.*

Parſ. MAſter *Jolly*, I find I am naturally inclin'd to mirth this day, and methinks my Corns ake more then my Horns; and to a man that has read *Seneca* a Cuckold ought to be no grief; eſpecially in this Pariſh where I ſee ſuch droves of St. *Lukes* cloathing; there's little *Secret* too, th'allay of waiting-woman, makes me hope, ſhe may prove metal of the Parſons ſtandard. Find a way to rid me of *Wanton*, and I'll put in to be Chaplain to this merry family; if I did not enveigle formal *Secret*, you ſhould hang me; I know the trick on't; 'tis but praying too, and preaching of the waiting-woman, then carefully ſeeing her cuſhion laid, with her book and leaf turn'd down, do's it, with a few Anagrams, Acroſticks, and her name in the Regiſter of my Bible: theſe charm the ſoft-ſoul'd ſinner; then ſometimes to read a piece of my Sermon, and tell her, a Saturday, where my Text ſhall be, ſpells that work more then Philtres.

Joll. If you can be ſerious, we'l think of this at leiſure. ------ See how they eye *Wanton*.

Carel. What? conſulting Parſon? let us be judges betwixt you; d'ye hear, *Jack*, if he offers ready money, I counſel, as a friend, take it; for, By this light, if you refuſe it, your wife will not; d'ye ſee thoſe gay Petti-coats?

Parſ. Yes, if you mean my wifes.

Carel. You know th'are his, and ſhe only wears 'em for his pleaſure; and 'tis dangerous to have a wife under another mans Petticoats; what if you ſhould find his breeches upon hers?

Parſ. Are not you married too? take care that yours do's not wear the Breeches, another kind of danger, but as troubleſome as that, or ſore-eyes; and if ſhe get but a trick of taking as readily as ſhe's perſwaded to give, you may find a horn at home; I have ſeen a Cuckold of your complexion; if he had had as much hoof as horn, you might have hunted the beaſt by his ſlat.

Pleaſ. How fine ſhe is! and, By this light, a handſome wench, Mr. *Jolly*, I am eaſier perſwaded to be reconcil'd to your fault, then any mans; I have ſeen, of this kind; her eyes have more Arguments in 'em then a thouſand of thoſe that ſeduce the world; hang me if thoſe Quivers be not full of Darts; I could kiſs that mouth,

my

my ſelf, is this ſhe my Aunt quarrel'd with you for?

Joll. The ſame, ſelf-ſame. And by this hand, I was barbarous to her, for your Aunts ſake; and had I not ſcap'd that miſchief of matrimony, By this light, I had had never ſeen her again; but I was reſolv'd not to quit her, till I was ſure of a wife, for fear of what has follow'd; had I been ſuch an Aſs as to have left her upon the Aiery hopes of a widows Oaths; what a caſe had I been in now? You ſee, your Aunt's provided of a man. Bleſs him, and ſend him patience, 'twould have been fine to have ſeen me walking, and ſighing upon cold hunting, ſeeking my whore again, or forc'd to make uſe of ſome common mercenary thing that ſells ſin and diſeaſes, crimes, penance and ſad repentance together; here's conſolation and ſatisfaction, in *Wanton*, though a man loſe his meal with the widow. And, faith, be free, how do you like my Girle; rid thee of her; what do's ſhe want now, pray, but a joynture, to ſatisfie any honeſt man? ſpeak your conſcience; Ladies don't you think a little repentance, hereafter, will ſerve, for all the ſmall ſins that good nature can act with ſuch a ſinner?

Parſ. Pray, Sir, remember ſhe's my wife; and be ſo civil to us both, as to forget theſe things.

Joll. For that, *Jack*, we'l underſtand hereafter, 'tis but a trick of youth, man, and her jeſt ill make us both merry, I warrant thee.

Parſ. Pray, Sir, no more of your jeſtes, nor your Jack; remember my Coat and Calling. This familiarity both with my wife and my ſelf, is not decent; your Clergy with Chriſten names are ſcarce held good Chriſtians. [*Enter* Wid.

Wid. I wonder at nothing ſo much as M. *Jollies* mirth, to day; where lies his part of the jeſt? couzen'd or refus'd by all, not a fiſh that ſtays in's Net.

Joll. *hugs* Wanton.

Joll. No, what's this? ſhew me a fairer in all your ſtreams; nor is this my ſingle joy, who am pleas'd to find you may be couzen'd; rejoyce to ſee you may be brought to lie with a man for a jeſt; let me alone to fit you with a trick too.

Carel. Faith, it muſt be ſome new trick; for thou art ſo beaten at the old one, 'twill neither pleaſe thee nor her; beſides, I mean to teach her that my ſelf.

Pleaſ. I ſhall never be perfectly quiet in my mind, till I ſee ſome body as angry as my ſelf; yet I have ſome conſolation when I think on the wiſe plot that kill'd the Coach-man, how the Plague, Red-croſs and Halberd has cut their fingers that deſign'd it, their anger will be perfect. *Secret* ſays they are coming, and that the Lady *Love-all* has given 'em the Alarm. [*Enter* Sadd *and* Conſt.

Wild. And ſee where the parties come, ---- Storms and tempeſts in their minds, their looks are Daggers.

Pleaſ. Servant, what? you'r melancholy and full of wonder; I ſee you have met the news.

Sadd. Yes Madam, we have heard a report that will concern both your judgement and your honour.

Pleaſ. Alas, Sir, w'are innocent; 'tis meer predeſtination.

Conſt. All weddings, Mr. *Sadd*, you know goe by chance, like hanging.

Pleaſ. And, I thank my Stars, I have ſcap'd hanging; to ha' been his Bride had been both.

Conſt. This is not like the promiſe you made us yeſterday.

Wid. Why truly, Servant, I ſcarce know what I do yet; the fright of the Plague had ſo poſſeſs'd my mind with fear that I could think and dream of nothing, laſt night, but of a tall black man, that came and kiſs'd me in my ſleep, and ſlap'd his whip in mine Ears, 'twas a ſawcy Ghoſt, (not unlike my Coach-man that's dead) and accus'd you of having a hand in his murder, and vow'd to haunt me till I was married, I told my niece the dream.

Pleaſ. Nay, the Ghoſt ſigh'd, and accus'd *Secret* and Maſter *Sadd*; of making him away confeſs, faith, had you a hand in that bloody jeſt?

Wid. Fie, *Servant*; could you be ſo cruel as to joyn with my woman againſt me?

Conſt. 'Tis well, Ladys; why a Pox do you look at me, this was your ſubtil plot; a Pox on your Clarks wit; you ſaid the jeſt would beget a Comedy when 'twas known, and ſo I believe 'twill.

Sad. Madam, I find you have diſcover'd our deſign, whoſe chief end was, to prevent this miſchief which I doubt not, but you'le both live to repent your ſhare of, before you have done travelling to the Epſams, Burbons, and the Spawes, to cure thoſe travell'd diſeaſes theſe Knights errant have, with Curioſity, ſought out for you; 'Tis true, th' are miſchiefs that dwell in pleaſant Countries, yet thoſe Roſes have their thorns; and I doubt not, but theſe gentlemens wit may ſting as well as pleaſe, ſometime; and you may find it harder to ſatisfie their travail'd Experience, then to have ſuffer'd our home-bred ignorance.

Carel. Heark, if he be not fallen into a fit of his Cozen; Theſe names of Places he has ſtollen out of her Receipt-book; amongſt all whoſe diſeaſes, find me any ſo dangerous, troubleſome or incurable, as a fool, a lean, pale, ſighing, coughing fool, that's rich and poor both, being born to an eſtate, without a mind or heart capable to uſe it, of a nature ſo miſerable he grudges himſelf meat; nay, they ſay, he eats his meals twice, a fellow whoſe breath ſmells of yeſterdays dinner, and ſtinks as if he had eat all our Suppers over again; I would adviſe you Mr. *Sadd* to ſleep with your mouth open, to air it, or get the Brewer to Ton it; Faugh, an empty Juſtice, that ſtinks of the Lees and Caſks, and belches *Littleton* and *Ployden's* Caſes; doſt thou think any woman that has wit, or honour, would kiſs that Bung-hole; by this light, his head and belly look as blew and lank as French Rabbets, or ſtale Poultry; Alas, Sir, my Lady would have a husband to rejoyce with, no green-tail'd Lecturer, to ſtand Centry at his beds ſide, while his naſty ſoul ſcoures through him, ſneaking out at the back door. ---- Theſe, Sir, are diſeaſes which neither the Spaw, or Bath, can cure your Garters and Willow are a more certain remedy.

Conſtant. Well, Sir, I find our plot's betray'd, and we have patience left; 'Tis that damn'd Captain has inform'd.

Sadd. Yet 'tis one comfort, Madam, that you have miſs'd that man

man of war, that Knight of Finſbury; His Dowager, with Ale and Switches, would ha' bred a Ballad.

Pleaſ. Faith, Sir, you ſee what a difficulty it is, in this Age, for a woman to live honeſt, though ſhe have a proper man to her huſband; therefore it behoves us to conſider, who we chooſe.

Joll. The Lady has Reaſon; for being allow'd but one, who would chooſe ſuch weazel's as we ſee daily mary'd, that are all head and Tail, crooked, dirty, ſold Vermin, predeſtin'd for Cuckolds, painted Snails, with houſes on their backs, and horns as big as *Dutch* Cows; would any woman marry ſuch? nay, can any woman be honeſt, that lets ſuch Hod-man-dods crawle o're her Virgin breaſt, and Belly, or ſuffer 'em to leave their ſlimy paths upon their bodies onely for Joyntures? Out, 'tis Mercenary and baſe; The generous heart has only the Laws of Nature and kindneſs in her view; and when ſhe will oblige, Friend is all the ties that nature ſeeks, who can both bear and excuſe thoſe kind crimes; And I believe, one as poor as the deſpis'd *Captain*, and neglected Courtier, may make a woman as happy in a Friendſhip as Maſter *Sadd*, who has as many faults as we have debts; one, whoſe Father had no more credit with Nature, then ours had with Fortune; whoſe ſoul wears Rags as well as the *Captains* body.

Sadd. Nay then, I'le laugh; for I perceive, y'are angryer then we; Alas, has loſt both ventures, *Wanton*, and the *Widow*.

Joll. Both, and neither ſo unlucky as to be thy wife; thy face is hang'd with blacks already, we may ſee the Bells toll in thy Eyes; A Bride and a Wedding Shirt? a Sexton and a winding ſheet? a Scrivener to draw up Joyntures? A Parſon to make thy will, man; by this light hee's as Chap-fallen as if he had layen under the Table all night.

Carel. Faith, Maſter *Sadd*, hee's parlouſly in the right; ne're think of marrying in this dull clime, wedlock's a trade you'le ne're go through with; wives draw-bills upon ſight, and't will not be for your credit to proteſt 'em; rather follow my counſel, and Marry *la Venetiano* for a night and away; a Piſtol Joynture do's it; then 'tis but repenting in the morning, and leave your woman, and the ſin both, i'th Bed; But if you play the fool, like your friends, and Marry in ſerious earneſt, you may repent it too, as they do; but wher's the remedy?

Wid. What was't you ſaid, Sir, do you repent?

Carel. By this hand, *Widow*, I don't know; but we have purſu'd a jeſt a great way. *Parſon*, are you ſure w'are married.

Parſ. Yes, I warrant you, for their eſcaping.

Carel. Their eſcaping? fool, thou miſtak'ſt me, ther's no fear of that; but I would fain know, if there be no way for me to get out of this Nooze; No hole to hide a mans head in from this Wedlock?

Parſ. Not any, but what I preſume ſhee'le ſhew you anon.

Carel. Hum! Now do I feel all my fears flowing in upon me; *Wanton* and Miſtriſs *Pleaſant* both grow dangerouſly handſome, a Thouſand Graces in each, I never obſerved before, now, juſt now, when

when I muſt not taſte, I begin to long for ſome of their Plums.

Wid. Is this ſerious, Sir?

Carel. Yes truly, *Widow*, ſadly ſerious; Is there no way to get three or four mouthfulls of Kiſſes from the *Parſons* wife?

VVid. This is ſad, Sir, upon my Wedding day, to deſpiſe me, for ſuch a Common thing.

Sadd. As ſad, as I could wiſh; This is a jeſt makes me laugh. ---- Common? no Madam, that's two bitter, ſhe's forreſt only, where the Royal Chace is as free as Fair.

Want. Were not you a Widow to day?

Sadd. Yes faith, Girl, and as fooliſh a one as ever Coach jumbled out of joynt.

Want. Stay then till to morrow, and tell me the difference betwixt us.

Sadd. I hope, thou'lt prove a She-prophet; could I live to ſee thee turn honeſt wife, and ſhe the *Wanton Widow*.

VVant. I cannot but laugh, to ſee how eaſie it is, to loſe or win the opinion of the world; a little cuſtom heals all, or elſe what's the difference betwixt a Married Widow and one of us? can any woman be pure, or worth the ſerious ſighing of a Generous heart, that has had above one hand lay'd upon her? is there place to write above one Lovers name, with honour, in her heart; 'tis indeed for one a Royal Palace; but if it admits of more, an Hoſpitall, or an Inne, at beſt, as well as ours; only off from the Road, and leſs frequented.

Pleaſ. Shrewdly urg'd.

Want. And though the ſins of my Family threw me into want, and made me ſubject to the treachery of that broken faith, to whoſe perjury I owe all my Crimes, yet ſtill I can diſtinguiſh betwixt that folly and this honour, which muſt tell you; *He or ſhe that would be thought twice ſo, was never once a Lover.*

Conſt. *Parſon*, thou art fitted; A whore, and Apothegms! what ſport will ſhe make us under a Tree, with a Sallad, and ſayings, in the Summer?

Wild. Come, *Wanton*, no fury; you ſee my Aunts angry.

Want. So am I, Sir, and yet can calmly reaſon this truth; Marryed Widows, though chaſte to the Law and Cuſtom, yet their ſecond Hymens make that which was but dying in the firſt huſbands Bed, a ſtain in the ſecond ſheets, where all their kindneſs and repeated embraces want their value, becauſe they're ſully'd and have loſt their Luſtre.

Sadd. By this light, I'le go to School to *Wanton*, ſhe has open'd my Eyes, and I begin to believe I have ſcap'd miraculouſly; By this hand, wench, I was within an inch of being marryed to this Danger; for what can we call theſe ſecond ſubmiſſions, but a tolerated lawful Mercenaryneſs, which though it be a rude and harſh expreſſion, yet your Carriage deſerves it.

Pleaſ. Fy, Maſter *Sadd*, pray leave being witty; I fear, 'tis a mortal ſin, to begin in the fifth Act of your Days upon an old ſubject too, abuſing of Widows, becauſe they deſpiſe you.

Wid.

Wid. Alas, Niece, let him alone, he may come in, for his ſhare; the *Parſon*, that has ſo oft receiv'd 'em, will not refuſe him Tythes, there, in Charity.

Want. That, or Conveniency, Intereſt, or Importunity, may, by your Example prevail; But 'tis not fair play, Madam, to turn your Lover to the Common, as you call it, now hee's rid lean in your ſervice; take heed, Mr. *Careleſs*, and warning Mr. *Sadd*; you ſee how fit for the Scavengers team your Lady leaves her Lovers.

Carel. Such a Lecture before I had Marry'd would ha' made me have conſidered of this matter. D'oſt thou hear *Wanton*, let us forgive one another, being Marry'd, for that folly has made us guilty alike.

VWant. And I would fain know the difference betwixt ours, and a wedding crime, which is worſt; to let love, youth and good humor betray us to a kindneſs, or to be gravely ſeduc'd by ſome aunt or uncle, without conſideration of the diſparity of Age, Birth, or Perſons, to lie down before a Joynture; Ladies, you may flatter your ſelves, but the ingenuous part of the world cannot deny, but ſuch minds, had they been born where our faults are not only tolerated but protected, would have liſtned to the ſame things, Intereſt counſels thereto.

Carel. Parſon, what Boot betwixt Our Wives? either come to a Price, or draw off your Doxy.

Parſ. Propoſe, propoſe, here will be mirth anon.

Sad. Yes, yes, propoſe, while I break it to your Lady; Madam, you ſee, here's a proper man to be had, and money to boot -- what, dumb?

VWant. No, ſhee's onely thinking; faith, Madam, try 'em both to Night, and chooſe to morrow.

Wild. Come, no more of this; Aunt, take my word for your huſband, that have had more experience of him then all theſe; 'tis true, he will long for theſe Girles, as children do for plums; and when h'as done, make a meal upon cheeſe; and you muſt not wonder, nor quarrel at what he ſays in his humor, but Judge him by his Actions; and when he is in his fit, and raves moſt, put him into your bed, and fol'd him cloſe in your Arms, Aunt; if he do's not riſe as kind and as good a husband as he that ſings Pſalms beſt, hang me; why, you're a fool, aunt; a widow, & diſlike a longing Bridegroom! I thought you had known better; do you love a ſpurr'd horſe, rather then a Duker, that neighs, and ſcrapes? I would not ſay this, but that I know him; let him not go out of your ſight, for hee's now in ſeaſon, a Ripe mature huſband; No delays; if you let him hang longer upon hope his fruit will fall alone.

Wid. You are merry, Sir; But if I had known this humor. *She kiſſes Carl. and he kiſſes her twice*

Wild. You'd ha' kiſs'd him firſt; but being ignorant, let me make you bluſh; come, a kiſs, and all's Friends. ---- how now, Sir, agen, agen, Aunt, look to your ſelf.

Carel. Um! By this light, ſweet heart, and I thank thee; Nay widow, there's no jeſting with theſe things --- Nay, I am a Lyon, in my Love: Aware, Puſs, if you flatter me, for I ſhall deceive you. *Kiſſes her again.*

Parſ. Since all are couzen'd, why ſhould I be troubled at my fortune; faith Gentlemen, what will you two give me for a wife, betwixt you?

Conſt. Faith, they're miſchiefs deare bought, though a man get 'em for nothing. *Parſ.*

Parſ. I'me almoſt of his mind; and if other people find no more pleaſure in a marri'd life then I, upon my wedding day, I'de paſs my time in the *Piazza*, with the Mountebank, and let him practiſe upon my Teeth, and draw 'em too ere he perſwades the words of matrimony out of my mouth again. I, I, M. *Conſtant*, you may laugh, you ha miſs'd a wife; would I were in your caſe, the world ſhould ſee how chearfully I ſhould bear ſuch an affliction.

Conſt. Jack, I ha made my peace at home, and by ſeeing others ſhip-wrack'd will avoid the danger, and here reſolve, never to ſigh again for any woman; th'are weeds grow in ev'ry hedge; and tranſplanting of 'em thus to our Beds gives certain trouble, ſeldom pleaſure, never profit. [*Enter* Capt.

Parſ. See where the enemy comes; now if you be wiſe, arm, and unite againſt him, as a common foe; he's come from his old Lady, deſigning a reconciliation; the Rogue's provident, and would fain have a Neſt for his Age to reſt in; Buff and Feathers do well in the youth and heat of thirty; but in the winter of old age, Captain at threeſcore, lame and lean, may lie with the Almanack out of date.

Capt. The Parſon's grown witty, and propheſies upon the ſtrength of Bride-Cake; if I gueſs aright, thou'lt be hang'd; for 'tis a truth, I have been endeavouring to make it appear, her fears were miſtaken in me: but I find the witch more implacable then the Devil; the waiting-woman is harder to forgive her part, then my Lady. *Faithful* will not be reconcil'd, the mercileſs Baud is all fire and ſword, no quarter; Bleſs me from an old waiting-womans wrath; ſhe'l never forgive me the diſappointing her of a promiſe when I was drunk; her Lady and ſhe are coming, but in ſuch a fury, I would not have the ſtorm find you in the ſtreet; therefore I counſel you to avoid the boys, and take ſhelter in the next houſe.

Wild. No, let's home, and with all diligence get our dinner, to defend us; and let the Porter diſpute it at the wicket, till ſhe ſigns Articles of peace.

Omnes. Agreed.----- Careleſs *is kind to the* Widow; *as he goes out*, Wild *and* Pleaſant *go together*, Jolly *and the* Parſons *wife go together.*

Wild. See how they pair now, 'tis not threeſcore year will part 'em now he has taſted a kiſs or two.

Joll. Parſon, I'll be your Bride-man.

Parſ. 'Tis well, Sir, I ſhall ha my time too.

Joll. I by this hand; nay, we'l ſhare fairly.

Capt. That's but reaſon, *Wanton*; and ſince he grows tame, uſe him kindly for my ſake.

Parſ. Can any of you digeſt Spunge and *Arſenick?*

Capt. Arſenick? what's that?

Parſ. An Italian Sallad, which I'll dreſs for you, By *Jove*, er'e I'll walk in my Canonical-coat lin'd with horn; Death, if I ſuffer this, we ſhall have that damn'd Courtier pluck on his ſhooes with the Parſons Muſons; fine y'faith, none but the ſmall Levites brow

to

to plant your shooing-horn-seed in?——How now? *As he is going off the Capt. stays him.*

Capt. Prithee, *Jack*, stay, and say something to the Gentlemen, by way of Epilogue. Thou art a piece of a scurvey Poet thy self, prithee oblige the Author, and give us a line or two in praise of his Play.

Parſ. I oblige him? hang him and all his friends, and hurt no body; yes, I'm likely to speak for him; you see how I ha been us'd to day betwixt you, I shall find a time to be reveng'd; let go my cloak; I have a Province, within, of mine own to govern, let me go.

Capt. Who, thy wife? faith stay, and give them an opportunity; thy pain will be the sooner over: you see 'tis a thing resolv'd betwixt 'em, and now thou'rt satisfi'd in the matter, be wise and silent; who knows what good she may do thee another time; I dare say, if she had as many souls in her as she had men, she'd bring thee a cure of her self.

Parſ. Let me go, or I shall be as troublesome as you are injurious, for all your Titles, Sir.

Capt. Lend me your cloak then, to appear more decent; you'd not ha me present Epilogue in Buff, whorson Dunce, with a red nose.

Parſ. Sir, my business is praying, not Epilogues.

Capt. With that face? By this light, 'tis a scandal to see it flaming so neer the altar; thou look'st as if thou'dst cry tope, in the face of the Congregation, instead of Amen.

Parſ. Thou'rt an Ass, 'tis proper there, t'has zeal and fervor in't, and burns before the Altar like the primitive Lamps.

Capt. I cry thee mercy; By this light, he'l make it sacrilege anon to steal his nose; thou'lt entitle the Altar to that Coal; was't not kindl'd *Ex voto?* nay, I will have your cloak.

Parſ. Take it; would 'twere *Neſſus* his shirt, for you and your Poets sake. [*Exit* Parson.

Capt. What, do's the Rogue wish 'twere made of Nettles?

Captain *puts on his Cloak, and addresses himself to speak the Epilogue, and is interrupted by the Lady* Love-all *and* Faithfull *her woman, who in haste and full of anger pull him by the Cloak.*

Love. By your favour, Sir; did you see any company pass this way? *The Musick players.*

Capt. None, but the three Brides, and they are gone just before you.——Hark, the Musick will guide you.

Love. Is it certain then they're married?

Capt. Yes, Lady, I saw the Churches rights performed.

Faithf. Why do's your Ladiship lose time in talking with this fellow; don't you know him, Madam? 'tis the rascally Captain, hid in a black cloak; I know you, Sirrah.

Love. She has reason; now I mark him better, I should know that false face too; see *Faithful*, there are those treacherous eyes still.

Capt. Alas, you miſtake me, Madam, I am Epilogue now; the Captain's within; and as a friend I counſel you, not to incenſe the Gentlemen againſt the Poet, for he knows all your ſtory; and if you anger him he'l put it in a Play; but if you'l do friendly offices, I'll undertake, inſtead of your Pearl you loſt, to help you to the Jewel, the Scotch Dictionary will tell you the value of it; let them go alone, and fret not at their loſs; ſtay, and take my counſel, it ſhall be worth three revenges.

Love. Well, what is't, Sir?

Capt. They ſay, you have a great power over the Parſon; if you can prevail with him to expreſs his anger in ſome Satyrick Comedy (for the knave has wit, and they ſay his genius lies that way,) tell him, 'tis expected he ſhould be revenged upon the illiterate Courtier that made this Play; if you can bring this buſineſs about, I may find a way, as Epilogue, to be thankful, though the Captain abus'd you to day. Think on't, *Stephen* is as handſome, when the Play is done, as Mr. *Wild* was in the Scene.

Love. There's ſomething of reaſon in what he ſays.-----But my friend, how ſhall one believe you; you that were ſuch a Raſcal to day, in Buff, is it to be hoped you can be honeſt only with putting on a black cloak? well, I'll venture once again; and if I have any power, he ſhall ſting the malicious Raſcal; and I think he is fit for ſuch a buſineſs. I'me ſure he has the worſt tongue; and a conſcience that neither honour nor truth binds; and therefore 'tis to be believed, if he will rail in publick he may be even with your Poet; I will cloath and feed him and his Muſe this ſeven years, but I will plague him: *Secret* tells me, 'twas your Poet too that pawn'd me, to day, in the Tavern.

Capt. By my faith, did he; nay 'twas he that told me of your friendſhip with *Jolly*.

Love. I wonder the Parſon has been ſo long ſilent; a man of his coat and parts, to be beaten with a pen, by one that ſpeaks ſence by rote, like Parots; one that knows not why ſence is ſence, but by the ſound; one that can ſcarce read, nay, not his own hand; well, remember your promiſe.

Capt. Leave it to me, he is yours; and if our Plot take, you ſhall all have your ſhares in the mirth; but not the profit of the Play; and the Parſon, more then his Tythe, a ſecond day.

Love. We will diſcourſe of this ſome other time; and pray diſpatch what 'tis you have to ſay to this noble company, that I may be gone; for thoſe Gentlemen will be in ſuch fury, if I ſtay; and think, becauſe we are alone, God knows what.

Capt. 'Tis no matter what they think, 'tis not them we are to ſtudy now; but theſe gueſts, to whom pray addreſs your ſelf civilly, and beg that they would pleaſe to become Fathers, and give thoſe Brides within; what ſay you, Gentlemen, will you lend your hands to joyn them; the Match you ſee is made; if you refuſe, *Stephen* miſſes the Wench, and then you cannot juſtly blame the Poet. For you know, they ſay, that alone is enough to ſpoil the Play.

FINIS.

The Pilgrim.

A TRAGEDY,

The Scene *MILLAIN*.

Written in *PARIS*,

BY

THOMAS KILLIGREW.

1651.

DEDICATED

TO THE

COUNTESSE

OF

CARNARVAN.

LONDON:

Printed by *J. M.* for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be sold at his Shop at the sign of the *Blew Anchor*, in the lower Walk of the *New-Exchange*. 1663.

The Names of the Actors.

Alphonſo, Duke of *Millain*.
Sforza, His Son in Love with *Fidelia*.
Julia, Widow to the deceaſed Duke of *Pavia*, now Dutcheſs of *Millain*.
Victoria, Daughter to *Alphonſo*, in Love with *Coſmo*.
Coſmo, Son to *Julia*, in Love with *Victoria*.
Fidelia, *Julia*'s Daughter, in Love with *Sforza*.
Matthias, The deceaſed Duke of *Pavia* only mentioned.
Martino, A Lord of *Pavia*, Favorite to the deceas'd Duke and Dutcheſs, and now Favorite to *Alphonſo*.
Carlo, Governour of the Caſtle of *Millain*, a Creature of *Julia*'s, and Secretary.
Baptiſta, A Lord of *Pavia*, baniſhed both States, in Love with *Fidelia*.
Antonio, *Giovanni*, Friends to *Coſmo*; *Richardo*, *Ferdinando*, Friends to *Sforza*; All four Honeſt Men.
Phillipine, Page to *Victoria*.
Pietro, *Nicolett*, Banditoes.
A Hermit.
Trivallin, A Ferry-man over the *Poe*.
Bertolin, His Man.
Argentin, His Wife.
Moretta, His Maid.
Attendants, Such as the Scene requires.
Angelica, *Maria*, Servants to the Princeſs.

The Pilgrim.

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

Enter Giovanni, Ferdinando, *and two Officers of the Army.*

Giovanni. WEre I worthy to counſell the Duke, he ſhould know this removing of Generals breeds ill blood, and diſaffects the Souldiers; whoſe kindneſs at this time is of more importance then his ſecurity will give faith to.

Ferdi. That *Coſmo* was made General, though it ſeemed ſtrange at firſt; yet thoſe that know *Julia*'s power with the old Duke, he being her Son, wonder not at it. But how he comes now to be diſgraced, and yet ſhe and *Martino* hold their Intereſt in Court, makes me ſuſpect ſome foul play, ſome further deſignes then their Craft will let us diſcover.

Giov. He has won ſtrangely upon the Souldiers by his Courage and Affability; for thoſe that are his Enemies will yet allow Prince *Coſmo* a gallant and ſtout Souldier, elſe he would have found the hatred they bear his Mother would have clouded all his parts; his firſt Reception was ſo cold, we thought he looked dejected, as if he were aſham'd to own his Mother.

Ferdi. Prithee talk no more of her; ſhe is an evil the Nation ought to arm againſt; The ſword (and that ſpeedily bent againſt her) can onely prevent the ruine ſhe and *Martino* threaten this State with. Prayers find too ſlow Remedies for ſuch miſchiefs as their power daily contrives.

Giov. Heaven had many Crimes to puniſh in *Millain*, when ſhe and *Martino* were ſent our ſcourges; Her own Subjects deſpis'd and ſcorn'd her, and deriding her victory, ſay, we fought for their diſeaſes onely.

Ferdi. I wonder how Prince *Sforza* brooks this Familiarity of hers with *Martino*; for 'tis ſaid, he paſſionately affects the Princeſs *Fidelia*, a Virgin of unqueſtion'd Virtue, and yet her Daughter.

Giov. She has indeed an unſpotted Fame; and when I conſider it, I am amazed to think Nature ſhould ſend ſuch Sovereign Fruit from ſo poyſonous a Root; yet they ſay Prince *Sforza* but ill digeſted

geſted his Fathers Marriage with the Mother, for all his Paſſion for the Daughter.

Ferdi. Can you blame him? Is it not a hard Condition to find his Enemy and his Captive become his Mother? Supplanting him in all the power and truſt of his Father? yet his Piety makes him obedient, even to her weakneſs; and civil, even to his Fathers faults.

Giov. O 'tis a matchleſs Gallantry inhabits in him; his Princely breaſt is all compos'd of Honour; whether Enemy or Friend, he conquers ſtill; ſo faithfull in his Promiſe, mild in Command, and gentle in Diſpute, Conſtant and Reſolute in dangers, never abſent to himſelf, never tranſported when he overcomes, nor loſing himſelf in diſorder, nor amazed when he is worſted; I have ſeen him win and loſe a battle, but with that evenneſs of Soul, as fair Gameſters uſe to meet their fortunes with.

Ferdi. Yet I heard him ſay, he thought it had been better for *Millain* to have loſt the battle, then wonne *Pavia*; ſince his Fathers weakneſs had ſo far betray'd him as to marry *Julia*.

Giov. See if we were not fallen into the diſcourſe of her again, that Curſe; and our miſeries are ſo large a Theam we cannot ſhun it, though we warn each other.

Ferdi. To divert you from that diſcourſe, pray let me know your intention; are you for *Millain*, with the Generall, or will you ſtay here? I mean to wait upon him, and, by that Title, till I ſee ſome worthier then himſelf receive his Command, which they will ſcarce find in *Millain*.

Giov. Prithee, *Ferdinando*, think better of me, then to believe I will ſerve under any Man that Clouds Prince *Coſmo*; let us go find him at his Lodging.

Ferdi. He is gone abroad, I ſaw him and *Antonio* upon the workes; This way we ſhall meet them, ſee where they come.—

Enter Coſmo, Antonio, *and* Carlo; Coſmo *has a Letter open in his hand, which he reads with a troubled look.*

Coſmo. They need not be ſo haſty in repeating their Injuries from *Millain*; *Coſmo* has not ſo ill a Memory to forget the firſt, that they need not prompt him with a ſecond;——*Theſe are to Command you to quit the Army, and to attend us at* Millain, *to know our further pleaſure.* *Alphonſo* the Duke may command, and 'tis juſt that I obey; And 'tis as great a truth, his Command ought to be juſt. What if I will not quit the Army? 'tis not this paper can force me, *Carlo?*

He reades.

Giov. Force! who dares think they can force hence the *Lombard* General, or, at leaſt, publiſh that thought? Death! do not go, Sir; ſay to us, you are wrong'd, and you will have juſtice ere you ſtir; we will ſend a Meſſenger ſhall make *Millain* know ſhe has her power from hence.

Coſ. I thank you for your hearty affection; but I muſt not let you be faulty to ſerve me; my Lord, you may return, and ſay, I

ſhall

ſhall obey; My innocence dares go and meet the author of this injury, and then play *Coſmo*'s part.

Carl. Sir, I am ſorry 'twas my misfortune to bring this unwelcome news; and 'twas one part of their deſign that wrought this miſchief, to have me employed; that it might wither my hopes in your Highneſs favour; but this Letter, Sir, I hope, will acquit me; 'tis from your Princely Mother. *He delivers him a Letter, which he opens.*

Ferd. Giovanni, that is one of *Julia*'s familiars; would thou or I had the opening of his heart; what a neſt of Villains we ſhould diſcover!

Coſmo *tears his Mothers Letter.*

Coſ. Womens counſels are like their actions; let her practiſe her patience ſtill; though ſhe can digeſt affronts and ſcorns, they ſhall find *Coſmo* will not; I muſt be patient and ſuffer an affront, becauſe Prince *Sforza* is to ſucceed in my Command.

Car. So it was reported, Sir; but 'twas the wonder of all, why he of late ſhould ſo labour your remove; nor could we learn who were the means he wrought by, till the Dutcheſs ſuſpecting your Siſter *Fidelia* intercepted ſome of her Letters, by which ſhe found the Prince and your Siſter hold intelligence; and 'twas her command, and Count *Martino* counſell'd, that your Highneſs ſhould not build too much upon the ſeeming friendſhip of the Prince; who but ill brooks the love and truſt your Highneſs has in *Millain*; and thoſe that will ſtrike at your honour thus, ſhe ſays, would ſtrike at Prince *Coſmo*, if they durſt attempt him.

Ferd. Did not I tell you, that is a Villain.

Coſ. I find him, and her practice too, fond Girle.

Giov. Ha! 'tis Prince *Sforza* then that ſucceeds our General.

Coſ. What if it be Prince *Sforza*? what is that to me; who has heard me queſtion his merits? or wiſh one glory from his growing greatneſs? why then ſhould he look with envious eyes on mine? are honours ſo ſcarce in the Court of *Millain*, that they muſt rob a ſtranger, ere they can pay their Debts to their Prince? let them build him Trophees of their Love, till his envied fame grows great as his mind; I ſhall not repine at it, ſo I be not injur'd; who ever heard *Coſmo* repeat the ruine he ſuffer'd in the war betwixt *Millain* and *Pavia*, becauſe I was then their enemy? and though I loſt my Country, I kept my honour. But when they will call me friend, and injure me; ſmile in my face, and ſtab me; wiſh health to *Coſmo*, and put poyſon in his cup; the world muſt pardon me, if then my paſſion grows untame; when I ſee they aim to make me the baſis to build anothers greatneſs on; which ere I will ſuffer, I'll raiſe a ſtorm ſhall ſhake the proudeſt in their proudeſt thoughts. *Antonio*, follow me. *Exit* Coſmo *and* Antonio.

Car. This I look'd not for; I muſt find him. [*Exit.*

Ferd. This miſchief I foreſaw; 'tis eaſie to read *Julia*'s craft; the malice of a bloody and an ambitious woman is clearly to be diſcovered. Oh, *Giovanni*, the ruine that threatens this State muſt have ſudden, honeſt, and bold remedies; and we muſt wear our ſwords ready for all occaſions.

Gio. 'Tis apparent her deſign is to break the friendſhip between the two

two Princes; and I am confident, *Sforza* has no hand in this injury done to our General; therefore let us haſte to *Pavia*, and acquaint Prince *Sforza* with what has paſt, whither I believe *Coſmo* is gone; his nature is too fiery to ſleep upon ſuch a conceived injury.

Ferd. Agreed: But let us paſs by *Millain*, and obſerve what face the Court wears towards the Souldiers; that will inſtruct us how to proceed; for my fears apprehend ſome ſudden miſchief.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT. I. SCEN. II.

Enter Martino *and a Servant.*

Mart. The Duke ſpeechleſs, no ſign of life, but warmth?

Serv. The Phyſitian bad me tell you, that he apprehends this relapſe will be mortal. [*aſide.*

Mart. If he ſhould die, 'twould croſs all our deſigns; *Carlo* is abſent too: this chance diſtracts me; ſaw you the Dutcheſs?

Serv. No, Sir, but one was diſpatch'd to call her. [*Exit* Serv.

Mart. Haſte to the Phyſitian, and the Guards; command them ſtrictly to admit no viſits, till I come. [*Enter* Julia.

Jul. O *Martino*, we are loſt, for ever loſt, if ſuddenly we attempt not ſome brave reſcue; and the plot we have ſo gloried in (our breaking the friendſhip betwixt my Son and *Sforza*) as 'twas then the way to compaſs our ends, if the Duke dies, it will be our utter ruine.

Mart. What ſays your Meſſenger, how did he leave him?

Jul. The Impoſtume brake, and he was almoſt ſtrangled ere they found it; and he left him ſpeechleſs, and void of reaſon; and he muſt find ſudden eaſe, or death.

Mart. But why this diſtraction, Madam? think you I have not thought of all the remedies that either our power or craft can propoſe? thinks your Highneſs that *Martino* is ſo dull, as to ſleep in this ſtorm where you and *Coſmo* are threatn'd? No, Madam, I am too proud and kind to quit the Helm, which thus long your favour hath put in my hands.

Jul. What then do's thy ſoul prompt thee to? is there a hope left we may gain *Sforza* to our party?

Mart. No, no; that thought is vain and deſperate; *Sforza* is not to be wrought upon; were he a coward I would fright him from the Throne; or were he a fool, I would flatter him till his heart were tame, and then rock him aſleep, and inſenſibly rob him of a Crown. But theſe charms have no power upon him, his ſullen nature's proof againſt them and luſt: yet if *Fidelia* would joyn, that bait might engage his ſoul,; for I know he loves her; and if ſhe would be wiſe enough to liſten to her own good, I would not doubt our ſucceſs. Did you move it to her?

Jul. Yes, yes; But hell upon her, ſhe's too cold, ſhe was changed, ſure, in the Cradle; No child of mine could be ſo unſeaſonably

bly vertuous; when I urged it to her with all the kindneſs and intereſt of a Mother; Shewed her that all her paſt glories, preſent honours and ſafety depended upon her conſent; ſhe urged conſcience and the Gods, and a thouſand ſtrange examples of their judgements upon ſuch actions. In ſhort, I fear ſhe is honeſt; and therefore neither to be truſted, nor tempted longer.

Mart. Hell take her and her froward conſcience; let her live and dye a fool, and ſlave to *Sforza*, ſince ſhe prefers a Maidenhead before a Crown. Secret is honeſty enough for any woman; and ſince there is no other remedy, they both muſt dye; I have ordered to admit no viſits; and if he dye, we muſt conceal it till *Sforza* be dead, which is the only counſel our extremity admits. *She leans upon him.*

Jul. That was ſpoke like a friend to *Julia*; now I find my youth did not erre in her choice; nor do I grudge that bounty or love that purchas'd *Martino*'s friendſhip,-----*Sforza* muſt dye, was it not ſo thou ſaid'ſt?

Mart. Yes, Madam, he muſt dye, 'tis the only remedy; if he get the Crown, we are ſhort lived.

Jul. Sforza get the Crown? has *Jul.* quitted all her peace, all her honour, and her God, to make her *Coſmo* great; and after that, ſhall ſhe ſee him ſtoop to *Sforza*; I had rather thoſe limbs were torn by a Hang-man.

Mart. Put off your fears, and calm this paſſion; 'tis reſolv'd, *Sforza* ſhall dye, and your Highneſs laugh at his Tragedy, whoſe thoughts are big with hopes of our miſery.

Jul. Theſe words have given life to my dying hopes; and could I hear thee ſay *Sforza* was dead, *Julia* were then Miſtriſs of all her wiſhes; and till I do hear that muſick in thy voice, the fear that he ſhould live maſter of *Coſmo* and thee, makes my joy faint; for know, I have ſet up my reſt; and we will ſtand the greateſt, or fall the wicked'ſt in *Millain*. O *Martino*, canſt thou call to thy mind that ſad day, when I kneel'd a petitioner at great *Matthia*'s feet (thy dead Lord and mine) the private eſtate I then mourn'd, gather'd from his firſt looks ambitious hopes, which with ſuch art I managed, that ere I had my ſtory told with tears and youth, ſo cunningly I pleaded, that he left to be *Cæſar*, and rather obeyed, then granted what I ſought; but Love was my aid then, Love moved in theſe eyes; and ſo powerful were thoſe tears, his heart was ſtruck with the ſad object; but theſe eyes had fire in them then, *Martino*, Fire, ſuch as that miſery could not cloud, ſuch as thoſe tears could not quench; But to his bed they lighted *Julia*, *Pavia*'s Duke I ruled, and upon a cruell Brother took a deep Revenge; High was the Fame of *Julia*'s Beauty then, when all bowed to *Julia*, and obſerv'd her riſing, as if the day had broke from theſe Eyes to whoſe power all ſtoop'd; Yet then, *Martino*, my *Martino*, in midſt of all theſe glories commanded *Julia*.

Mart. Why do you repeat this, Madam? Do you believe your Servant wants ſpurs? Are not our Intereſts equal? Is there any thing can attempt me to be ungrateful?

Julia. No, *Martino*, not that I fear thy gratitude, but to call to

thy Memory thy dead friends; That I was handsome is but a weak Argument; and if thou shouldst prove forgetful, *Julia* would not frown upon thee, because she knowes 'tis vain and idle; frownes and anger from decayed Beauty beget no terrour in Men; 'tis like *Cæsar* in his Marble, which to none terrour beares.

She points to her face.

Mart. Take heed how you encourage me to be false; Men, when they fear no punishment, are seldome faithful for Honours sake; and if I should be false, what would you do?

He embraces her.

Julia. Mourn, and conjure thee to thy faith again, by all those past pleasures, by all those joyes which I have brought thee, by our stolne sweetes, and those envy'd embraces which we so often have expired in, and beg of thee not to add to the miseries of time; Then would I shew thee that Heaven thou hast so often sworn by; These stars too, which furnish'd thee with new matter for thy vowes; And at last, sighing, name *Julia*, as thou wast wont to do; when thou would'st swear by what in Heaven and Earth thou lovd'st and feard'st most, *Julia* would then fall from thy Tongue, and tears from thy Eyes; And, if in these dayes my kindness obliged a gallant man, thou wouldst again return to thy friend.

They embrace

Mart. No more, Fate and *Martino* shall change together; I am still your Highnesses; command me and prove my faith, though it be to fix this Ponyard in *Sforza's* heart.

Julia. No, no, *Martino*, I will bear a part in all; I require no single danger from you, but onely to joyn with me: For thou art one my thoughts labour to preserve rather then to hazard; and when we can gain our ends safely, then I again conjure you to joyn with me to make our *Cosmo* great; for to me he is dearer then all that the Earth shews, or the Sea hides; Because he is the fruit *of our Love*; 'tis for my dear *Cosmo*, thy *Cosmo*, 'tis for him I plead; And by thy part of that pleasing sin, by that beloved fault which *Cosmo* is; By that dear crime, which I cannot, nay will not repent, because 'twas thine, let us resolve to pursue our design: That we may leave our *Cosmo* great as our Loves, lest envious lookers on, in these dayes, should scorn our past greatness, and laughing say, *Julia* and *Martino*'s glory was as mortal as her beauty, which is the common Fate of Women.

Mart. No more, *Julia*, By this —— and this, my *Julia* is to me still all Pleasure, all Beauty, all sweetness; O thou excellently faithfull to a broken Faith, and diligent maintainer of thine own Laws.

They kiss.

Julia. Love and Ambition know no Laws; a Mistress and a Crown have no certain way; Election, Birth, Sword, all are good. Nothing was ever call'd Treason, when the Traytors stood; Laws are fit to bind the people, Princes are above them, and the wisest make them their servants; The sacrifice was the peoples expiation, and so sacred, they might not touch what they offered, yet what they offered was to the Priest but food.

Mart. Thou hast fired my Soul, and I long to see *Sforza* Earth. *Baptista* shall suddenly put in execution the plot we resolved on; he'll this Evening be at my Lodging, and all things agree to make

it

it hit; For *Sforza* is this day to ſet out from *Pavia*, which will give an occaſion fit for our deſign; our doubt was, where to attempt him; 'twas my opinion in the wood, when he is paſt the River; But *Count Baptiſta* believes 'twill be ſafer, when he paſſes the Ferry; I have whetted him on with repeating of his Injuries; and *Carlo* hath ſo confirmed him, that his baniſhment was procured by *Sforza* (who is now his Rival in *Fidelia*'s Love) that he is ready for any miſchief, ſo ſhe may be his reward, which we aſſured him, with a Reſtitution to all his Poſſeſſions when *Coſmo* reigned, which muſt be performed.

Julia. Yes, if there be no way to remove him when the work is done; for he is of too bold a Nature to be truſted with ſuch a ſecret.

Mart. That is a danger not ill foreſeen; for ſuch men, if not rewarded as they deſire, ſtill cry, They gave the Crown, and think they are never paid till they have the gift again.

Julia. Sure I am greater then I was; this Faith in my Friend has renewed my years; if not in me, yet it has in thee, faithfull, kind *Martino*, who now appear'ſt lovely, as *Bacchus* in his Wine; when the well-natur'd God look'd kindly on the faults of the falſe *Theſeus*; and I could wiſh all the forſaken Beauty of *Ariadne*, to add to what time has wither'd here, and thou that Gods deſire, blown by his own fire, that *Julia* might meet thee again, and again overflow thy heart with Joy. [*Enter* Carlo.

Mart. What news begets this haſte? where's *Coſmo?*

Carlo. He left the Camp enraged at the Letters, and threatens a Revenge againſt *Sforza*; and if not prevented, I fear, in his own Perſon he will attempt it; there is no body but *Antonio* with him.

Julia. Watch his coming to Court, and give me notice, that I may lay my command upon him, not to venture himſelf in ſuch a danger.

Mart. That thought is vain; Pray take no notice of his intention, nor ſeem to intend his prevention, leſt he ſuſpect it and ſteal privately away; Leave the care to me, I will have the guard ready; and as ſoon as he enters the Court, we will ſeize him in the Dukes name, and make him a Priſoner at my Chamber, till *Sforza* be gone his long Journey.

Carlo. You muſt loſe no time in that deſign neither; for 'tis certain, *Sforza* ſets out this day; have you reſolved where we ſhall ſet upon him?

Mart. Either in the Wood, or as he paſſes the *Poe.*

Carlo. You know, 'twas the *Count Baptiſta*'s opinion, the River was beſt; for the Act once done, 'twas but ſinking the Boat, and the waters being high, they may have time to eſcape to *Pavia.*

Mart. Prithee call him, he is now at my Chamber, and we will reſolve.

Carlo. No, Sir, Pray let him not be ſeen in this publick place; his diſguiſe is not proper for you to hold diſcourſe with, it may beget

ſuſpition; within he ſhall attend you.

Julia. I will to the Duke, to keep all viſits from him but death, who could never have come unwelcome till now; had he waited on *Sforza* firſt, we might then have lighted at his Funeral my *Martino*'s Hymeneal Torch.

Carlo. Spoke like my great Miſtreſs; and 'tis my glory that I ſerve ſuch a Soul: But loſe no time; let *Baptiſta* be inſtructed, that is the hinge on which all this glorious work muſt move, and Crown Prince *Coſmo*; which will make Divine-formed *Julia* great in Story.

Mart. Away *Carlo*, call *Baptiſta* to the Dutcheſs Cabinet, where we will expect you. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. II. SCEN. I.

Enter Baptiſta *alone, habited like a Beggar.*

Bapt. HAteful Habit! loathed form! ſcorn'd fortune! wretched *Baptiſta*, diſgraced, baniſhed, and deſpiſed by her I Love! O Heaven! Is there no way to conqueſt but through the miſeries of the Innocent? My crime to this State was my faith to my dead prince and kinſman; which too well *Martino* and falſe *Julia* know; if they had any gratitude for his memory, they might long ſince have diſperſed this cloud, having abſolute power in *Millain*; But they are falſe as Cowards bred in blood and Luſt together; Yet now their dangers begin to approach they fawn upon *Baptiſta*; and to gain their ends, promiſe more then Paſſengers in ſtorms, or a prodigal to his Whore, when Beauty and high rough Seas plead in their Luſts and fears. And now I will diſſemble too; and be as blind as the Scene requires; neither ſee nor hear ought but what they ſhew or tell; Not that I will believe thee *Martino*; but I have my ends too in *Sforza*'s death; 'Twas that proud Boy eclipſed all my glories, and left me thus a naked ſhrub; 'twas he that like untimely froſts kil'd all my forward hopes in dear *Fidelia*; for whoſe ſake, Fate ſpins no thread ſo fine but I dare cut it; and for her ſake he ſhall die.----- See where ſhe comes; This is all the joy I have, this ſight makes me endure my miſery.

Enter Fidelia *and her* Maid.

Fidelia. This diſgrace of *Coſmo*'s amazes me; Prince *Sforza* too, is called home; and the Duke fallen into a relapſe; When I conſider theſe accidents, I am able to give my ſelf ſo little ſatisfaction, that I cannot but fear there is ſome foul play intended; for I know *Martino* cannot but apprehend the Prince in both, Oh! this thought has fears which Heaven protect the Prince from.

Bapt. All bleſſings of mind and Fortune fall upon the Excellent *Fidelia*, till the abundance equal that Exceſs of beauty that ſtrikes the world, for being ſo charitable to her daily Beads-man.

Fidelia.

Fidelia. I am not uncharitable ---- yet my heart affects not that fellow; Heaven pardon me, if I judge amiſs; But me-thinks he deſerves his Curſe; nor did I ever yet give him a willing Alms; Yet *Maria*, give him ſomething. What ſaid he? [*Exit* Baptiſta. *She ſpeaks aſide.*

Maria. I know not, Madam. [*Enter* Victoria.

Vict. O ſiſter, ſend off thy *Maid*, till I relate my fears; *Martino* is a Villain, a bloody and a ſubtle Traytor; and if not ptevented, will ruine all that is vertuous in this Court.

Fidelia. Oh my divining ſoul! whence ſpring thy fears, Gentle *Victoria*?

Vict. Paſſing through the Privy Gallery to my Fathers Chamber, which you know joyns upon your Mothers Cabinet, I heard ſome laugh, which made me curious to liſten; where I heard ſuch light airy things as ſuit not with theſe times, nor our diſtracted fortunes; and one (I will not name) with wicked mirth made mention of thoſe dangers that now beſiege my fathers life; At which my anger made me look, to ſee who they were; more amazed at the ſight, then at the ſound of thoſe words: For the old beggar (we uſe to give our Alms to) was with them; He ſtood upright, no age nor wrinkles in his Face, nor ſilver hair on head or beard; he whiſper'd ſomething to the Dutcheſs, at which ſhe laugh'd; and I could hear the Villain ſay, by to morrow Sun-ſet ſhe ſhould ſee no air of *Sforza*; and to his horrid wiſh bloody *Martino* ſaid, Amen. But that which moſt cuts my ſoul, was, to find the Dutcheſs of this Councel.

Fidelia. Oh! Madam: That Villain I have long trembled at, fearing his counſel would at laſt tend to ſome horrid miſchief; ſhe is my mother, I ſhall therefore neither Judge nor revile her; though my heart weeps for her; let heaven ſpeak to her, and tell her what Duty ſhe owes to them, and give me piety enough to pay mine to her. (*She weeps.*)

Vict. Dear ſiſter, do not weep; I came not to afflict you, but to Counſel, with you, how I might ſave the Innocent.

Fidelia. Oh Madam! to what miſery was I reſerved? when your noble Brother ſaved us, and gave his Charity to thoſe that arm'd againſt him; would I had died with my Father, with that peace and Innocence I then enjoyed; I ſhall live now till none will pity me; None will mourn when I die, nor ſhed a tear for poor *Fidelia*; In that day *Millain* will burn fires of joy; no Funeral-torch ſhall light the ſad mourners from my Obſequies.

Vict. Your griefs are now unſeaſonable, pray defer them, and conſider what is to be done to ſave my brother from their Malice; Your commands are more powerful far then mine, I will not doubt a ſiſters Intereſt; Let us write our fears, and aſſure him that there is a Plot laid for his life, and acquaint him with the relapſe, and ſuddain danger that my father is fallen into; he will then know how neceſſary his preſence muſt be here; but counſel him to come privately in ſome diſguiſe, and we will expect him at your Chamber; while you write this, I will call *Phillipine*, to whoſe care we will give it.

Fidelia.

Fidelia. I ſhall; and 'tis one joy, I am not ſo loſt in your Opinion but that your highneſs dares truſt me with your fears, though my Mother be part of them; If I keep that value with the Prince too, I ſhall not be ſo miſerable as my fears would perſwade me.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. II. SCEN. II.

Enter Coſmo, *muffled in his Servants Cloak, obſerving his Siſter, and the Princeſs as they go out.*

Coſmo. 'TWas ſhe, and the Princeſs *Victoria*; I will obſerve till ſhe goes to her own Chamber. I dare not ſee the Princeſs; my love has too much folly and ſoftneſs; When I behold her ſhe calls to my mind, 'tis her brother that has injur'd me; and that thought diſtracts me; Yet I muſt not tamely bear this Injury, nor rudely diſpute it with her I love; But for *Fidelia*, a Siſter that I have loved above my Eyes; that ſhe ſhould joyn in my diſgrace, is a Return I could not have feared from any thing that I have valued like *Fidelia* ----- She comes, I will not be ſeen. [*Enter* Fidelia *and* Victoria.

Vict. Till night, Madam, I will take my leave, leſt our being together beget ſuſpition.

As ſhe goes out, Coſmo *pulls* Fidelia.

Coſmo. Fidelia, Siſter.

Fidelia. Brother? well-come, What Accident calls you to *Millain?*

Coſmo. My Injuries, which I hear you are no ſtranger to, *Fidelia.*

Fidelia. What was it you ſaid, Sir?

Coſmo. I am told you are no ſtranger to the affront that brings me hither; for 'tis ſaid, you love Prince *Sforza*, ſiſter.

Fidelia. I heard you, Sir, at firſt; But was loath to underſtand you; and 'tis ſaid, you hate Prince *Sforza*, brother.

Coſmo. Hate him? Nay I ſcorn to hate him; When I am angry I dare be reveng'd; Nor will *Coſmo* think this anger away; That I hate him is falſe.

Fidelia. And why may not I be ſcandal'd too?

Coſmo. If 'twere falſe, why do you hold Correſpondence with him has wrong'd your brother?

Fidelia. I know he has not Injur'd you, and therefore I hold correſpondence with him.

Coſmo. I know, he has: poorly, and by Whiſpers, wrought my diſgrace in my abſence; and by detraction robbed me of that Faith his Father gave me; 'Tis *Sforza* has made me ſuſpected: But I ſhall prove my ſelf honeſter then he dares be.

Fidelia. Honeſter then he? I would thou couldſt.

Coſmo. Yes, then he, or any that dares avow this diſgrace done to *Coſmo*, and to their teeth tell them ſo; and they dare aſſoon beard a Lyon, naked, as maintain their Injury.

Fidelia. He is the gallanter man; Dare you maintain an Injury?

Coſmo. I dare, as much as he.

Fidelia. And more; for he dares not uſe a Siſter thus; Go tell him

him what you dare do; you will find him your equall in Honour, and in Arms.

Coſmo. He is not.

Fidelia. Come, he is. Remember *Pavia*, and the life he gave you; Remember me, and my honour, which he ſaved, When neither your ſword nor paſſion could protect it.

Coſmo. You are angry, Siſter.

Fidelia. No, Sir; I never yet met that man ſo rude, nor Injury ſo wild, could raiſe my Anger; Yet I confeſs, I have ſo much ſhare in *Coſmo*'s faults, that they wound me; Thou art abuſed, and when 'tis too late thou wilt find it; and if my words had faith with *Coſmo*, I would tell thee thy Courage and all that is Gallant and Honourable in thee (Thoſe ſtrengths given to defend thee) are by the malice and Craft of thoſe Traytors whom thou truſteſt, arm'd againſt thee; And becauſe they durſt not attempt thee, they have raiſed *Coſmo* againſt himſelf, and this Civil-war will ruine thee.

Coſmo. I underſtand not this complement; are you with me, or againſt me?

Fidelia. In the Princes cauſe againſt the world; for I know he is Innocent; and if you were your ſelf, I could clear all theſe doubts.

Coſm. My ſelf? what diſorders are there in my words or actions, that makes your partial eyes find the Mad-man in a Brother?

Fidelia. Unmanly ones, ſuch as in Prince *Sforza* I ſhould hate, but in *Coſmo* I pity them.

Coſmo. You are my Siſter that ſayes this.

Fidelia. Doſt thou not bluſh to ſay ſo, with that cloudy brow? would any gallant man look upon a Siſter ſo, with ſuch a ſtorm in his Fore-head, and Eyes full of Anger? Would any man ſhew this Rage to a Siſter, whoſe Sex can ſcarce modeſtly be angry? But that, and all the Injuries thou canſt do me, I can pardon; becauſe I know there is a Tempeſt in thy Heart, craftily raiſed by thoſe that hate thee.

Coſmo. Oh *Fidelia!* I am wronged, diſgraced, my Country loſt, and all the Credit I had with the Duke blaſted; my Command is taken from me by Prince *Sforza* and his Party.

Fidelia. Thou art deceived, *Coſmo*: Yet I know you are wronged, and my Heart has bled for it; But why you ſhould puniſh me for it, why accuſe wretched *Fidelia*, that had no Joy left but in her Innocence, and *Coſmo*'s Love; Why purſue me, that never in thought wronged you or any man; Me, a Virgin and a Siſter, oppreſſed with miſeries, and rudely thus throw your wild words at me; And your ſelf (a Brother) become the Author of a ſcandal that thy Honour ſhould have engaged thee to tear from a ſtrangers Heart! But now ſince you have defamed me, who ſhall fear to blot *Fidelia*'s Name, when *Coſmo* a Brother ſhall be known to revile her? *They ſay, you are in Love with Prince* Sforza. Oh *Coſmo!* when thou ſaid'ſt it, thy Eyes were red, and thy Heart call'd me Whore; And had not you expreſſed a want of value for your Siſter, who durſt have ventur'd the defaming of *Fidelia* ſo: The man was never born durſt venture to tell me *Coſmo* was a Coward; And had

She weepes.

mine

mine honour been as pretious to thee, thou wouldſt have kill'd that poyſoner of my fame; yet, I here declare, the only glory of my heart, is, the friendſhip ſhe has gained from Prince *Sforza.*

Coſ. Oh, *Fidelia*, *Fidelia!* pardon thy unfortunate Brother, and let my diſtracted mind plead my peace with thee; though the injuries I have received would force an Anchorite from his Cell, and with broken vows break all Laws of Gods or Men, rather then not find a revenge: Read that Letter, and be your ſelf the Judge.

He walks, and ſhe reads.

Fid. If this Letter find your faith, We are loſt; 'tis *Martino*'s falſhood. Oh, that Serpent, which but now begins to throw his venom out! the Prince ſue for your Command? (did you deſire the Government of *Pavia?*)

Coſ. Fidelia, I ask your counſel; I am not now fit for your mirth.

She gives him Prince Sforza's Letter, and walks.

Fid. Do you know this hand? pray read it.

Coſ. I work underhand, to gain the Government of *Pavia*, as I did the Army of *Millain*? 'tis falſe, falſe as Hell, both; and through the earth I will hunt him with my ſword, till I have taken revenge of him that dares accuſe me of one treacherous thought.

Fid. Do you now perceive the miſchief they aim at, that have made this remove in your Commands? *Martino* and *Carlo* cannot gain their ends, while the Prince and you are friends. You have both too much honour, while you love each other, to liſten to their miſchiefs: but being once blinded with anger, their falſe pretences may find a faith, which you and all may live to repent. The Prince is as great a ſtranger to his being General, as you are to the Government of *Pavia*; yet when 'twas labour'd to make him believe you were the cauſe of his remove; his friendſhip would neither believe, nor ſuffer ſuch a ſcandal to be laid on *Coſmo.*

Coſ. Is this truth, *Fidelia?* or feigned, only to keep me from taking my revenge where you have a friendſhip?

Fid. No, *Coſmo*; I will call no man friend that dares do a treacherous act, or fears to juſtifie his own innocence; and if you think otherwiſe, Go to *Pavia*, find the Prince, and ſatisfie your doubts; only thus much I beg; for my ſake be not haſty, nor injurious in your words, but clearly tell your griefs; Courage and Reaſon ſhould tread the ſame pathes; elſe you may loſe your way, though juſtice guide you.

Coſ. I ſhall obey your counſel; for I know him valiant, and full of honour; and though we both love him, if he wrong me, I muſt not bear it, *Fidelia.*

Fid. Alas, Sir, I am none of that fond kind of women, that would ſave a Brother inglorioufly; nor have I ſaid this, to bid thee not fight with any man that wrongs thee. For I know my Brother fortunate in fight; nor do I fear, or doubt his ſword againſt any ſingle enemy; and though I would bet upon his arm againſt the world; yet I would counſel him to let honour guide him, and never to detract from any enemy: For it leſſens thy triumph when thou art victor; but if overcome, then a ſcorn follows the loſs.---- See who comes here; can that ſoftneſs calm your heart, or will it

ſwell

ſwell againſt her too? [*Enter* Victoria.

Coſ. She ſtaggers all my reſolution; I muſt not ſtay: I hope your Highneſs does not believe me guilty of the injuries I ſtand accuſed of to Prince *Sforza*.

Vict. I am ſo far, Sir, from believing, I am to bluſh for thoſe my Brother is taxed for; but I hope you ſee from whence that malice takes its root; *Martino* is a villain.

Coſ. 'Tis viſible I am injur'd; and when I thought Prince *Sforza* did it, my anger then was juſt. But *Fidelia* has made me lay by that anger, till I have ſpoken with his Highneſs: And I know the Prince is ſo gallant, he will not love me the leſs for ſeeing me ſenſible of an affront; For nothing can confirme him better that I will do no injuries, then to ſee that I will take none; for to appear worthy of ſuch a friendſhip, is, to let him know I am not afraid to be his enemy.

Fid. Why was he ſo harſh to me?---- [*aſide.*

Vict. Sir, this is but civil anger; and I muſt not go till you promiſe me, not to be an enemy to my Brother.

Coſ. By your ſelf, I ſwear (to *Coſmo* of all Oaths that binds moſt powerful) never to be an enemy to Prince *Sforza* till he injures me; and then to be patient is neither the way to honour nor ſafety.

Vict. I am ſatisfied, ſo you will let ſome other, and not your own paſſion, be judge of thoſe injuries.

Coſ. Be your Highneſs always judge of them and me.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. II. SCEN. III.

Enter Trevallin.

Treval. I Fear *Argentin* is not ſo full of honour as my wife ſhould be: A drunken *Thedes-key*, one of thoſe wandring *Tramontanes*, whoſe buſineſs in the world is Wine Whores and Horſe-fleſh; one of theſe, at firſt ſight, called her by her name, and talked of old ſtories, ſuch as would make a jealous man ſmell of the horn; if ſhe be one of thoſe that cannot ſay no, what a Trade ſhall I drive, that have the carrying over mine own horns, by Boat-loads; but if I find her trading, By St. *John*, I'll ſpade her;

[*Enter to him* Bertolin *and* Argentin.

That's a ſly Rogue too; I durſt not go to gather boughs for my Boats, for fear he ſhould be plucking her forbidden fruit at home. Bert. *and ſhe play together while he talks.*

Argen. I, now you cog; but I have not forgot that you gave *Moretta* the ſhirt the Dutch-man left behind him.

Bertol. Will this jealous humour never wear out? Come, and if you be true ſteel, Miſtreſs, let us in, and ſtrike fire; and I will promiſe you a bundle of Dutch-mens ſhirts, the next that paſſe. *They fool together, and* Trevallin *ſees them.*

Treval. So, ſo; this will come to ſomewhat, ſhortly; I ſhall prefer you, *Bertolin*, the French-way; I ſhall; which is, fleay you, and

ſend you to ſerve the Grand Duke, Sirrah; I ſhall, if I catch you in this ſaucy fit again, of playing with my wife.

Bert. Alas, Sir, we were but talking of the Dutch-men, that knew my Miſtreſs when ſhe was a brave Girle; he that dranke a pound of Candles to her health.

Treval. And whither is ſhe gone now? to find that fine Dutch-man.

Bert. No, Sir, ſhe's gone to the wood,

Treval. I know her mind now; and if I would conſent to her Roguery, I might gain my own ends the better; 'twere but giving her an occaſion, and taking an opportunity my ſelf, for *Moretta* is as willing as I am, and ſee where ſhe comes,----Diſpatch, and get the boughs ready. [*Enter* Moretta.

Bert. I ſhall, Sir, and it ſhall go hard but I will make a Rod for your Tail, out of them. [*Exit.*

Moret. My Miſtreſs is ſo jealous of her Bauble, and ſo covetous of anothers, that poor *Moretta* ſtarves for a little of either; yet the Maſter or the Man are willing to relieve my hunger; ſhe is a woman would fain change, and keep her own too. Yonder is my Maſter, how handſome he appears, now there is none but he! (thus brown bread is good when one has a ſtomack) ſhe is vaniſhed, and *Bertolin* gone; now for a charm to try him.

Treval. Moretta.

Moret. Sir.

Treval. Quickly, and ſoftly, a kiſs, Wench.

Moret. O dear, Maſter, take ten, and ask them afterwards, every word would make a dozen.

Treval. Let us look where the old ſpy is.

Moret. She is gone to gather boughs.

Treval. Come Wench, a kiſs, and in, leſt we loſe this minute.

[*Exeunt both.*

ACT. II. SCEN. IV.

Enter Bertolin.

Bert. WE are the ſtrangeſt unlucky, every body is willing, and yet none can meet; we know each others minds too well; now for a minute, I have a jobbe of work here, a minute would do it, and a deſign in my pate to cure all their jealouſies, by giving them full ſatisfaction of their doubts. Here comes my Miſtreſs, I muſt be kind to her; and ſhe comes on as eaſie as my old ſlippers. [*Enter* Argentin.

Argen. There he ſtands, and we are alone; if he ſhould offer, how ſhall I do for a where withall to deny him?

Bert. Miſtreſs, there is an old ſuit depending; I am poor *Bertolin* ſtill, but a moſt ſufficient able Lover, that has----

He plays the Rogue with her.

Argen. You ſtaid for me here now.----I, I, diſſemble, 'diſſemble; where is your Maſter?

Bert. He is gone home.

Argen.

Argen. And what do you hanker for? I ſaw the boughs at the door; Prince *Sforza* will be paſt before you have trimmed or made clean the Boat.

Bert. I would that you would but ſtep in with me, and help to ſet up the boughs; I have a trick, if you would but joyn, Miſtreſs, would tickle you till you laugh again. *He kiſſes her.*

Argen. I thought 'twas ſuch trick; why ſo, is this a time to fool away in tricks and kiſſing?

Bert. Say you ſo? I would we were but on t'other ſide the water; if you will go, we will put the Boat a drift; and when the work is done we'l call for help.

Argen. I am willing to do thee a kindneſs, but I dare not be long abſent; for I fear my husband ſhould come home in the mean time, and fall aboard *Moretta.*

Bertol. That is a Whore in her heart; let me alone to watch her; we will be back before them. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. II. SCEN. V.

Enter Trevallin *and* Moretta.

Moret. THere is no ſafety here, 'tis my Miſtreſs that watches us.

Treval. Whither ſhall we go then, to be private?

Moret. Send my Miſtreſs to the wood, for boughs; and when *Bertolin* comes home, make him ſtay for his break-faſt; ſtep you to the Boat, and lie privately, I will come to you.

Treval. Thou wilt not fail.

Moret. This in earneſt. Farewel, make haſte, and ſend home *Bertolin*; ſee where he comes with his boughs.

Enter Bertolin *with his boughs at his back.*

Treval. Whither are you going?

Bertol. To the Boat with theſe boughs.

Treval. Where is your Miſtreſs?

Bertol. In the wood, gathering more boughs.

Treval. More boughs, what to do? unleſs you were certain the Prince would come.

Bertol. A Gallant told me ſo, that knew my Miſtreſs before you.

Treval. A pox of his knowledge, and memory too; there is neither of them honeſt.

Bertol. Pray, let me go; and if you were as well loaden as I am, you'de have little luſt to talk under ſuch a burthen; I have more upon my back then you are aware of.

Treval. Lay them down, and go break your faſt, and then call home your Miſtreſs; there is boughs enough, one would think.

Bertol. Boughs enough? why, 'tis none of your pains, to gather them; can't you let one make the Boat handſome when the Prince is to paſs?

Trev. You are alwayes thus troubleſome.

Bertol. Let me carry theſe aboard, and then I will call home my Miſtreſs.

Trev. Leave your prating, and lay down your Boughes, and go now and call her home; for if I lace your Coat 'twill be leſs eaſier then your plain one.

Bertol. I will not go alone, where ſhe is; you will be in your old jealous humour, and miſtruſt ſomething, as you did t'other night.

Trev. Away, you are a fool; give me the Boughes, and make haſte.

Bertol. I will not quit my Boughes; you do things ſo by halfes ſtill. [*Enter* Moretta.

Moret. Your Break-faſt is ready; why do you diſpute thus with him, you know 'tis a wilfull fool, let him go, you loſe time.

Trev. Well, Sirrah, make haſte, and come down to Breakfaſt.

Exeunt Trevallin *and* Moretta.

Bertol. Miſtreſs, Miſtreſs, don't you ſtink for fear? I aſſure you I do.

Argent. *Bertolin*, dear *Bertolin*, quick, quick, quick, unbind, unbind, diſpatch that I may run home, I would not endure ſuch another fright for all the wealth in *Pavia*.

Bertol. Yes, and then you will be gone and laugh at *Bertolin*; no faith, you muſt even be patient, Miſtreſs; I will not loſe my labour and my longing too; 'tis an opportunity has coſt me too dear to be thrown away.

Argent. Dear *Bertolin*, I can do nothing now; for the truth is, I am looſe in my belly with the fright.

Bertol. Are you gilt, Miſtreſs?

Argent. Dear *Bertolin*, another time command me.

Bertol. Courage, Miſtreſs, 'tis a ſign of good luck you know.

Argent. No, no, *Bertolin*, as thou loveſt me let me go; unbind me or I will cry out.

Bertol. Do, and proclaim it, one loud ſyllable more and I am gone; and here I will leave you like a Bird in a buſh, 'twill be a credit for you, I need onely ſwear I have not touched you, and vehemently ſwear we were honeſt; That is the new faſhion way of telling, which the Gallants uſe of late.

Argent. I am undone, I am undone for ever.

Bertol. Not, if you will be quiet; for I am as ſecret as any boat-hook. [*Exit* Bertolin, *and drawes off his Boughes and Miſtreſs.*

Enter Moretta.

Moret. He is gone aboard, and when he comes back to Break-faſt, my Maſter and I will be merry in the Arbor. [*Exit* Moretta.

Argent. If ever I truſt you again, *Bertolin*.

Enter

Enter Bertolin, *and brings his Miſtreſs in again in the Boughes.*

Bertol. You hope I will deceive you thus; why now you I am your faithfull *Bertolin*, for being a gracious Miſtreſs endears me; we have nicked the jealous Rogue. *He begins to unbind the Cord.*

Argent. You had beſt tell him ſo; Prithee unbind, that I may get home; ſo, ſo, look out and ſee whether the coaſt be clear, for I am afraid *Moretta* and he ſhould meet, for ſhe is a Jade——Was not that her voice?

Bertol. Yes, by this hand. Moretta *within calls* Bertolin.

Argent. Look out, quick.

Bertol. 'Tis ſhe coming this way, quickly, let me tie the cord and lie ſtill till ſhe be gone.

Argent. A pox upon her for a crafty Whore, ſhe ſuſpects ſomething.

Bertol. Be quiet, and all will be well, I warrant you.

Moret. Why do you not come to Break-faſt? my Maſter ſtayes for you, what are you ſtudying?

Bertol. 'Tis reſolv'd I will do it, and then they are both at my devotion; they will fear me, and not dare accuſe me, nor tell of each other.

Moret. Now I am alone with him, methinks, he is lovelier then my Maſter; Lord, how handſome any Man is, when a Woman is in my Caſe.

Bertol. *Moretta*, you underſtand me, elſe this occaſion may prompt you; Prithee lay thy hand upon theſe Boughes. Bertolin *takes her in his Armes, and poynts to the Boughes.*

Moret. Why ſhould I be coy? Here is an opportunity, and 'tis good to be ſure of one; and in this caſe to take the Man is Wiſdom, when the Maſter is uncertain.

Bertol. You are dumb now, there may be more Dutch-men, and more ſhirts; however, there are Trees and Ropes enough in *Pavia* to eaſe a Lovers Heart.

Moret. You do well to complain firſt, and judge by your ſelf; Alaſs, I do not ſee my Miſtreſs, I am blind.

Bertol. Miſtreſs? where?

Moret. Where? you know where, in your Heart, diſſembler.

Bertol. By this day, I had thought ſhe had ſeen her. By this kiſs, I am all thine, only I was angry and vexed to ſee thee caſt Eyes upon my Maſter; But we will forgive each other, grow wiſe, from paſt follies take occaſion by the lock, and laugh at the old Woman.

Moret. Till you are next alone, and then this Story ſhall entertain her.

Bertol. Doſt thou take me for a Devil, falſe to my Love?

Moret. Heark, I hear my Maſters voice. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Trevallin *at the other Door.*

Trev. *Bertolin*, *Bertolin*, ſhe ſtayes long; If the Rogue ſhould mowe

mowe her to my hand, I have carried my buſineſs finely, to make my ſelf this Baud; I have no patience, I will to the Door and call him. [*Exit.*

Enter Bertolin *and* Moretta.

Moret. So, you had beſt brag, and tell leather face, my Miſtreſs, with her ſpiders breath, what I have done.——

Bertol. Heark, I heard my Maſters voice.

Moret. Be gone, I will follow you.

Bertolin. Farewell, little Rogue, till another time, but I will watch your water; how my Miſtreſs ſtormes: Now if my Maſter will take an opportunity, and imploy *Moretta* upon the Boughes, what a Comfort 'twill be to my Miſtreſs, 'till cure both their Jealouſies---he comes, and I am gone. [*Enter* Trevallin.

Trev. Where is this idle Villain?

Moret. I know not, I found him talking in's ſleep here to himſelf, laid all along upon the Boughes; But he is gone I think to call home my Miſtreſs.

Trev. But is he gone? Peepe Wench, be ſure, leſt the Enemy ſurprize us.

Moret. But look you keep your promiſe now; You ſhall not have my Maiden-head till you ſwear not to ſuffer my Miſtreſs to beat me any more, nor dominere over me though ſhe be jealous.

Trev. Beat thee? By this light, I will ſew up her tail like young Kites for ſpoile, if ſhe but lift her Tongue againſt thee.

Moret. Will ſhe not come, think you?

Trev. No, no, hang her old Trot; Come Wench, whither ſhall we go?

Moret. Help me pull in the Boughes, and then I will talk with you; but you muſt be very civil. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bertolin.

Bertol. 'Tis done; lucky miſchief as I could wiſh; O the knavery and the ſport of this Jeſt, beſides, my Revenge on all three: Now *Bertolin* is Maſter, and can have which he will. O for a fine familiar Devil to tell my Miſtreſs thoughts; would I had ſo much money as ſhe would give to be revenged, or as I would refuſe, rather then hold my tongue; I will ſteal off, and give them the Alarum. Cry only, my Miſtreſs comes. [*Exit* Bertolin.

Enter Trevallin *and* Moretta.

Treval. A Boy, or Girl, Wench, for a pair of Gloves.

Moret. Neither, for two pair, a pox on't; 'tis no marvel my Miſtris is ſo jealous; By this light, he would preſs twenty women to death, ere he made one Quick.

Treval. What ſay'ſt thou, am not I a young man ſtill? and a bountiful Lover, for a man of my hair.

Moret.

Moret. By my troth, Sir, if you took no more then you lay'd out I think there had been little ſpent to day.

Treval. A wag, a wag; But I ſhall ſee thy belly ſwell; if it prove a Boy, we will call him *Trevallin* the ſecond.

Moret. Theſe old men think the beſt of themſelves, and they have reaſon; for if their faith were no ſtronger then their works they were damn'd.

Treval. A kiſs, a kiſs, Wench. ---- I am betray'd, undone, undone.

While they are kind, ***Enter*** Bertolin *and diſcovers himſelf.*

Bertolin. My Act, for my freedom, quickly, your Seal-Ring, and Reverſion of the Ferry, all the ready money in the houſe, and *Moretta* for my wife; Or all goes to the Inquiſitor, and my Miſtris, he cannot cuckold me; I have both their words for it.

Treval. I am undone.

Bertol. Is it a Bargain? or I am gone.

Moret. Be rul'd, Sir, all is undone, I will conſent rather then be diſhonoured; But if I be not revenged on him when I am married.

Treval. But will you be faithful, and ſecret, when this is done? and not tell my wife!

Bertol. Hah! what houſe do you take me to be of? Is *Bertolin* of ſo little reputation in the world, as to proclaim my own horns my ſelf? Hang her, Trot, ſhe ſhall know nothing unleſs you tell her.

Treval. I tell her? the Divel I will.

Bertol. Sure, 'tis as probable you may have the vanity to ſay, you made my wife a whore, as I to tell it.

Treval. Be but ſecret, and all is agreed.

Bortel. Is it a match, *Moretta?*

Moret. Yes, by this kiſs.

Treval. Make haſte, and let us part before ſhe comes, ſhe will be ſo jealous elſe.

Bertol. No, no, ſtay you two here, and ſtick up the Boughes; I told her you were making ready the Boat; fetch out the boughes *Moretta*, and diſpatch, I will return ſtrait. [*Exit* Bertolin.

Treval. This ſlave will tell her yet.

Moret. What will he tell? am not I his wife? *Both of them pull in the Boughes.*

Treval. But ſhall not I be well-come ſtill, when we can delude the old Woman.

Moret. Yes, but we muſt be ſecret, for he is a ſullen Rogue, I cannot theſe boughs out, he has bound them ſo faſt together, pray lend me your knife to cut the ſtring.

Treval. There, let me help thee. (Bertolin *peeps.*) *They ſet up ſome Boughes.*

Moret. Fetch me ſome more boughes. Trevallin *goes to pluck the Boughes, and findes his wife.*

Treval. Ha! what's here? my wife?

Argent. Yes, impudence; Oh, that I were looſe? [*Enter* Bertol.

Bertol. Did you call, Sir? my Miſtris will be here preſently.

Treval. I am abuſed, but I ſhall be revenged; This is your Villany, Sirrah.

Moret.

Moret. Ha! my Miſtris in the boughes! ſhe can tell fine ſtories then.
Argen. Yes, you double Whore; oh, for a Rat to gnaw this Cord.

Enter Baptiſta *and the* Banditoes.

Bapt. Sieze them, and bind them; ſo, ſtrip thoſe Fellows, and bring their Cloathes.

Bertol. Alas, Sir; my skin will never hold dreſſing; if your worſhip has uſe of a ſkin, pray take my Maſters; he is a notable thick-ſkin'd knave, and ſo tough with the yellow, 'tis almoſt tann'd to your hand, Sir.

The Banditti *hold them.*

Bapt. Hah! What have we here, a bird in a buſh? Away, gagg them; and lay them in the hole, behind the Hermitage, and follow me. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

Enter Sforza *and* Richardo.

Sforza. NO more, *Richardo.*
Rich. Sir, 'tis my Love and Duty that makes me urge it.
Sforza. I believe it; but no more, I know you are abus'd.
Rich. Sir, I have letters here ſecond yours, and from your beſt Friends, ſuch whoſe affection, Faith, nor duty, ought to be ſuſpected; They are full of Amaze and Wonder, to finde your Highneſs will ſo tamely conſent to loſe a Countrey that coſt ſo much blood to purchaſe; Was not *Coſmo* born Prince of *Pavia*? how think you, Sir, a man of his Spirit, and Title to the Place, ſhould conſent to hold his birth-right for another? You are deceived, Sir; Nor were *Coſmo* fit for your Friendſhip, if his Spirit could grow ſo tame and degenerate, as to ſet a Slave upon his Fathers Throne; Come, Sir, 'tis Flattery and diſſimulation, and they are all falſe; this is the opinion of your beſt Friends.
Sforza. Take heed, *Richardo*; yet your love pleads in this indiſcretion; but do not preſume; You know, I dare be angry, though it be long before a friend can finde it; your faith ſhall priviledge you to as much freedom as any Subject can pretend with his Prince; but impertinency and rudeneſs no diſcreet man will Commit. Hadſt thou ſaid, *Julia*, *Carlo*, and *Martino* had been falſe, thou hadſt found my faith; for I know they have wrought my diſgrace, and 'tis their buſineſs to break the Friendſhip betwixt Prince *Coſmo* and my ſelf; and againſt thoſe Traytors thy words would have raiſed a Tempeſt in my heart; For againſt that Villain *Martino*, (till my Revenge finds him) even my ſoul makes War; for I know him ungrateful, bloudy, and all the ſeveral ills that make a Villain are met in that inhumane Wretch, and my very dreams arm againſt him; But when thou ſayeſt all are falſe, including the Princeſs *Fidelia*; That Scandall queſtions the truth of that guilt which the reſt are condemned for; No, *Richardo*, ſhe has no ſhare in that Treachery, ſhe is all ſoftneſs;

ſoftneſs; piety and vertue are ſo natural to her that, for her ſake, I can ſcarce be angry with the reſt; For when her name but croſſes my thought's, I can do nothing with Paſſion, ſave love *Fidelia*; Oh, Friend, thou dos't not know that Noble mind; and when thou ſhalt be acquainted with her thou wilt confeſs; The Princeſs *Fidelia*'s vertues were given her, as Cordials, to defend us againſt the Poiſon of her Family; and if thou loveſt *Sforza*, Honour and ſerve the Princeſs.

Richard. Since your Highneſs is ſure of her faith I ſhall not fail to pay that reſpect and honour that is due to her; for my diſpleaſure was onely grounded upon the thought ſhe was ingrateful to your Highneſs; yet I ſee not how you can acquit *Coſmo*.

Sforza. Prithee, peace, he is her Brother; and I know he has Courage and honour, and ſuch are onely guilty by chance; But ſuppoſe him as falſe as you believe him, I ſhall be more troubled that he can do an ill Action, (becauſe I love him) then for any injury he dares do me; For I wear a ſword, *Richardo*, which will heal all thoſe injuries; and therefore let us not trouble our ſelves with much thoſe leſſer thoughts at *Millain*; we ſhall have time to inform our ſelves. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. III. SCEN. II.

Enter Baptiſta, Pietro, Nicolet, and another Souldier, *in the Ferrymans habit, but not quite dres't.*

Bapt. SO, diſpatch; and ſome one look out, leſt ſome call to paſs; how the old whore beat the fellow?

Pietro. She had reaſon; for the ſlave made her huſband lie with the Maid upon her back.

Nicol. Nay, he lay with her himſelf upon her back, after he had layen with his Miſtris.

Pietro. 'Twas his trick, to get his Miſtris into the boughs; and then the ill-natur'd Rogue left her, for her huſband to find her.

Bapt. What a dog 'twas? But ſhe has puniſh'd him.

Nicol. Hee'll be dead ere night, for I have bound them together, and left her hands looſe.

Bapt. She will kill him then.

Pietro. No matter, hang him Rogue; tell when his Miſtris do's him a Curteſie? I would all that do ſo were ſo ſerved.

Nicol. That folly makes us pay dear; for, by this light, the fear of telling keeps more women honeſt, then fear of Purgatory; But 'tis time to be gone, I hear ſome body call. *Enter* Phillipine.

Phillip. Ferryman, is the Boat on this ſide?

Nicol. Yes, Sir.

Bapt. Ha! *Phillipin ?e Victoria*'s Page, what buſineſs has he at *Pavia*? I muſt know; Some intelligence upon my life. Sir, if you will walk to the Boat; we will follow you.

Phillip. Make haſte then; Is Prince *Sforza* paſt to day. [*Ex.* Phil.

Bapt. Not yet, but we Expect him. What, ho, where are theſe fellows;

Aside. fellows; Do you here. ---- ſeize that youth, and blind him, make as if you would rob him, ſearch his Pockets and his Cloathes well, for Papers; if you find any give them me.

Pietro. I warrant you, Sir, we will ſearch him. [*Exit* Pietro.

Bapt. What can his buſineſs be? The Duke perhaps is dead; it muſt be that, or the diſcovery of our deſign; Why ſhould they be ſo impatient elſe? for they Expect him within theſe two hours.

Enter the Banditoes, *and bring in* Phillipine *blinded.*

Pietro. Nay, reſiſt not, we muſt have money, Sir; we know the Courtiers want none.

They ſearch him and find a Letter.

Phillip. And you will find ſo little 'twill ſcarce be worth your pains.

Nicol. What's that?

Pietro. A Letter, directed to no body.

Nicol. Open it, and ſee if there be never a token in it.

Pietro. A pox on't, heer's nothing but black and white.

Nicol. What ſays it?

Pietro. For that you muſt excuſe me, for I ſcorn to read, or write; ſearch, ſearch his Doublet, let his papers be hanged.

Baptiſta *reads the Letter, throws it down, and goes out. When* Baptiſta *is gone, they unblin'd him.*

Nicol. A Pox upon you, you would be cudgeld, Sirrah, for offering to wear ſuch Cloathes and carry no money in your Purſe, onely to couzen good fellows; here are three of us put fairly for the Gallows, for a Piſtol.

Pietro. Let us geld the ſlave, for hanging out ſuch a buſh, when he has no Wine in the Cellar.

Phillip. Alas, Sir, I muſt wear what is given me; I am but a Servant.

Pietro. We ſhall have you a prating too, when you are on to'ther ſide.

He finds the Letter and takes it up.

Phillip. No truly; give me but my paper, and I will go about my buſineſs, and do you no injury at all, O here it is, I am glad the Rogues could not read; This chance had like to have ſpoil'd all.

Nicol. Come, will you be gone, we will give you a Caſt-aſhoar, for your money; but we are no Ferry-men, my friend; onely we farm'd it, for an hour; and we ſhall leave you to take the poſſeſſion, if you pleaſe, for our work is done.

Piet. If we had lighted upon nothing but your lean purſe, what a purchaſe we had had? [*Enter* Baptiſta.

Bapt. Diſpatch, and away, the Prince is for certain coming; and if he find us here, we ſhall pay dear for this reckoning.

Phillip. I muſt truſt them, till I am over. [*Exit* Phillip.

Bapt. What miraculous accident was this! all our plot is diſcovered; but I have handled it ſo, that the miſchief ſhall fall upon their own heads; 'twas *Fidelia*'s hand, 'tis certain ſhe loves *Sforza*, ſhe

ſhe could not elſe diſcover her mother and Family to him. No *Baptiſta*, 'tis viſible *Sforza* had ruin'd thee; But if he obey thy counſel, *Fidelia*, I ſhall quickly have an Opportunity to take a full Revenge. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Carlo *with a Letter.*

Carlo. There is the Hermits Cell; now to finde *Baptiſta*; hereabout is a path that leads to the Ferry, where I am to expect him. [*Exit* Carlo.

Enter Baptiſta *and* Pietro.

Bapt. So, lie cloſe till they call; that Letter will bring him were death in the way. [*Enter* Carlo.

Carlo. That muſt be he. *Baptiſta?*

Bapt. Carlo, what news?

Carlo. Read that letter, and 'twill inſtruct you.

[Carlo *gives him a Letter.* Baptiſta *reads the Letter.*

Bapt. 'Tis enough; but can you give me no directions how to know him, or gueſs when he will come, for we cannot long poſſeſs this place; The people that paſs will miſs the Ferry-man; But, for the other part of the Letter, there needs no Conjuration.

Carlo. If they ſhould meet, you know it muſt be fatall; They have both too much Courage to part without revenge; and if *Coſmo* ſhould fall all our hopes muſt periſh.

Bapt. If he come, I ſhall not faile of my part, either to perſwade or force him to ſtay; But *Carlo*, I tell thee, there has hapned ſuch a chance to day that makes me believe fortune will be kind to us; In ſhort, all Our Reſolutions and Deſigns are known.

Carlo. 'Tis not poſſible.

Bapt. Deceive not your ſelf, 'tis known; and yet ſhall not be prevented: *Phillipine* paſt this Inſtant with a Letter from *Fidelia* to *Sforza*; wherein ſhe aſſures him of all our intentions, and by all that is dear to him conjures him to come privately, in ſome diſguiſe, this night, to her chamber; where ſhe and his ſiſter will expect him, and give him a full Relation.

Carlo. And where is the Villain and his Letter?

Bapt. Gone.

Carlo. Gone?

Bapt. Yes gon, and upon good grounds; for knowing *Phillipine* I made them blind him, and under the pretence of robbing him, Search'd for Letters, and found that; which having read they pretended Ignorance, I threw it upon the ground; he not ſuſpecting the ſecret was diſcovered took it, and is gone in haſte to *Sforza*. By which means we ſhall be ſure to act our parts with more Convenience; for I am confident he will come, and alone.

Carlo. 'Twas done like one that knows how to take revenge; Wicked and fooliſh Girle! unnatural *Fidelia*! Betray thy Mother? This news will confirm thy hopes in her; for now the Dutcheſs will give her you, were it but to vex her, and croſs her

hopes in *Sforza*: Remember *Julia*, and as ſoon as you have diſpatch'd; pray, give notice to the Count *Martino*, by ſome truſty meſſenger, with this Ring.

He gives Bapt. a Ring.

Bapt. I am inſtructed, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. III. SCEN. III.

Enter Coſmo *in his Pilgrims Habit, and* Antonio *with him.*

Coſ. I Confeſs, *Antonio*, this is the greateſt ſtreight that ever croſs Fate threw me upon; for I muſt now loſe my value with *Sforza*, and the world, or elſe break with the Princeſs *Victoria*, whom I love above the world; and heaven and ſhe know my ſoul has no other ambition but to deſerve her favour: But that love muſt not make thy friend bear an injury that the world talks of, becauſe ſhe commands me to be ſilent; if I do, her reaſon will hate; and my honour will not ſuffer the world to wiſper, *Coſmo* is a coward.

Ant. Sir, I find many Lovers complain of Love, and the heavy burthens he lays upon them; yet few or none make haſte to diſcharge themſelves, but rather patiently lie down under their loads; your Highneſs now complains of two hard Maſters, Love and Honour, and you make a difficulty of obeying either; Reaſon counſels you to prefer one, your Paſſion t'other; and to me nothing appears eaſier then your part in both; for your Idle thought of coward, *Coſmo* is know above it; and if the Princeſs be all your aim, if her favour be your ambitious hope, as you ſay, What need you thus hunt your own dangers, and purſue her Brother, and your Prince, upon a moſt unreaſonable jealouſie; unleſs you will give ſatisfaction to others, by diſobliging her that you profeſs to love and value above the world.

Coſ. Thou miſtakeſt, *Antonio*; 'tis *Coſmo* loves the Princeſs, 'tis not *Victoria* loves *Coſmo*; and obeying her now is but ſerving my ſelf only; if ſhe loved me, then for her ſake would I put up this injury, becauſe I would not hazard what ſhe loves; but 'tis not ſo; no *Antonio*, 'tis *Coſmo* only that is a Lover; and Love in a Lover is no obligation nor tye on a Miſtreſs; that is the great miſtake which has ſo long miſled the world; every Lover pretending a reward from his Miſtreſs, becauſe he loves her; which is moſt unreaſonable; unleſs he can ſay, I will love ſuch a woman, which is impoſſible and falſe; for know, *Antonio*, that Prince of the mind will not come when he is called, nor go when he is ſent; Love is a blind and ſtubborn Boy, and his will is his Law; therefore no woman is obliged to any man for loving her. We owe the root no thanks, while it lies ſleeping in the ground; but when by the ſpring awakened, it ſends forth its Cluſters, then we cheriſh and admire the Vine, hoping to taſte the rich Elixar. Love is that Root, and Love may bear ſuch Fruit as may oblige a Miſtreſs, by being diligent, finding and taking all occaſions to ſerve her; yet then the Lover but obeys his Maſter; and to a Lover ſuch an Act both

both makes and pays the debt; And this Conſideration, *Antonio*, makes me purſue my firſt reſolution; for ſince I can pretend nothing from the Princeſs but what is due to a perſon of honour, I muſt be careful to preſerve that honour which is currant through the world; and till the Princeſs loves *Coſmo*, I muſt not let her kindneſs to a Brother make me unfit for the friendſhip or value of that Brother, by tamely ſuffering injuries.

Ant. Sir, I ſubmit; but why ſhould you go thus alone, more now then at other times? you have heretofore thought me worthy to take a part in your dangers; but 'twas when your Highneſs did not grudge me a part in the honour.

Coſ. 'Tis true, the honour I ſhall gain from *Sforza* I will ſhare with none; yet let me tell thee, 'tis not that which makes me leave *Antonio* now; for you muſt ſtay here, and always keep in readineſs thoſe Souldiers I ſpoke with laſt night, to execute any deſign my revenge requires; for I am reſolved to hunt the Authors of this diſgrace, though I find them priviledg'd by a Siſter, or a Mother.

Ant. Sir, I am not curious to know more; and ſo I may ſerve you, I am indifferent in the kind or place.

Coſ. Farewel, *Antonio*; prithee keep a watch about the Princeſs, and obſerve what ſhe and my Siſter do; and though you ſee me through my diſguiſe, at any time, yet take no notice of me publickly.

Ant. I ſhall obſerve, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. III. SCEN. IV.

Enter Sforza, Phillipine, *and* Richardo, (Sforza *is reading a Letter.*)

Sfor. READ there, *Richardo*, and bluſh for the ill opinion thou hadſt of the moſt excellent *Fidelia*. Richardo *reads.*

Richard. Horrid villain! Sure the Dutcheſs has a hand in this; but who it ſhould be that dares undertake this black deed, I cannot gueſs; the Duke being dangerouſly ſick is the cauſe that makes them thus ſudden in their miſchief.

Sfor. There is no diſpute now; haſte, and provide thoſe habits I uſe to make the Round in; we will away this night, as ſhe deſires, only you and I; Oh *Richardo*, thou art yet a ſtranger to that excellent Maid, whoſe faith is ſent by heaven to guard us from thoſe wounds that her Mother threatens this State with.

Richard. Pray, Sir, let *Phillipine* ſtay here, as if he expected your Highneſs anſwer to his Letters, 'twill keep them at a Bay ſtill, and make them uncertain what to reſolve; and if any of your own family be their ſpy or traytor, his ſtay will deceive them.

Phil. And early to morrow I will take my time to follow your Highneſs.

Sfor. What were thoſe that rob'd you? are they at the Ferry ſtill?

Phil.

Phil. I believe not, Sir, they ſeem to be poor Rogues, ſome ſtragling Souldiers of the next Gariſon.

Sfor. Come, *Richardo*, let us away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Coſmo *in his Pilgrims habit alone.*

He knocks at the Hermits.

Coſ. Sure I have loſt my way; 'tis late, I will knock at this Hermits Cell, and inform my ſelf. [*The Hermit within ſays who's there.*

Coſ. A friend; pray, which is the way to the Ferry?

Hermit within. Pray, come in, and afford your Charity; and then I will guide you to the Ferry.

Enter Coſmo, *and brings forth the Hermit, and unbinds him.*

Coſ. What Impious villains were thoſe that could ſo rudely bind thoſe holy hands?

Hermit. Speak ſoftly, Son, they were Thieves, that have all this day robbed at the Ferry; pray, come in, and let me ſhut the door, leſt they eſpy us; 'tis late, and they cannot ſtay long, the people are already alarm'd.

Coſ. But that I have other vows to pay, I would know who they are that thus boldly juſtifie their villany.

Herm. For heavens ſake, think not of going out, Son, 'tis late and dangerous.

Coſ. 'Tis late, and, I confeſs, I am hungry and weary.

Herm. Within I have ſome of yeſterdays Charity left ſtill, which I ſhall freely give you; Come, Son, and put off thoſe weeds, and reſt upon my poor bed, it knows no care of earthly things; and if you bring no troubles in your mind, you will find none there; I will watch, and call you early if the danger be removed; I am ſtiff with lying all day upon one ſide.

Coſ. Let me help you in; Villains, to uſe an old Religious man thus! [*Exeunt.*

ACT. III. SCEN. V.

Enter Sforza *and* Richardo, *in their diſguiſe.*

Sfor. 'Tis late; the Sun is upon the hill already, we ſhall ſcarce reach *Millain* to night.

Richard. We muſt ride the faſter, Sir; But once over the Ferry, the way is ſhort.

Sfor. Call the Ferry-man.

Richard. The Boat is upon this ſide, I ſaw it from the hill.

Baptiſta *and his Company peeps and liſten after 'em*; Baptiſta *ſpeaks to his Company, and then Enters.*

Bapt. 'Tis he, I know his voyce, as ſoon as the Boat is upon the other ſhore, draw upon him, and ſpeed him any way.

Richard.

Richard. See, here is the Ferry-man. Honeſt friend, is the Boat on this ſide?

Bapt. Yes, Sir.

Sfor. What hour is it?

Bapt. Late, Sir; does not the Prince paſs? we look'd for him to day.

Sfor. Not till to morrow.

Bapt. Our boughs will be wither'd by that time. [*Exeunt.*

A noiſe of Weapons and fighting within; they ſet upon the Prince.

Enter Hermit.

Herm. Ha! what noiſe is that? ſure thoſe villains have ſet upon ſome paſſengers.

Enter to him the Pilgrim without his Coat, with his Staff in his hand.

Coſ. How now Father, what noiſe is that?

Herm. 'Twas the noiſe of ſwords, good Son, come in; thoſe Banditoes I told you of, I fear they are now robbing ſome body; For heavens ſake, come in, and let them not ſee you.

Coſ. Heaven forbid it ſhould ever be ſaid, I ſtood and liſtned to the danger that threatens innocence, and hid my ſelf for fear.

Herm. Heark, they come; and they are ſo many you can but loſe your ſelf in that attempt, and bring no ſafety to them.

Coſ. Who knows, ſince they are able to diſpute it, but that my aid may ſave them?

Herm. See, 'tis they.

Coſ. No matter,----Hold, villains, what do you mean?

Bapt. Upon them, kill them both.

Enter Baptiſta *and his party, four in all;* Coſmo *runs to them, and beats down* Baptiſta*'s ſword purſuing* Sforza *and* Richardo; *who after two or three paſſes,* Richardo *and one of the Souldiers fall, with their wounds;* Coſmo *pulls off the head, and diſcovers a ſword-blade in his Staff; they fight and are all wounded:* Baptiſta *falls under* Sforza, *and the Souldiers are kill'd by* Coſmo.

Bapt. I am loſt for ever; Hold your hand, till I tell you a ſtory may ſave you from the malice of others, ſince heaven has preſerved you thus miraculouſly againſt my deſigns.

Sfor. Speak quickly.----Sir, I hope your charity has found no ſad accident, to make you repent this action; have you any wound that you apprehend dangerous? *He turns to Coſ. and embraceth him.*

Coſ. No, Sir, they are but ſcratches; pray, let us know what he would ſay.

Sfor. Firſt, let me ſee my friend dreſt that lies bleeding here, is there no Surgeon neer? *He goes toward* Richardo.

Coſ. The Hermit is famous for his skill, and fortunate in what he undertakes; and ſee where he comes. [*Enter* Hermit.

Herm. How fares my Son? is there any uſe of my skill, or is all deſperate?

Coſ. No, Father, heaven has been kind; and we muſt implore your

your aid, for their miſchief is faln upon their own heads; this is he on whom you muſt practiſe your skill and charity.

Herm. Help me to bear him to my Cell, and then return.---

[*Exit with* Richard.

Enter Coſmo *again.*

Bapt. Defer not to hear what I would ſay, it concerns your ſafety; and I ſhall diſcover a treachery your honeſt heart will ſcarce give credit to.

Sfor. What made thee attempt my life? thou ſeeſt I am poor, no hope of gain cold tempt thee.

Bapt. Hide not your ſelf, Prince *Sforza*, from him that knows you, and the cauſe why you are thus diſguis'd.

Coſmo aſide. Ha! Prince *Sforza*?

Sfor. Suppoſe I am *Sforza*, how came you by this knowledge?

Bapt. From *Phillipine*, whom we pretended this day to rob; and in his Pocket found the Princeſs *Fidelia*'s Letter, which gave you notice that your life was laid for; and this is one of thoſe deſigns which heaven has prevented: In ſhort (for I find I am going to my grave) your life, Sir, is ſold to me and others; *Julia* and falſe *Martino* ſold it; and *Fidelia* ſhould have been my reward, for killing you.

Coſmo aſide. Ye powers, what do I hear?----Sir, does he ſpeak truth, in part, are you Prince *Sforza*?

Sfor. From you I will not hide my ſelf; for ſince you durſt protect me, as a private man; I am confident, you will not quit me when you know I am your Prince.

Bapt. To confirm you in the belief of what I ſay, turn this way, and look upon this Face.------*Baptiſta* pulls off his diſguiſe, of a Beard and Perriwig.

Sfor. Baptiſta?

Coſmo aſide. O heavens! 'tis he.

Bapt. Yes, *Baptiſta*, whom you ſo many ways have ruined:----- All which I could have forgot, all but my loſs in the hopes of my divine *Fidelia.*

Coſ. Knew ſhe of this Plot?

Bapt. She know of it? No, nor could any but a fool or a devil ask that queſtion; would I had fought with thee, thou could'ſt never have overcome me that art maſter of ſo baſe a doubt.

Coſ. Was Prince *Coſmo* at Court when you came thence, has he any knowledge of this deſign?

Bapt. No, upon my ſoul, they are a pair of matchleſs vertues.

Sfor. Then I am happy; for I confeſs, I could not but with pain of mind think Prince *Coſmo* leſs then I eſteemed him. 'Tis a gallant and a faithful Prince; and when you know him you will admire him; there is nothing in him an enemy can accuſe, or a friend wiſh away, unleſs his choler may ſometimes prevail: But that laid aſide, he is Brother to *Fidelia*, which is all that can be ſaid of excellent.

Coſ.

Cof. I know the Prince, and was a Souldier under him; and I am glad to hear your Highneſs has this opinion of him; for we had a rumour in the Army, that your Highneſs wrought him out of his Command; believe me, Sir, he left the Camp, as we were told, upon it, highly unſatisfied with your Highneſs about it.

Sfor. The Prince, when he ſhall know me better, will not be perſwaded I could be guilty of ſo low or meana crime; and when I believe him not fit for ſuch a charge or truſt, I ſhall not fear to tell him ſo; for I yet never flatter'd a friend, nor injur'd my enemy; why then ſhould I be ſo unreaſonable as to wrong Prince *Coſmo*? yet their malice had like to have been proſperous in their deſign of breaking our friendſhip; for till this minute I ſuſpected the Prince had (by his Mothers intereſt) procured my being called from my Government, here in *Pavia*; but I have now found their deſign; and their malice has but given a growth to that friendſhip they meant to have withered,----How do you, Sir?

Coſmo. Not well, I find I have loſt more blood then I can ſpare.

Sforza. Father, pray lend us your help here.—— Hermit, *and* Coſmo *lean upon* Sforza.

Coſmo. I would fain know upon what ground this *Baptiſta* accuſed *Count Martino* and the Dutcheſs.

Baptiſta. Read that Letter, and 'twill ſatisfie your doubts.

Sforza. 'Tis *Martino*'s hand.

Baptiſta. 'Tis ſo, and *Carlo* brought it this Evening.

Sforza. Heaven! thy hand is viſible. Read, Sir, for I dare truſt you with the ſecret of my Life; What courſe ſhall I take to prevent their malice?

Baptiſta. Haſte, Sir, to Court, before the Fame of this attempt come to their knowledge, ſhew this Letter to your Father, and ſeize *Martino*; But ſpare to name *Julia*, 'twill break the Prince's and *Fidelia*'s Heart; for whoſe ſake, if you love her, and her Noble Brother, you will hide her part of this fault: And *Martino* once removed, 'twill be eaſie to reclaim her Heart; for 'tis his ambitious Mind has wrought her eaſie Nature to this bloody deſign. Oh! I faint, and yet ere I die, as you have Charity, forgive *Baptiſta*; Then live and love at the rate I have adored the excellent *Fidelia*, and you will then deſerve her Heart; *Fidelia* is all Angel, and *Baptiſta* too earthly to think ſo.----- Oh Father, your Charity, pray; that I may confeſs a ſad Soul to you, and end better then I lived.

Sforza. Can you read that Letter?

Coſmo, Yes, Sir; but 'tis ſo ſad a ſcene it makes my blood run backwards in my veines; loſe no time, Sir, your Life is at ſtake; I will but dreſs theſe ſleight wounds and follow you.

Sforza. I will leave a Horſe for you.

Coſmo. Pray, Sir, quit not your diſguiſe; 'tis better then a guard till you know whom you may truſt.

Sforza. You have reaſon, and 'twas my own deſign. Farewel, Sir; at my Lodging I will expect you. [*Exeunt* Hermit, Sfor. *and* Bapt.

Coſmo. That Villain, *Martino*, has ruin'd all our Family; but I will find him when his thoughts expects no ſuch viſit: I will in, and

diſcover my ſelf to *Baptiſta*, and make him write a Letter to my Mother and *Martino*; wherein he ſhall onely mention the Prince is eſcaped, and conceal his own Condition; He ſhall write to them that they ſhould truſt me with any deſign, as one he knowes faithfull and fit for their purpoſe. This recommendation will admit me to their Councells; he ſhall tell them too, that he has ſeized me according to their Order, and that I ſhall be private and ſafe in his cuſtody till their Order require me; 'twill keep off the ſuſpition of who I am, or fear of my coming till they ſend for me. Thus I am reſolved to return to *Millain*, in this Periwigg and a Pilgrims Weed; and if that diſguiſe can conceal me, I am reſolved to undertake all their deſignes; by which means I may prevent their malice; But when the plot is ripe, if then I fall not with a ſad Fate upon the wretch, till this fiery prompter has called to his deſpairing thoughts all thoſe bloody deſignes his barbarous Soul has plotted, and with fatal wounds laid the Traytor at my feet a ſacrifice to our injur'd Family, Heaven curſe me ſtrangely. But for thee, O *Julia*, my unfortunate Mother, though I will not lift a hand againſt thee; yet I have words in ſtore that ſhall wound thee deeper then a ſword. [*Exeunt omnes*

ACT. III. SCEN. VI.

Enter Victoria *and* Fidelia.

Fide. O *Coſmo*, *Coſmo*, cruel Brother! why haſt thou robb'd me of the Joy I had in thee? He has broke his Faith, Madam, and is gone to be calmely wicked upon ſecond thoughts, in cold blood: cruel! What wilt thou do, unworthy youth? Good Gods, would I have given Faith to him that ſhould have told me *Coſmo* would have diſſembled with *Fidelia*, and wept to a Siſter when blood and revenge were in his Heart; water in his Eyes, and Murder in his Mind?

Victo. Do not ſay ſo.

Fide. Do not defend him, Madam; he is not worth your Anger nor Pity, that could lie to you, you that he loved: And he that dares look his Miſtreſs in the face, and tell a lie, neither Religion, Honour nor Virtue, can have any ties upon him.

Victo. For my ſake, do not revile him; he has ſome new reaſon, (I know he has) elſe I am certain he would have ſtayed; for his Heart is full of Truth and Honour, and bleſt with all that is glorious in a Man; and though his Rage, ſometimes, like a ſtorm throwes thoſe Virtues into diſorder, yet when he is collected, his calm Mind is all divine.

Fide. This Opinion makes me hate him, that he can be ſo faulty to you that are thus noble. Pray hate him, pray do, that I may learn to do it by your example; For Heaven knowes, 'tis hard for me to leave loving him, though I chide till the day ſets, for *Coſmo* is next to *Sforza* in my Heart. But this falſhood has ſtagger'd all my hopes, for his Love was that I built upon; The Ambitious,

Jealous,

Jealous, Angry, nay, the Luſtful Man can Love, but the falſe diſſembler can never be juſt to himſelf or others; and till I found him ſo, my patience bore the preſent miſeries; my Heart ſtill hoping *Coſmo*'s Virtue would one day redeem our Family.

Victo. So he will, my Soul propheſies he will. But oh, the War I have within me, when I think my Brother and *Coſmo* are Enemies! Should they meet, 'twould kill *Victoria* ere ſhe can reſolve who ſhould be victor.

Fide. Unhappy *Coſmo*! what would I have given to have ſaved thee! Innocent, that it might not have been ſaid, thy paſſion betray'd ſuch a ſweetneſs, whoſe Love is ſo far from being Angry, that ſhe chides my Juſtice!

Victo. Pray be not thus paſſionate; when there is reaſon, I can be as angry as you.

Fide. Had you chid him I would not; and if you would have me defend him, let me ſee you angry; that may awaken the Siſter in me, whoſe partial Mind may plead ſomething for him; but now 'tis impoſſible while you are kind; had he been one that the world knew not, had he never given aſſurance of what he durſt do; that bubble-vanity, and mens idoll, honour, might have pleaded his excuſe; but for him that has to ſundry battles given a name, and won in Warr a glorious Fame, on whom the Sun yet never ſet unglorioufly, for him to break his Faith and Friendſhip to quarrel with his Friend? That Friend that gave him his greateſt Honour, by having once been his Enemy. Who but a vain Man would aſpire higher in Honour and Armes, then to have been, firſt, Enemy, then Friend to *Sforza*; and after all, not unwelcome t o the divine *Victoria*?

Victo. Nay, then I conjure you by what is deareſt to you, leave this diſcourſe; and unleſs you deſpiſe the ſecrets we ſo late bluſhed for, you will ceaſe to revile him.

Enter her Maid.

Angelica. Madam, there is a Souldier without who deſires to ſpeak with you, his buſineſs ſpeaks haſte.

Fidelia. Admit him, my Heart fore-tells ſome ſad accident.

Enter Sforza *diſguiſed.*

Sforza. My buſineſs is with the Princeſs *Fidelia*, yet your Highneſs may partake of it; but I ſhall beg ſome place more private to deliver it in, for 'tis of conſequence.

Fidelia. In my Chamber, if you pleaſe, Madam, we may be private; follow us, Friend.

Victoria. Heaven avert what my fears would prompt me to believe. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. III. SCEN. VII.

Enter the Hermit *and* Cosmo *in his Pilgrims habit.*

Cosmo. I Must be gone, my business calls me hence; but to your care, Father, I must leave my Friend; you must be private in what has past to day; you know what persons are concern'd, Farewell. Your blessing, and be pleased to take this Charity to adorn your Altar.

Hermit. I am counsel'd, Heaven bless the Prince, and guide my Son; My prayers shall wait upon you; and when your Friend is able to travell, he shall come to Court; In the mean time, I will carry him to the Ferry-mans house, who, in return of your bounty to them, shall carefully attend him.

Cosmo. Pray let the *Count Baptista* be privately buried; for though he be of a Noble Family, it must not yet be known he is dead.---I could have wished he had lived; yet this Letter and this [*Aside.*] Ring will (I hope) be sufficient to compass my designes. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. III. SCEN. VIII.

Enter Fidelia, Victoria, *and* Sforza.

Fide. WHat have I heard! My Mother accused of a Murther, and by Prince *Sforza?* Heaven sure has changed its course, he would not else have told me this. *Fidelia*, be thy self, and let not thy fond Affection tame thy Soul so, as to sit calmely down and bear this Injury.

Sforza. 'Twas my fear, Madam, that this truth would grieve your Heart; and had my Life been onely at stake, I should have died in silence: But when yours, my Fathers, and all our Families are thrown into the scale, Piety and Honour bid me warne the Innocent, that they may flie the slaughter; while a wilfull silence might make me not onely lament the misery, but guilty of that crime too. Yet, witness Heaven, 'tis a secret to all the world besides; And you can witness, when her Malice was most active and most prosperous, that she was *Fidelia*'s Mother was all satisfaction; for whose sake I have still had a Patience as great as her Injuries.

Fide. Thinkes Prince *Sforza* I will justifie her follies? why else do's he stab me with a repetition of them? Do's your Highness think to heal my wounded Mind by telling me you have forgiven my Mother? Do's that take away her faults? No, but shewes her guilt, and his vanity greater, and urged but to upbraid me, and civilly tell me how much better he deserves then I. Yet, if I had not been mistaken, you would not have forgot, that I, to keep a spotless Friendship with Prince *Sforza*, have erred even against Nature, abandoning a Mothers and a Brothers Interest, in quitting all the world to justifie the value I had of him above it; and had

he

he loved *Fidelia* with half that kindneſs, he would have hid this fault from me, as if it had been his own Crime; But all the world (Prince *Sforza* too) joynes to make *Fidelia* miſerable.

Sforza. O ye Gods, then I am miſerable. Come, *Martino*, I will now call thee Friend, if thou wilt finiſh what *Baptiſta* but begun, ſince my Friend can thus miſtake her ſervant.

Victo. Gentle, Siſter, why this paſſion? what is there more in his words then you your ſelf have feared? had you rather we ſhould all periſh, then hear your danger from a Friend? Had a third perſon told you, would not you have broke the glaſs that brought you poyſon? Good Heaven, I, without bluſhing, dare profeſs my ſelf a Lover too, yet will not aſſume ſuch a partial Dominion over his mind, as to prohibit him ſpeaking what is juſt and honeſt; and if it be a truth, what he has ſaid, me-thinks you are much to blame.

Fidelia. If it be not, By all my hopes, I vow my ſelf a Widowed Virgin, in ſome Holy-houſe, and bid farewel to *Sforza* and his Friendſhip, that could thus raſhly accuſe my Mother; and if it be a truth, I am then unworthy of his thought or Love.

Vict. Why are you ſilent, Sir; Why do you not acquit your ſelf?

Sforza. Treaſon, war, or ſickneſs, bring no wounds but I can bear; But the wounds of a friends unkindneſs ſtrike the ſoul, it growes dumb, and the heart pale. But I have finiſhed. Believe her Innocent, Madam; ſo that Errour wounds none but me, you ſhall never find me buſie to prevent a danger; nor had I ſpoke now, but for your ſake, and to preſerve the Princeſs *Fidelia.* Read that Letter. ----- Nay, then I have lived too long; That frown this Evening had ſaved *Baptiſta*, and malice had been proſperous, O for thoſe wounds I gave him; thoſe would have cured this miſery; for when *Fidelia* frowns, why ſhould *Sforza* live? but I talk, and prevent what theſe would do ----- Bleed, and weep, *Fidelia*'s loſt. *He offers her a Letter and ſhe refuſes it. He pulls his Plaiſters from his wounds.*

Vict. Sforza, brother, hold; for Heavens ſake, hold; *Fidelia* bids you hold, *Sforza*; O ſtay, what miſery do you fly to? your friend calls, and bids you ſtay. [*Exit* Sforſa.

Fidelia. You wrong me, Madam; Thoſe that can and will go, I ſcorn to hold.

Victoria. But thoſe that obey you ought not to tread upon; why did you refuſe to read the Letter, which might have quitted him?

Fidelia. Becauſe I have miſeries enough, and will not hunt that knowledge which will but diſtract my mind. I am now ready for my Grave, and will not go a ſtep out of my way to avoid it, but here ſtand and well-come fate; for ſince I have lived to ſee Prince *Sforza* angry with me, for a word, when paſſion and miſery had diſtracted me, why ſhould I deſire to live? 'tis folly, 'tis madneſs, ſince I cannot hope a remedy for my ſick mind; when he, who forgave his Enemies a murder would not forgive *Fidelia* a paſſionate word? O Madam, this Cruelty in your brother makes me invite malice and Murder. Come, both *Baptiſta* and *Martino*, come, come all that hate *Fidelia*, and ſee your ſelves reveng'd upon her, and behold her withered by her friend, ſee all ſhe gloried in; Her friend-

friendſhip, and her Faith in *Sforza*, like early bloſſoms, by untimely ſtorms, ſtruck and blaſted; but why do I hold this Infection —— Yet 'tis well-come, ſince it brings news of *Fidelia*'s death; and leſt nature ſhould grow weak, and tempt me to ſave my ſelf, thus to the fire I offer all my means of ſafety.

She throws the Letter away.

The Scene muſt preſent a Chimney, in which ſhe throws the Letter and goes out. (Victoria *ſnatches up the Letter.*) [Exit *Fidelia.*

Victoria. Their paſſions muſt have way; 'Tis time, not Reaſon muſt prevail; Love, whoſe glory is built upon our miſery, and our griefs his Triumph ſtill, and our fears his food! Tyrant! whom none ſerves but ſlaves; Force, not affection, fills thy Train; who cares not to have his Servants ſplendid or great; The Pale, Lean, and deſperate fill thy Court, which makes me fear, Reaſon, nor the gods come not there; But this is no time to diſpute thy power. I will read this dangerous Letter.

The Superſcription.

For my Friend, Count *Baptiſta.*

KNow, the Duke was this day dangerous ſick of his Impoſthume, and he is yet without hopes of life; Sforza *has notice of our deſign; and if you ſtrike not in time, all our hopes are deſperate; if he outlive this day, and the Duke die, your hopes in* Fidelia *are loſt; for we are certain, ſhe and the prince hold Intelligence; The Dutcheſs ſalutes you;* Coſmo *is paſt in a Diſguiſe, to fight with* Sforſa; *if you meet him ſecure him, till you hear from us; for the Dutcheſs will not venture him in ſuch a Danger as a Duel againſt the Prince; upon whoſe ſucceſs all our deſigns and Hopes depend. Farewell, and burn this Letter:* C*is the Meſſenger, to whom you may impart how buſineſs ſtands.*

Yours,

~~Julio~~ *Martino.*

Victoria. The other name is blotted out, O heavens! what a plot was here, to ruine all our hopes? This Letter I will ſhew my Father, whoſe recovery is miraculous; Heaven ſure has lent him ſome few days, to preſerve his name & family; which if he had dy'd muſt, in this miſchief, have ſhrunk to nothing; ſure, when he ſhall ſee this paper he will ceaſe to give faith to curſed *Martino.* [*Ex.* Vict.

Enter Sforza *alone.*

Sforza. This is his Chamber: Thus diſguiſed he cannot know me, or if he do, nothing ſhall ſave him; nor is there ſuch a thing as danger, when men are reſolved to die, or Execute; Oh *Fidelia*, thus I will revenge thee on *Sforza*, and preſerve thee againſt *Martino*,

tino, I must not think of her, she puts womanish thoughts in my mind, I will knock. (*He knocks.*)

One within. Who is there?

Sforza. One in haste that should speak with the Count *Martino.* [*Enter* Martino *and two* Servants.

Martino. How now? your news.

Sforza. Pray, my Lord, retire to some private place; I have something to say from *Baptista.*

Martino. Thou art wounded, is the party dead?

Sforza. Yes, my Lord; but we had a hard bout on't.

Martino. Speak softly, and follow me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. I.

The Scene discovers the old Duke in his Chamber sleeping; his Guard and Physitians about him, and Carlo. [*Enter* Victoria.

Victoria. WHere is the Duke?

Physitian. He sleeps, Madam.

Victoria. I must awake him.

Physitian. By no means, if you love his health.

Victoria. I must, His own, and the health of *Millain* depends upon my news; Sir, Father, Sir.

Duke. Who calls?

Victoria. 'Tis I, Sir? your *Victoria.* (*She kneels.*)

Duke. Rise my dear Child, thou wert with me in my dream too.

Victoria. Oh, Sir!

Duke. Why weep'st thou? (*She gives him the Letter.*)

Victoria. Read that paper, Sir, and save your Son, and speedily, or all our hopes are lost; for Murther and Treason, if not prevented, will sweep your Family from the Earth, and *Millain* no more obey the name of *Sforza.* (*He reads the Letter.*)

Duke. Heaven forbid the Execution of this wicked Design.

Victoria 'Tis not the heavens, Sir, must do it; their part is here in the discourse; you must act now, as their Minister here where Justice and Nature call for your Defence; and if you do not suddenly Seize *Martino*, who thus long has abused your trust, you will see this last Scene of your life set in the blood of your self, and family.

Duke. 'Tis so horrid it scarce finds my faith.

Victoria. If your goodness defer preventing this mischief till the guilt be visible, here, in few hours, you will see your Son, and my dear Brother, bleeding his own Testimony; and then your Justice can onely punish, and not prevent the Traytor.

Duke. Good Heaven, 'tis certain; This is his hand, I know the Character; and her modest & Innocent nature confirms it; She durst not else thus confidently, without pregnant proofs, accuse him: Who is there? *Carlo*, command a guard to attend my daughter; Go, *Victoria*, and seize the body of the Count; If he resist, force him

him hither, if he yield, be civil; *Carlo*, where is *Julia*?

Victoria. Wher'ever she be, she dares not appear in this cause. [*Exeunt all but* Carlo.

Duke. Carlo, tell the Dutchess I would speak with her.

Carlo. I shall, Sir; —— There is wonder and mystery in this discovery; how the Devil came she by that Letter? 'Tis the same I gave *Baptista*; This day will be full of mischief; something bold and sudden, or all is lost; I will to the Dutchess with this News; The difficulty will be, how to save *Martino*, they have his hand to witness against him. [*Enter* Cosmo *in his Pilgrims habit.*

Cosmo. By your favour, Sir; I would gladly speak with the Dutchess.

Carlo. Some begging Pilgrim; I am in haste friend.

Cosmo. If not with her, Sir, the Count *Martino*, or Seigniour *Carlo.*

Carlo. What is your business with him?

Cosmo. From a friend; and of importance.

Carlo. I am the man, Sir?

Cosmo. Then you know this hand?

Carlo. Yes, 'tis the Count *Baptista's.*

Cosmo. 'Tis so, and he salutes you.

Carlo. What newes!

Cosmo. This Letter will speak.

(*He gives him the Letter, he reads it and goes in.*)

Carlo. Stay here, till I call the Dutchess. [*Exit* Carlo.

Cosmo. She is guilty; Lust and Murder have stayn'd her soul; *Martino* and this Villain have betray'd her. [*Enter* Julia *and* Carlo.

Julia. Escaped? Is *Sforza* escaped? Where is the Souldier that said he was dead? and my letter in the Dukes hand?

Carlo. Yes, Madam; and the Princess *Victoria* is gone with a guard, to seize the Count *Martino*, with order to bring him, alive, or dead.

Cosmo. aside, That is good news.

Carlo. This Pilgrim will give you a more Exact Account.

Julia. I am full of distraction. Come you from *Baptista*, friend?

Cosmo. What says my Letter, Madam!

Julia. Oh, *Carlo*, we are lost; there is no safety for us, nor hopes of any, since *Sforza* is escaped; This is *Fidelia's* Act, 'twas she betray'd us; but I'll be revenged on her ere I die; where is the poyson I prepared? this night shall her be last.

Cosmo. aside, O horrid wickedness.

Carlo. 'Tis no time, Madam, to think of such poor Revenge; Let us provide for our own safety.

Cosmo. aside, Villain, thou shalt fall with the earliest, or I will miss of my Aim.

Carlo. What says *Baptista's* Letter?

Julia. Cosmo is his Prisoner; and he will detain him, tell we dismiss him.

Carlo. Something may be built upon that yet.

Julia. Baptista himself sore wounded, *Sforza* escaped, and I must live to see my *Cosmo* stoop to him, and be a subject to the Branch

of

of that Cedar, which my frowns have ſhaken, and my dear *Martino* too, is loſt for ever.

Coſmo aſide. What ſaid ſhe? her dear *Martino*; O, that I had been born deaf, rather then have heard that fatal ſound.

Car. Madam, dare you truſt me in this danger, when all is deſperate; no matter who guides the Helm, if you will conſent; I can from this Letter propoſe ſomething like ſafety, but 'twill look deſperate; this Pilgrim too muſt joyn, under which habit, *Baptiſta* ſays, you will find a Souldier ſtout and faithful; *Coſmo* is in priſon, this is the ground I will build on; haſte preſently to the Duke, fall on your knees before him, pretend your Son *Coſmo* is murdered; let this Pilgrim ſecond you, and affirm he ſaw him dead; and, friend, you ſhall urge you received thoſe wounds in his defence; be but faithful, and bold in this deſperate occaſion, and thou ſhalt find a reward beyond thy hopes, or thy wiſhes; and when he has confirmed it, then call for revenge and juſtice againſt the Count *Martino*, for the murder of your Son; ſay that he is fallen by his plot; and that you know Prince *Sforza* is marked for ſlaughter too; ſeem to know nothing of his eſcape, or any thing that is paſt concerning the Princeſs *Victoria*'s complaint, nor hear what they would ſay, to inform you; but put on all your craft, and plead with paſſion; no matter how unreaſonable, nor how exceſſive it appears; the more violent, the more Mother; the more unnatural your griefs appear, your ſorrows will be the more taking and infectious; and ſeem to be diſtracted with the loſs, call for juſtice, call for preſent and exemplary juſtice upon that traytor, Count *Martino*, traytor to the Gods, and his friends.

Jul. Hold, villain, leave to ſpit thy venom and thy malice; is this thy gratitude to him that rais'd thee? and can thy narrow ſoul hope I ſhould be brought to betray my *Martino?*

Car. Come, Madam, you muſt lay by this womaniſh humour; 'tis no time to expreſs a fondneſs when Crowns and Lives are at ſtake; if you will ſave him you muſt take my counſel; If you now appear his friend, 'tis his certain ruine, and your own; to defend him will blot all your credit with the Duke, for the Count is forfeit in his opinion, beyond redemption; and will be loſt before you can ſpeak for him.

Jul. Let all periſh, ere I have a hand in the ruine of my friend.

Car. Hell of this fooliſh Love; that blind Boy miſleads us more then Fortune or Ambition; is it better to have it ſaid, you loved, or ſaved *Martino?* Be ruled, and I will ſave him, at leaſt defer the miſchief: thus we may redeem him from this certain ruine which threatens him, by diſcovery of that Letter; and by this means you may clear all doubts (which are not a few) that you had a ſhare in this plot; and by this way you will move their pity, and turn their hate and fears into love of *Julia*; and thence will grow your power and our ſafety; in which cloud of tears and ſadneſs *Martino* vaniſhes; for being once a priſoner in the Citadel, which I command, we can through a private way releaſe him when we have reſolved together what to do; and while they are ſecure in their

minds, believing him a priſoner, we can with the leſs ſuſpition purſue our firſt deſigns; for *Sforza* once dead, we ſhall quickly find life in our plot again. Friend, your Letter admits you to this truſt, and you muſt again joyn in the buſineſs; and if you prove faithful you will find a grateful Patron.

Coſ. When you have tried me, Sir, ſpeak as you find.

Jul. Be private, and ready till occaſion calls; and *Carlo*, ſee him rewarded for his former ſervice: O *Carlo*, you muſt excuſe my paſſion, for being unwilling to accuſe my friend; but now I confeſs, 'tis reaſon that you urged, and the reſt we will leave to Fortune.

Car. Pray, loſe no time; he is by this a priſoner.

Jul. This Lemon in mine eye, that I may weep, and down with my hair; ſo: now Fortune if ever thou wert kind to Lovers, aſſiſt in this my laſt great action, that I may revenge and ſave a friend.

Car. Go, and be proſperous; let *Julia*'s fortune ſtill attend you, whoſe tears have ſtill been more powerful then the ſword; away Souldier, follow, and obſerve your----Q.

Coſ. To your grief, I ſhall; O heaven! what have I ſeen and heard? [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. II.

Enter Martino *and a Servant.*

Mart. SEnd in that Souldier, then haſte and find *Carlo*, tell him I have buſineſs of conſequence with him; this news has given ſome life to our deſign; The Duke deſperately ſick, and *Sforza* living, had been a black day to *Martino*. Now the Duke recovers, and *Sforza*'s death will Crown the work; ----Oh, you are welcome; ſo, ſhut the door, and tell me, how died *Sforza*, and how fares *Baptiſta*?

Enter Sfor.

Sfor. At the Ferry, Sir, we ſet upon him, where it coſt us many a wound; for he had notice of our deſign.

Mart. For thy wounds, thou ſhalt not repent them; where is the Preſent thou ſpokeſt of, from *Baptiſta*?

Sforza *draws his ſword, and diſcovers himſelf.*

Sfor. Here villain, do you know this face? do you ſtare? is it ſo horrid that it frights thy guilty ſoul? What will this ſword do then, when juſtice draws it againſt a Traytor and a Murderer?

Mart. *draws his ſword.*

Mart. Nay, then Fortune is a Whore ſtill; but, for thy ſword it brings no terrour; nor did I ſet *Baptiſta* on, becauſe I doubted I could not kill thee my ſelf; but to have it done, and the world not know how.

They fight Sfor. *wounds him.*

Sfor. I am in haſte; this is not all the work I have to do; ---- So wary---There I was with you.

Mart. And you are mortal too, or that blood lies.

They

They close, and Sforza *throws him, and is upon him when* Victoria *and the guard break in, and seize* Martino.

Enter Victoria, Giovanni, Ferdinando, *and a Guard.*

Mart. Then I am lost; *Martino* and all his hopes are withered; 'tis late, I find my shadow grows long, and night comes on apace.

Ferd. How do you, Sir?

Sfor. Too well, *Ferdinando.*

Vict. Call a Surgeon quickly; Dear *Sforza*, retire to your Chamber.

Sfor. O dear *Victoria*, there is no end of *Sforza*'s miseries; Heaven wars against him, and *Fidelia* frowns.

Vict. Why do you say so? alas, she weeps, and will know no comfort, since *Sforza* is angry for a word when grief and passion had almost distracted her; pray, go to your Chamber.

Sfor. To my grave, *Victoria*; death is welcomer far then this life; till *Fidelia* smiles my heart can know no peace.

Vict. I would our fortunes knew no other difficulties; how easie and how certain would our joys be then? [*Exeunt.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. III.

Enter Cosmo *and* Antonio.

Cos. AND did he hurt the Prince?

Ant. Yes, Sir, and they are both wounded.

Cos. Generous and noble *Sforza*; well, we must lose no time; *Antonio* away; remember my directions, get those Souldiers in readiness, and stay about the Princesses Chamber; you know my call, when you hear my whistle, be ready; this night must finish all our miseries: and *Cosmo*'s love the innocent shall save, or missing find a grave. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. IV.

The Scene discovers the sick Duke in his Chamber: Enter Victoria, Giovanni, Ferdinando, *and a Guard leading* Martino *bound.*

Vict. SEE here, behold the Monster; ask these Lords if we did not surprize him in the act? executing his Treason upon my Brother, who now lies bleeding of those wounds this Traytor this minute gave him.

Duke. Villain, what moved thee to this bloody purpose?

Mart. Will you hear me with patience, Sir; if I be not innocent punish me; be pleas'd to produce the Souldier, which now is Prince *Sforza*; by what reason urg'd, I know not, unless it be envy of your favour; who this morning, in disguise, pretended business, and being alone drew upon me; nature and honour bad me defend

my ſelf, theſe wounds he gave me, and ſome I gave him; and when he could not himſelf deſtroy me, then he cries out, 'tis *Sforza* the Prince; at which, Heaven (that only ſaw the action) witneſſes how it ſtruck my heart, till fear and amazement diſarmed me, and at his feet I threw my ſelf; in which poſture his party found me; Come, Madam, 'tis neither honour nor vertue in your ſoft ſex, to deſign or purſue this bloody purpoſe.

Enter Julia, *and* Coſmo *holding her; ſhe falls upon her knees to him.*

Jul. Where is the Duke?

Duke. What means this diſtraction?

Jul. O, Sir, if ever *Julia* were dear to *Alphonſo*, now let her find his juſtice in all its horrour fall in execution upon that bloody monſter: O, let ſad fates cloſe thoſe eyes that have ſmiled upon the blood and ruine of my child.

Duke. What means this? ſure ſhe has not heard *Sforza* is eſcaped.

Victoria aſide. Some new plot, I know; 'tis a ſubtile devil.

Jul. My Son *Coſmo*, all my joy, my dear *Coſmo!*

Duke. What of him?

Jul. He is dead, he is dead, fallen by murder.

Duke. Dead!

Jul. Oh! dead; and by that curſed monſter, *Martino*; Hell upon thy black ſoul for it; O, Sir, let not the Traytor live to repent it; why ſhould he find ſuch charity that ſhewed no mercy to my Son? the ungrateful villain gave my dear *Coſmo* no warning of his grave which *Martino* digg'd; but ſent him in haſte to anſwer all his ſins: Oh, let me ſee the villain ſtruck into the earth with as little mercy as he ſhewed his Prince; and if not ſuddenly prevented, Prince *Sforza* will meet the ſame fate; for the villain has writ his name too in the black book of death.

Coſmo aſide. O ſtrange daring! Heaven, doſt thou ſee and ſuffer this?

Vict. *Coſmo* dead? Oh heaven!----

She faints and falls, they run to the Princeſs. [*Ex.* Vict.

Martino aſide. There is more in this fury of hers then any man yet can judge of, unleſs all women-kind are damn'd.

Jul. O, Sir, I beg you'le let them hale the villain to a Dungeon.

Duke. Where heard you this ſad news?

Jul. By this Pilgrim, who paſt by chance, and took *Coſmo*'s part, in which he received theſe wounds.

Duke. Away to the Caſtle with the villain; come hither, friend; ſaw you Prince *Coſmo* fall?

Coſ. I ſaw him they call *Baptiſta* fall; and he confeſſed a young man that was then wounded, and now they ſay is dead, was Prince *Coſmo*; and he then affirmed, in my hearing, a Hermit being by, who lives at the Ferry, that there came order from Count *Martino* to kill Prince *Sforza* too.

Giov.

Giov. Villain, do's not thy ſoul grow pale at this?

Mart. 'Tis not all your plots or malice ſhall make me quit my own innocence; and when you have murther'd me by a formal proceſs, let *Alphonſo* look to his own life, he will find *Martino* was his guard; for me, I ſcorn to beg my life till it be forfeited; and when ever *Martino* dies, you ſhall ſee him do it with leſs fear then thoſe live with that ſtruck him.

Duke. Hale that bloody dog hence.---

[*Exeunt all, but* Coſino *and* Antonio.

Coſ. O *Antonio*, the Princeſs *Victoria*'s tears had ſo much kindneſs in them; the Balſam has cured all my wounds, and this ſtorm once over, I ſhall be the happieſt of men; away, remember my directions.

Ant. I confeſs, Sir, ſuch a ſilence as the Princeſs ſhewed when ſhe heard you were dead, ſpeaks love more then all that whining paſſion Poets would expreſs.

Coſ. Dear *Antonio*, I cannot be ſo cruel as to let her heart be afflicted when kindneſs to *Coſmo* wounds it; and therefore find her and *Fidelia*, and aſſure them that I live; but conjure them to ſecrecie, and tell them my life depends upon the thought that I am dead.

Ant. I ſhall obey you. [*Exit.*

Enter Carlo.

Car. Souldier, come away; the Dutcheſs ſtays to ſpeak with you.----This you muſt wear, 'tis the earneſt of her bounty. *He gives him a Jewel.*

Coſ. 'Tis an honour, Sir. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. V.

Enter Victoria, Fidelia, *and* Antonio.

Ant. UPon my life and honour, Madam, he lives; but this ſecret muſt not paſs your breaſt, for ſome few days, if you love his life.

Vict. O, Madam, what a change is here? *Antonio* was ever honeſt, and his friend; and my heart in deſpight of all that grief and fear which then poſſeſt it, believes and hopes in *Coſmo*.

Fid. My love to both of you divides my mind; I fear for *Coſmo*, and hope for *Victoria*, yet *Antonio*'s word muſt not be doubted; dear *Antonio*, once again ſpeak the truth; do not fear, becauſe we are women, to tell the worſt of Fates; for know, to deceive us, is twice to wound thy friends.

Ant. Madam, it has not been *Antonio*'s practice, nor his trade to lie; and again, if *Coſmo* be not living ſome ſtrange curſe ſtrike me; more I muſt not ſay, nor can I longer ſtay, my buſineſs calls me hence; which, with your Highneſs pardon, I muſt obey.

[*Exit* Antonio.

Vict. Since hath changed this Scene, gentle *Fidelia*, let me beg you

you will make it a perfect Jubilee; and since your Brother lives, why should mine dye? you saw I mourned yours, and will *Fidelia* kill mine? remember what he has been, and let not one mistake blot all his story.

Fide. No more, Madam; you shall find my Heart both kind and just to *Sforza*, though he were harsh to me; you have not seen him since he was hurt?

Victo. No, but I shall now go find him out; and if you will go with me, be certain of a welcome.

Fide. I shall not refuse to go, where *Victoria* and Honour lead.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. VI.

Enter Sforza, Giovanni, *and a* Chirurgion.

Giov. THis *Chirurgion* has a sovereign remedy to stop blood, 'twas his hand saved the Life of *Ferdinando*, when the rest gave him lost; and I doubt not but 'twill have a good effect upon your Highness.

Cosmo. Come, we must away; my Father stayes, he has called a Council at his Chamber concerning *Martino*; The Villain shall now pay for all his Treachery; tell *Victoria* she must be there; bid *Richardo* and *Ferdinando* make haste, and let us meet there. [*Exeunt*

ACT. IV. SCEN. VII.

Enter Alphonso, Julia, Carlo; *to them*, Sforza, Victoria, Ferdinando, Antonio, Giovanni, *and* Richardo.
A Table and Stooles, where they set the Council.

Alphon. WEighing the sad cause of this Assembly, the Persons too concern'd so near in blood and trust; I shall not need to urge you to a serious Consideration, how we may secure our Peace and Person, punishing the past crimes by taking a just Revenge on the Murtherer of my ever dear *Cosmo*.

Julia. I owe the world and your Highness many debts, but none that has greater tyes upon me then this your kindness; which has still esteemed and used my *Cosmo* as your Son, whose loss now comes so near my Soul; I cannot mourn his Murther, nor rest in peace, till I know what your Justice will decree for my Revenge. Nor should I appear thus undecently without a mourning garment, but that I hope, my impatiency will find a kind interpretation from these impartial Judges; Amongst whom, though *Cosmo* was born an Enemy, yet such was his Nature, that I dare say he has not left one behind him, but that ingratefull, ambitious, and treacherous *Martino*, whose Malice though it onely struck my *Cosmo*, yet it appears by his Letters 'twas levell'd at the root of the Family, my ever Honoured, and your dear *Sforza*; who, though he found the Gods more kind then *Cosmo*, yet I will not doubt his voice to the

Revenge

Revenge of my Son; though ſome malicious people would have me believe (what my Heart abhors) that *Sforza* hated *Coſmo*. But I have done, becauſe my Intereſt in this cauſe might be thought to ſway me againſt the Juſtice of what may be pleaded in the defence of this villain; I will now be ſilent, and leave the Gods and this Aſſembly to decree their pleaſures, in mine and my Sons Revenge.

Sforza. Though I might urge his ſword drawn upon me, when he knew me to be his Prince, and produce theſe wounds, yet I ſcorn to name them; and ſhall onely deſire that Letter I ſent your Highneſs, by my Siſter, may be produced and read, and what that confeſſes under his hand, (whoſe Character is well known to all this Aſſembly) may, according to the Law in that caſe be judged; 'Twill be obſervable too, how crafty his Malice has been in making uſe of our Honoured Mothers Name, ſo to blind the world from having any deſign upon Prince *Coſmo*. But Heaven (juſter then he hoped) ſent that poor Pilgrim, whoſe honeſt Heart engaged him by chance, by which means, he is fallen in his own practice; And though I will not purſue him upon my own Intereſt, yet as a Traytor, and Murtherer of my Brother, I think ſpeedy Juſtice ought to offer his blood a ſacrifice to *Coſmo*.

The Duke gives the Letter to Ferdinando.

Anto. And to me there is nothing more viſible then his guilt, nor any thing ſo eaſie as to give ſentence upon him; and he has my voice to die ſome lingring infamous death, to expiate the ingratitude he has ſhewed his Prince and Friend; And ſince he could forget the favours and envied honours he has received from both Crowns, and thus, by a bloody Treachery cut from the Earth that hopefull Prince, let him fall deſpiſed and unpitied; for, ſure, no honeſt Man can defend or intercede for him.

He reades the Letter.

Ferdi. I am not ſatisfied with this name that is blotted out, 'tis ſome one that ought not to be concealed, I hate Treaſon both in the Root and Branch; no honeſt Man ought to have mercy on any that wiſhes it well; and I not onely conſent to this preſent ſentence upon *Count Martino*, but to all that had a hand in it; that they may ſhare in the puniſhment as well as in the guilt, without exception of perſons.

Carlo. He that can be ungratefull will upon occaſion be all that is ill; To avoid which opinion, I ſhall now endeavour to juſtifie my ſelf Loyal to my Prince, juſt to thoſe Lawes that muſt preſerve this State, and yet not forget to be gratefull to my Friend. The many Obligations I owe to the *Count Martino* are well known both to your Highneſs and this Aſſembly. And that, I hope, will excuſe me, notwithſtanding the paſt vote, if I ſhall (as far as Honour and Juſtice ſhall authorize me) in this Aſſembly, defend the Honour of my Patron. Firſt, I would gladly ſee a legal Conviction of the *Count*; let the Crime appear, and then the Judgement; Let the dead body of Prince *Coſmo* be produced, upon which all this buſineſs depends: For who knowes he is kill'd? who ſaw the Body? There appears to me onely a report made by her Highneſs, who received the relation from a Pilgrim. 'Tis granted, her condition and authority ought to find faith and pity.

Yet

Yet when Life and Honour are at ſtake, Juſtice cannot appear too circumſpect; And though I will not deny he is dead, yet I will hope he lives, till I ſee ſome proof more viſible; here is onely a paſſenger reports it; her Highneſs (like a kind Mother) believes her fears; and I, like the faithfull Servant of the unfortunate *Count*, will hope 'tis but her fears. And notwithſtanding *Count Ferdinando*'s Paſſion, I ſhall believe this Action in me has much more Humanity then his ſentence; I am ſure, 'tis Charity, at leaſt, to wiſh all men innocent; I know, Sir, the *Count* has many Enemies; your Highneſs truſt and favour has made him fit for Malice; and who knowes but this is an Arrow of her ſhooting? Nay, I know he has been threatened, and when there is occaſion will produce to whom. But to the buſineſs; here is a Letter produced, and they ſay the *Counts* hand is to it, and another that ſubſcrib'd put out: why may not thoſe that put out one name, put in another? *Baptiſta* is the *Counts* Accuſer, you all know he was his Enemy, and I know he had reaſon to be ſo; yet 'twas your Highneſs ſervice that gave him that reaſon: For the *Count* being certain he had ambitious deſignes, not fit for a Subject to arrive at, (rather then diſguſt him, by telling him he was not worthy of what he aimed at) in Policy, to keep the State quiet, kept him baniſhed. Never ſmile, my Lord, for this is truth, though the Camp knew it not; And Prince *Sforza* knowes, *Fidelia* was their quarrel; for whom the *Count Baptiſta* has alwayes born an ambitious Paſſion.

Sforza. You know ſo much, *Carlo*, and are ſo ingenious, I ſhall hope, you will confeſs your knowledge of this Letter too.

Carlo *ſpeakes aſide.*

Carlo. Your Highneſs has too much Honour, to fear to ſpeak what ever you know; and if *Carlo* be guilty, pray, Sir, accuſe him; if not, (though my Prince) I ſhall beg you will not throw a Doubt upon Me. —— (I know he dares not ſpeak, *Fidelia* is too much concern'd.)

Sforza. There will be a time when that may be fit too.

Carlo. Till then, Sir, confident of the Juſtice before whom we plead, and ſtrengthened by my own Innocence, I am ſtill deſirous there may be ſome teſtimony produced againſt the *Count*: God forbid Accuſations ſhould make Men guilty; if that were ſo, few were ſafe that Princes call to their Councils or their truſts.

Ferdi. To the poynt, Sir; what can you ſay, why this Traytor ſhould not die a publick example, to give a terrour and warning to others?

Carlo. When you, that have twice called him Traytor, can once prove him ſo, then let him die.

Ferdi. The proofs are evident; here is a gallant Prince murther'd, and another ſold to ſlaughter; here is his hand to the bloody contract.

Carlo. If your Highneſs thinks me fit to ſpeak, if there be reaſon in what I have ſaid, I ſhall proceed; if not, I have done.

Julia. Monſter, with what impudence haſt thou thus long dared to tempt the patience of thy Prince; And thus, in the Ears and Eyes of his Mother and his friends, excus'd the Murtherer? Clear thy

thy ſelf from being one in the plot, thou Idolater of that Monſter; *Martino*, or both of you ſhall find a hangman to attend your funeralls. Traytors! thus to forget the kindneſs which I have ſhewed you! Is this the return your bloody minds have made me, for keeping up your Intereſt with this generous prince? O Sir, let me now beg your Juſtice may make them as publique Examples of your Juſtice as they once ſtood of your favour.

Alphonſ. Be patient, Give him leave to ſpeak; Reaſon and Juſtice dwell neer together; and when they either call, or point, you ſhall find I both hear and ſee. Proceed, *Carlo.*

Carlo. If 'twere for a private obſcure perſon, Sir, one fled from the Law or Juſtice; If 'twere for a ſtranger I pleaded, I ſhould not wonder at this immoderate haſte, and impatience to do Juſtice, or if I were now to inform this Aſſembly who the Count *Martino* is; There might be ſomething ſaid againſt the impertinency of ſuch a diſcourſe; But when I onely deſire to know why, ere I conſent to the death or diſhonour of my Patron, one that two hours ſince all men honoured, one that this morning was truſted and reverenced by all, having had the faith of two Princes, and power of two Principalities repoſed in him; Why ſhould it then ſeem ſtrange, that I, his Creature, wiſh and believe him Innocent, That hath the Evidence of ſo many Ages, and ſo many Princes favours, to plead for him? In whoſe name I onely deſire Juſtice; Prove his Crime, produce his Treaſon; ſhew the Body, proceed Legally, and if *Carlo* be not as ready to pronounce his ſentence, as any, then accuſe me; But ſince no one here ſaw the Prince dead, or wounded, Give me leave, again, to ſay I hope he is living; and that hope is more kind to the prince, and has more Charity in it, my Lord, then all that furious deſire of Revenge which your malice ſhews; And if you loved Prince *Coſmo*, or vertue, as you pretend, you had rather he were living, and the Count *Martino* Innocent, then to have a prince murthered, that your hate might then ſee your Enemy deſtroyed.

Ferd. Proceed, I ſhall anſwer anon, and make it appear, I ſcorn'd, and not envy'd your Idol.

Carlo. The Count, my Lord, had honour and parts would rather deſerve your envy, then your ſcorn; And by that time you have Commanded as many Armies, and govern'd as many Provinces, as he has done, with honour, I ſhall then Envy your Lordſhip; prevail with your prince, and the world, to give you that eſteem and truſt he had two hours ago; ſhew the wounds you have received for your Countrey, produce thoſe Arguments, for a Prince to truſt you; 'twill be nobler far, then to ſit and bark at one, in his Age, whoſe youth you bowed to; and you will find, my Lord, the Count has vertue, even to bear this ſcandal; 'tis not the firſt miſery he has ſuffred, his fortune has been uſed to ſtorms; and yet I dare ſay, the unkindneſs of ſome friends (turned Enemies this day,) has made his Impriſonment heavier then his firſt chains, at the loſs of *Pavia*; Yet when malice has done her worſt, he has the word of two Princes, that he is honeſt; which when your Lordſhip can produce, then you may laugh, as he and I do, at the

malice of the world, which ſtill purſues the favorite till he is fit for Pity.

Julia. Did no body ſee his dead body; where is the Souldier that brought the news?

Alphonſ. Let him be called, ſome one, that knows where he is, fetch him immediately; none ſtir? who ſaw him? whence came the Report? are you all ſilent? all accuſe, and none know why?

Carlo. Sir, my Lord *Ferdinando* knows, ſure; His violent and earneſt calling for Juſtice has ſome ground. My Lord, his Highneſs would ſee your Evidence.

Ferd. 'Tis viſible enough in thy impudence; will your Highneſs be pleaſed to read your Letter, and behold thoſe wounds upon your own fleſh; the reſt was a Fame I onely met; here is the Traytors hand ſet to this blood, is that too little to convince a Traytor? Good God? how black and partial is this Court grown; when a few gilded words, (from a party in this miſchief) ſhould be able to divert Juſtice from her Courſe? and my honeſt heart muſt humbly beg pardon, if I take liberty at full to anſwer this Impudence in his Creature; The firſt part of my wonder is, to find, even the beſt men are grown tame by Cuſtome; ſlaved ſo by a favorite, that their mindes are ſcarce left free; Even their thoughts are led in Chains, and either dare not, or will not ſee, blinded either by fear, or Intereſt, through the miſt his greatneſs throws before their eyes, elſe We might have grown wiſe, by our Neighbours miſeries, rather then have cheriſhed a Frozen Viper; And whereas he boaſteth of his dead Maſters Truſt, Ask the deceaſed ſoul of Great *Matthias*, whether *Martino* be not a falſe and a bloody Villain? Nay, aſk this Aſſembly, whether he was not a Traytor to that Maſter? And ſince I am urged, I muſt ſay, I know *Martino* ſold the Battel of *Pavia*; And he that would then ſell his old Maſter, and his Countrey, will not ſtick to betray the new one, when he finds a Chapman; But he has now no need of theſe low Arts to riſe by. Here he finds his way prepar'd, and, by eaſie ſteps now gains his deſigns; Luſt, Covetouſneſs, and flattery, in others, make his way; Who finding he growes powerful in your Highneſs mind, there reſts onely, darkly to tell what he deſigns; And then let Signior *Carlo*, and his Emiſſaries, with all Arts and Diligence, ſtrive who ſhould firſt underſtand or ſerve his will, and procure that his ambitious deſires may be offered ere he pleaſe to aſk them; Nay, to ſuch a height of Impudence his faction is grown, that here, even in the preſence of your highneſs, where the Aſſembly is made up of the Royal Blood; One of them, and That, our Prince, calling for Juſtice; for thoſe wounds which yet bleed in our Eyes, inſtead of puniſhing the Traytor, Behold, with what impudence one of his Paraſites dares defend him, urging his honours, and his Truſts, ſo many Armys raiſed. Fool, thoſe are ſo many Crimes onely, ſo many ſtains, ſo many why's he ſhould be torn in pieces, being loſt, or ſold; I ſpeak my own knowledge, this is a ſecret of the camps, Sir, that holp to buy one of them; ſince which my ſoul has abhorr'd the Traytors more for ſelling that gallant Prince, then him he has murd'red now.

Julia.

Julia. aſide, How came he by this knowledge?

Ferd. Here we find the Count confeſſed Debtor to the State, even by his favorite; and inſtead of paying it, he would have Credit, to Cozen his Prince again; you confeſs, he has had his Evidence of both Crowns; ſhew, where he has done his duty; elſe you will find thoſe Armies, thoſe Provinces, thoſe truſts you boaſt of, (if ill diſcharged) ſtand ſo many Evidences againſt him; and he ſo far from meriting the leaſt grace or favour, for theſe, 'tis impudence to name them. And I dare ſay, (in the days of liberty and freedom, ere his power awed this Table ſo, That both Princes and Councel ſtooped to the Frowns of a Favorite and a Woman) *Martino* had died upon a Scaffold ere he had found a place above his Fellows.

Alphonſ. Ferdinando, you are honeſt; But yet know the reſpect you owe this place; elſe you will find I can be angry.

Ferd. Sir, I ſhall not diſpute againſt your Highneſs; yet being called this day where my Honour and Conſcience are both at ſtake, I ſhall claime the liberty of an honeſt man, that I may diſcharge my duty both to my Prince and Countrey. What I have ſaid, Sir, is truth; and if I make it not appear, let me anſwer it with my life; And the day has been, when your Highneſs would not have check'd me for ſpeaking truth; Nor this Table have let any one man grow ſo great, by his guilt, that we durſt not accuſe him; 'Tis an ill Preſident thus to encourage Traytors. Had *Martino* fallen under your Juſtice when he ſold his firſt Maſter, 'twould not have been a crime, in me, to have accuſed him now. What makes *Carlo* defend him, but he finds he is grown ſo powerful? non dare ſpeak their fears; And your Highneſs bounty has ſo chang'd his condition, and ſet ſuch a ſtamp upon him, that he appears the greater part of your ſelf; Nay, the honeſt part of the world ſticks not to ſay you have forgot what he was. Take heed, Sir, his wickedneſs be not called yours too; for his Crimes are ſuch, even the Women (you ſee) have loſt their pity for him, and I pray Heaven, it be not too late for your Highneſs, or Juſtice it ſelf, to take notice of him; So powerful he is, that the Law dares not ſpeak to him; and he is now ſo guilty, that he is become Innocent; for who is beyond the Laws reach, He is more guilty; And, if not prevented, we ſhall ſee him begin to give Laws both to your ſelf and people; to prevent which, again, I beg your Highneſs would but read that letter; Behold theſe wounds, do they ſpeak leſs then deſtruction to the name of *Sforza?* Grant *Coſmo* living, Is he Innocent? Behold theſe wounds given your own Bowels; Do Juſtice for theſe, and Juſtice is eaſie to all but the wicked; Mercy is firſt due to the Innocent, and from them, let the guilty beg, and find it; 'tis ſafer far, then to leave the Innocent to the mercy of a Traytor.

Alphon. What can you ſay againſt *Ferdinando*'s reaſon? His honeſt heart will excuſe his paſſion; and grant *Coſmo* living; yet behold his Prince wounded and deſign'd for his grave, if this be *Martino*'s Letter.

Car. For the Princes wounds, I can ſay nothing, but mourn the unhappy accident; The Count made his own anſwer to that particular; and for the Letter, it ought to be puniſhed with exquiſite torture and death, if (as your Highneſs ſays) it be proved his; I know his hand, but cannot ſay, upon life and death, this is his, ſince the Count denies it; the Souldier would give ſome light in the buſineſs, could your Highneſs prevail to have him produced; 'tis not well to conceal or diſmiſs him at this time, in a buſineſs thus important; for his evidence would ſway much, either to the clearing or convicting of the Count; Treaſon has that curſe with her, ſhe is never quite rooted out; nor juſtice cannot cut ſo even, but even truth and innocence it ſelf may ſuffer.

Alphon. Who brought this Letter?

Vict. 'Twas I, Sir, gave it your Highneſs.

Alphon. Where had you it?

Jul. That I would gladly know.

Sfor. I gave it her.

Car. O, then 'twas your Highneſs brought the firſt news of this to Court; then I have done, elſe---

Sfor. What elſe, impudence? ſpeak thy heart, without theſe abrupt and dark ſayings, without your ſcandalous---elſe: Or, by my life, there is no place ſhall priviledge you from being nailed at my foot, you Traytor.

Alphon. Hold, and give good reaſon for this anger; leſt I doubt the juſtice of your cauſe.

Car. If your Highneſs fears had no more cauſe to put on your diſguiſe to day, then you have to be angry now, I ſhall hope the Count innocent in the one cauſe, as I am in the other.

Sfor. 'Tis enough, Sir, you know there is a cauſe; and time ſhall tell it, in the mean time I will take my leave.

Jul. O ſtay, for heavens ſake, ſtay; for honour and all our peace, ſtay; and if you know any thing can clear this buſineſs, ſpeak it freely; and let not our ſouls be afflicted with the doubt; ſpeak, Sir, and let the Traytors find the vengeance due to them only; now you afflict the innocent with your doubts and dark ſpeeches.

Sfor. Pray, Madam, let me go before murder has its will.

Jul. Why this anſwer? is this the return for all my kindneſs and love to *Sforza?*

Sfor. O impudence!

Car. Sir, 'tis but juſtice ſhe and all the world deſires; the Duke, Sir, would know where you had this Letter?

Sfor. Villain, Traytor, Murderer, whoſe impudence has broke my reſolution; dareſt thou call for juſtice that wertt he Meſſenger of death? thou Traytor, impudent wretch, 'twas thou that gaveſt this Letter to *Baptiſta*, and this Ring; let who dare own it, and with it, a Murderer.--- [*Exit* Sforza

He lays the King down upon the Table.

Car. 'Tis ſad to have my Prince my accuſer; elſe the Law of Honour would do me juſtice, and the world find I wear a ſword; 'tis hard, Sir, to be thus accuſed, and no witneſs dares appear.

Alphon.

Alphon. Give me the Ring, and all leave the place but you *Victoria*, and *Ferdinando* and; *Giovanni* bid *Sforza* come hither; and you *Ferdinando* command the Guard to watch this night upon my Chamber, and be you in perſon with them; this Ring I gave *Julia*; if ſhe be falſe. *He looks upon the Ring, and is full of trouble.*

Ferd. If?

Alphon. If? *Ferdinando*, can you accuſe her?

Ferd. Will you have patience, Sir, till I prove what I ſay? if not you will yet ſee your whole name deſtroyed.

Alphon. Speak, but remember I love *Julia*; yet if ſhe can be guilty of this, the earth ſhall not redeem her; can *Julia* be falſe to me?

Ferd. Falſe as hell; 'tis her name is blotted out of the Letter; the Prince in pity of *Fidelia* did it, becauſe he would not have her grieved with the infamy of her Mother.

Alphon. But what could ſhe hope by killing *Coſmo?*

Vict. O, Sir, that is a miſchief which is yet a Riddle to the world; and ſecret to all but my ſelf and *Fidelia*; *Coſmo* lives.

Alphonſo and *Ferd.* Live! *Coſmo* living!

Vict. I muſt not, cannot, dare not ſpeak my knowledge, much leſs my fears; only, for certain, *Coſmo* lives, and *Martino* diſhonours you, and *Julia*'s falſe; and now the villain is in hold we will make ready our proofs; and, for heavens ſake, truſt none of them till we have made it appear that they, or we, are faulty; this accuſing *Martino*, and railing againſt *Carlo* in publick, is too groſs to blind any eye that has obſerved them as *Victoria* has done; *Coſmo* went hence in a diſguiſe, to queſtion my Brother about the Command of the Army, which is the true cauſe why *Sforza* came in diſguiſe to *Millain*.

Ferd. This is a knowledg your highneſs ſhould have had ſooner, but that we are reſolved to accuſe none till their treachery is viſible; and pray be pleaſed to keep your old kindneſs to the Dutcheſs, and continue your coldneſs in believing the Princeſſes accuſation, for a day or two, till all things are ready; this night we will meet at your Highneſs Chamber, and there reſolve in order to our buſineſs; and, pray, let the Dutcheſſes part be concealed, for the Princeſs *Fidelia*'s ſake.

Vict. 'Twill break her heart; the firſt news of her Brothers death had almoſt diſtracted her.

Alphon. They are a pair of vertuous minds, and I am glad to find *Victoria* ſo kind to them; and ſince heaven has preſerved him from this ſtorm, My *Coſmo* ſhall find I lov'd and valued him.

Ferd. Let us retire, Madam, that we may get the Guard in arms; and then I will wait upon you in the Princes lodging; our ſtay may beget their jealouſie, for guilt is ſtill upon the Alarm.

Alphon. The Gods bleſs my child; and, pray, tell *Sforza*, I want not any of that kindneſs a Father owes to a good Son, though I cry not my love in the ſtreets; which he ſhall now find, in cutting from my breaſt what has long been deareſt to me, even *Julia*, ſince ſhe is falſe.

Vict.

Vict. God forbid, though the tree be guilty, let the fruit plead; *Fidelia* has goodneſs enough to expiate any crime ſhe can commit with wiſhes, which is all the ill ſhe is yet arrived to.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

Enter Julia *and* Martino, *ſhe in mans apparel, with a Dark-lanthorn.*

Jul. YOu are ſad, *Martino.*

Mart. No, Madam; but my heart's awak'd with this ſtorm; and I am glad to find our miſchief was ſo unſucceſsful, ſince *Julia* could accuſe me.

Jul. And could'ſt thou be ſo faulty as to think *Julia* falſe? Oh, my ſoul! had not I my maſter-piece to act; and though we have bravely gone through with it, 'twas a troubled ſea we wrought through to gain this Harbour; and here ſhall ſtill be *Martino*'s ſafety, My *Coſmo* is ſafe; and while the Duke reſts in doubt, we muſt diſpatch *Sforza*, let me alone to ſettle all the reſt; this was *Carlo*'s plot; the honeſt Souldier (that is without) too did his part; whom they are now buſie inquiring after; therefore, for a day or two, till *Sforza* be dead, let him lie concealed here.

Mart. *Sforza*'s death is a counſel I could wiſh you would abandon; for though it may ſerve in this our deſperate diſeaſe, yet what the ſucceſs muſt be thoſe that know there are Gods may eaſily divine; to murther three ſuch innocents, one of them your own too, 'tis black and terrible; and I fear will be ſo far from confirming *Coſmo* in the Throne you deſign him, 'twill rather make him odious to both Nations.

Jul. I know the price of thoſe Jewels; but ſince the ſtorm would not be reſiſted, rather then let our Barque ſinke we muſt throw over our richeſt goods.

Mart. Be patient till I am gone, and obſerve what effect that change will have; *Coſmo* has vertues enough, and needs none of thoſe dark pathes to lead him to a Crown; and though he be innocent, yet I fear the Gods ſhould puniſh our faults upon him; and we but make our ſelves monſters, and him miſerable, only ſhewing him that Crown which will be ſnatched from him, and given to ſome third pretender.

Jul. No matter; if *Coſmo* cannot keep a Crown when we have given it him, let him that wins it wear it; he is *Julia*'s heir that can ſucceed her; the generous Conqueror is my child; and I ſhall hate my ſelf for deſigning *Coſmo* ſo much honour, if he want courage to keep it; I am none of that ſort of fooliſh women that love their own fruit beſt though it be ſower; 'tis thy intereſt, and the memory of thoſe happy hours that makes *Coſmo* dear to me; I know not why dull cuſtom ſhould make us love a fool or coward, becauſe got in Wedlock; a natural accident in Marriage, and the cold

cold effect of a dull thoughtleſs Act, which every Beaſt and Bird does as well as we; and before it ſhould be ſaid I love *Coſmo* for thoſe Reaſons, he ſhould this night fill a grave, with thoſe fooliſh ſouls we have condemned, while the brave, the daring and the fortunate were adopted; and I will ſtill believe the Conqueror is our Son, who ere he be; and *Coſmo* changed in the Cradle, though the falſe Nurſe deny it. No, *Martino*, thou haſt taught me to know we are our own Gods; thoſe thrive here that dare Fortune, ſhe knows neither conſcience nor prayer, ſhe is a woman, young, naked and blind; they ſay, Youth and Courage binds her; and if *Coſmo* cannot force a naked woman, let him reſt deſpiſed for *Julia*.---- See where *Carlo* comes. *Carlo*, what news?

Enter Carlo *at a hole in the Vault.*

Car. You have no time to ſpare; the Duke has all this while been in counſel with his Daughter and *Ferdinando*; and you may find by *Victoria*'s briskneſs, ſhe knows Prince *Coſmo* is ſafe; the Guard is in arms too, commanded by *Ferdinando*; and we muſt expect nothing but ruine. [*Enter* Coſmo.

Mart. And where is the Prince and Princeſs?

Carlo. They are all ſafe, at the Princes Chamber, upon a viſit; we have laid our deſign, I am now come for the Souldier: Come, friend, when we have plaid this part all is our own; when they are in the grave, we will return, and call you; till then, pray be private here. [*Exeunt* Carlo *and* Coſmo, *by the Vault.*

ACT. V. SCEN. II.

Enter Sforza, Victoria, Ferdinando, *and* Fidelia.

Ferd. IF it be poſſible I will find the Pilgrim, his teſtimony will confirm all; and then I will return with a guard to prevent the worſt of malice.

Sfor. Kind and faithful *Ferdinando* ſtill; all good ſucceſs attend thee.

Fid. Pray, Sir, retire to your lodging; ſmall wounds neglected may bring a dangerous conſequence; you know, Sir, there be many lives depend on Prince *Sforza*.

Sfor. Fear not, Madam, ſince I have cured thoſe wounds that grief and diſtraction gave by your diſpleaſure, my heart can know no danger; when *Fidelia* ſmiles, *Sforza* is all joy and peace.

Fid. Heaven protect the Prince; and when I loſe not his value, I care not who frowns; I had wounds too, and they bled as long as *Sforza* was angry; but we are now perfectly happy.

Vict. The Gods were kind to *Victoria*, that ſpared *Sforza*, and preſerved *Coſmo*; *Julia* too is innocent, in ſpite of Treaſon, which falſe *Martino* would have betrayed her into; and time will heal all theſe wonnds that Love and Fortune have dealt among us.

Sfor. What noiſe is that?

Enter

Enter Antonio *and Souldiers, and ſeize them all.*

Ant. Reſiſt not, Sir; theſe dye, if you reſiſt.

Sfor. Is *Antonio* falſe too? Heaven! is there nothing but treachery among men? this I foreſaw in that feigned death of *Coſmo.*

Vict. Antonio falſe! perhaps *Coſmo* is dead too; if he be, let thy words ſtab *Victoria* to the heart.

Sfor. If there be any honeſt thought left in thy mind, *Antonio*, lead me to the Princeſs *Fidelia*, that I may dye (what I could not live) her *Sforza.*

Fidelia. O, Sir, theſe men have added cruelty even to death! had I died yeſterday when *Sforza* was angry, 'twould not have been half the grief; but to be reconciled to *Sforza*, and then ſnatch'd from his friendſhip, is beyond Murther, cruel. O, Sir, 'tis now too late to ſay that truth which my modeſt heart could never find yet ſtrength enough to utter; yet, witneſs heaven, 'tis a truth my heart will break with; Prince *Sforza* was all the buſineſs of my mind, how I loved him I ſhall not live to tell; yet here upon his breaſt, with my laſt breath, I vow my firſt and moſt unſpotted faith.

Sfor. This cold kiſs on your fair hand ſhall be both our *Epithalamium* and our *Epitaph*; O, gentle *Fidelia!* we were one in friendſhip, and one in miſery.

Vict. That the Gods ſhould give to Beaſts venom in their eyes, and death in their teeth, to deſtroy the innocent, and not afford us that power in an hour of miſery, for a guard againſt Murther and Treaſon.

Ant. Away, where I appointed, and obſerve your Order. [*Exe.*

ACT. V. SCEN. III.

Enter Martino *and* Julia, *in the ſame diſguiſe.*

Mart. THey have been long, but now I believe he comes; for now I hear a noiſe in the Vault.

Jul. 'Tis they. [*Ent.* Car. *and* Coſ. *at the Vault.*

Mart. Carlo, is all ready?

Car. Yes, they are ſeiz'd and bound, and in the *Cyprus* Grove expect us, your horſes too are ready, we ſhall have the ſport to paſs that way; and ſee them whine and dye, and then away.

Mart. But whither ſhall I go? that I may hold a correſpondence, and adviſe you of my reſolutions, as occaſion preſents.

Jul. you muſt find out my Son and Count *Baptiſta*; but you muſt not let the fooliſh Boy know of what is paſt; his paſſion makes him deaf to all our reaſons.

Car. Come, come diſpatch, Sir, the time is pretious.

Mart. Madam, this ſhadow goes, you ſee, forced hence by cruel ſtars; other joy I never knew then *Julia*'s friendſhip, with whom I muſt leave this parting kiſs. Farewel to all that is dear to *Martino*,

tino; witneſs my Soul, I have no joyes but in thoſe Eyes, and till we meet again my ſad heart will know no peace.

Julia. Farewell, *Martino*; *Julia* can yet ſay ſhe found a friend that was faithful, and 'tis not in Fate to divide our hearts; How unwillingly ſhall I let my Eyes loſe this object, witneſs all the kindneſs that my life has ſhewed thee; I ſhould hate my ſelf, if I thought I had words to expreſs how much I have loved *Martino*. Farewell, I have too much Woman in my Eyes, I cannot ſuffer this ſeparation without tears; Separation is death of Friendſhip, my Soul and I now part. *This kiſs to my dear* Coſmo.

Coſmo. Ye Gods, what do I ſee and hear? O Villain, Villain.

Carlo. Go afore with the Lanthorn.——

{ Coſmo *goes afore, with the light down the hole,*
{ Carlo *and* Martino *follow him.*

Mart. Carlo, give me your hand. —— [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. V. SCEN. IV.

Enter Sforza, Fidelia, Victoria: Antonio *and the Souldiers bind them to the Tree.*

Sforza. WHy doſt thou delay thy bloody purpoſe? If it be Repentance holds thy hand, make it good; I will purchaſe it at any rate to ſave thoſe Innocents; and I will die too, that thou maiſt have thy reward from thoſe that hire thee.

Fidel. Victo. O Sir, we hear them coming; now 'tis the time, farewell for ever.

Anto. Are they bound?

Sould. Yes, Sir.

Anto. 'Tis they, wear your ſwords in readineſs.

Enter Coſmo *with a light*, Carlo *and* Martino *following him.*

Mart. Where are they?

Coſmo. In the Arbor.

Mart. Let us diſpatch them, *Carlo*, and away.

{ Coſmo *whiſtles*, Antonio *and the* Souldiers
{ *ſeize* Martino *and* Carlo.

Mart. Hah! O *Carlo* we are betray'd.

Sforza. What noiſe is that?

Coſmo. This way, *Antonio.*——Do you ſee this ſight, Sir?

{ *They lead them after the light to the place where*
{ *the Princeſſes and the Prince were bound.*

Mart. Yes, what is thy meaning? art thou falſe, or no? Why doſt thou fright our hopes?

Carlo. Upon them, and diſpatch; you will find this no jeſting matter.

Sforza. Ha, *Martino* at liberty?

Fide. Martino looſe? nay then we are loſt for ever.

Mart. Why doſt thou not kill them?

Carlo. Or let me do it.

Victoria. That is the Souldier brought news of my Brothers death.

Sforza. And that face I have ſeen before.

Coſmo. I thought you had forgot it.

Sforza. No, 'twas thou that ſavd'ſt me, when *Baptiſta* would have murthered me.

Carlo. What ſayes he?

Mart. Enough to ſatisfie me, we are all betray'd.

Coſmo. Sir, I ſaved you once.

Sforza. And why ſhouldſt thou not again be honeſt? Threats are loſt where they meet Minds reſolved like ours; yet if thou dareſt ſave theſe, they will pray ſo faithfully for thee, that thou maiſt kill me and be forgiven; All the horrour thou canſt put into thy look I can deſpiſe; for the valiant man, in his firſt thought, digeſts the neceſſity of death; And ſince we cannot avoid that ſight, I have long ſince Philoſophyed upon my grave, as the ſecond womb, and the certain way to the other world, as my Mothers led to this; and he that is honeſt onely ſees thoſe dangers. The guilty trembling Coward, 'tis he that taſteth the bitter cup, while his pale Soul labours and feels the throws of every apprehended Dart, whoſe anguiſh (*Gentle Fidelia*) is in leaving thee, and kind *Victoria*; Thoſe that fear him ſuffer in every thought, and languiſh in expectation; For, dying, not death is the wound; and when death will appear, though in a Fever, *Martino*, *Carlo*, Treaſon and the Sword, are there.

Fide. O *Sforza*, talk of death, but not of parting; when we can die without that, theſe threatned wounds are welcome; Fever, Sword, nor Treaſon, I fear not, they are our ſlaves, and would be tame things if death and malice (Enemies to Nature and *Fidelia*) did not ſet them on to deſtroy Noble *Sforza*. O be ſtill that good man, and let not theſe Villains prevail with thee to murther the Prince; Hell and curſes are on their ſide, Innocence and Virtue on the Princes; if thou kil'ſt him, thou art damn'd; ſave him, and become an Angel.

Carlo. Strike, fool, or ſhe will talk thee to the Gallows; Dos't thou not know the intent in Treaſon, is as guilty and as mortal as the blow?

Mart. Thou art a fool, we are all betray'd; and now I ſee him thorow all his cloud; 'tis *Coſmo*, *Carlo*. [Coſmo *diſcovers himſelf.*

Coſmo. 'Tis ſo, horrid Villain; what can thy Soul tell thee now, but death and miſery attend thee?

Carlo, *Coſmo?*

Victo, *Coſmo?*

Fide. 'Tis my Brother.

Coſmo. Villain, canſt thou look upon this ſpectacle? Do's not thy Soul melt with horrour? Dogg, I will kill every limb of thee apart. Kill that Villain. [*The* Souldiers *kill* Carlo.

Carlo. Oh! oh! [*He dies.*

Coſmo. Sir, I beg your pardon for this fright, there was no ſafe-

ty

ty without it; I could not elſe have betray'd theſe Monſters from their ſecurity, but with the hope of ſuch a bait; But now I will offer their hated limbs a ſacrifice to all our fears.

Fide. O my *Coſmo*, joy of my life, unbind the Prince.

Coſmo. I have another buſineſs to diſpatch firſt; I muſt be gratefull as well as juſt; The ſword, *Antonio.*—[Ant. *gives him a ſword.*

Coſmo. Do you know it, Sir?

Mart. Yes, and what of it?

Coſmo. When I was down in the battle of *Pavia*, then thou beſtridſt me, and gaveſt me this with a wiſh I might never loſe when I drew it againſt my Enemy; Here, take this other, while I prove thy wiſh upon thee. *Antonio*, if I fall, let the Law proceed to Juſtice againſt this Villain, and ſecure the lives of theſe Princes.

Sforza. Why do you arm the Traytor?

Coſmo. There is no danger in a known Traytor: 'tis the Truſt that makes them dangerous; and Traytors in the field are but upon their way to Execution.

Mart. I will not hope to eſcape; yet I have known the day when I would have forced my ſafety thorow more ſtops then your Arm threatens; But I was innocent then, and yet the greateſt of my Crimes is *Coſmo*; and Heaven is juſt in making him my ſcourge. [*Aſide.*]

Coſmo. I will hear no more.—— That for *Fidelia.* *They fight and are both wounded.*

Mart. For *Martino*, that.

Coſmo. For *Sforza*, that, and that, and that for *Julia*; let that name ſink thee and thy Soul.—— Martino *falls.*

Mart. I faint, O *Coſmo*! I have yet kindneſs enough in all this blood, to fear and pity what Fate attends thee that haſt kil'd thy Father; a ſecret yet to *Coſmo.*

Sforza. What ſaid he?

Coſmo. No matter what.

Sforza. How do you, Sir? has he hurt you?

Coſmo. Yes, but not much; Take up their Bodies, *Antonio*, and carry them to my Mothers Lodging; Madam, to prevent this danger, I was fain to break my word with your Highneſs; and that neceſſity, I hope, will plead your pardon.

Fide. I am glad, you had a reaſon for that fault.

Coſmo. The Story of this accident, how laid and how prevented, will aſk an ages time to relate; but till the danger is paſt we muſt defer it; and I muſt beg, for an hour or two, you let me lie conceal'd, and in this diſguiſe, till I have finiſh'd my work; I muſt now find my Mother; O Siſter, ſhe muſt be reclaimed with Tears, not Wounds; And I muſt beg your Highneſs company, to make her ſhame the greater. The horrour of her deſignes I will preſent unto her as things executed; and when I have brought her to a repentance, and a deſpair of Peace, then, as a Mercy beyond her hopes or merit, ſhe ſhall know how Heaven has miraculouſly preſerved her innocency from all this blood; This way I hope to reclaim that unfortunate Woman, now the authors of her ſins are gone.

Sforza. Pray lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCEN. V.

Enter Julia *alone, in Mans Cloathes.*

Julia. THis night is full of change; within this hour nothing but deſpair, yet now my heart has Joy again; and *Sforza* once dead, *Victoria* ſhall marry *Coſmo*; The fright *Carlo* will put her in, when ſhe ſees *Fidelia* die, will make her proud heart ſtoop to *Coſmo*, I know ſhe loves him; This day her Paſſion appear'd, at the report of his death; and though ſhe pretends that ſhe has vowed her ſelf to a Monaſtery when her Father dies, yet I doubt not but ſhe may be won to forſake that cold pretence for a warm Palace; Thoſe Nuptials will crown all my thoughts; and then 'twas a happy loſs of *Pavia*, if we gain *Millain*; both which will be the reward of my long travel. The Duke muſt die ere they can Wed; for ſince we are ſtept in, we muſt now go thorough with the work: Luſt and ambition know no bounds; and rather then we will ſee my *Coſmo* leſs then we deſign him, we will raiſe new diſeaſes, ſcourges of the time, and Act what Age and ſickneſs could not do. What noiſe is that? [*Enter* Coſmo.

Coſmo. Madam, the Count, and *Carlo*, kiſs your hands.

Julia. Are they gone?

Coſmo. Yes, Madam.

Julia. And the reſt? how? how?

Coſmo. Dead, all Dead.

Julia. And was not *Sforza* ſad to depart with *Fidelia*, and the World?

Coſmo. They made a great Ceremony of it; and by my troth, it was ſad; *I did what I was not wont to do*, I pityed him; for 'twas a gallant and a ſtout Gentleman; the Women too lamented ſo, it almoſt ſtagger'd my reſolution; and I think, though your ſoul hates them, 'twould have grieved your heart to have ſeen them part; She that died, (*Fidelia* I think you call'd her) fell, ere we ſtruck, upon the ſight of *Sforza*'s death.

Julia. aſide, Are you ſo pityful? he will tell, if not prevented.

Coſmo. Madam, the Count bid me tell your Highneſs, he thinks it fit *Carlo* dies too; for he knows too much, and grows too ſawcy, upon the Truſt you have given him.

Julia. We will think on't; let us talk no more at this time, 'tis late; is any body ſtirring in the Gallery?

Coſmo. No, Madam, all is whiſt.

Julia. Take this purſe, and conceal thy ſelf for a day or two, and then find *Martino*; for I would have thee always neer him; thou haſt a bold heart, and a ready hand; here, give him this Ring from me; you wear a privy Coat?

Coſmo. No, Madam.

Julia. The more fool you, in theſe dangerous Occaſions; I will try. (*She ſtabs him.*)

Coſmo. Oh! hold, wretched Woman. (*She ſtabs him again.*)

Julia

Julia. Thou art too pityful a fool to truſt a Crown to.
Coſmo. Hold, hold, 'tis *Coſmo* that thou haſt murdered.
Julia. What ſaid he? *Coſmo?* (*She runs to him.*)

Enter Sforza, Victoria, Fidelia, Antonio *and Souldiers, with the dead Bodies of* Carlo *and Martino.*

Fidelia. O my Brother! poor *Coſmo*! unfortunate youth!
Victo. Curſed Woman, ſhame of thy Sex, what haſt thou done?
Sforza. Inhumane Act, O *Julia*, thy ſoul will ake for this; lift him up *Antonio*, and ſend for a Surgeon quickly, ſome one raiſe the Court; Try if there be any hope of life.
Julia. *Sforza* alive? and *Fidelia* too? *Coſmo* dead? and *Martino* Dead! O wretch, 'tis too ſad a Truth; 'tis he, my dear *Coſmo*? Thou wert my beloved ſin, all my crimes were loves to *Coſmo*, and now my greateſt ſin is thy blood; all that I loved dead? And all thoſe I hated living? Hence fooliſh Woman, quickly be gone; what buſineſs haſt thou now upon the Earth? deſpair, and die; I cannot talk, my grief is too great for words, and yet I could be angry with fate; But 'tis too late; Make room, *Coſmo*, for thy mother: I ſtruck not thee with half ſo good a will; Thus I ſhall be *Julia* ſtill, my ſtory is of one piece now. (*She ſtabs her ſelf, and falls.*) *She Looks about her.*
Vict. O! hold her deſperate hand --- (*They run, to take the Dagger.*
Julia. No, 'tis too late, *Antonio*; *Julia* was *Julia*'s Fate; yet ere I die, you that live, forgive, and bring *Fidelia* hither. *Fidelia*, whom my life hated, but my death loves, forgive thy mother; and live ſtill the thing ſhe hated, the Religious, Chaſte, and faithful *Fidelia*; and let thy name redeem the Honour I have loſt, in ſtory; does any know how *Martino* came by his death?
Sforza. Yes, Madam; *Coſmo*, in Duell, killed him.
Julia. *Coſmo* kill *Martino*? Nay, then 'twas fate, not *Julia*, ſtruck *Coſmo*; Unfortunate youth! wicked and guilty by chance; What fate guided him to *Coſmo*'s ſword? Heavens! None but a Son to ſpill a Fathers blood, and a Mother to revenge it! (*She dies.*)
Sforza. What does ſhe ſay?
Antonio. Sir, I am loath to be the Author of ſuch a ſcandal; yet I heard *Martino*, when he fell under *Coſmo*'s ſword, tell him he had killed his Father; your Highneſs knows their Friendſhip has been ſcandalous, though the world durſt not ſpeak of it.

Enter the Duke, Ferdinando, Giovanni, *and a Guard.*

Duke. Dead? heaven forbid.
Sforza. Pray, Sir, retire the Scene is too ſad; for a Fathers Eyes; The Story, Sir, will be fitter to be mourned then ſpoken of; the Gods have taken a ſevere vengeance upon thoſe people, and we may lament, but not redeem, their faults; Come, Madam, when you can digeſt this grief you ſhall find *Sforza* is ready to pay all his vowes to Love and Friendſhip.
Victoria. No, Brother, Siſter, Father, all that were guilty, in making me break my vows with Heaven, here I beg the dead Body of

of my *Cosmo* may be interred in our Chappell, where again I vow to waste my days in Holy Orders, and with the Penance of my life redeem my past faults, and lament poor *Cosmo.*

Fidelia. Oh, Sir, let me retire too; Let not such a poysonous fruit be cherish'd in your breast, lest the displeased Gods take some farther vengeance on Our Family; and so distract my soul, to find Prince *Sforza* punish'd for *Fidelia*'s sins.

Sforza. This misery is so strange, and so infectious, that even my heart grows sick of Love, and fear; Heaven, if thou hast decreed more affliction for this gentle maid, let them not fall till I am earth. O *Fidelia*, nothing but death shall divide me from thee.

Alphonso. Take up their Bodies, and let all Funeral Rites be given to these unfortunate people: and since they have born the punishment of their Crimes, let their faults have no more memory, but, with them, lie buried in their Grave; And let their Example teach us; Impious men may play with Heaven, but they can hope no better fate to Win. Dry thy Eyes, *Fidelia*, Heaven forbid, thy Innocency should suffer for the Crimes of others; To whom there is a reward due, as a punishment to these; And if *Sforza* do not pay his Debts to *Fidelia*, he will neither have Heavens nor my blessing; and when Our griefs have given place, I shall onely wish, that my last Scene in this world may wait on thy Hymens; for I am quite tyred with the Affliction of this World, and will onely refresh my soul with seeing *Fidelia* and *Sforza* happy; And then I care not how soon Nature and Death decide their dispute; That I might make an *Exit* from this Theatre where misfortune hath made me Act a Part in so sad a Tragedy. [*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

THE FIRST PART OF Cicilia & Clorinda, OR, Love in Arms.

A TRAGI-COMEDY,

The Scene *LOMBARDY.*

Written in *TURIN*

BY

THOMAS KILLIGREW.

DEDICATED

TO THE

Lady *ANNE VILLIERS*

COUNTESSE OF

MORTON.

LONDON:

Printed by *J. M.* for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be sold at his Shop at the sign of the *Blew Anchor*, in the lower Walk of the *New-Exchange*. 1663.

The Names of the Actors.

Marius, The Roman Pretor, Lieutenant of *Lombardy*.
Otho, His Son, and General under him.
Cicilia, His Daughter.
Calis, Her Friend.
Dyon, A Gentleman of *Rome*.
Orante, The Lombard Prince.
Clyandre, A Lombard.
Turnus, A baniſh'd Lombard.
Lucius & *Manlius*, Brothers: *Lucius*, General of the Horſe; *Manlius*, Lieutenant-general of the Army.
Cleon, *Memnon*, Two Romans.
Amadeo, Prince of *Savoy*.
Clorinda, His Siſter.
Lyſander, A Lord of *Savoy*.
Stella, *Cicilia*'s Woman.
Two *Hermits*.
Banditoes.
Souldiers and *Servants*, Such as the Scene requires.

THE FIRST PART OF Cicilia & Clorinda, OR, Love in Arms.

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

Enter Orante *and* Turnus, Orante *is cloathed in black, with black Feathers, black Perriwig, his perſon is crooked and ugly, with a Dagger by his ſide; His habit muſt be good:* Turnus *diſguiſed like a common Souldier.*

Oran. HAve you heard the news, *Turnus?*

Turn. No, Sir, only a buzzing of ſomething from the Army, and that diverſly reported, has the Pretor Letters?

Oran. Yes, and *Otho* writes of a Victory gain'd that day againſt *Amadeo*, and that they are ſtill in chaſe of thoſe Mountainers.

Turn. And is *Amadeo* become an enemy worth *Romes* joy when ſhe overcomes him?

Oran. 'Tis not the Souldier, but the Hunts-man that is ſhew'd in this Victory, they have at laſt catch'd the Boar, his Siſter is in the toil too; the Virago that has ſo long made *Otho* a Souldier, for 'tis certain he loves *Clorinda*; but why, unleſſe it be for loving him, I know not; the great reaſon why moſt men love their dogs; they ſay they will treat at *Suſa*.

Turn. Then there is more then we ſee in it; remember, Sir, *Amadeo* was your Rival, and believed by moſt that know the Court, the chief cauſe of *Cicilia*'s averſion to your Highneſs; therefore I wiſh he may rather fall by the diſeaſe of his Family, (a Roman ſword) then come to diſpute his Title here, for though he fled the

Court when he was a priſoner upon the death of his Brother, which was ſlain in the Battle of *Suſa*; yet moſt believe *Cicilia* knew of his departure.

Oran. Hah, and this may be worth our thoughts; for I am certain *Lucius*, who is now my Rival, is ſaid to have made war againſt *Amadeo*, not *Savoy*.——(See the Pretor) now we ſhall know the news, for his vanity cannot conceal it.

Enter Marius, Cicilia, Calis, Dyon *and* Cleon; Marius *has a Letter in his hand.*

Mari. Mine are from the place, and mention a victory compleat, and that they are ſtill in chaſe; the Princeſs *Clorinda* too is with her Brother; and *Otho* writes that he believes this will be the laſt ſtroke they will be able to ſtrike for their Country; 'tis now ſeven years ſince that handful of men have ſtopped the Roman fortune, at the price of five generous Princes, whoſe blood has been dearly ſold to the Roman ſwords.

Cicil. Otho writes, that he never ſaw more beauty, nor more courage then the excellent *Clorinda* ſhewed in the Battle, ſtill fighting by her Brothers ſide; and he hopes to gain them without blood, for they are now ſhut into the ſtreights of *Suſa*, and the Cattle poſſeſt by the Roman party; and I confeſs my ſoul longs to ſee her whoſe fame and vertue, though an enemy, has at this diſtance won my Brothers heart.

Oran. Amadeo will then be fit for a ſecond liberty, Madam; which I believe your Highneſs will again conſent that he may have.

Cicil. Prince *Amadeo* will be a Prince in chains, his heart is made of royal metal; and gold will be gold ſtill, what poor mean uſe ſoever employed in; and Lead will be Lead though in a Crown.

Oran. Yet he brake his word, and ran away (even with *Cicilia* he brake his word) and ran from what he loved; nay, ſome ſay, from what loved him.

Cicil. But he fought afterwards, and by this loſs has got more honour then ſome men win by victories: To the Roman fate a gallant man may loſe, and yet keep more honour then ſome are born to; her Stars have ſet her ſo far above the world, that ſhe ſtamps even vertues; and they bear a price as ſhe bids them be currant; and I doubt not, but Prince *Amadeo* will find that *Rome* honours him more for being a brave enemy, then if he had proved a tame temporizing friend, which hath neither vertue enough to diſpute, nor love enough to revere her power; and I confeſs, of all the ſervices the Prince did to win eſteem from me, I loved him more for running from me when his honour call'd him, then if he had ſtaid, and pin'd at my feet; Prince *Amadeo* went then to make himſelf fit for any gallant womans love; and Prince *Orante* ſtaid till he was fit for none.

Oran. You have reaſon, Madam; he that will not be reveng'd ought not to be eſteem'd; he that will ſuffer injuries deſerves them;

them; a Doctrine *Orante* may learn in time, could he leave to love; and theſe remedies may work that miracle.

[*Exeunt* Orante, *and* Turnus.

Marius. You are too harſh; his mind, we know, is full of envy and pride; and when thoſe meet with courage and deſpis'd love, it may beget a danger your power nor mine cannot reſiſt; let him vent his malice, his words hurt no body.

Cicil. 'tis my honour and duty that he ſtrikes at, and he has a thouſand times accuſed me of contriving the Prince *Amadeo*'s eſcape; I confeſs he told me he would go, and would have taken his leave of me; but I thought my ſelf obliged neither to betray a Father, or a Friend; and therefore I would not hinder him, by betraying his truſt; nor be ſo guilty as to countenance the fact by giving him leave to viſit me; and for his diſcourſe, I told him it ſhould paſs as a thing I neither believed nor counſelled (and *Amadeo* had honour enough to know how to chuſe with honour) this ſaid, I left him, and he fled; for which I value him, 'twas done like a Prince, whoſe firſt buſineſs is honour.

Marius. I confeſs I ever lov'd him, and though I took it unkindly that he went away; yet being a priſoner of war, and no word engaged, we ought to have kept him better; and I believe, now, that if his love had not been more his guard, then his guards were, he had been gone ſooner.

Dyon. Manlius gives great honour to the Prince, and he is full of pity and admiration of his Siſter; he ſays, they fought beyond the belief of men, only to avoid the being led in triumph; but his Letter mentions no ſuch certainty of a victory; he rather apprehends Prince *Amadeo* has ſome deſign in his retiring to thoſe ſtreights; for their flight was rather a retreat then a flight; and that he was againſt the purſuing of them into the ſtreights; and your Highneſs knows *Manlius* is a Souldier of ſo much practice that his fears may find faith; he had the Van in the Battle, and lies now next the enemy.

Cleon. His Letters to me ſpeak doubtfully of this days buſineſs, they being deſperate men forced beyond a hope of ſafety; and ſuch as experience has taught us to know, they will ſell themſelves at as dear a rate as any enemy the Roman yet ever purchaſed with their ſwords; and where they now lie, our horſe can do no ſervice.

Marius. There is no diſputing of this buſineſs; but diligently ſee thoſe proviſions ſent which *Otho* deſires; and leſt *Manlius* his fears be true, *Cleon*, command the ſecond and third Legion be this night ready to march; and when they are at the Tower upon the *Poe*, there let them expect Orders from *Otho*; by which means we may ſecure our friends, if there be any danger; which muſt be ſo much the more deſperate as it is unlooked for; within we will reſolve further. [*Exeunt* Mar. Cicil. Cal.

Cicil. What ſtrange trouble's this? is not *Manlius* Brother to *Lucius*? am I diſpleas'd that the world believes him a gallant and a knowing Souldier, young in years, old in experience, and high

in fame; one whom his generous brother dotes upon, one that all the world eſteems a perſon of honour, ſtain'd only with craft and a little ſullen roughneſs in his nature, having ſtill been bred in Camps, and nurs'd in war; but he is *Lucius* his Brother, and that heals all.

Cal. How ill a character has the gentle *Cicilia* received of the beſt of men, except his Brother! then *Manlius* there is nothing more gallant, nothing ſofter nor humbler then his nature; famous for war and peace; and though his rough mind want love to poliſh it, that the world may ſee how cleer a vertue rules his heart; yet I am confident when your Highneſs ſhall ſee him, *Manlius* will produce ſome excellencies that will be new and ſtrange, though in the Brother of *Lucius*.

Cicil. At laſt, *Calis*, I have found thy heart, bluſh not, 'tis *Manlius* which ſo often in a third perſon thou haſt accuſed, prais'd and lamented; O *Calis*, could'ſt thou hide from me thy love, that ſtill told thee all the ſecrets of my heart; have I lived with *Calis* as if I would condemn her for loving *Manlius*? is that a crime in her, and vertue in me to love his Brother? is *Manlius* unworthy? why elſe do's *Calis* bluſh to own her friendſhip?

Cal. No, Madam; neither of theſe was the cauſe of my ſilence, which I ſhall now no further obſerve, though a curioſity to know my fate made me conceal it till now; for they are ſad ſtars that wait upon my love, blood and death threatning all the friendſhips that I make.

Cicil. Fie, *Calis*, ſhall dreams fright thee from loving vertue, or fear of ills make thee act ills? *Manlius* is a man my heart is ſo well acquainted with by publique fame that though yet I never ſaw him, I could at firſt ſight, methinks, deſire all fair and reaſonable things from him, for he is friend to *Otho*, Brother to *Lucius*, and lov'd by *Calis*; and if I live to ſee him, I will ſo chide his frozen heart, ſhame ſhall make him kind and civil, though not a Lover.

Cal. If your Highneſs will become concern'd in my fortune, I ſhould no longer doubt my fate; thoſe eyes have ever been ſucceſsful; and when your Highneſs will plead for me, who can deny that has honour? ſince we ſee the worſt men, and worſt natures have ſtoop'd to your power. See, Madam, where comes a miraculous effect of it in that wretched Prince, *Orante*. See if he be not returned; retire, Madam, and avoid the viſit.

Enter Orante *ſullen.*

Cicil. No, I have yet the juſtice on my ſide; and let *Orante* do as many unhandſome things as his ill nature can prompt him to, I ſhall do nothing unworthy my ſelf; 'tis his guilt muſt make my ill uſage juſtice; elſe to puniſh him and uſe him ill, is not fair; while he is faulty I can with honour deſpiſe him; and while I uſe him like a Prince (which I will do, and not encourage his love neither) if he then fail in what a Prince ſhould return, the world will condemn him, and excuſe me. His perſon is not his crime, he made it not; and if his mind had been good, I could with honour enough have liſtned to his paſſion; but his ſoul is as crooked as his body, and that is an imperfection that honour cannot be reconciled to; I confeſs,

feſs, Cuſtom has made his importunities leſs troubleſome then they were before; Eſpecially when I conſider, how much more affliction his Love muſt be to himſelf, in being the Lover, while deſpis'd, then to me that am beloved; for while I endure the hearing of it he has the Torment of ſuffering thoſe pains he would deſcribe, whoſe cure is deſperate; for he knows my heart is vowed to *Lucius*, whoſe return he dreads; And I am confident he would kill him, if he durſt Anger me; for, amongſt all his crimes, Coward is none.

Calis. Speak ſoftly, Madam.

Orante. Madam, ſuch is *Orantes* Fate, that even Injuries from your Highneſs cannot divert his Love, nor all the Harſhneſs in your words, this morning, make me omit the ſeeing my Enemy, when any pretence can give me the Occaſion; There are ſecond Letters arrived, Madam, from the Army; Do's your Highneſs know the contents? their news has dul'd the Court.

Cicilia. No, my Lord, not any thing: what is the report?

Orante. They ſay, the *Pretor* frown'd; and 'tis reported, the Army, and all the Officers, are engaged within the ſtreights of *Suſa*, and their condition moſt deſperate; They have writ for preſent aid; The third and fourth Legion are marched, and the *Pretor* follows with the reſt of the Army.

Cicilia. This *Manlius* fear'd, the gods guide my Brother; *Calis*, we have other deities then Love to ſacrifice too, though I hope that God will be propitious. [*Exit* Cicilia *and* Calis.

Orante. Amen to that; But Love will ſtill be as blind as Fortune; yet were it not for Love, I could force *Lucius* his fortune, though I cannot flatter my own; for though my Stars have deſign'd my Perſon the Scorn of all the world, yet kinder Nature has given me a heart that dares be revenged on all the World; And although I cannot be as happy as I deſign'd, yet I will make others as miſerable as I pleaſe; and when Love will not let me be a gueſt in *Cicilia*'s heart, Revenge ſhall be in *Orantes*; My reſt is up, I will either have her Friendſhip, or her Honour; Who fears not his own may laugh at the Tragedies of others. Divine-form'd *Lucius*, with ſounds of Flattery, may pierce her heart, by the Eye and Ear; But if deſpiſed and deſpairing *Orante*, thus branded by Nature, ſtab not as near her heart with his Dagger, as any ſmooth Courtier of them all, let me die deſpis'd in Story too; that, for a little Beauty, ſold my Honour, and my Peace. When *Lucius* returns, I muſt diſſemble my hatred to him; which is as hard for me to do, as for him to believe it; yet I do not hate *Lucius*; I could love the man, if *Cicilia* did not; Strange Madneſs! to hate him becauſe ſhe Loves him; And becauſe ſhe loves him, not dare to ſtrike him; Love, blind love, why haſt thou choſen me for a ſcorn'd ſubject of thy power? Unreaſonably impoſing on my Reaſon a Love for her that hates me, joyning ſtill with fortune, both which have decreed neither Crown nor Love for *Orante*; Depoſe my ſoul to ſome greater power, by taking my reaſon from it, and then I may be happy amongſt Beaſts, though moſt miſerable amongſt men. [*Exit* Orante.

ACT.

ACT. I. SCEN. II.

An Alarm within. Then Enter Souldiers *of both parties, and* Manlius *wounded, and retires, purſu'd by* Amadeo, *and* Clorinda.

Amad. STand, ſtand. [*Enter* Lyſander.

Lyſand. Give the word; ſtand, ſtand. [*The* Sould. *En. & then ſtand.*

The Souldiers make a ſhout.

Amad. A little Patience, and then they are all our own. --- Why this ſhout? Why this cruelty, in chaſe? Do you fear the Roman? Is a Conqueſt ſuch a new thing, you are ſurpriz'd thus with, a victory? have we won, or cheated them of the Day? if not, Why this childiſh noiſe? Doth the ſkilful Artiſt make fires of Triumph, when he arrives at any thing in his Trade? 'Tis Womaniſh, 'tis Cowardize, 'tis like fearful Girls left in the Dark; you ſhout and tremble, as if you could fright your own fears; And all this Joy ſpeaks your minds now, as your hopes were before, poor, and low; Nor did you believe me yeſterday, when I prevailed with you to retire, having no hope left, unleſs their Pride could be ſeduced to purſue us to theſe ſtreights; Did I not tell you then, 'twas the number, not the name, nor vertue of the Romanes, that beat *Amadeo*; And now, if you will follow me with minds prepar'd for all Fortunes, they ſhall, at laſt, find us an Enemy not to be deſpis'd; and either we will become their Triumph, or they Ours. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. I. SCEN. III.

Enter Manlius *and his Party.*

Manlius. YEt ſtand, As you are *Romans*, follow *Manlius*; See where Old *Marius* his Silver Eagle lies; Born in ſeven *Conſulates* before him; If there be never a *Roman* dares ſecond me to fetch it off, Let *Amadeo* bear it to *Suſa*, while you ſubmit your necks under the *Savoyard* yoke; Are you all dead, all ſtabb'd with one Calamity? Why did you ſhake your ſpears in the morning, and call for a Signal to the Battle? Now you ſee, how low and fooliſh it is at any time to deſpiſe an Enemy; Yeſterday you were all noiſe, and full of revilings; Now a Pannick fear poſſeſſes you: If you had Conquer'd yeſterday, you had rob'd your ſelves of Triumph, for your vanity left nothing fit to be rewarded; and now you are overcome, how your wounds will bluſh with ſhame; What diſhonour muſt your General ſuſtain, when he ſees himſelf a Priſoner to the enemy! he deſpis'd -- See the General of the Horſe too, ſhall he ſee you deliver the *Roman* Eagles to a handful of beaten Enemies?

Enter Lucius.

Lucius. No more, *Manlius*; I ſee a *Roman* anger in their looks, and this Affront has given an Edge to their Swords; Let us go, and make good this paſs, and we may regain the day; for *Otho*, and the ſecond Legion are drawn to the mouth of the Streights to meet with *Cleon* and the fourth Legion; The *Pretor* too is upon the March himſelf.

Manlius.

Manlius. I can bear any thing but this dejection upon a Loſs; yet I know not why we ſhould at any time deſpiſe this Enemy; Remember my Opinion yeſterday, when you were all bent to purſue them to this place; Let us call to mind what they have done with a handful of men; how, in *Ten pitch'd Battle*, they have ſtop'd the *Roman* Eagle in heighth of Conqueſt, and check'd her power more then whole Nations; Five Gallant Princes have defended their Freedom with their blood; and this, the laſt of that Great Race, whoſe vertue we have proved in Peace and War; And I confeſs, but in kindneſs to *Lucius*, whoſe Rival I know he is, nothing ſhould have engaged me to have drawn my ſword againſt ſuch vertue which even accuſes the Gods for arming againſt him.

Lucius. Dear *Manlius*, Brother in my mind as well as Nature, how I admire thee for this honeſt plainneſs? But we are now engag'd, and the *Roman* Honour is at ſtake; 'tis *Rome*, and her Battles, we bleed in; and who draws a ſword againſt her muſt be Our Enemy; Elſe, by my Honour, though it be my Rival, I would hazard my life to ſave him, the Princeſs has given ſo noble a Character of him.

Manlius. Let us find the General, and joyn with me in propoſing a Treaty, while there are ſome to ſhew mercy to.

Lucius. Yeſterday your words would have come as well-come as Victory to him, for I know his heart loves *Clorinda*; But now, 'tis neither Honourable nor ſafe to propoſe it; you know they are a Reſolute Enemy, and muſt not be ſought for till they are beaten; if we treat, They will believe we feared they might overcome us; And *Otho* muſt not treat with the *Roman* Enemies in Arms; When they acknowledge her Power, then 'tis time to ſhew a *Roman* clemency; till then, all Acts of War are *Roman* too. ----- See *Enter* the General; I would your Highneſs had been here a witneſs to our Otho. Diſcourſe.

Otho. All Diſcourſe is tedious, and unſeaſonable now.

Lucius. Sir, We were propoſing of a Treaty.

Otho. 'Tis out of time; We muſt not give Our Honours for *He whiſpers.* Our Safety. Your Ear, *Lucius*. ----- The Legions will not be here, as we expected; 'twill be night ere they can arrive, and We muſt be reſolved, with ſuch Cards as fate has dealt us, to play this Game; *Manlius*, you muſt give the Charge, if they advance.

Man. I ſhall obey your Order, Sir; for my kindneſs as well as duty obliges me to your opinion; yet 'tis ſtrange, that nice Ceremonies ſhould make Prince *Otho* thus deſign how to puniſh that Courage in an Enemy which all the gods have ſo often rewarded in himſelf. This generous Prince has no crime but valour that pleades againſt him; and ſhall Courage be a ſin in him, and virtue in a *Roman*? Come, Sir, I know you have too much Honour to diſpute this with me; witneſs all the wounds that I have felt; I look upon them as the copy of our firſt *Rome*; *Rome* in her cradle, ſuch a deſpicable handfull of Men were we, ſuch a contemned virtue was *Æneas*, ſo deſpis'd, ſo preſt by an inſolent Monarch, ſuch proud

proud Neighbours found *Rome* in her Infancy, and what had we then but this virtue to defend us, what right to *Rome*? What force to defend or redeem us but such a Courage? Nay, by what Title now do we hold an Empire over the world? But by these swords, and minds resolved, such an Imperious Enemy wakned then our sleeping virtues, and by forcing us often to dispute for her, at last won Fortune to our side; with our swords we overcame the greatest difficulties; And from a Colony of a few sea-beaten Fugitives, we are become Lords of the Earth; and who knowes the Fates of these Men? We have try'd their virtues in ten years Warr, to which now is added their despaires; Nor has our supplies and numerous Armies, during this War, been oftner recruited then they have renewed their virtue, still shewing equal Courage to our best of Fortune.

Lucius. When I shall speak in favour of a Treaty, sure none that know my Interest will doubt the Reason of it; And your Highness knows with what zeal I have pursued this Warr; Yet I confess, *Manlius* his words have made me ashamed of that cause that bred my hatred to him, whose Gallantry I shall alwayes love next to Honour: And I know the generous *Otho* could not be deaf to the reasons he hath given, but that he is angry with the affront which they have this morning thrown upon his Fortune. I know his Heart is too noble else, to hate this little great Enemy, amongst whom *Clorinda* fights; 'Tis true, 'twould vex a winner to find one, and the last stake stoop his fortune.

Man. Come, Sir, win this Prince any way; his virtues in friendship will do more Honour to *Otho* then a Conquest; Were I the General, I should be prouder to fold such an Enemy in mine Arms, then to have led *Syphax* in chains.

Lucius. Now after a day won and lost, in which they have shew'd both Active and Passive Valour, not dejected by the loss of yesterday, nor blown up with the success of this day; They fell under our wounds, yet no groanes fil'd our Ears; at our feet their wounded truncks lay, and frowning breath'd their great Souls out.

Man. We call them barbarous; but what will the next age say, when they shall read this story, but that the *Romans* feared *Amadeo*, and destroyed that eminent virtue, because he might have become their Rivall? But this is but discourse, let us consider the place and our condition; If they know and take the advantage, it may be our turns ere the Sun sets, to fill the Graves we talk of; The place will serve for a Moral; have we not this day stumbled at the bodies we slew yesterday, making those Triumphs then our dangers now? Your silence, Sir, confesses the Reason we speak.

Otho. O *Lucius*; *Manlius.* Friends, dear as my Eyes; why should you two; whom my Soul loves, thus gall your friend? and now when he is beaten and dishonour'd, tell him what a Conquerour should have done? Yesterday who mention'd a Peace? was not victory then in all mens mouthes? And now, when we are expos'd to their swords, and no way left to shew we are *Romans* but by dying bravely, you would have me treat; 'Tis poor and low

for

for *Otho*, a grave is handſomer far; and they will underſtand it Fear, not Clemency, ſhould we propoſe it; Let us redeem this fatal day, and then command me; but till we can give Laws, I am reſolv'd to try Fate to the laſt ſword, and here. Let us part and embrace; whether we meet again or no, we are *Romans* ſtill; *Manlius*, our Honour and our Lives lie in thy hands; And I am pleas'd to think the *Roman Eagle* has ſuch a Protectour; If they force the paſs, *Lucius* and my ſelf will be ready to receive them.

Man. Come, Sir, he is a gallant Enemy, and to loſe to ſuch is no diſhonour; 'Tis their turn to day, 'twas ours yeſterday, and may be again to morrow; Gameſters that play fair muſt expect to loſe ſometimes, eſpecially thoſe that will adventure at a Game ſo full of Fortune as a Souldiers trade; Be therefore, Sir, reſolved to make a ſafe retreat, and ſave our Honours; ſo to play this after-game will ſhew a Souldier no leſs then a victory have would done.

Enter a Souldier.

Sould. Sir, the Enemy advance apace, they have gained the the Hills; and *Tullius* ſayes, unleſs he be ſupply'd he muſt quit the paſs; Nor do's the Enemy move diſorderly, as upon a ſucceſs, but whole and in Bodies, as to execute ſomething long ſince deſign'd.

The Alarm increaſes.

Man. Let your Forces ſecond mine; for if we loſe this paſs, you muſt not think of a retreat to *Suſa*.

Otho. Away then, each Man to his charge. [*A charge ſoundes.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. II. SCEN. I.

Enter Lyſander, *and after him*, Amadeo *and* Clorinda. Souldiers *bring in* Manlius *bound.*

Amadeo. AWay, *Lyſander*; follow where Fortune and Victory leades thee, and let theſe *Romans* ſee we can be angry though not revenged; this is more then ever the *Romans* could boaſt from us; 'Tis true, your ſwords have digg'd our Princes Graves, yet they could never ſhew one of *Amadeos* line or Family led in chaines; ſee, *Clorinda*, a *Roman Generall* in chains.

Man. 'Tis a noble ſence of Honour, and *Amadeo* chides me handſomely; but if I had any ſcruple in my Heart that tells me, *Manlius*, for fear of death, or want of Courage became thy Priſoner, I would now beg thy ſword to fall upon me, to let thee ſee, how a *Roman* ought to free himſelf from ſuch calamity; But I will live and tell the world how much I honour that greatneſs of Mind, though in an Enemy. For *Manlius* is a name, thy Father, Brothers, and thy ſelf have often proved in Battle; and I am ſad to think, how fatall my ſword has been to thy Noble Family.

Clorin. Manlius is Brother to *Lucius*, Friend to *Otho*: O *Amadeo*, that I durſt ſpeak my thoughts now, or that my Brother had but kindneſs enough to hear me ſpeak, before he chides my Paſſion.

Ama. What wouldſt thou ſay? ſpeak any thing but in praiſe of bloody *Otho.*

Clorin. Bloody *Otho?*

Ama. Yes, bloody *Otho*; ſo bloody that his Love cannot tame his Heart; what elſe can he hope from us? Why ſhould *Rome*, which is the Miſtreſs of all the world, hunt poor *Amadeo*, and warr againſt him, to make his people more miſerable then Nature has deſign'd them; Here we live contented with our own, though the place be ſo poor that curious Travellers are ſcarce tempted to paſs through it, to enjoy the fruitfull vales of *Lombardy*; What can ye hope by making us your ſlaves? Rich Mines we have none, Odours, Spices, and the Silk-worm are ſtrangers here. Theſe ſtreams no ſhels with Orient Pearl afford, our ſands breed no ſtrife-full Gold; Theſe Rocks have veins, but far from the blew Saphyr; The Ruby, Emrauld, nor the Diamond, grow not here. Innocence and Peace of Mind is all the wealth we boaſt of: And our Freedom the only Jewel we defend, which we will keep to the laſt Man; and the *Romans* ſhall alwaies find us ſtrong enough to kill our ſelves, though we cannot deſtroy our Enemies.

Clorin. If my Love or Faith has any Credit with my Brother, let him take my Councel; Let a Virgins divining Soul prevail once, though my words ſeem now moſt unreaſonable to common ſence. Now when he has power to kill, now when Conqueſt is in his hand, when flight, diſhonour, and certain death hangs over his Enemy, 'tis, like *Amadeo*, now to ſound a retreat; Now offer Peace, offer all but our Honours and Freedom for it; This my Soul prompts me to ſay.

Amadeo *after a litle thought.*

Ama. Call *Lyſander* back, ſound a Retreat, let *Clorinda*'s Fate guide *Amadeo*, my gentle Siſter has refuſed no Fortune to follow me; and Heaven forbid I ſhould refuſe to venture upon thy hand this laſt ſtake; onely ſwear upon this ſword, by thy Fathers Soul, and by the chaſte aſhes of thy honoured Mother, never to be led in Triumph; ſwear this, and let what Fate diſpleaſed Heaven has decreed come, I ſcorn to fear it.

She ſwears and he embraces her, ſhe kiſſes the ſword.

Clorin. I ſwear, and Heaven curſe me if I break my vow. Sir, by the Power my Brother has given me I releaſe you; give him his ſword, and conduct him through the Army ſafe; Let all Priſoners be armed and releas'd, and give command, that no Man ſtrike a blow more, nor hinder any *Roman* in his Retreat. Sir, you are a Friend to *Otho*, and may find Faith when you ſpeak; Pray tell him, a Virgin that loves as much as he can hate, ſent you to him, one that loves him next to her Honour, equal to her Brother, and far above her ſelf, would fain ſpeak with him; to try, if it be poſſible, to ſave one Root of a Royal Family, and die without Infamy; that is all we aſk, and here we ſhall expect your Anſwer.

Enter

Enter Lyſander.

Manl. I accept the benefit, Madam, with a heart as pleas'd as if Fortune had given me power to have plaid your part to day; And if I live, I'll ſerve you; or being deny'd here I promoſe to return my ſelf your priſoner; till when, live moſt excellent among men, and nobleſt among women.

Amadeo, aſide. 'Tis high Reaſon that ſhe ſpeaks; for if we overcome them, 'tis but exaſperating an enemy we cannot conquer; and this little victory can but prolong our miſery; we might if we purſu'd this advantage have kill'd ſome few enemies; but in ſparing of them we have gained many friends; for they are a generous Nation, and have often been won, but were never conquer'd.

Clor. To have kill'd them all would have tir'd us, though they had ſat ſtill; and when we had done we had but ſhew'd our teeth to them, and have taught them to imitate us, by deſtroying all that fall into their power; for why, after ſuch an action, ſhould we expect ought but the fortune of the war? hitherto we have defended our ſelves with honour, and enough diſputed, as enemies, to make them value us, if we become their friends. [*Aſide.*]

Lyſand. If Fate have deſign'd the Romans maſters of the world, we in vain diſpute what the earth hath granted; and 'twill be honour enough for us to have it ſaid we thus long durſt be their enemies; and if your Highneſs can thus compaſs a peace with honour, 'tis my opinion, to embrace this opportunity 'twill give us ſome reputation with them, to ſee we have taken this handſome way to offer a friendſhip when we not only can defend our ſelves, but deſtroy them.

Amad. Let us ſtand upon our defence only, till I give the word.

Lyſand. Your Highneſs Order ſhall be obey'd.

Amad. So ſhall my ever dear Siſter, the vertuous *Clorinda.*

Clor. And when I am ſwayed by any intereſt, to propoſe ought againſt my Brothers honour, let him and heaven ſcorn me.

Amad. Sir, when I was priſoner to the Romans, I found civility from *Manlius*; and though he be Brother to my Rival, he has too much honour to hate an enemy; *Clorinda* ſays you are free, and ſhe commands here; and now I owe the noble *Marius* nothing, for young *Amadeo* was not worth a limb of gallant *Manlius*, great in arms; and 'tis the greateſt joy my life has ſeen, to be able this day to pay that debt; and when you ſhall bleſs your eyes with a ſight of the divine *Cicilia*, throw at her feet the life and ſervice of the unfortunate *Amadeo.*

Clor. Lucius is Brother to *Manlius*; and you cannot be ignorant that love more then hate, or Empire, has made him thus long an enemy to his Rival; the General *Lucius* had odds enough in being *Lucius*, and needs not the advantage of an Army, to diſpute his fortune; the gentle *Cicilia* is a perfect Judge of Love and honour; and would not be ſeduced to chuſe the leaſt noble, and where

Orante is only Rival, 'tis no honour to overcome; therefore, for *Lucius* his honour make a peace, and give *Amadeo* leave to try his fortune.

Man. I ſhall not only deliver this, but find ſome other Arguments, which *Clorinda*'s modeſty will not let her name; and thus much I dare ſay, *Lucius* his hate, if he be ſo poor as to hate a Rival, will not hinder this peace ſo much as Prince *Otho*'s love will advance it; and although my ſullen nature was never yet a Lover, yet he that can hate may love; and I that can ſee others love, though I cannot love like them, yet I can tell what diſeaſe reigns; and I ſhall either find the Prince of my mind, or return *Manlius* a priſoner, bound by the Reaſon and Gallantry of *Clorinda*.

Clor. All kind fates wait on *Manlius*; here we ſhall expect our dooms, with minds prepar'd for all that peace or war can threaten.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. II. SCEN. II.

Enter Otho, Lucius *and Souldiers.*

Otho. WHat means the enemy, they make a ſtand; and have ſounded a retreat; haſte *Lucius* to the Paſs, perhaps they ſee not their advantage; if we can gain the Valley, we may defend our ſelves this night, and joyn with thoſe Legions which now are upon the march; poor *Manlius*, thy fate is ſadder then all the reſt.

Lucius. Pray, Sir, give me leave to charge again; if it be poſſible; let me fetch off my Brother, his faith ought not to be abandoned, ſhall we ſee a Roman General thus; forſaken in the hands of a barbarous Mountainer, and his body, for ought we know, want his funeral Rites?

Enter divers of the Roman Souldiers Arm'd, and that had been Priſoners, releas'd by Clorinda.

Otho. How now, whence comes this rudeneſs? where are your Officers, under whoſe command are you?

Sould. *Manlius*'s, and thus ſet free by warlike *Clorinda*, unſpoil'd either of Arms or Enſigns. [*Enter* Manlius.

They both run to him and embrace him.

Lucius. Is *Manlius* ſafe too, what means this? my ſoul is full of wonder; ſee, Sir, my dear Brother is return'd.

Otho. The ever noble, always welcome *Manlius*; but how thus arm'd and ſafe, with freedom inform us, dear *Manlius*.

Manl. Sir, here I ſtand, the bounty of *Clorinda*; not only my ſelf, but all of us owe to that generous Maid our preſent ſafety; be pleas'd to know, we fell not into their power by chance; 'twas long deſign'd; nor are they ignorant of the leaſt advantage, and had purſu'd it but for the divine *Clorinda*, who prevail'd with Prince *Amadeo*, and ſtop'd his fury in the heat of chace, and conjur'd him ere he took the advantage of this day, to hear her ſpeak; Now is a time,

a time, ſaith ſhe, for *Amadeo* to ſhew his vertue; now 'tis time to treat with honour; now when you cannot only defend your ſelf, but deſtroy the Foe; if ever you hope to make a peace with this great enemy, neither rob nor diſarm them; if they fight for honour, and to command the world, they will not forgive a diſhonour, nor forget a benefit; what we have done this day, and all the wounds we have given to this place, was for our honour and ſafety; but what we ſhall act further, if you purſue them, will look like a deſire of revenge or hatred; and make the world believe if we could have conquer'd we would never have treated; then ſhe turn'd to me, and having received abſolute power from her Brother; *Manlius*, ſays ſhe, is Brother to the noble *Lucius*, and friend to the moſt excellent of men, Princely *Otho*; and *Manlius* has vertues which will weigh down the ſcale of *Amadeo*. Thus when ſhe had made me bluſh with praiſe of my ſelf; with our Arms and Honour ſhe commanded we ſhould in ſafety paſs to pay the debt her Brother owes Prince *Otho*; and when you ſee the General offer our friendſhip to him, offer theſe few lives and ſwords we have left to ſerve him and the Roman Eagles; offer all, but our honours, for a peace; and let it be ſuch a one as we may not bluſh to receive, nor the Romans deſpiſe us for accepting; and if we cannot gain his friendſhip upon theſe terms, here you ſhall find us ready to defend, with our antient vertue, both our Fame and Country, with minds reſolved for what fates ſoever the Gods appoint us.

Lucius. Did I not tell you 'twas a gallant enemy? what is there to conſider? why ſhould not your heart fly into the arms of this gallant Prince?

Otho. Dear *Lucius*, draw up the Army, and ſtand upon your Guard, till we return; and during the ceſſation be only ready to defend your ſelves. Come, *Manlius*, we will find this gallant enemy; and if we can with honour grant what he deſires, thou ſhalt find how welcome *Manlius* and his opinion is to his friend; ſend *Cleon* with a Guard to attend us during the Treaty.

Lucius. I ſhall. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. II. SCEN. IPI.

Enter Amadeo, Clorinda *and* Lyſander; Clorinda *was wounded, and her Arm in a Scarfe.*

Amad. THe Officer ſays, *Manlius* was received with much joy; and upon the arrival of the Souldiers the General gave immediately Orders for a Ceſſation of Arms; and 'tis *Manlius* deſire that we expect him here, where *Clorinda* ſhall, at laſt, ſee this fate of *Savoy*; how do's her Arm, *Lyſander*?

Lyſand. Sir, the wound had taken cold before 'twas dreſt.

Clor. This wound will heal, as we ſucceed; if I can cure them of my Country, theſe are but ſleight; but if it muſt be war ſtill, ſadneſs will add one more to my heart, that foreſees I muſt part with my dear Brother.

Amad.

Amad. I hope, *Clorinda*, we are not now to ſet up our Reſts; they have been long at ſtake, we were born Princes, we have lived ſo, and muſt reſolve to dye ſo; we muſt all dye once, and Princes have no ſepulchre more noble then a Battle, nor Epitaph ſo honorable as a wound when 'tis received in his Countries cauſe. There is no diſeaſe ſo Princely as to fall by the ſword when he muſt dye; ſickneſs and old age take away from that Majeſty that Reverence men pay us: who can adore us as Gods on earth, when they ſee the Gout Cramp us, or a ſaucy ague ſhake a Princes ſoul out? No, *Clorinda*, when Fate will call me to my Doom, let me meet it in a pitch'd Battle, againſt a gallant enemy; then we fall like our ſelves, and our Funerals are waited on with thouſands of loyal Souldiers; thoſe that live to wither here till old age waſte their ſouls, dye common deaths; and go to heaven like private men, and paſs unregarded like ſome melancholy Ghoſt.

Lyſand. Sir, the Roman General appears.

Enter Otho, Manlius, *and ſome of his Guard.*

Manl. How they gaze on each other?

Lyſand. There is greatneſs and gallantry in his looks. Good Gods, why ſhould theſe men be enemies!

Manl. 'Tis proper for me to break this ſilence, and to ſhew *Clorinda* my heart is not ungrateful for the benefit I received; the General is here ready to receive your propoſitions.

Otho. What excellencies, what vertues muſt fill the minds of theſe Princes, when their very looks ſpeak great things? I never ſaw her ſteadily before, but paſſing and charging; ſhe robs her gallant Brother of my wonder, ſhe leſſens his glory, which ſhould be my admiration (were ſhe away) ſhe is chaſte and ſtout, courage of both ſexes flows there; ſuch a fellow in Arms who durſt war againſt? her eyes have gain'd a perfect victory over my heart; my youth and fortunes firſt kindneſs ſhines in thoſe divine lights.

Amad. Sir, by *Manlius* we ſent a meſſage to great *Otho*; *Clorinda*'s Prophetick ſoul propoſed it, our deſires were few and ſhort, being the ſence of thoſe minds which never yet were falſe; we only ask to be uſed like friends to the Romans; that we once dared to be enemies ought not to prejudice us, but rather ſhew us worthy the honour of a peace, which, with honour, is all we ask, and then command us.

Clor. Why ſhould the Roman General be twice moved to accept us for friends? *Rome* has enemies enough beſides; ſhe has many Tributaries, and many Slaves; Nations of poor minds, worth no better fates; ſuch as *Rome* got no honour amongſt, for they had none to loſe, ſcarce worth a Triumph; methinks they ſhould for variety deſire one friend, my Brother begs the place; you may love him too, and not be jealous of his greatneſs; and well he may become their friend, and other mens envy, whilſt *Rome* takes a pride to make him ſo. Alas, Sir, we are no *Carthage*; no *Antiochus*, no *Philip* treats now, that may be emulous with the Roman great-

Greatneſs. We onely beg to poſſeſs, with honour, the Sepulchres of our Fathers, in this little Province, and to hold, as friends to *Rome*, what is even loſt in the Map; and for your Friendſhip, take Our Faith, and Love; Other tribute *Amadeo* cannot give you, he receives no other from his Subjects; 'Tis all his wealth, that we love him, and he aſks no more of us, and that We will pay to you, Leave us our Honour, that We may be worth your Friendſhip, and then our Swords are yours; But if you diſhonour us you will deſpiſe us too, and we ſhall hate you; This is all we have to ſay.

Manli. Why are you ſilent, Sir? Is there room for thoughts in your great mind? Can you be in doubt, whether you ſhould receive thoſe for friends, or no? They are ſo few, 'tis a ſhame for us to War againſt them; they are ſo few, they are onely fit to be Friends; But when you conſider their Gallantry, and Numerous Excellencies, their Courage too, how Infinite, 'twill be wiſdom to gather this rich ſeed into your Boſome; *Romes* Dominions are large, and lie fallow for want of ſuch virtues; Plant theſe brave minds amongſt them, and bleſs the Empire. There is a Virgin too, worth your higheſt thoughts; try to conquer her with Love, and ſoftneſs; ſuch a *Pallas* in your lawful Bed would Steel your ſoul againſt the world; and under her virtue, and your fortune, what Souldiers could miſcarry?

Otho. Prithee peace, and learn to love, and then thou wilt ceaſe to wonder at my ſilence; Doſt thou think the firſt ſight of the objects we love can ſo little poſſeſs our ſouls, that there ſhould be room for words; what has *Manlius* ſeen in *Otho*, till this Minute, that could call him dull or vain; if not, ſure *Clorinda*'s Eyes and Reaſon muſt beget both Amazement and wonder, and let not the Excellent *Clorinda*, becauſe I am ſilent, doubt her Power; for know, my buſie ſoul was full of ſurprizing Joyes, and unexpreſsible wonder; and my narrow heart bluſhes ſtill to think, how ſhort my love and Fancy fell; when they thought by Imagination to preſent the divine form and great mind of the Excellent *Clorinda*; to expreſs whoſe Excellence where ſhall we find Epithetes, when a Lovers fancy could not comprehend it? O my Fate! can ye wonder, Madam, at this dumbneſs and amazement in me, when I ſee my barbarous heart upbraided by that ſcarf? that wound has ſhame belonging to it, which will ſtain my ſoul for ever; and I could curſe this prophane and Sacrilegious hand for violating that Temple where Honour, Love, and Beauty, with a perfect vertue, were enſhrin'd in thoſe chaſte Veins; till the prophane *Otho* warred againſt Heaven and *Clorinda*; at whoſe Feet behold the guilty ready to weep out his laſt blood a Sacrifice, to appeaſe the incenſed *Clorinda*. *He kneels to her.*

Clorinda. Do not deſpiſe me, Sir; for though *Clorinda* may loſe her hopes, yet ſhe will keep her Honour; and then, though ſhe be not worth your Friendſhip, yet ſhe ought to be above your ſcorn.

Otho. Frown heaven, if I deſpiſe, or diſſemble with the beſt of Women; and ſome Curſe, new and beyond Example, as his ſin, ſtrike *Otho* at your Feet, if my ſoul have not a cleer faith and Adoration for *Clorinda*; nor will I riſe from this place, till ſhe believes

and

and pardons me this crime, which thus, in ſhame and Repentance, I have confeſt.

Clorinda. No more, Sir; 'Twas the firſt favour I ever received from Prince *Otho*; 'tis an honour I ſhall ever be proud of; from this wound I gathered Courage, and began to hope your Highneſs had ſome value for me; Whilſt Prince *Otho* turn'd away in Battle, whilſt he received my Blows, and would not deign to ſtrike again; he call'd me Woman, and deſpiſed *Clorinda*, which made me both with Love and danger hunt him till I had gained this Wound; then I began to hope, ſince he thought me worthy of his Sword, when we were Enemies, if we live to ſee a Peace, I might be worthy of his Friendſhip too; and if this Wound can make Prince *Otho* kind, I am happy to have bled for the health and ſafety of my Countrey; and if your Highneſs have kindneſs enough to wiſh it whole, Embrace my Brother; Then you ſhall ſee, with what Pride I will kiſs and wear this Scar. (Otho *runs to* Amadeo.)

Otho. I embrace him, as I would my peace of mind, or *Clorinda*'s Friendſhip, and at her Feet throw my ſelf and power; Here, Sir, ends all Acts of War betwixt us; And if We diſpute again, it ſhall be to o'recome in kindneſs; Sir, I am here my Fathers Lieutenant; Till he and *Rome* Sign and Confirm my Acts, They are onely kind intentions, which have a readineſs to ſhew how much my heart is vowed *Clorinda*'s; Though I believe the Senate will not diſpute my Act; However, Sir, your are ſafe from this War; *Manlius*, let all the Garriſons be drawn off, while this Prince and People be received as Friends to the Senate; and ſee there be no injury ſhewn to the meaneſt perſon; but let all be treated like part of thoſe whom thy friend Loves and Honours; at *Millain* we ſhall expect you, whither if your Highneſs pleaſe, we will repair, to ſtay my Fathers march; whoſe kindneſs is, now, upon the way, to prevent that Danger our Alarm gave him laſt Night.

Amadeo. I ſhall wait upon you, Sir, and not deſpair, by your interceſſion, to obtain the *Pretors* pardon for my uncivil departure laſt.

Otho. Marius is too much a *Roman* to be diſpleaſed with a generous Act, though his Enemy perform it to his prejudice; Your Highneſs needs not fear your well-come where *Marius* commands.

Clorin. May your wiſhes find the Gods as propitious to you as you have been to us, while we love and Sacrifice to *Otho*, the Nobleſt of the *Romans*.

Otho. Otho is, in all things, *Clorinda*'s Servant, and Prince *Amadeo's* Friend; *Manlius*, you are ſad.

Clorin. Not diſpleas'd with our happineſs, I hope.

Manl. Heaven forbid; No, Gentle *Clorinda*, though I have been bred in Arms, unacquainted with the Peace and ſoftneſs of the Court, nor ever taſted this Love you ſo greedily drink down, having never known nor ſought other Honour then the Sword gave; yet I find, 'tis not impoſſible for *Manlius* to learn to love, if he had ſuch a Leſſon as *Clorinda* before him to imitate.

Amad. War, Sir, has been your Miſtris, and your Buſineſs ſtill; and

and 'tis a Trade that Princes learn with Honour; Swords are the Inſtruments, and with His the Noble *Manlius* has Writ high things; There is no Beauty like an Army, in a Souldiers Eyes; Victory is his Miſtris; And paſſionately gallant *Manlius* has, all his life, purſued her.

Clorin. *Manlius* has not yet ſeen any thing he thought beautiful, perhaps; but love will have a ſhare in his heart: Honour and Courage are but Fore-runners of that god, to prepare the Heart, when it ſhall bid Beauty and Vertue Well-come, which makes me propheſie, I ſhall live to ſee *Manlius*, for all his roughneſs, a paſſionate and a handſome lover.

Manli. She is a Witch, by this light; 'Tis the Divel, or love, vexes me already.

Otho. If your Highneſs pleaſe We will retire, and give *Manlius* Opportunity to ſee the Army march.

Clorinda. We are here to receive and obey your Highneſs Orders. [*Exeunt. Manet Manlius ſolus.*

Manli. The Nobleſt of *Romans*! I am not envious, nor proud, yet the Nobleſt, me-thinks, is a Title ſhould be bought at a higher rate then *Otho* has paid for it. Ambition is a Souldiers Beauty, Honour his Miſtris; and I will not give place to any man when that is in diſpute; What, a Pox, makes me thus Quarrelſome; Thus on the ſudden concern'd in her Opinion; There is ſomething ſeems new and ſtrange to my mind; 'tis troubleſome, and yet 'tis pleaſing, 'tis a vexation I never felt before; Her words raiſe a ſtorm, and her Eyes allay it again; I never was concern'd in a Womans thoughts before; Me-thinks I could now be ſtrangely pleaſed to act ſomething, that might pleaſe her; If this ſhould be love What would become of me? A peace and Love both together, You muſt get a dark houſe for *Manlius*; They will make me fit for *Hellebore*; I will find *Calis*, and tell her my pain, ſhe has talk'd of Love, and loving me; I will find by her, whether I am bewitched or no; My heart will not be idle, I perceive; We no ſooner are propoſing of peace, but he is buſying himſelf with Love. All brave men I loved before; But never ſaw a Woman that could poſſeſs my thoughts; But this has ſo much of the Souldier in her, I begin to fear; I would I could ſee her ſpin; This ſtorm has ſo diſordered my mind, all things lie on heapes in my heart; Love and Hate, Reaſon and Honour, lie ſhuffled together; 'twill coſt an Age, in thoughts, to Collect them, and place them as they were before this fatall day, ſo full of care. O! That I could ſee what fruit this bitter root can bear.

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

Enter Lucius, *in a Diſguiſe, with* Calis.

Lucins. O *Calis*, all my fears are ripe, and the doubts my ſoul labour'd with are now delivered to the world, thou

know'ſt my heart has try'd Love, in all his Paſſions, but never felt a Torment like a jealous mind.

Calis. Whence this diſorder? Why this fear? Is the Army Defeated?

Lucius. No, no, Victory and Peace attends it; And with that Peace, All my miſeries flow in"; In ſhort, *Otho* loves *Clorinda*'s beauty, and *Amadeos* Gallantry; all theſe ſeveral virtues make but a poiſon for *Lucius.*

Calis. Be plain; Or elſe Expect no help in my Counſel.

Lucius. Know then, 'twas all our opinions, That *Otho* ſhould make a Peace with *Amadeo*; which being done he now avowes his Love to *Clorinda*, whoſe heart has alwayes admired Prince *Otho*, and hither they are coming with ſpeedy Marches, to renew the Ancient kindneſs betwixt *Cicilia* and *Amadeo*; which ſprung firſt, when he was a Priſoner, more to *Cicilia*'s Eyes then *Marius* his Guards; you know the ſtory: O *Calis*! had the Princeſs leſs vertue, or Beauty; Were fame ſilent in her praiſe, or had the noble *Amadeo* been onely born great, like wretched *Orante*; had not heaven given him Honour equal to his Birth, I could then have ſlept with a ſecure mind, ſeeing him love while ſhe had deſpis'd; But his vertues, *Calis*, make me fear a ſecond ſpring will grow, whoſe Harveſt cannot but be fatall to *Lucius.* I conjure thee therefore, let my paſſion prevail above thy Reaſon, that I may receive the Honour of ſpeaking with the Princeſs, this Evening, that my troubled ſoul may find ſome peace from her, to calm my Jealous heart, whoſe doubts, and fears of my own worth, make me ſtill Jealous I may loſe the Jewel of my Heart; Dear *Calis* knows, I never pretended to purchaſe *Cicilia*; No ſuch guilty vanity has ſtayn'd my Love; but, like an humble Beggar, ſtill offer'd all my Heart for Love; And if her gentle mind can forgive this fear, which I can never loſe, till ſhe be mine, though a ſmile from her may allay the Tempeſt that now diſtracts my mind. ---- Ha! The princeſs. Madam, if you have heard me, Behold, at your feet, the bluſhing and the guilty *Lucius.*

She diſcovers her ſelf firſt. Enter Cicilia

Cicil. Riſe, Sir, *Lucius* is welcome as mine own wiſhes; *Lucius*, to me, in his faults, even in this fear is well-come; and though I will not chide him, becauſe his Fear is Love, yet I will counſel his Jealouſie, which, to this hour, I confeſs, is not onely pardonable, but ought to be rewarded; Which thus I do. Know *Lucius*, Though *Amadeo* has Excellencies enough if 'twere poſſible to juſtifie a broken Faith; Yet it muſt not be where my friend is his Rival, Who has all that is required to make a happy Friendſhip, if not ſtain'd with Jealouſie. Be therefore confident that I have Honour; And here muſt ceaſe all the unhandſome fears that tell your heart ought, but *Lucius* ſhall enjoy my Love; And now I have ſaid this, if *Lucius* ſhall again ſtain me with his Jealouſie, I fear my heart will not bear ſuch an Injury; For none but a faulty heart can doubt the Honour of his Miſtris, when ſhe has given her faith.

Lucius. Alas, Madam, would you have me hate Jealouſie,

whilſt

whilſt you Excuſe it, and reward it thus? 'twere Ingratitude; I ought rather to Sacrifice to that weakneſs, ſince it has been ſo fortunate as to make me happier then all the endeavours of my life beſides.

Cicilia. Juſtice, Sir, ſhall ever prevail, and that makes me confeſs your jealouſie to this hour was Innocent; for it tells me, *Lucius* was afraid to loſe me; But if, after this declaration, he ſhall doubt again, that doubt calls me falſe, and tells all the world I am not worth his Friendſhip; Therefore, if you love me, here you muſt begin to hate jealouſie or I ſhall find as ſevere a Revenge to puniſh that Injury, as I did a kindneſs, to reward this Alarm which Love gave to *Lucius* his heart.

Calis. Pray, Madam, ſpin this Thread no finer, leſt it break.

Cicilia. I have done, the *Pretor* expects you, whither now I am going, and long to hear the truth of this Buſineſs, which has ſo much ſurpriz'd the Court. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. III. SCEN. II.

Enter Marius, Otho, Orante, *and* Dyon.

Marius. When we have paid our ſacrifices to the Gods for this deliverance, not onely from a danger but from a warr too, 'twill then become *Otho* to provide for the entertainment of theſe Princes, like Friends and Allies to the people of *Rome*; whoſe Honour is no leſs at ſtake now when they are Friends, then when they declared themſelves Enemies.

Otho. I ſhall moſt gladly, Sir, receive this Commiſſion; and I am ſo partial to mine own Heart, that I am apt to believe *Rome* never got more Honour from the Triumph over any Prince, then ſhe will in the Friendſhip of thoſe whoſe Virtues and Perſons call the gallant part of Mankind to protect them.

Marius. Amadeo has more years in his face, elſe the ſame Man he was when he fled unkindly from us; I confeſs, I never ſaw any ſtranger I had ſo much kind value for before. There is ſomething too ſo new in the Princeſs *Clorinda*, which I cannot but admire and pity; and I would not, for my old Honours, this war had ended in the ſword; 'twould have upbraided the *Roman* clemency; *Cicilia*, I obſerved, you were diſordered at the ſight of them; you ſee Beauty nor Virtue are not confin'd to the *Roman* Empire. *Enter* Cicilia *and* Calis

Cicilia. Far from me be the vanity or guilt, to wiſh the Gods ſhould confine their Bleſſings; 'tis well if the *Romans* can preſerve their own Honours, and nobler far then to ſeek the ruine or deſtruction of it in others; I confeſs, I never ſaw nor read of any perſons more to be admired then theſe two Princes: And *Rome* joynes with me in their praiſe, ſince in all her pride of Empire ſhe has thought theſe worthy both of Warr and Peace; and now, after ſeven years diſpute ſhe embraces them.

Marius. Did your Highneſs never ſee them before? has there never been any League betwixt your ſelves or Nations?

Orante. Not any, Sir.

Marius. Alwayes Enemies! What eſteem had you of them?

Orante. Nor Friends nor Enemies; unthought of, they lived by us. Good Heardſ-men, ſullen, ſtout, hardy fellows, ſuch as this his race have alwayes been; who becauſe they know no better, ſeem to deſpiſe the valleyes wealth, bravery and luxury they are unacquainted with; For what ſhould they be drunk with? Milk? How exerciſe their gluttony? upon black bread and ſcorch'd fleſh? For Cloathes, you ſee, they have as little variety as invention; a Sun-tan'd ſkin, with the Fur inwards turn'd, with the ſeaſon, is the Wardrobe of their great Shepherd.

Marius. I find *Orante* has no great kindneſs for the Prince nor People; yet he cannot deny the Princeſs *Clorinda* is a ſtrange example of Virtue and Courage; ſhe fears no wounds nor dangers.

Orante. She will play at foot-ball, threſh, and hew woods, as well as her Brother; Alaſs, Sir, 'tis not there as in *Rome*, and the Eaſtern World, where the Women are ſoft, bred nice, and full of tender thoughts; Here is no difference betwixt the Sexes, but that they eſteem them leſs then Men; Their Cowes plow too, and their Mares bear burthens, and their Women fight. No beaſt of that Country has any priviledge; and I wonder at nothing ſo much as the *Roman* Curioſity, that has made Warr thus long againſt this waſpes neſt in a Rock. By all our Gods, we never thought their Country worth aſking for, we onely baniſh'd Malefactors thither; and they have choſen rather to return and die here, then live and wither out their daies in that neſt of Winter. Cold, Poverty, and Ignorance, are the onely commodities, I know, their Country affords.

Otho. Yes, they have ſomething elſe; they have a breed of ſtout and handſome Princes; Their Nation too have Loyalty, and *Amadeo* lookes like a Prince among his People, his Mind too is Princely; and though he live in a Cottage himſelf, yet his Soul reſides in a Palace; which is nobler far then to ſee Fortune blindly give a Crown to a wretched Prince, who fills a Palace himſelf, while his Soul lies in ſtraw.

Orante. You are *Otho* that ſay this, elſe you ſhould know *Orante* underſtands it.

Otho. And 'tis to *Orante* I ſay it; who, I am certain, has guilt enough to know I mean him; whoſe Envy cannot ſuffer the Virtues of a gallant Prince, and faithful People, ſhould be praiſed; Becauſe he knowes 'tis upbraiding of him, who has neither Merit to win, nor Power to keep a Crown. Where were the Battles fought that wonn thoſe fruitful Valleyes? What have we to triumph over in *Orante*?

Marius. No more, I ſay; the Prince is in our protection.

Orante. Let him talk on, Sir; he has Reaſon on his ſide; For *Orante* is both in Perſon and Fortune fit for *Otho*'s ſcorn: But if *Cicilia*'s eyes had not more Magick in them then his ſword, I ſhould

ere

ere this have found a way to be revenged. [*Exit* Orante.

Cicilia. *Otho* raiſes ſtormes, and I muſt allay them; All this will fall upon my head; and, in ſerious earneſt 'tis not well done to upbraid him with his Perſon or Fortune; you will rub that tender part till he grow deſperate; A thouſand times I have heard him ſay, 'tis yet in his power to kill a Prince, though he cannot reſtore one; which dark ſaying he will never explain with other anſwer, then, Am not I a Prince, may I not kill my ſelf?

Otho. Let him be juſt to others, I will be juſt to him; Why ſhould his ill Nature find excuſe, and my truth be troubleſome? Why ſhould he leſſen my Honour in this Warr, by deſpiſing my Enemy, undervaluing, and detracting from the nobleneſs of thoſe Minds with whom we have made a Friendſhip?

Cicilia. I confeſs you have reaſon to be angry, if the ſubject were worthy of it; but being branded with the marks of a Malicious Nature and an ill Tongue, you ought to deſpiſe his words; for how can you be handſomely angry with one you have overcome already? To whom you may give Honour, but can hope none; And I know *Otho* ſcorns ſuch an eaſie ſecure Warr.

Otho. Yet I am then like my Siſter, who, whilſt ſhe condemns it, fights that battle, and has again overcome a Brother, whoſe Heart and Reaſon has by a thouſand victories confeſs'd her Power, and ſtill ſhall remain the loving, though the conquer'd *Otho.*

Marius. When you ſee *Lucius*, let him know I would ſpeak with him, and let us have no more of this diſpute; You know, he is a thing we cannot fear, let him paſs by; and ſince he has not Honour enough to kill himſelf, let him live.

Cicilia. How now, *Calis*! ſad!

Calis. So will *Cicilia* be, when ſhe knows what I ſee.

Cicilia. Prithee what can there be of new that ſhould make me ſad?

Calis. Did you obſerve *Lucius*, when *Amadeo* ſpake to you?

Cicilia. Not particularly.

Calis. I have ſo much Friendſhip for *Lucius*, as to fear there may be ſome trouble in his Mind; ſome fears worth the remedy of his friends to cure betimes.

Cicilia. His fears? 'tis not poſſible, ſure, that *Lucius* ſhould have fears now; if he has, they will be more dangerous then any thing he apprehends; for if he fears me after this mornings ſatisfaction, he has loſt my Heart; for I ſhall deſpiſe him that call me falſe. Love has but one path, but one ſafe way; he that would walk in two may loſe himſelf; and I have told *Lucius* he is that way; and nothing but his Jealouſie and Injuſtice can make *Cicilia* ſtray.

Enter to them Orante.

Calis. See, Madam, a viſit not to be avoided; would *Amadeo* were no more to be ſuſpected for *Lucius* ſake.

Cicilia. While *Orante* is civil, I muſt bear his viſit; and his Love

is

is leſs injurious then *Lucius* his fears will be.

Orante. If my return be troubleſome, as my fears ſtill tell me, unfortunate *Orante* is even in his Love to *Cicilia*, who has no guilt but what ſhe and Love are to anſwer for; Behold I am come once again to offer, with humble thoughts, all the ſervice of my life at *Cicilia*'s feet; Dot no deſpiſe me becauſe your Brother throws his Injuries upon me; 'tis your Highneſs protects him from *Orante*, who fears nor loves any thing but *Cicilia*; for whoſe dear ſake I have ſtill born the burthen of my Miſeries.

Cicilia. Sir, I am not now to tell you why your Propoſitions come too late; *Orante* is not ignorant of that Obligation *Lucius* has upon me; and to purſue me after that knowledge is ſuch an Injury, as if *Orante* doth not repent and deſiſt from, I ſhall be bound in Honour to puniſh.

Orante. To puniſh you have reaſon, Madam; your Brother teaches all the world how to treat tame *Orante*.

Calis. Your Highneſs is onely ſenſible of thoſe Injuries which are done to you, and never conſider how you force Men into Paſſion; would you have heard a third perſon deſpiſe the Princes? I am confident you would not; why then ſhould your Highneſs in a full Court ſpeak diſdainfully and ſleightly of *Clorinda*, knowing what Paſſion the Prince and ſhe have for each other?

Orante. I deſpiſe her not, nor ever conſider her or her Brother ſo much as to beget my Envy; I cannot admire them for lying in ſnow, and eating of black bread; they live and eat as they were bred; better food would ſet their teeth on edge.

Cicilia. Yet 'tis great Virtue to bear thoſe difficulties, and ſuffer them rather then loſe their Honour; and will be admired by all generous Minds that ſhall read their ſtory.

Orante. Not at all; no more then we admire our Horſes for eating graſs, 'tis their Nature; nor is there more wonder nor pity due to what *Clorinda* acts or ſuffers, then to a Tree for ſtanding in the rain; and I would call one as ſoon into my houſe as the other; they are all bred to't, 'tis their Countries Nature and Cuſtom; their Fathers did it before them, and their Children muſt do it after them; 'tis Nature not Virtue you admire.

Cicilia. If this be not Virtue, what will plead for an Admiration in your ſence? What do you believe worth Honour and Admiration?

Orante. Their contrary; to have been born great, heir to the pride of Nature, Prince of a Country the envious world, nay *Rome* her ſelf, hath looked upon with covetous eyes to have poſſeſs'd; That without trouble, fear, or danger, to have had all the bleſſings that the Gods could ſend a Man; To give theſe, nay be robb'd of theſe, and not feel the theft, but willingly ſuffer to be thus depoſed from all his joyes for *Cicilia*'s ſake. This if it be not worth her admiration, it deſerves her pity at leaſt, ſince ſhe is the cauſe of all this miſery; For her Beauty is the chain that binds me from taking Revenge for this theft, for whoſe dear ſake I have digeſted all theſe ſcorns and injuries; Nay, I have brooked a Ri-

val,

val, a happy Rival too, becauſe ſhe loves him; but be not too obſtinate in this cruelty, urge not a heart too far that is full of love and duty; your ſcorn may bow him till he breaks all bounds of Love and Honour, as you have done of Charity; My form, I know, is deſpicable; but Love is beauty ſtill; Love can make me lovely, and ſcorn, gentle Maid, is as deformed as I am; and ſuch a poyſon it will even infect *Cicilia*'s heart, and make her ugly, even in *Orante*'s eyes; Scorn will do more then Reaſon, Love, or Honour; 'twill beget anger, in whoſe darke ſhades, in whoſe ſtorms Love and Beauty will be blaſted; and then what ſucceeds, hate, dangerous hate, whoſe effect will be as full of miſery to *Cicilia*, as Love has been to me; who cannot hope will be angry, and revenge ſtill waits a deſpairing Lover; and who ever he be that is deſpiſed, till he deſpiſe himſelf for loving ſo unfortunately, may when he will be revenged, though not pleaſed; your Father conquered my Country, betray'd by thoſe I truſted; all, but *Orante*, Treaſon gave you; but I was reſerved to give a victory to *Cicilia*'s eyes; but if ſhe ſtill delight to frown, know, I can and will be free; but I have yet ſo much love, as to fear, for your Highneſs, what iſſue your ſcorn and my revenge may have. When I have the honour to ſee you next, and your Highneſs has conſidered what I have ſaid, I ſhall hope my love may beget an anſwer to bind me ever to your feet; your pardon, Madam, I will retire.

[*Exit* Orante.

Cal. What do you ſtudy, Madam? is there any thing in this to be conſidered? haſte to the Pretor, let him and your Brother be acquainted with the dangers that he threatens; he is no more to be truſted looſe, my heart propheſies he will act ſome deſperate villany, if you permit him to walk and converſe among us.

Cicil. I have my fears too, but not for my ſelf; *Lucius* and *Otho* are the objects of his hate and envy, which makes me apprehend, for them; elſe for what concerns me I deſpiſe him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. III. SCEN. III.

Enter Amadeo, Otho *and* Clorinda.

Otho. WE will diſpute this no more, Sir; pray give me leave that my faith and love to the fair *Clorinda* take all ways it can to expreſs it ſelf; I held it a duty in friendſhip, when I knew your noble heart had ſtill retain'd his love to my Siſter, not to expect your ſollicitation to expreſs my readineſs to ſerve you; and ſince we have gain'd my Fathers conſent, doubt not the reſt; for I know ſhe is too much a Daughter, and Siſter, to refuſe to meet our deſires in Prince *Amadeo*'s love.

Clor. 'Twas the opinion of many when my Brother was priſoner here, the Princeſs was not diſpleaſed with his addreſſes; but abſence and ſuch a diligent Rival as noble *Lucius* makes us fear a greater oppoſition then your kindneſs will apprehend.

Otho. That *Lucius* loves I doubt not, for *Cicilia* has beauty and vertue

vertue enough to win an eſteem from the ſevereſt minds; but certainly I am ſo much a friend to both, they will take no reſolution without my conſent.

Amad. Alas, Sir, how blind is kindneſs; and how unlike to a Lovers paſſion is that which Nature owes, and pays betwixt Brother and Siſter; had your Highneſs my heart and my eyes, how viſible would thoſe Lovers appear? how many kind jealous doubts would their looks, this day, have raiſed in your heart? know, Sir, I am certain he purſued this late war more as my Rival, then your General; and how much againſt his heart this peace was made, time will ſhew; but when I conſider his fears told him the Princes *Cicilia* was at ſtake, I love and forgive him for that hate; for ſhe is cauſe enough to put the world in Arms, and worth the trial of their fortune, till ſhe declare whoſe ſhe is; and then 'tis equal ſin and treaſon to oppoſe her deſires, as 'tis now vertue and true honour to aſpire her friendſhip.

Clor. And if *Amadeo* be the man deſign'd for this bleſſing, The gods have largely paid all our ſufferings, in the friendſhip of two ſuch Princes.

Amad. I confeſs, my fears make me wiſh the Princeſs had firſt been moved on my behalf; then the Pretors conſent had compleated all my wiſhes; the honour I have had heretofore to practiſe her excellent mind makes me fear ſhe ſhould believe me faulty in this Propoſition; for though it be kindneſſe in your Highneſſe, as a Brother, to move it to her Father; yet I that am a Lover know the firſt ſacrifice of Duty and Prayer are to be paid to the Miſtriſſe; elſe ſhe may believe I deſire her friendſhip, but am loath to take the pains to win her.

Otho. Come, Sir, no more fears; ſhall we in peace know that pain we felt not in war? or doubt a conqueſt over a Siſter when honour pleads againſt her, will ſhe deny to follow this preſident; and by the example of *Clorinda* that has bleſt me with her friendſhip, refuſe to make *Amadeo* happy? ſhe cannot ſure, unleſs ſhe reſove to make me bluſh to death when I ſhall find how much I have loved, and how little reaſon I had to value her kindneſs.

Clor. If your Highneſs then will diſcover to her how far you are advanced (as unknown to us) 'twill be a way to inform your ſelf, and prepare her for the love and ſervice my Brother is ready to preſent.

Otho. This morning I have deſign'd to ſpeak with her, that ſhe may not have any ground for her diſpleaſure; I will only acquaint her with it, as my deſire, which before I would proceed in it, I took my Fathers opinion; according to her anſwer, we will reſolve; till when, your Highneſs pardon. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT.

ACT. III. SCEN. IV.

Enter Cicilia, *and* Calis.

Cal. YOur Highneſs is ſad.----Pray heaven *Lucius*'s fears be vain.--- [*Aſide.*

Cicil. I confeſs, my mind never had more buſineſs then at this hour; then now my heart had never more uſe, nor ever was leſs capable, of counſel; divers intereſts plead within me, but honour ſhall ſtill be my guide, and *Lucius* may (if he be wiſe) ſtill keep his power over this heart; yet his ſecond fear has made me ſo angry, that I begin my ſelf to fear *Amadeo.*

Cal. And what do's that fear prompt you to?

Cicil. To believe that *Lucius* and my ſelf had kind ſtars that removed him hence, leſt ſuch a gallant Rival might have diſturbed our peace; for 'tis not eaſie, without partiality, to decide ſuch a diſpute as their love muſt have bred in a mind of honour.

Cal. I do not wonder at *Lucius* his fears, ſince I find you doubt your own ſtrength.

Cicil. I do not ſay this from any guilty thoughts of mine, which ſhould give *Lucius* reaſon to be jealous; but as I apprehend the world may condemn me of my injuſtice to *Amadeo*; for certainly, without partiality to himſelf, *Lucius* could not pretend to that injuſtice which my kindneſs gave him; for my love to *Lucius* cannot blind me ſo but that I ſhall always confeſs I ow *Amadeo* what I can never pay; and though he nor the world ſhall ever know how much this debt troubles me; yet he ſhall have all the ſatisfaction I can in honour give him.

Cal. I confeſs, Madam, the character that *Manlius* gives this Prince is enough to inflame the world.

Cicil. Manlius has his clouds too; and methinks, *Calis* ſhould have remembred his praiſe of *Clorinda*; had I been ſhe, 'twould have concern'd me more, *Manlius* is one I never ſaw before; and though my mind were too buſie, then, to make an exact obſervation of him; yet, methought, there appeared none of that gayneſs in his humour, none of that voluble tongue men ſpeak of; By this ſight of him, *Manlius* is changed, or elſe the character I have heard of him was made by a very ill obſervation.

Cal. I ſhall hide my fears no longer from your Highneſs, but confeſs his coldneſs ſince he returned; and that ſtrict friendſhip he has made with Prince *Amadeo* makes me believe he has ſome deſign on the fair *Clorinda*, which vain hope; when I conſider, her mind and his Rival, I cannot fear he ſhould be maſter of his wiſhes; yet the attempt will be enough to let me ſee I am paſt hopes of mine; for I know him of a nature moſt violent in his paſſion, either of love or hate, bred always a Souldier, and taught by ſucceſs to know no oppoſition but what a Souldier ought to remove; yet when your Highneſs ſees him you may, by ſome Queſtions, as by chance, inform your ſelf of what I dare not mention.

Cicil. He is Brother to *Lucius*, and friend to *Calis*, which are obligations enough to make me concern'd in his fortune, and to justifie such a curiosity; and if I can deserve from him, *Calis* shall find a diligent friend; and he shall be very crafty if he hide his passion from me; and if I perceive any name but *Calis* in his heart, I will so chide him, so shame him to himself, he shall not dare to pursue so injurious an act.

Calis. But how will he brook this freedom, Madam, being so newly acquainted; I would not for the world he should believe I set you on; for we have still made it our business to hide our friendship, so much, that 'tis yet a secret to *Lucius*.

Cicil. That shews *Manlius* has not so open a nature as his Brother; for I am confident *Lucius* has not a secret but *Manlius* knows it. [*Enter* Stella.

Stella. Madam, the General and the Lord *Cleon* are within to wait on your Highness.

Cicil. We will follow you; come *Calis*, a little patience will reconcile all; and remember these thornes will grow where there are Roses; 'tis as natural as his beauty, or his sweetness; and kind nature that gave us the Elixar of the Bee, gave him a sting to defend his Hive against Drones, but not to wound thee or me.

Cal. Nay, Madam, I am so perfect a Lover; I find little things make me fear, and less reason hope; yet 'tis as pleasant as strange, to observe in Loves war how many fear, and how few despair.

ACT. IV. SCEN. I.

Enter Orante, *and his Banditoe.*

Bandit. 'Tis most certain, Sir, I heard your *Bando* proclaim'd; the people said 'twas published upon a complaint the Princess made of a violence that you threatned; three days you are limited to present your self.

Orante. Then there is three days to be revenged in.

Band. I was told too, from a good hand, that Prince *Otho* had gain'd the Pretors consent for *Amadeo* to marry the Princess *Cicilia*, so to tye by a cross match an alliance betwixt the two Families.

Orante. And all this stir only to compleat a curse for *Orante*; yet I have three days, and this Dagger left; and if this hand hold his humour, and this Dagger keep his point, I may spoil the Plot; my Lord, we must keep our friends and our selves still in readiness, and in this disguise walk amongst them, for a day or two; but this cursed person of mine that will lye hid in no disguise: how in the Devils name shall we contrive to obscure it? this hill upon my back calls all eyes to my vexation and my scorn.

Band. Like an old woman, stooping upon your staff, you may creep amongst them; and in that disguise frequent the temples, where you are sure to find an opportunity; and in these woods here you may abide amongst the old Hermits, and mingle with those

thoſe beggars that haunt *Juno*'s Temple, while I prepare our deſign in the City; and when 'tis time then be reſolute; and let us ſtrike home, better dye at one blow then wither thus.

Orante. How comes it they defer thus long the hunting of the Boar? *Otho* and *Amadeo* were wont to delight in that chaſe; methinks *Otho* ſhould long to ſee his Virago, that cloven knight, come pricking over the Plains, clad in mighty Petti-coats, *Clorinda* hight; that hateful iſſue of a fruitful enemy, how comes ſhe to change her ſavage mind for love?

Band. Love has made her change her tragick Buskin, and now ſhe delights in the ſoft ſteps of Comick love.

Orante. Sure all the world changes its nature only to vex me.

Band. Well, Sir, we muſt now leave to wonder or talk; and reſolve ſpeedily to take our revenge upon them; your diſguiſe ſhall this morning be with you; and if I can learn any news you ſhall immediately have it. [*Exit* Banditoe.

Orante. To what a ſtreight am I forced by Love and Fortune! how have I armed all the world againſt me! but Nature, unkind Nature was my original enemy, who has not only ſet the world, but my ſelf againſt my ſelf; mine own eyes deſpiſe this object, what wonder then if *Cicilia* hates it; yet I love *Cicilia*, and her mercy is as due to my love as her ſcorn is to my perſon; but 'tis not my deformity makes me deſpair, but *Cicilia*'s love of another; that is it makes my blots ſo viſible, and my deſpair ſo high, that of all the paſſions mans heart is capable to feel, revenge is only in my power; and that, if fate deny not, *Orante* will command.

[*Exit* Orante.

ACT. IV. SCEN. II.

Enter Otho *and* Cicilia.

Otho. YOur anger, Siſter, is more unreaſonable then your deſires; and the worſt way you can take to ſatisfie a friend.

Cicil. When my heart tells me I have injur'd you, like a Siſter that honours and loves her Brother I ſhall humbly beg your pardon; but you muſt give me leave to ſay, I am injured now, which I will not diſpute with *Otho*; whoſe heart is ſo buſie about his own love, he has no leiſure to conſider his Siſter; elſe I am confident he would have ſpoken to me before he had engaged himſelf, or my Father; and 'tis not the leaſt of my troubles to find a Brother that I have loved, ſo ſleightly to part with me to pleaſe another, without a thought of *Cicilia*, or her future happineſs; I muſt therefore tell you, Sir, I am engaged to *Lucius*, who has honour and love for me; and humbly he has vow'd it, and I have kindneſs enough to ſee it. This I know is no ſecret to *Otho*.

Otho. Engaged! how can you engage, or how dares *Lucius* receive it? have not you a Father and a Brother? have they no ſhare in *Cicilia*? ſure you will make but an unhandſome preſent,

if you give their part without the consent of such friends.

Cicil. At least my own part is free for me to give, and that is *Lucius* his, the rest you may give to *Amadeo*; and if *Lucius* keep his value, all the interest I have in *Cicilia* is his, and nothing but *Lucius* shall make me forsake him.

Otho. You are now in passion, yet that shall not make me lose my kindness, nor my respect; nor can you wonder to find me surpriz'd with this answer, since 'tis the first time I heard *Lucius* his pretence had gain'd your heart; and what I did in moving for Prince *Amadeo*, was in kindness; believing his love would be welcome to you, without making you blush at the saying so; nor was this my single opinion. But I have done; and since *Lucius* has forgot the respect he owes to me and my Father, I shall find other ways to resent his injuries; he is no Brother, yet, though *Cicilia* be a Sister.

Cicil. Nor *Otho* a Brother longer then he is just to *Lucius*; 'tis not threats nor anger can prevail with me; I have too much of *Otho*'s nature in me to be beaten into any mans opinion; if your kindness and Reason cannot overcome me, your anger shall not.

Otho. Something I shall do. [*Exit* Otho.

Cicilia. This rash act of *Otho* has forced me to discover our Resolutions, which I meant should have lain hid till *Lucius* could have made his way to my Fathers consent, who has long since been acquainted with our frindship; and knows how much I have been concern'd in the honour and fortune of *Lucius*; I cannot therefore but wonder he should give his consent to *Amadeo*, without speaking with me; 'tis not of yesterday that we have been friends, and he has known it; nay, I know he has not been displeas'd with *Lucius* his pretence; I will be better satisfied, for I believe 'twill prove only the importunity of *Otho*; but I must mind the present business; passionate men when they do injuries they are loath to see them; and *Otho* is as much displeas'd as *Lucius* ought to be, and his threats are fit for my fears; for I know *Lucius* will no more endure a threat then *Otho* will fear to give it; something I must do in time to prevent what the pursuit of such a passion may breed betwixt 'em: They are too much Lovers, for Reason or Friendship to secure them; *Clorinda* is at stake in *Otho*'s anger, concern'd in her Brothers love, equal with her own; and I am at stake with *Lucius*, who I am vain enough to believe will not, for fear of any mans anger, quit his pretention. These thoughts distract me.----- *Enter* Calis. See *Calis*, she is come as if sent from heaven; she shall know all, and acquaint my Father with it, as her own observation; so to secure them from deciding by the sword what *Otho* pretends to; and she shall intimate to my Father how unkindly I took *Otho*'s motion; and how to the heart it struck me; that after all the love and duty I had shewn him, a Father could part so sleightly with me; and consent to rob *Lucius* of the reward of all his faithful service, and give his friend to a stranger, unask'd.-- [*Enter* Calis.

Calis. Madam.

Cicilia. O *Calis*, there is an accident hapned this morning, which

which will require both thy kindneſs, friendſhip, and diſcretion, to manage our part of it; within my friend ſhall know all.

Enter Lucius.

Lucius, I met the Prince, and he would not ſpeak with me:—— There is the Princeſs too, I will ſpeak my griefs to her before my fears take root, and try if her friendſhip hath kindneſs enough to weed them out. Hah! gon without ſpeaking to me!

[*Exeunt* Cicilia *and* Calis.

Stella. See, Madam, there he is, [*Enter* Stella, Cicilia, *and* Calis.

Cicilia. 'Tis enough, away *Calis*; make haſte, I will entertain him here while you return.

Calis. Leave the reſt to me. [*Exit* Calis.

Cicilia. Otho's Injuries have made me forget thoſe of *Lucius*; and my kindneſs has now ſpent that ſtock of anger I had for him, that ſhould have armed my Juſtice againſt him.

Lucius. She is troubled too; I fear, Madam, my viſits are unſeaſonable.

Cicilia. If there were nothing more unſeaſonable in *Lucius* his Heart then this viſit, he would not think ſo.

Lucius. Love, Madam, is a fruit alwayes in ſeaſon in a Lovers Heart; and other fruit then Love *Lucius* his Heart never bare for the fair *Cicilia*.

Cicilia. Why then, after all my kindneſs, do's he fear his Harveſt?

Lucius. That ſtorms, Thieves, or the wild Boar may deſtroy it.

Cicilia. But he is a Mad-man that will for fear of theſe poſſible ills afflict himſelf as if they were come; or cut his Corn green to prevent the Lightning that might blaſt it when 'tis ripe; And a jealous man is this Mad-man, and Jealouſie will be that ſtorm, that Boar, that Thief you ſpeak of; And if *Lucius* will not leave converſing with that Enemy to Honour, which will break all bands and Laws of Friendſhip, he will find too late the danger of ſuch an Injury as purſues with doubts and fears a Heart that loves him.

Lucius. This Remedy, Madam, will not cure the wounds that afflict my Mind, they are too near of kin to my fears. Your anger was the greateſt danger I apprehended; and ſince that is fallen upon me for loving, what would not my Heart doubt hereafter? Why ſhould *Cicilia* be angry with *Lucius* for loving, if it did not hinder her from receiving the Love of another?

Cicilia. Yet I have kindneſs enough, notwithſtanding this Anſwer, to tell *Lucius* when ever I ſhall dare to be falſe, I ſhall not fear his diſpleaſure; and a few hours will ſhew him, though Jealouſie be at all times as unreaſonable as the fears of Cowards, (which makes them ridiculous when there is no danger, and diſarmes them when there is;) Yet, at this time 'tis moſt injurious; and if *Lucius* be a Lover, he has no way but that to deſtroy his hopes.——(*ſpeaks ſoftly.*)

Enter Calis *and whiſpers to* Cicilia.

Calis.

Calis. 'Tis done, the *Pretor* was much troubled at the accident, he has ſent to command them both to their Chambers. The Prince was ſeiz'd while I was there; and *Dyon* is now coming with a Guard for *Lucius*.

Enter Dyon *and a Guard.*

Lucius. Hah! *Dyon* and a Guard, what will this be?

Dyon. This Ring, Madam, will make my excuſe; By virtue of which, and the *Pretors* command, I beg your Highneſs leave to deliver his pleaſure to the General.

Cicilia. There is nothing, Sir, but Duty in this place.

Dyon. My Lord, 'tis the *Pretors* pleaſure you retire to your Chamber; where I ſhall wait upon you till I receive further Orders.

Lucius. To my Chamber!

Cicilia. If I have any power, I ſhall beg of *Lucius* to ſubmit to this command.

Lucius. 'Tis enough, Madam; when your Highneſs ſaies die, though I do not love enough to pleaſe, yet I ſhall obey you, though it be to become a ſacrifice to my Rival; Sir, you may execute your command, I am ready to obey.

Dyon. The *Pretor* commanded me, in his name, to prohibit your Lordſhip from ſending a Challenge to, or receiving any from, the Prince or any Man.

Lucius. What Riddle's this?

Cicilia. In the evening, at your Chamber, I will inform you of all: till when, let no troubles afflict you.

Lucius. Madam, I can obey; and that's the true obedience, when we do it onely to ſhew what power they have who command; without requiring any reaſon for them.

[*Exeunt* Lucius *and* Dyon.

Calis. Why did you not tell him the cauſe of the impriſonment?

Cicilia. Becauſe I am loath to declare ſo abſolutely againſt a Brother, as to joyn with his Enemy againſt him; Therefore, dear *Calis*, go from me to *Lucius*, whom thou wilt find fuller of diſtraction then ever; tell him all that is paſt betwixt my Father, *Otho*, and my ſelf, concerning *Amadeo*, and his deſires; Tell him of the conſent they have gained; but withall aſſure him, 'tis in the power of nothing but *Lucius* to alter my Reſolution; Tell him, I have confeſſed our Loves to *Otho*, which bred his Anger, whoſe threats begot this Impriſonment; But then conjure him to remember, *Otho* is my Brother, and not to think of a Revenge upon him, if he loves *Cicilia*.

Calis. I ſhall not fail to obſerve your directions. [*Exit* Calis.

Cicilia. Love is ſo ſhort-liv'd, and ſubject to ſo many diſeaſes, that few Lovers live long enough to know their names or remedies; Nay, ſome die with Receipts by them ere they know which to uſe; I am now to cure *Lucius* of his fears, and yet obſerve the duty and kindneſs due to a Father and a Brother, though *Otho* (unkind)

(unkind) to ſhew his Love to *Amadeo*, forget a Friend in *Lucius*, and a ſiſter in *Cicilia*; And now how ſhall we remedy theſe ills? though We know how to cure them, yet we are to ſeek the Ingredience; for though the Receipt be common, yet where are the Drugs? Juſtice will cure all, but partial Love, in *Otho*, conceals the remedy. [*Exit* Cicilia.

ACT. IV. SCEN. III.

Enter Lucius (*in Priſon*) Memnon, *Cleon, and* Souldiers.

Cleon. PRince *Otho*, Sir, is a Priſoner too.
Lucius. Do you know the Reaſon?
Cleon. Not certain, there are divers Reports.
Memn. Some ſay, that the Prince and *Amadeo* have from the *Pretor* obtain'd the princeſs *Cicilia*, which bred a diſpute betwixt him and the Princeſs.
Lucius. Ha! Prince *Amadeo*? has the *Pretor* given him his conſent? *Otho* would not ſpeak to me this morning; foul! foul! that I am dull, cold, negligent *Lucius*.
Memn. Prince *Orante* too is fled to *Rome*, diſguis'd, as they ſay, with the news, and ſome Injurious words that *Otho* gave him lately; In ſhort, the *Pretor* and prince are full of diſorder, your Brother too is miſſing; obſerved to be dull and melancholly of late, and do's look much upon *Clorinda*.
Cleon. Orante is this day baniſhed, at the Complaint of the Princeſs, to whom he threatned violence, and has but three days to appear.
Lucius. 'Tis *Amadeo*, and *Lucius* muſt diſpute this; and if thy fate give thee *Cicilia*, I will wiſh thee all Honour and happineſs; But know, neither her Father nor Brother ſhall make me quit my Intereſt, though *Cicilia* her ſelf joyn; the Sword onely ſhall decide our doubts. 'Tis viſible now why ſhe made me ſtay till *Calis* return'd, with whom ſhe whiſper'd when *Dyon* ent'red with the Guards; The plot is viſible, 'twas contrived betwixt her and *Otho*, this morning; to bind my hands till they had paſt the Ceremonies of a wicked and a perjur'd Hymen; She conjured me too I ſhould remember *Otho* was her Brother, whoſe Intereſt has prevail'd; and, to pleaſe *Clorinda*, *Lucius* is to be ſold, and condemn'd to miſery for ever; her ſtay too confirms my fear; for her promiſe was, her ſelf to come and clear my doubts; and *Otho* is made a Priſoner too, for fear of my Revenge; 'tis clear as the Heavens ſhe is foreſworn by.
Memn. He is ſtrangely netled with this news; it makes me believe, there are ſome grounds for theſe diſcourſes concerning him and the Princeſs.
Lucius. *Amadeo* is yet at Liberty; I will find him before he has time to triumph over my miſery; This Window is not high, When they are gone, I will leap it; But how to be rid of the Importunity of theſe people! I will forbid them to let any body ſpeak with me, *Aſide.*

and,

and, under a pretence of a privacy when I write this Evening, make my escape; *Cleon* pray give Order for a Pen, Inke and paper, I will write to the *Pretor*. [*Exit a* Souldier.

Memn. You are sad, Sir; which the Noble *Lucius* cannot be, but all that love him must be curious to know the cause; you wrong us too, if you conceal it; He is not born, Sir, shall injure you; Pray tell us onely the publique part of the cause; and if We can serve you, command us.

Lucius. I thank thee, *Memnon*; and if I thought both the Court and Camp had not been full of it, I should my self have told you. Know then, *Amadeo* has broke my Friendship with *Otho*, and his Sister; We have long been Rivals in Love and Honour; But *Amadeo* has the odds; *Clorinda* is a powerfuller Argument, then all my Services; she pleads with *Otho*; to please whom *Lucius* must be sacrificed to *Amadeos* Love.

Memn. I am glad to hear 'tis no worse.

Lucius. No worse? dost thou understand what I have said?

Memn. Yes, Prince *Amadeo* is your Rival. Will you kill all that love the Princess? 'twill be a great task, though *Lucius* undertake it; and when he has done, he must fall upon his own sword too.

Lucius. What has he said?

Cleon. By my faith, Sir, much reason me-thinks; and if you hate the Prince for loving your Mistriss, what would you do to him that should hate her?

Lucius. Kill him.

Memn. So you would do this that loves her, if you had your will; how ridiculous would this be, in one of us, that should dispute the rewarding Love and hate alike? Well, Sir, I am glad you have no other cause of trouble; By this light, I thought the Prince had rais'd some scandal upon her, struck her, or ravith'd her; these Injuries, I confess, had been fit for your rage and our Revenge; But to be angry with a prince, and sad, because he loves an Excellent, virtuous, beautiful maid!

Lucius. This is thy sence, *Memnon*; But love has his own reason; and though he gives Laws, he will take none; and Love has said, he cannot Love his Rival; and if Love be against you, what will your Reason avail?

Memn. But the General had wont to give Reason place; even in his Anger, and his wounds, he would not be averse to Reason; else I should not venture thus rudely to give him my opinion. Pray, Sir, tell me, is it a Crime to love, or a sin to be loved? for in one of these two lies the guilt; if it be a sin in either, why are you so partial to believe your self Innocent for doing that which is a Crime in the prince? whose Love is Honour, rather then prejudice to you, and but justifies to the world that you have placed your Affection upon a deserving person; and this Injurious jealousie of yours, but shakes her Resolution; and, by disgusting of her heart, gives more ground to your Rival then ever his Addresses could have won. Were I the General, who would should love my Mistris better then I, so she loved me better then him; And then my Rival should break my neck

neck aſſoon as my ſleep, upon that ſcore. Rivals are ſo many Witneſſes and Arguments, ſo many Affidavites, that ſhe has honour, ſo many Bucklers to defend her againſt the Envy and malice of the world; and when you fold her in your Arms, they become ſo many Trophies of your Victory; Rivals are, in Loves war, as Priſoners, Colours, and the Cannon; Win the Battel, and lead them all in Triumph.

Lucius. I confeſs, this is wild reaſon, yet ſuch as I cannot deny; but what can you ſay to hinder me from hating and ſeeking to be Revenged on both, when you ſhall know the Prince tempted her, and ſhe has broke her faith? and as I loved the vertuous *Cicilia*, ſo I hate this; for ſhe is falſe, though ſhe prove true to *Amadeo.*

Memn. Faith, Sir, if this be ſo, (which few will believe) my Counſel is, that you ſhould be ſilent; for ſhe has ſuch a ſtock of Reputation in the world, as no ſingle Opinion, nor any one Action, can waſte; and 'twill not be for your Honour, while the world eſteems her, to ſay, I am that *Lucius* that the Princeſs *Cicilia* loved once, but ſhe is now unconſtant; 'tis the ſame thing, as to ſay, you had like have couzen'd her, but ſhe found her Errour: Hide this misfortune, rather, as ſome imperfection; 'tis a ſtory better forgot; for either, you were deceiv'd in her, or ſhe in you; 'tis clear, one of you wanted your value; Come, Sir, let no man think to get any advantage over his Miſtriſs, or, to add to his own Eſteem, by ſaying ſhe is falſe; for no worthy man ever let a Gallant Woman be falſe; 'tis not poſſible to deſtroy a perfect Friendſhip, you may deſtroy nature as ſoon.

Cleon. This plain ſpeech has poſed him; and if not cur'd his jealouſie, yet he has ſo vexed him, I hope the Nobler Paſſion, anger, will poſſeſs him; This damn'd jealous ſickneſs is as ill in a lover, as a Coward in a Souldier.

Lucius. Cleon, you have heard all this, and your ſilence makes me curious to know your ſenſe of my ſuffering; you have ſtudied and travel'd in your time, and are now a Souldier; how would you have born my part in theſe three ſeveral Conditions; When you were a Courtier, how would you have born it, had you found your Miſtriſs falſe?

Cleon. Faith, Sir, in thoſe youthful days I dwelt in the Garden where they grew; and when I found my ſelf injured, as a withered Flower I forgot her, and ſtill gather'd ſome new Roſe unblown with the praiſe or flattery of any; in whom I fancied ſtill more pleaſing Graces far then the former had.

Lucius. This was, when you were a young Courtier, *Cleon*; But now you are a Souldier, whoſe Paſſions, both of Love and Anger, are not onely Excuſable, but laudable.

Cleon. Why, I would have given her love the lie, and in her new lovers face ſpit the vows and faith ſhe gave me, and, to vex her, Cut his throat.

Lucius. Ha! 'tis but juſt a Souldiers anger ſhould be revenged, not reaſoned, nor argued into Peace; no Quarter to his Rival, nor

violence to his Miſtriſs; I love thee, *Cleon*, and thou and I will talk further on this buſineſs.

Memn. Pray, Sir, aſk him how his Philoſophy would have born it; hear all, and then chuſe.

Cleon. I would, as neer as I could, have imitated Hiſtory, which delivers many ſtories to us, by which are preſerved the honoured memories of chaſte and vertuous Lovers, of both Sexes, whoſe Friendſhip ſtands high in Story; Many too are the blots that ſtain even the ſheets they are writ in, whoſe black Actions and names are left as Terrours and whips, to deter mankind from becoming like them, the hated ſubjects of ſucceeding ages; Yet nothing has met my wonder more, nor bred my amazement ſo often, as to finde that excellenteſt of Creatures, Women, whoſe body and Nature, when virtuous, are ſo tender that we pity them if the wind blow ſharp upon them; Yet when luſt has prevail'd, and arm'd them, you would ſtart to read where they have taken the ſullen Murderer by the hand, and undaunted led him through difficulties even thoſe men ſhrink at; Nay the murtherers heart has become ſoft; Poiſon has loſt her force, and the Dagger his point, to ſave what they have doom'd to death.

Lucius. No more *Cleon*; heaven keep *Cicilia* from breaking with the gods, if ſhe ſhould be falſe to men.

Cleon. Your patience, Sir, that I may Vindicate Hiſtory, and my own memory, in being Juſt to that Sex whoſe very Nature is ſoftneſs, and theſe but the Monſters and depraved part of that Excellent Creature, leſt the world believe I onely ſuch the Poiſon out of Hiſtory; Where I find more Excellency in that Sex then you once fancy'd in the divine *Cicilia*; where the Crimes of the wicked have not arrived to the ſufferings of the good. Their conſtancy in Love, their often and patient becoming Martyrs to Friendſhip and Honour, as far beyond the merits, as faith of men, ſcarce one of them truſting that has not been betrayed by our perjur'd Sex; Mercy being their Nature, and oftentimes their Enemy, having rendred them miſerable; For could they ſee us ſad, they might laugh; But their pity of falſe men makes many of their Scenes ſet in tears and blood; and 'tis as rare to find a Conſtant man, as a faulty Woman; Yet I find Hiſtory condemns revenge in either, Mercy in the laſt Act being as becoming a gallant Lover, as Love in the Firſt, ſo to ſtrive to win from the world a handſome Character, by forgetting and forgiving each others crimes; and thoſe who ſeek by Revenge to vindicate themſelves; The guilty has from that found pity, and their Rage ſtood condemned by gods and men; Yet, in this latter Age, we have deliver'd our ſelves up to a miſtake of Honour; and Cuſtome has made it ſo binding, that 'tis not to be diſputed againſt, 'tis by Duel; which vain & Cholerick men embrace with Joy, as a quick way for the one to be known to the World, and the other to be revenged of the World; Nay, wiſe men ſubmit to it now, as a neceſſity; and though, in your caſe, ſome would fight, Yet there are divers would not; Much is to be ſaid for them both, and againſt them, and the wilde Juſtice

of

of a Duel; but he that diſputes it muſt be ſome one that is known to plead againſt his own practice; for whoever will be heard to declaim againſt Duels muſt fight many firſt; and when his valour is undoubted, his Reaſon may prevail; but where to find ſuch an Orator as will uſe his Rhetorique to perſwade the people to pull down the fame he built at ſuch a rate, I know not.

Lucius frowns, gives no anſwer, but walks out.

Mem. I am glad to find there is ſo much of the old *Lucius* left, as will give over rather then be beaten.

Cleon. Have not I fitted him for a grave ſpeech?

Mem. Yes, I dare ſay, if he had thought thou could'ſt have remembred ſo much of Books, he would have broke thy head rather then open'd thy memory with a Queſtion; he looked for a Satyre, or ſome Ralliry.

Cleon. I gueſt as much, but thought this the ſhorter way; A pox on it, they know we are Souldiers, and have other buſineſs then to obſerve him while he beſieges one woman, and defends another all his days; if he had ſtaid, I was coming into mine own element; he knows we are Souldiers and Travellers; fit people to decide Queſtions in Platonick Love, that have been bred in the liberty of other Nations, whoſe kindneſs has engaged me to defend that ſweet ſin he ſpeaks againſt; if he had asked me what I would have ventured to enjoy another mans Miſtreſs, 'tis a caſe I have been verſed in, and he might have been reſolved; but for the revengeful part, By my troth, I am to ſeek; for I never had any Miſtreſs of mine own yet, upon which I ever cared to ſhut the door when I went out; that and Marrying I defie; my experience has taught me 'tis ſo much cheaper and eaſier to get another mans Woman, then keep mine own; and now he is gone, prithee be free; doſt thou think the Princeſs a Rogue, Sirrah? By this light, if ſhe be.

Mem. And what if ſhe be?

Cleon. If ſhe be, I am ſure I am one; and I cannot chuſe but hope; and if ſhe be one of us, let *Cleon* alone to tell his tale; come, come, let us away.

Mem. And if *Cleon* do's not, let me alone to tell it to the Princeſs.

Cleon. Well, well: when you dare tell, it will be a jeſt for *Cleon* to laugh at as well as *Memnon*.

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

Enter Manlius, *alone.*

Manl. SUre, Love makes me his ſcorn; and I that could not love any now dote upon all; *Clorinda* wiped *Calis* from my mind; the one ſighs too much, and the other has too much anger in her eyes; and now all her graces fall too, ſince I ſaw *Cicilia*; in whom there is not more vertues, then difficulties; 'tis hard to ſay whether my Lover deſpair be greateſt; why did my Brother and

Amadeo praise her so to me or having praised her not hid her from mine eyes? either vanity or madness made them send me to her, for my destruction; my way was prepared too, by a friendly character; That I heard nothing but praises of *Manlius* from her, even then admiring *Manlius* for friendship and honour when his heart was busie how to destroy a Brother and a Friend: yes, those are the ties, those are the impossibilities that I must labour against; yet their Love, Birth nor Merit, I fear not; for though they started before me, they shall not make more haste then I to gain the prize, could I reconcile the action to my self; but 'tis a breach of trust and faith to both, both have told me their several passions, and sent me as an indifferent friend to sollicite their hopes; *Lucius*, though he believed I loved *Clorinda*, yet that knowledge could not make him doubt an unjust action from me; and *Amadeo*, though I was his Rivals Brother, such a stock I had amongst them that the ties of Nature, nor interest of affection, could not make these men fear *Manlius*, who till he saw *Cicilia* was as honest as they were just; and could till then have defied the world to accuse me of one wry step, or one stumble in the whole practice of my life, where honour was concern'd; but now by what curse I know not, friendship, honour and vertue seem sleight; her smiles are prefer'd before gods or men; yet how many crimes must both of us act ere I can enjoy her friendship: I love my Brother, his nature and sweetness of humour, so stout and kind it wins even upon his enemies; *Amadeo* too, how shall I look him in the face when I have betray'd his trust? their angers will be too just for the boldest man to meet; but that danger is the least, there is but sword to sword, and fortune may be as well on my side, as justice on theirs; and could I answer it to honour and friendship, I should not then make this dispute; but 'tis the friend, not the enemy threatens, and that will wound my soul ere I can be an enemy too; for my anger though it has been as fatal as any mans, yet 'tis most unreasonable here; and therefore I must take some quiet secure way to gain my ends; how unwilling I am to be a villain! ye gods that see excuse, or divert the crime; but what if she will not receive my love, what rests for me? 'twill be too late to put back when I have discover'd the villain; she will hate, and they despise me; and I shall sell all my past honours for a shadow; what rests then? Force. Ha! good gods! what may not man be if he will once break the bounds of honour? see if I have not already swallowed the great difficulties of Friend and Brother, and given up that honour I have preserved through a thousand hazards; and lust, finding it self master, would not only reign, but bring in murder too; sure I was never honest, never stout, all my fighting was but cowardize, nothing but fear to dye made me defend my self; If I had either honour or courage in my heart, they would now defend me against my self, and make me ashamed to yield my sword to lust and treachery; sure if it were ever lawful to kill, 'tis now; for a greater villain then my self no man can strike.----See this Dagger prompts me to it; the act will be noble,

He draws his Dagger.

ble, having first in two short lines writ the cause; then to stab and dye, she could not chuse but love me when she shall know I fell in this strife, her martyr; I will do it; since I cannot live worthy her love, 'tis resolved I will dye to find her pity.-----Ha! see, see, ye gods, she comes, her eyes shake my resolution. *Ent.* Cicilia.

Cicil. Calis stays long, *Lucius* will be impatient to know the cause of his imprisonment; see his Brother, he is sad; I will take this opportunity to try if I can find who it is he loves; and while *Calis* is busie to serve my friend; I will try if I can advance her desires, though my mind at this time be not bent to mirth.----What makes the gallant *Manlius* so sad? thoughts are such strangers to his humour, that 'tis a civil curiosity to inquire the cause; sure something new and excellent must be hapned that's able to disorder his mind whose happy Stars have made him all he can, in honour, wish; is it your Brothers imprisonment, Sir, that troubles you? if it be, let me assure you, there is neither dishonour nor danger in't.----Ha! he minds me not, or at least will not trust me with his secret; yet *Manlius* knows that I at first sight gave him all the secrets my heart ever swell'd with; and if he refuse me his friendship, I shall believe he thinks me not worthy of his Brothers love, or else grudges me his kindness. *He stands lost in his thoughts.*

Manl. Heaven and earth witness; am I guilty? who knows his fate till he proves it? how beautiful, even in her hatred, will the fair *Cicilia* appear; but thus adorn'd with friendship, and her words thus cloath'd in kindness, how divine, how charming every grace! there is Magick in every sound, her words whisper my soul to be happy, and something bids me be a villain; if she loves, I shall be happy enough, in her embraces, to weigh down the opinion of the whole world besides. *Aside.*

Cicil. What strange accident is befallen him that can make him thus silent; there is distraction, fear and wonder in his looks, and all I say passes without regard.

Manlius, aside. I will speak to her, she is alone.----Do's not your Highness find a new kind of character here? is not *Manlius* his misery visible in his forehead?

Cicil. Yes, and 'twas my wonder.

Manl. My distracted heart and troubled mind, are they not writ so plain in my face that your fair eyes may find and read my fortune there?

Cicil. 'Tis true, and one whose eyes are less concern'd then mine may find a new kind of humour in every look; every motion tells something strange is hapned in *Manlius* his fortune; and my heart has so much gratitude and kindness for him, that if it lay in my power, I would serve him faithfully; but finding him unwilling to impart them to so idle a subject as *Cicilia*, I shall leave you; lest my company be as troublesome as my Question.

Manlius, aside. Why this, if not more? why should she tempt me thus, if her heart had not love she never shew'd, nor I durst hope before? I will tell her I love her, she is a woman; and what if she once had honour, so had I; yet she had power to blow that bubble

bubble hence, and who knows but that I am design'd her fate, as she was mine. [*He sighs and weeps.*

Cicil. Ha! he sighs and weeps; why these tears, *Manlius*? why these sighs? what can thy heart wish or desire within the bounds of honour that *Manlius* should despair of? pray tell me your griefs, I may be a friend where you least believe it; for I know something; *Aside.* and, perhaps, have seen what you would fain have hid.------Sure he loves *Clorinda*, and is asham'd to think of his faults to *Calir*.

Manl. Know, Madam, your kindness has ripp'd ope my heart; and now take a secret, the first and last of my life; too great for my heart, though too little for her I would present it to; a fatal one, I fear, and yet 'tis love; doubting, humble, and faithful love.

Cicil. Then the gods have heard the wishes of his friends; if *Manlius* be a Lover.

Manl. Ha! what do's my surpriz'd heart hear? do's your Highness rejoyce to find *Manlius* a Lover? that glad sound has struck confus'd joy to my heart; nor do I know how to understand that joy of yours.

Cicil. O *Manlius*, thy noble Brother and my self have often wished thee a Lover, to refine thy mind, and weed some harshness, and those wild thoughts from it, which like weeds infest the noble flowers that nature had planted, and honour watred in thy Souldiers heart; love in *Manlius* is all he ought to wish for, or his friends rejoyce in; love will make him envy'd by those that hate him, and ador'd by those that love him; of which number none is a more real admirer then *Cicilia*; and happy she, who ever she be, that is born to reign in thy heart; for *Manlius* has courage, and all that is required to make a happy friendship; and now I beg to know who it is, that after a curious and a long search *Manlius* has found worthy of his faith.

Manl. O Madam, when you know that you will hate me, and say I have reason to be sad, and curse those Stars that have cursed you and me; can the noble *Cicilia* see a Lover in my eyes, and not find who it is by my actions? is *Manlius* so general a Lover that his passion cannot be discerned? Is he such a dumb distracted thing in all companies, that his disorder cannot speak her name he bows to? must my trembling tongue tell her name ere your Highness discern it?

Cicil. Alas, Sir, my busie heart has been so intent upon her own business, I never observed it diligently till now; but rather then be troublesome to *Manlius*, I shall wait his leisure, and not rudely press into his secret thoughts, unless I can serve him; and then he wrongs me if he conceal his love, who will to the world avow the friendship and value my heart has for him.

Manlius, aside. Why shall I be silent longer? I will tell her I love the gentle *Cicilia*.----Stay, Madam, and take the secret of my soul, *She is going out.* ---'Twill not out; I have yet so much honour as to guard the door against that guilt that would fain tell you, I love; and the divine *Cicilia* is the object; and if you be curious to know how much; to death, by all.----

Cicil.

Cicil. Hold, no more; my buſie innocence, and folly, you have in two words ſufficiently puniſhed; yet you will find we are both deceived; I in a vain falſe opinion that *Manlius* had honour, and was worth my friendſhip; I ſhould not elſe thus have betrayed my ſelf within his power, where he ſhall find his part too, for having ſo low a thought as durſt doubt my honour; but ſince I have found him falſe, I ſhall live to repent my errour, as he will do this mean opinion of me; Go hide thy ſelf, falſe man, till thou can'ſt repent the injury thou haſt done thy Brother; and if there be any ſpark of that honour left in thy heart which the world took fire at, let ſhame kindle that flame again; Go repent, ſleep, and forget this treacherous act, and wake again worthy of thy Brother and thy friend; I have yet ſo much kindneſs as to be ſorry for thee; and if thy fault dyes here, for thy Brothers ſake, it paſſeth as a dream, and we will awake, to morrow, friends again, elſe thy love ſhall not exceed my hate and ſcorn; No reply; I have an Argument in mine own heart pleads for thee, more then all thy words can do. [*Exit* Cicilia.

Manl. What a fool was I to put my ſelf into the power of fortune, whoſe blind partial hands have ſtill oppoſed me? vain deity, by me no more valued when thou fawneſt, then when thou frowneſt; but more deſpis'd for thy falſe flattery when thou ſmiledſt in the beginning of our diſcourſe, then thou art hated now, when thou haſt declared thy ſelf and her mine enemy; thou found'ſt me, this morning, relying upon honour and vertue, whoſe faithful protection had I not abandoned to lean upon thy rouling-wheel, I had ſtill kept the honour of *Manlius*; who ſtriving to become one of thy Minions is now left fit for Chains and Greaves; which of thy hated great ones attain to honour, but they are at laſt hurried to fates more violent then their fortunes? I am now embarqued, and engaged beyond my own knowledge; and dare not find ſafety from the counſel of my friends; now the blackneſs of this act appears when I dare not tell my friends how miſerable I am; this ſhame is only left me for a ſting to my ſoul; and all the Reaſon and Honour I have left is only to make me aſhamed of what I have done; *Calis* too, my laſt counſel; her kindneſs is barr'd at this time; yet ſomething I muſt do to loſe the old *Manlius*, or to find the new. [*Exit.*

ACT. V. SCEN. II.

Enter Amadeo, *and* Lucius *in a Diſguiſe, following him.*

Amad. THough I am not guilty of *Otho*'s fault to the Princeſs, yet I am afraid to appear before her; and methinks, there is a kind of guilt in being unlucky where we love; and *Otho*'s kindneſs too haſtily imploy'd, has, I fear, gain'd me her diſpleaſure yet her juſtice makes me hope when my innocency ſhall appear, 'twill find her pardon; for if I find her heart given to my Rival, Heaven forbid I ſhould oppoſe her deſires, but rather with ſacrifice

ſacrifice of my own give her back the promiſe and engagement of a Father and a Brother; for *Amadeo* ſhall never receive his Miſtreſs but from her own hands.

Lucius. Sir, this paper is directd to your Highneſs; do's it require no anſwer?

Amadeo *receives the paper, and walks away.*

Amad. Follow me to the Princeſs *Cicilia*'s lodging, and you ſhall have your anſwer. [*Exit* Amadeo.

Lucius. He is grown vain and inſolent already; Death! is the Princeſſes Chamber become your place of audience already? Hell upon him, he will date it from their bed, if I prevent not their ſpeedy Hymens, I am mad with rage; *Cicilia* came not neither, nor *Calis*, as ſhe promiſed; *Manlius* is ſullen too, and out of the way when I ſhould uſe his counſel; the whole frame of friendſhip is fallen in pieces, as if the world conſpir'd to make *Lucius* miſerable, without the remedy or protection of one friend to adviſe him; yet kind fate has left this to protect me.----But while I talk, and forget my ſelf, I may be miſs'd and prevented; and to live without *Cicilia*, or a revenge for her, were to exceed all ſick men, or chain'd ſlaves in ſcorn and miſery. [*Exit* Lucius.

Lays hold on his ſword.

ACT. V. SCEN. III.

Enter Calis, *and the Guard, as from* Lucius *Chamber.*

Calis. SPeak with no body!

Guard. 'Twas his command.

Calis. Come, I will make your excuſe, for diſobeying him this time.

Guard. Pray, Madam, pardon us; till he calls we dare not open the door.

Cal. Do you fear I ſhould bring him a challenge? well, Sir, I will retire; and when you ſee him, pray, tell him that I was here to have ſpoken with him from the Princeſs *Cicilia*; and I believe he will not thank you for refuſing me the door.----This paſſionate man will ſuck poyſon out of every flower; and I know his jealous humour and cholerick heart is now gnawing it ſelf; and concludes all the world falſe to him, and has not patience to imagine one truth of his buſineſs; 'tis the greateſt miſery in the world to have a friendſhip with ſuch a jealous nature to whom all things appear as his fears preſent them; and what is meant with moſt kindneſs, their jealous nature corrupts into injuries, ſo that 'tis impoſſible but friendſhip wanting the nouriſhment of faith muſt wither and dye; and were I ſo miſerable as to love ſuch an humoriſt, I would ſet my heart before him, and let him carve himſelf; for 'tis impoſſible to pleaſe him, give him what bit he will: Now in the evening when he ſhall hear I was at the door, how he will ſtorm that I came not in! and if he had not been obey'd, his rage would have been as great; there could be no reconciliation with a jealous man; but that we know, jealouſie commits and puniſhes her own crimes; for none of thoſe doubts but has his own ſting, which carries

Aſide.

ries Revenge as well as Injury for the Lover. I am now to find the Princeſs, and when ſhe ſhall know he refus'd to ſpeak with me, 'tis ten to one but ſhe grows as angry as he is jealous. They have indeed both their diſeaſes, though from different cauſes; which I fear will never be cured till they are bound in a pair of ſheets together; Hymen and a Bed ſome Phyſitians hold a certain cure for Love; would *Manlius* and I had honeſtly tryed the Receipt.

[*Exit* Calis.

ACT. V. SCEN. VI.

Enter Amadeo *alone.*

Amadeo. SHe is all a perfect Myne of Virtue; no one thought but has a guard, ſuch as Modeſty and perfect Honour ſet over the Hearts of Princes; Her words were full of Juſtice, and though ſhe conceived her ſelf injur'd and neglected in her Brothers Treaty, yet her Anſwers were calm and full of civil ſence; ſtill mentioning me and my paſſion with reſpect and ſadneſs, which has ſo divided my thoughts I know not how to proceed; If I purſue her againſt her will, there is nothing but hatred to be expected. I will obſerve her, and make *Clorinda* break my way either to her Love or Friendſhip; and if my Fortune will not make me hers, yet I will have the pleaſure of contributing my own peace to the making her as happy as ſhe deſires.——This paper I had forgot: Ha! from *Lucius*!

Lucius his Challenge to *Amadeo.*

SIR,

I Have this Evening broke Priſon, and ſo I ſhall all Laws and Civility too, rather then out-live the Injury your Highneſs has done me. The Princeſs Cicilia *is a Jewel nothing but your Sword can win from me; though her Ambition has made her break her Faith. And ſince I can promiſe my ſelf no longer the being beloved, I am reſolved to be revenged, or fall in the attempt. This Morning I ſhall expect your Highneſs under the wood ſide by* Juno's *Temple, where I ſhall attend you alone with my Sword only. The Honour I have had to know your Highneſs makes me not doubt the receiving this ſatisfaction, that I may at leaſt preſerve my Honour, though the raſh* Cicilia *has falſely prophan'd hers.*——

Lucius.

Fond *Lucius*, doſt thou need more Enemies then thy ſelf? Thy wild injurious Heart has wrong'd a Princeſs, whoſe leaſt thoughts thou art unworthy of; and, for her ſake I will meet thee; and if my Innocence be any guard, I ſhall puniſh thy low thoughts of the moſt excellent of Women. *Cicilia* break her Faith? Vain and

and falſe? He would have me believe ſhe has given it him. Fool! She knows too well the value of that Jewel to give it thy ſavage Heart. Raſh *Cicilia*! Raſh *Lucius* rather, whoſe madneſs has now made room for my hopes, and given an occaſion I could not have hoped for; And I ſhall take it, to ſhew how much I loved the Princeſs, and how little thou deſerveſt to be preferr'd before me. Sure no Man of Honour could ever have thought he ſhould have occaſion to draw his Sword in the defence of the Princeſs *Cicilia*'s Honour againſt one that knew her. And who knows but Fortune has appointed this Injury to give me the advantage of the Sword againſt *Lucius*, who thus long took *Romes* Sword, not to fight his Countries quarrel, but his private intereſt; and purſued me as his Rival, not *Romes* Enemy. I will inſtantly find him.----- Hah, *Clorinda*? [*Enter* Clorinda.

Clorinda. Brother, ſaw you the Prince ſince his confinement?

Amadeo. Yes, and he is as much to ſeek for the cauſe as they will be for ſatisfaction that cauſed it; We hear *Lucius* is a Priſoner too.

Clorinda. I believe the cauſe is eaſily gueſs'd; you know the Prince and his Siſter have this Morning diſputed with ſome heat and Choler concerning our affairs; *Lucius* too is inform'd that the *Pretor* has given his conſent at the deſire of *Otho*; and the diſpleaſure the Princeſs ſhewed her Brother is but a ſpark of that Fire you are to expect from *Lucius*, whoſe nature can never endure, nor diſſemble his troubles; whence came you now?

Amadeo. From making my excuſe to the Princeſs, where I received ſo civil a reſentment of my proceedings, that her diſlike was but one degree of leſs Obligation then the acceptance of my Love would have been. For I muſt confeſs, my Reaſon Honours the Princeſs when ſhe acts great things; and to be faithfull is moſt Princely. 'Tis like her ſelf, to avow her Friendſhip; yet her words were full of civility, and, in all her expreſſions as juſt to me, as kind to *Lucius*; And that Civil Juſtice ſhall bind me as much as her Love can my Rival. And though his pretence may be more fortunate then mine, yet who ever ſhall give a true Character hereafter of *Amadeo*'s Love, the world ſhall ſay, he owes nothing to Honour nor *Cicilia*'s Friendſhip.

Clorinda. Be yet ſo kind to me as to viſit the Prince, who is now our Priſoner; to whom pray ſay all that a Maid is fit to juſtifie, all that *Amadeo*'s Siſter ſhould ſay when ſuch a Lover wooes, and ſuch a Brother counſels, while I find the Princeſs, and take the firſt occaſion I can handſomely to preſent your Reſolutions.

Amadeo. Farewel, dear *Clorinda*; I ſhall not fail to viſit the Prince as ſoon as I have diſpatch'd a buſineſs which concerns me to give audience in this Morning. Live and Love, thy Brother, dear *Clorinda.*

Clorinda. Love my Brother! [*Exeunt.*

[*He lets fall the paper* Lucius *gave him, unſeen of either.*

ACT.

ACT. V. SCEN. V.

Enter Lucius *alone.*

Lucius. THis is the place, within this wood I will expect him; I wonder he is thus late; guilt has his ſting, though in the Courage of *Amadeo*; when he is to juſtifie an ill action he is even ſlow in coming. [*Exit.*

Enter Manlius *in his Retreat.*

Manlius. Reveng'd? upon whom? foul Revenge is due to thee, not from thee; Thou haſt injur'd a Friend, a Brother, and a Miſtriſs; and thou talkſt of being reveng'd, of which of theſe? good Heaven! whither am I fallen? Reaſon and Honour are dead within my Heart, and the Coward is crept into this breaſt, elſe I could ſave all yet; Thus: this Sword bent againſt the Traytor here would do it yet; But Honour has loſt his power, Luſt and Revenge reign Tyrants over my Heart, Revenge: whoſe pleaſure is of ſo ſhort a reign, it ſcarce out-laſts a thought longer then the ſtorms that Injuries and Anger raiſe; and who enjoyes it moſt is moſt Beaſt, and ſhews more wicked nature then all the ſeveral vices that Man was born ſubject to; Nay, 'tis hard to ſay, who repents a revengefull Mind moſt, the Revenger or the ſad ſubject of his Revenge; That I, who this Morning was a Lover, ſhould before night degenerate into ſuch contraries as Hate, and deſire to deſtroy the thing I lov'd, it ſtarts my Soul. I that would have dyed this Morning to have ſerv'd or pleas'd *Cicilia*, am now bent at the rate of all that is precious to Man, Honour, Health, and Peace of Mind, to ſeek her deſpight, and, with hazard of mine own life, ſtrike *Lucius*, though a Brother, which ſhe nor Nature can longer protect; For though my Heart tells me he is my Brother, yet ſhe has ſaid he is my Rival; which very thought has more myſterie in it; then I ſhall live to underſtand. That I ſhould have reaſon to know this, and not have power to maſter that impious Paſſion! They have too much reaſon who affirm there is a Fate in all things, which commands above our Reaſon; and 'tis vanity in Man to think or reſolve he will be virtuous: His Stars laugh at him; and what is writ in Heaven we muſt act, for we but play our parts here; how would the world wonder elſe, when they ſhall read this part of my ſtory? *Manlius*, that in his youth did ſomething like Honour, and aſpir'd at nothing but a fair Fame, proud of the worlds eſteem; Now, when he has found the higheſt Object Honour and Virtue can work upon, which is to Love handſomely, without any deſign or hope of Reward more then ſuch a virtuous action brings; To know this, and to deſpiſe all the rewards that the Gods and *Cicilia* muſt owe to ſuch an action, and ſacrifice to Revenge all that a Brother, a Friend, and a Miſtriſs claim, muſt beget miſeries which already beget my deſpair. Love, if thou bee'ſt a God,

as thy blindneſs has led me to this precipice, thou haſt wings though no Eyes; and 'twill be Juſtice to lend me them to ſave me; elſe this new kind of madneſs will find too late a pity. My Hate levels at all, Brother and Friend are not out of diſtance. What ſhe loves I muſt hate, my Rival cannot be my friend; nor can I with patience think ſhe ſhould be any others, though I know ſhe will never be mine; But woe to the happy Lover who ever he be, 'tis not Brother nor Friend ſhall protect him. *Calis* too, though I never ſaid I lov'd, yet I have liſtned to what ſhe has ſaid of modeſt and kind; ſo that this crime of mine cannot ſtab leſs then four; for each baſe act that I commit, ſhe will bleed though innocent.——Ha, what noiſe is that? 'tis Horſe-men; ſure I am purſu'd, I will take the covert of this wood to obſerve the motion. [*Exit* Manlius.

A noiſe within.

Enter Amadeo.

Amadeo. This by the deſcription ſhould be the place, yonder are the Hermits Houſes, and there is the Temple. [*Exit* Ama.

ACT. V. SCEN. VI.

Enter Clorinda, Cicilia, *and* Stella.

Clorinda. I Come not, Madam, to juſtifie the miſtaken kindneſs of Prince *Otho*, whoſe Friendſhip to me out-ran the reſpect was due to your Highneſs; when I deſired him to ſpeak for my Brother, his Love miſtook the Object, and without either of our knowledge moved it to the *Pretor*. This we both ſtarted at when he told us the ſucceſs, and fear'd what your juſt diſdain would do, when you ſhould find we had not paid the duty and civility a Lover owes to ſuch a Mind, whom we firſt ought to have prepared, being the chief concern'd in Love and Hymen. This Truth, Madam, has faults enough, and therefore we may hope to find belief; and this Errour which a Brother committed, we hope for a Brothers ſake may be pardoned.

Cicilia. Your Highneſs had need make no more excuſe; though, I confeſs I was ſomething troubled at the firſt; But ſince I received a viſit from the Prince, I am ſo far from accuſing him when I perceived his Innocence; I think he will confeſs, I ſaid more to let him ſee I was not angry, then I ſhould have done to have pleaſed another; For give me leave to tell you, *Clorinda*, in all her kindneſs, has not more value for Prince *Amadeo*, then I have. But love him I muſt not. *Cicilia* is not worth her eſteem when ſhe is falſe to her vows, which (I confeſs,) I have given *Lucius*; and nothing but *Lucius* can abſolve that vow. Death, or *Lucius* his faults, can onely ſet *Cicilia* free; This I would have told the Prince, but that I was loath to add to his griefs a knowledge that might make him hate my friend or me.

Clorinda. I know my Brothers Heart ſo well, I am confident he will worſhip this Virtue in your Highneſs, equal to all the bleſſings

bleſſings of the world beſide; and when he ſhall know your Heart has pity for him, Honour will change his Love to Friendſhip and Adoration; and he will ſtill worſhip the fair *Cicilia*, without one earthly wiſh or ſtain of mortal thoughts.

Stella *finds the paper* Amadeo *let fall. She gives* Cicilia *the paper. She offers the paper to* Clorinda.

Cicilia. What paper is that?

Stella. I know not, Madam.

Cicilia. 'Tis directed to Prince *Amadeo*. I ſhall not be ſo curious to know the ſecret.

Clorinda. Not I, Madam, till you read it; I am certain my Brother has no ſecrets he would hide from *Cicilia*, ſince ſhe knows he loves.

Cicilia. I ſhould know this hand, 'tis *Lucius* his Character, my Heart fails me; This paper bodes ſome miſchief.

Clorinda. She is troubled, pray, Madam, read it without any ſcruple.

Cicilia. I confeſs, I would fain be ſatisfied, for I have as much Intereſt in the Character as *Clorinda* has in the direction, 'tis *Lucius* his hand.

Clorinda. Heaven forbid my fears, pray give it me,——'tis a challenge from *Lucius*.

She reads till ſhe comes to Lucius *injurious words, and then ſtops.*

Cicilia. This I feared; *Calis*, a word; Your Pardon, Madam.

[*Exeunt* Cicilia *and* Calis.

Clorinda. Something I muſt do to prevent this miſchief; who that had read this paper would hereafter truſt the Love of any, ſince *Lucius* can be thus faulty to ſuch a perſon; My Heart begins to doubt, *Otho* may have his faults too, but this is no time to talk.

Enter Marius, Dyon, Lyſander, *and a Guard.*

Marius. Gone?

Dyon. Gone Sir; he leap'd his window that look'd into the Garden.

Lyſander. Prince *Amadeo* is from his Lodging too, and was ſeen to ride out alone this Morning.

Marius. Take the Guards and follow them with all dilgence; diſperſe your ſelves, and if it be poſſible prevent them.

Clorinda. Stay, my Lord; Sir, if you pleaſe to read this paper, 'twill direct you where you may certainly find them; I found it in the Gallery this Morning.

He reads the challenge to himſelf.

Marius. Inſolent and falſe, thou ſhalt find what 'tis to deſpiſe my Orders, and violate the *Roman Protection* given a Prince; beſide what my Juſtice ſhall inflict upon thee, that durſt without my leave, treat this ſawcy Friendſhip with my Daughter; and not onely rob me of the Duty of a Child, but diſhonourably ſeek to take her fair Name from her. *Lyſander*, and *Dyon*, haſte to the Grove, where *Juno*'s Temple ſtands, there is the place of appointment; Alive or dead bring him to our Juſtice. *Dyon*, you know me, look I be not diſobeyed; Some of you call *Cicilia* hither, and ſet a ſtrong Guard upon *Otho*. Your pardon, Madam; this trouble has made me thus long forget my reſpect to you; This Inſolence

ſolence ſhewed to the Prince, and deſpiſing of the *Roman Diſcipline*, has robbed me of my patience; But I ſhall give his Highneſs full ſatisfaction, and with his blood make him an example.

Clorinda. Heaven forbid, Sir; I know *Amadeo* will ſooner die for him, then bring any ſuch ſad Calamity to his friends, and there is much to be ſaid on both ſides. You have high Reaſon, and ought to have the firſt place, as his and *Romes General*, doubly injur'd in your blood and power; Yet Love and heat of youth have their Friends that plead for *Lucius*. And we cannot expect, Sir, a Souldier and a Lover enraged ſhould find place for Reaſon. Honour and Opinion ſlave the world too much; *Lucius* is a *Roman*; and from *Romes* example where he findes difficulties he draws his Sword to remove them; See the Princeſs.

Enter Cicilia *and* Calis.

Calis. His diſpleaſure is high, for his Orders were to kill him if he reſiſted, or elſe to bring him alive to Juſtice; You know how ſtrict the *Roman Diſcipline* is, upon ſuch a breach as this, to which is added Perſonal Injuries; and if your Highneſs do not interpoſe, 'twill be ſad; there is no ſafety for him if you ſhew a diſpleaſure.

Cicilia. Though he has injur'd me, I will not be ſo unjuſt to condemn him, before I hear him ſpeak; fear not, *Calis*, 'tis not the anger of others ſhall make me forget what I owe to *Lucius*; and though he has done a raſh act in diſobeying my Father and my ſelf, yet I will look upon that diſobedience as Love to me; and Heaven forbid I ſhould joyn to puniſh him for faults committed upon that ſcore.

Marius. I ſent to ſpeak with you; did you know any thing of this buſineſs?

Cicilia. Nothing but what my fears prompted me to, and that I gave you an Accompt of by *Calis*.

Marius. If he hold his appointment, I ſhall at laſt have my Revenge upon him.

Cicilia. I am ſorry to find your Highneſs thus bent againſt a Perſon whoſe Friendſhip to me has been thus long known to my Father; 'Tis true, this act is not to be defended, but I am confident I need neither bluſh the becoming his Mediator, nor my Father be aſhamed to let my importunity prevail againſt the ſeverity of that Law that condemns my Friend.------Which thus I do upon my knees, interpoſing my Tears to ſave from your diſpleaſure a forfeit Friend.

She kneels.

Marius. Riſe; you muſt not plead for ſuch an inſolent offender; Innocence comes in queſtion when it appears ſo partial in the interceſſion for the Guilty.

She riſes.

Cicilia. Sir, my Intereſt in all his ſufferings plead for him, *Lucius* his guilt is my pride; *Lucius* his crimes is love of me, and here again I profeſs him my Friend; I love the Man, and if you puniſh him you make his crimes mine in the Affliction; and though I had no hand

hand in his guilt, yet I ſhall feele all his puniſhment, ſuch is the myſterie of Friendſhip; You cannot execute him alone, and I am as innocent as the Law you would revenge; and your Juſtice upon *Lucius* is unjuſt upon me; ſo that to ſatisfie an Injury, you will murther a Daughter! This beloved Guilt, this affected Malefactor has won my Heart; even this Crime is an Obligation. My Friendſhip ſhar'd in all his good, and ſhall I abandon him in his miſery? Heaven forbid. You know, Sir, in his healthy hours, in his dayes of Triumph, *Lucius* left not me out. Can I then with Honour ſhare with him in his glories, and abandon him in this ſad afflicted Fortune, where I am the cauſe too? It cannot, it muſt not be. You may deny me his life, but know then, you cannot perſwade me to out-live him. Nothing ſhall ſay, *Lucius* was ſo much gallanter then *Cicilia*, as to die for her that would not in his Funeral bear him company.

Marius. While *Lucius* knew how to be a Souldier, I loved and preferr'd him; But grown Inſolent, and perverted in his Nature; as his virtues found my Friendſhip, ſo his crime ſhall feel my Juſtice, till he ſtands in ſtory an example of both.

Cicilia. When *Lucius* was in health he needed none of your Phyſick; and now he is ſick, you will not afford him a remedy; Innocent *Lucius* fear'd not your power, even that power which his ſword has confirm'd, though now you threaten his noble life with it. Nor will the world wonder why I plead for him: Is guilty *Lucius* ſuch a common Theam? Were he not guilty, why ſhould I bow my knees? A Daughter to one, and a Friend to the other? Are her tears no tie? Are her knees bowed, and her hands held up, of no force with a Father for a Friend? Is there nothing due to theſe? Common Miſeries find common Remedies; And my Father may by a thouſand wayes ſhew his Juſtice, though now for my ſake he ſhew *Lucius* Mercy.

Marius. Fond Girl, Thy kindneſs but heaps coals upon his head, and ſpeaks him a black Villain to injure a perſon ſo far above him both in Love and Honour.

Cicilia. My Reaſon, Sir, loved him once, and my Love makes me pity him now; his Virtues overcame me then, and I but imitated the world in loving him. Thouſands were *Lucius* his Virtues, thouſands were his glories, and ten thouſand were the ties he has lay'd upon the world; Single is this hatred, Sir, ſingle his Crime, ſingle your Juſtice too, and in that, Cruel. *Lucius* was ever glorious, and but once guilty. Ye Gods! who would through ſuch narrow wayes and crooked pathes, with difficulties, hunt for flying Honour, if her wealth prove ſuch a burthen unto Men, that even with Friends an Age of Virtue cannot weigh down one raſh Act? *Lucius* for one Crime dies, for whom a thouſand generous actions paſt could not prevail; and *Cicilia*, from a cruell parent muſt return deny'd. But I have

yet

yet anger enough left to laugh at those that believe this Cuelty can make way for any low design.

She offers to go out.

Marius. See fond Wretch, blush and hate thy Folly. Read this, and be thy own Judge. Behold what a Friendship thou hast built thy Peace upon, scorn'd and suspected; In that read thy *Lucius*, and see to what a miserable Fate thou art arrived, after thy having given thy Honour, Duty, and Brothers kindness to purchase a Friendship with a Jealous, Cholerick, Insolent Youth. Go, haste to the Temple, make him your Lord, that he may chuse some other Beauty to pay his broken vows to.

He gives her Lucius *Challenge to read; she reads the paper, strikes her breast, and throws it away, and goes in.* [*Exeunt omnes.*

Partis primæ Finis.

THE, SECOND PART
OF
Cicilia & Clorinda,
OR,
Love in Arms.
A
TRAGI-COMEDY,
The Scene *LOMBARDY.*

Written in *FLORENCE*
BY
THOMAS KILLIGREW.

DEDICATED
TO THE
Lady *DOROTHY SIDNEY*
COUNTESSE OF
SUNDERLAND.

LONDON:
Printed by *J. M.* for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be sold at his Shop at the sign of the *Blew Anchor*, in the lower Walk of the *New-Exchange*. 1663.

The Names of the Actors.

Marius, The Roman Pretor, Lieutenant of *Lombardy*.
Otho, His Son, and General under him.
Cicilia, His Daughter.
Calis, Her Friend.
Dyon, A Gentleman of *Rome*.
Orante, The Lombard Prince.
Clyandre, A Lombard.
Turnus, A baniſh'd Lombard.
Lucius & *Manlius*, Brothers; General of the Horſe. Lieutenant-general of the Army.
Cleon, *Mennon*, Two Romans.
Amadeo, Prince of *Savoy*.
Clorinda, His Siſter.
Lyſander, A Lord of *Savoy*.
Stella, *Cicilia*'s Woman.
Two *Hermits*.
Banditoes.
Souldiers, and *Servants*, Such as the Scene requires.

THE SECOND PART OF Cicilia & Clorinda, OR, Love in Arms.

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

Enter Amadeo, *and* Lucius, *they ſtrip and Make ready to Fight.*

Amadeo. SEe, Sir, I am here, according to your deſire; But know, till I had read your Paper, I had nothing of Quarrel to you; But that had ſo little of *Lucius*, I cannot but hate my Fortune, when I conſider my ſelf out-rival'd by one that has ſo low a thought of the Princeſs; In whoſe name and revenge I draw my Sword.

Luci. 'Tis better well-come then your words; For the wounds that you have given both my Love and Honour are paſt their Remedy: and thus I muſt be healed, or receive more.

They fight, & the noiſe of their ſwords makes Manlius *come out. Both are wounded.*

Enter Manlius.

Manlius. 'Twas the noiſe of Swords, ---- ha! 'Two fighting. ---- Ye gods! *Lucius* and *Amadeo*, my Rivals: why does heaven thus tempt me? --- Prince *Amadeo*, as you have honour, hold; Why *Lucius*, *Amadeo*, *Lucius*, Brother, pray hold.

He draws, and runs to part them.

Amadeo. Ha, *Manlius*! *Lucius*, if I would injure you, I could ſay, this is not well to have your Brother here; But I am ſo confident of his Honour, that I cannot fear an Injury from him.

Manlius. How comes this? Did you not promiſe, you calmly would Expect your Fortunes, and not loſe a Miſtriſs, and a Friend both?

both? have I, for this, labour'd both your Intereſts with the like faith and reality, neither ſwayed by the Partiality of a Brother, nor the kindneſs of a Friend, to find you two deſtroying all my hopes, and your own? What ridiculous thought is that which tells you, your Swords ſhould decide who ſhall have the Princeſs? Do's your Highneſs think that ſhe, or her friends, will be won with a Murder? Or can *Lucius*, after all his practice, and knowledge of *Cicilia*, ſo miſtake her, as to believe ſhe will be ſet the Reward of the ſucceſsfulleſt Sword? Now ſhe will deſpiſe you both for this bold claim you lay to her; 'Tis not now, who ſhe will ſhall be happy; A duel, Not her kindneſs muſt diſpoſe of it; As if *Cicilia* were a thing any may have that can catch her. I am aſham'd to find you have loſt your Reaſons; How muſt the *Pretor* and the Prince underſtand this, when they find themſelves ſo far neglected? when they find a Siſter and a Daughter cut from their Power by a Duel? *Lucius*, this Jealous anger will deſtroy all your hopes; Pray, Sir, let me know the cauſe of this ſudden change.

Amad. Your brother can beſt inform you, who, this morning called me out; But, why, I am yet Ignorant.

Lucius. Your Highneſs is not ſo ignorant of the cauſe as you pretend, though my brother be; To whom I now confeſs what your Highneſs already knows; Know then, After the Princeſs, in the preſence of *Calis* and the gods, gave to thy brother her hand, in faith of Friendſhip, and her vows were writ in Heaven; yet, after this, Building on his greatneſs, The Prince, and his party, have ſeduced her heart, and, by the Intereſt of a Brother, they have made *Cicilia* falſe, and *Lucius* miſerable.

Manl. Ha! What ſays he?

Lucius. Otho, too, ungrateful *Otho*, All my ſervices thrown by, has Intereſſed himſelf in my Ruine, and has chid, and threatned his Siſter to her diſhonour; *Otho*, *Manlius*, *Otho*, for whom I ſo often have ſhed my blood, has gained the *Pretors* conſent for Prince *Amadeo*, and *Cicilia* muſt be his; And thy brother, (after her faith given) Rejected; Now if theſe Injuries be fit for *Lucius* to bear, then chide him; if not, retire, and let me finiſh my Revenge, and do not thou Joyn in my diſhonour too.

Manlius. Is this Truth, or do you both conſpire to make me mad?

Lucius. Truth, by Heaven, after ſhe had given her faith to thy Brother.

Manlius. Put up your Sword then, and take a ſecret from a deſperate heart; Know, I hate you both, and *Cicilia* is the Cauſe; *Cicilia* has begot that hate; Hell on all your Truſt, would you had been ſtruck blind, and dumb both, when you ſaw her firſt, then your praiſe had never betray'd me to my ruine. Why did you ſend me to her when you found ſuch Magick in her Eyes, as neither of you could reſiſt? Why ſhould you believe me ſuch a fool, or ſo blind, as not to love, or Court ſuch a Bleſſing? Why ſhould you believe *Manlius* ſo cold or Dull, when he ſaw ſuch a prize, ſuch a reward for Honour, calmly to ſit ſtill while you poſ-

ſeſt

ſeſt her? What claim has either, more then *Manlius*, But that you ſaw her firſt?

Lucius. Sure, he raves.

Manl. No, *Lucius*, I love: and, deſpair of what I love makes me hate the fortunate Lover; And who ever he be, let him be ſure I am in my grave before he dare poſſeſs her; For by Heaven, I will kill him; And ſince *Amadeo* is like to be the man, let him defend himſelf; ſhe knows, I love; and I know ſhe hates me for having ſaid ſo.

(*He offers to fight with* Amadeo, Lucius *beats down his ſword.*)

Lucius. Hold, by all thy paſt Honours, or I will ſtrike thee at my Feet; 'tis no tie of blood ſhall make me ſpare thee; Though I have loſt *Cicilia*, I will preſerve my ſelf fit for her in all her virtues.

Manlius. Why ſhould not I be revenged, as well as *Lucius*?

Lucius. Take your time; If he out live me, The man will fight; you know he will, you have tryed him; What would the world ſay, if he ſhould die now? would they not call us Treacherous and Cowards, that betrayed a Gallant ſtranger, and called him forth, under pretence of Honour, to Murther him?

Manlius. Who dares ſay ſo, while we live?

Lucius. All dare ſay, and believe it too.

Amadeo. You had beſt reſolve, Sir, We loſe time; for thee (*Manlius*) I ſcorn to claim a friendſhip with thee; Yet my wonder would fain know, why you are ſo furious? Sure 'tis no news to *Manlius*, that I love the Princeſs.

Manlius. You, and all the world may love her, ſo ſhe loves me; But *Cicilia* loves *Lucius*, and *Amadeo* ſhall enjoy her if I prevent it not; This is the cauſe of all my Anger: I profeſs my ſelf an Enemy to any thing more fortunate then I am in my Love; And if you have her Fathers Conſent, and he hers, what reſts then but deſpair for me? Reſolve therefore which will be firſt; for by degrees, I will either fall, or deſtroy you both; Think not upon any other Enemy, while I am upon the Earth.

Amadeo. His love is not more new, then Extravagant; But if *Lucius* will look on, I am ready to puniſh thy falſhood to a friend, and a brother.

Manlius. And I, to kill a happy Rival, that muſt, I know, deſpiſe me, becauſe my Miſtriſs do's ſo; All the world will ſee Raſcal writ in my face, if I out-live ſtory, that have loſt a Friend, a Brother, and mine Honour too, for nothing; Baubles, ſuch as Children play with, will be more precious then the name of *Manlius*; 'Twill become a by-name for Treachery and Folly: Deſpiſed and falſe as *Manlius*, I will not live to ſee the Day, -- Defend your ſelf. -- Lucius *ſtrikes down his ſword.* Be thou the man then, that has won and loſt her; Poor ſpirited *Lucius*, to let her go when her faith was thine? 'Twas *Lucius* made her hate and deſpiſe me. When I was faulty ſhe loved thee, jealous mad man, for which defend thy poor heart. *He ſpeaks to* Lucius.

Amadeo.

Amadeo *ſtrikes down his ſword.*

Amad. Manlius, Lucius! What Planet has ſtruck theſe men? Are you not aſhamed, Brothers, to bend your Swords againſt each other? have you neither Honour, nor Reaſon left?

Manlius. Tell me not of reaſon, Honour, Friend, nor Brother, They are all Idle ſounds, without love; Without her love, I am an Enemy to all the world; therefore ſpare your tongue, and uſe your ſword; This Oracle ſhall tell you who is deſign'd for *Cicilia*'s love; Do not deſpiſe my words, for you ſhall not be ſo diligent to gain her Love, but this ſhall be as ſollicitous in the deſtruction of what ſhe loves.

Lucius. Perfidious, Degenerate Wretch, Coward, Baſtard, no Brother of *Lucius*; hence thou barbarous Dog, be gone; or, by all the gods, that thou haſt prophaned, under my feet I will tread thy hated fleſh. (Manlius *laughs.*)

Manlius. How often have you ſeen *Manlius* thus treated, Sir? you ſtrike me at your foot! Begin when you dare, you will finde this Dog bite as ſharp as *Lucius*; defend thee.

(*They fight*, Amadeo *parts them, they hear a noiſe.*)

Lucius. That's *Dyon*'s voyce, Hell upon this Beaſt; We are purſued, I muſt take ſome other time; Sir, I know the *Pretors* Rage is not to be met now, I ſhall therefore retreat, till I can find a fitter time to receive the ſatisfactio nthis Madman has hindred. [*Exit* Luc.

Enter Lyſander, Dyon, *and a Guard.*

Dyon. Purſue *Lucius*, while we ſecure theſe; is your Highneſs wounded?

Amadeo. It ſeems ſo, in parting thoſe Madmen; Pray have an Eye to *Manlius*, for his deſigns are falſe and miſchievous.

Lyſan. Pray, Sir, retire, your wounds bleed apace. [*Exe. omnes.*

ACT. I. SCEN. II.

Enter Marius, Otho, Clorinda, *and Attendants.*

Marius. NOw you know why we committed you to your Chamber, and conjur'd you neither to ſend, nor receive a Challenge from thoſe Brothers; And I believe by this time *Cicilia* is reaſonably mortified with the Paper I gave her; Come, Madam, let us give the Prince a viſit, I hear his wounds are ſlight; and I doubt not but that I ſhall give his Highneſs full ſatisfaction, if *Dyon* Execute my Orders. [*Exit* Marius.

Otho. Manlius, they ſay, prevented them.

Clorinda. I am ſorry the *Pretor* was ſo ſevere with the Princeſs, leſt ſhe may believe I am ſollicitous, to the prejudice of *Lucius*, in this buſineſs, which (as well as I love *Amadeo*) I would not do for all the world.

Otho. Come, Madam, time will heal all theſe wounds; Love has his Morning and his Evening fair; and though he threatens ſtorms at Noon, yet he gives us time to diſpatch our buſineſs in. [*Exeunt.*

ACT.

ACT. I. SCEN. III.

Enter Dyon *and* Calis.

Cal. MY Lord, if you have any friendſhip for *Lucius*, immediately find him, and let him know what has paſt here this morning; tell him there is no time to delay his fortune; and if he has a hope to continue his friendſhip with the Princeſs, let him this night come to the Garden-houſe in ſome diſguiſe: *Amadeo* and *Clorinda* have prevailed, and his *Bando* will this day be revoked; by this means there may be ſome hopes to reconcile himſelf to the Princeſs; when he is there give me notice, and I will contrive it ſo, that he ſhall ſpeak with her; you may tell him how unhandſome and how injurious an action his jealous madneſs has made him commit againſt the Princeſs; while you do this, I will go find the miſerable *Manlius*, whoſe treachery is now diſcovered by himſelf; the noble *Cicilia* concealed his crime, in kindneſs to his Brother; what to ſay to him, I know not, when I ſee him. When his heart was at leiſure and innocent, he would not be juſt to me; and now I know his crimes lye too heavy on his mind to liſten to what I ſhall ſay of Love or Reaſon; yet I will find him.

Dyon. Pray do ſo, and till I return have a care that he and the Prince meet not, for 'twill not paſs without ſome unlucky accident; they are both incens'd, the one with his guilt, and the other with injuries.

Cal. I ſhall uſe all diligence to prevent their meeting. [*Exe.*

ACT. I. SCEN. IV.

Enter Orante *in diſguiſe, like an old Beggar-woman*, Bravoes *and* Banditoes *with him.*

Band. 'TIs moſt certain, Sir, they fought this morning under the wood ſide; *Lucius* is baniſh'd too, and the Pretor highly incens'd; if I meet him, have at his head, there's liberty, revenge, and reward, and your Rival gone; the princeſs is daily preſt to the marriage with *Amadeo*, whoſe wounds are ſleight though he keeps his Chamber.

Orante. There is no Star favourable to *Orante*, elſe I might have been by this morning, and with a ſeaſonable thruſt or two decided this buſineſs; but I am reſolved, thus diſguis'd I will to Court; and ere *Lucius* can return I will ſpoil their mirth. Who is that? obſerve, quick, get your alms ready for the old woman, and then be gone. *A noiſe within.*

Enter to them Dyon *and two Souldiers.*

Dyon. Who are thoſe? inquire of them the way to the Temple.

Sould.

Sould. Good woman, which way must we take to find the old Temple of *Juno*?

Oran. The first broad Path on your left hand will lead you to the ruine of an old Altar, from which a Path will conduct you through the Grove to the Temple of the great Goddess, which stands upon the hill; in whose sacred name bestow some charity upon a poor wretch, despis'd and abandoned by gods and men.

He gives her an Alms.

Dyon. There; is it far thither?

Orante. A little half hours walk for my aged feet; but you that have youth and strength will in a thought arrive.

Dyon. There it is, we are to meet him. [*Exe.* Dyon *and Souldiers.*

Orante. 'Tis *Dyon* and his Souldiers in search of *Lucius.*

Band. Dyon is his friend.

Orante. The better, and we shall the sooner find him, by tracing them; you are certain, if they were enemies he should never have known where he was; observe their motion, quick, follow them, if we find him we will make a sad sacrifice to *Juno*; be all ready and diligent, I will dog them, as if to beg; and when I stab him, be ready to second me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. I. SCEN. V.

Enter Calis, *and* Manlius (*He would kill himself*) *she holds his hand* (*he is full of distraction.*)

Manl. NO more; I am not worth thy care, nor kindness; thy goodness upbraids me, and thy friendship makes me haste to finish what I have resolv'd.

Cal. By all that ever was precious to *Manlius* I conjure him to hold that desperate hand; why should *Manlius* think the world so wicked as not to pardon him one folly, a fault only in the intention? Alas, thou art so far from being wicked, that thou mistak'st thy own good actions; this cruelty thou shewest thy self to prevent a sin, is more innocent then never to have been tempted.

Manl. Thy kindness mistakes me, and do'st not see the wickedness that is in my mind bent to the destruction and dishonour of what I love, if not prevented; and when 'tis done, Remember I must dye; consider that, and then thy kindness will kill me, while I am worth dying; here take this Dagger, strike, and save *Manlius*; if thou let'st me live to commit this violence, all the earth will stab me with their curses, and I shall fall unpitied and unmourned; be kind therefore, and kill me, or I shall kill my self, *An act abhorred by all the gods*; and thus only thou canst save *Manlius.*

Cal. He is distracted sure; Heaven! do you offer me your Dagger? would you have me that love *Manlius* become his murtherer? unkind, is this the return of all my love and service? though thy insensible heart would never be brought to return my love; yet, methinks, thou might'st be contented that I was miserable all the days of my life, without seeking to draw murther upon me, to rob my soul of her peace too.

Manl.

Manl. How much thou miſtak'ſt the juſtice of this act, in executing me; thou but ſaveſt the lives of two innocent perſons, which thus, by chance, the gods have given to thy protection; and if thou now refuſeſt to prevent my ſins, 'tis *Calis*, not *Manlius* is guilty hereafter; 'tis *Calis* murthers *Lucius*; 'tis *Calis* that raviſhes *Cicilia*; 'tis *Calis* that ſtabs *Manlius* to the ſoul, by refuſing, now he is innocent, to prevent what ſhe knows he is bent to act; Kill me then, and ſave thy friend, Kill me and ſave a family, Kill me now, and all good men ſhall mourn for me; for to have been tempted is no ſin, thou ſayeſt, 'tis yielding to temptation makes the crime, thus to reſiſt would be an honour; and thus would'ſt thou ſhew thy vertue and mine, that chuſe rather to dye then to be wicked; and kind *Calis* durſt kill what ſhe loved, rather then ſee him out-live his honour.

Cal. This Reaſon bids her love, and ſave thee; and *Manlius* ought to glory in, not puniſh, this nobleneſs in his mind, whoſe heart is ſo full of honour he will rather dye then think a ſin; be ſtill ſo ſevere, be ſtill an enemy to that deſign, 'tis like your ſelf; he or ſhe that never was tempted ought not to glory in their innocence, *but to praiſe their good luck*; and now my friend hates himſelf moſt I love him beſt; now when he would deſtroy himſelf he is fit to be protected by all good things.

Manl. You will not kill me then?

Cal. Heaven forbid.---- [*She offers to go away.*

Manl. For pity, for charities ſake, do not leave me; or if you will, do but kill me ere you goe; you will not? Live then to curſe me, fall all my ſins on thee, and this cruel kindneſs.---- *He offers her his Dagger.*

[*He goes out, and ſhe follows him.*] [*Exeunt.*

ACT. II. SCEN. I.

Enter Lucius, Dyon *and Souldiers.*

Dyon. DId you ever love her?

Lucius. Love *Cicilia?* yes, with my ſoul, and ſhe deſerv'd it then; for ſhe had honour, beauty, and a thouſand graces; ſuch excellencies too, as are ſtrangers to all the minds and faces I ever ſaw, or practiſed; this even my hate and fear muſt confeſs; but her mind, of late, has ſtoop'd, if not to ſin and diſhonour, yet guilty vanity has ſtain'd it; ſhe cannot love enough to oblige any man, and yet ſhe loves ſo much as has diſobliged a Nation; to be born in her own Country is a crime, and cauſe enough to be deſpiſed; why elſe were *Valerius*, *Polydor*, *Therſis*, or *Turnus*, neglected? Men that through the whole world have had publique Honour, famous for Wit, Perſon, Fortune, Courage; and if thoſe vertues could have prevaild', why were they diſguſted? her reaſon was, ſhe knew them not, but I rather believe they knew her, and retired betimes, before ſhe had power to ſacrifice their peace, as ſhe has done mine, to this ſtranger; *Amadeo* only is mentioned with *The names of her friends.*

honour, at his danger she starts, and grows pale at the sight of his wounds; a wanton wanderer only in his way to *Rome* must make her break her faith to *Lucius*; and in scorn of the Roman Nation, this Mountainer must have that presented him which we in tears and wounds have begg'd; how oft have we exposed our selves to certain dangers to deserve from her a smile, while the emulous World grew Rivals for her favours? how many great souls have unwillingly entred the Elizian shades, because they were to leave the conversation of *Cicilia* here? but now that she is false, who would live, or love?

Dyon. If this be so, why this rage? if her beauty has lost her power, and you your love, let it rest like Tales ill told, unregarded and forgotten; but if they have their power still, which your anger confesses, let me have leave to defend them.

Lucius. Here needs no Argument; all that have eyes must confess *Cicilia* had all that was beauty; but since she has broke her faith, 'tis become a Chaos all; for perjur'd beauty is like flying Armies, and blasted Fields that have no grace, no terror left, nor longer bear any mark or character of the Deities that moved in them, but the wounds of those Rods that in vengeance have fallen upon them.

Dyon. You only can accuse the Princess of this fault, for your addresses are to the world yet a secret; and Prince *Amadeo*'s love, publique as his person, even when he was prisoner here; but that the Princess paid him more then civility; your fears are the first that accuse her, and I believe, deceive even your self.

Lucius. Deceiv'd! no *Dyon*, her love is as visible as her beauty, durst he, else, move the Pretor for a consent, who you know dotes upon her, and her words like Laws or Oracles have still been powerful with him? nor was he ignorant of our friendship, no nor displeased; Come *Dyon*, you know she must consent before this be acted, and then to entertain me in discourse in her own Chamber till you came with a guard to make me a prisoner; her Brother too confin'd by a trick, while her Favorite is left free, to conclude their Hymens; and for the more security, my injur'd hands were bound from revenging their treachery; what is visible, if this be dark? the day is not more clear then her falshood, and I have traced him in his love; his steps are as visible as when in snow we chased him; she is a Roman, *Dyon*, and will have her vanity satisfied; we that are her slaves, Prince *Orante* and my self, and (the falsest of men) my Brother *Manlius*, she is proud of all; Nay, *Manlius* has confess'd his making love, ere she detected the Traytor; proud of all, she can in triumph lead, but how she is chang'd, witness gods and men! when I first received this fire which now afflicts me, with what fear and silence I made my way to her! with what reverence I approached her breast! till then unacquainted with love, as she profest, kindly still interpreting every sigh; and fearing my fears only, she could then read an humble motion; and every sad look had her pity and pleased, when any handsome accident presented an occasion to please me; thus in silent secretness

we

we in friendſhip paſt our days undiſcerned, or envied; the fiſh that glides in the ſilent ſtream, the *Parthian* Arrow, nor Birds that gently cut the air, make not leſs noiſe, nor leave leſs pathes nor ſtains behind, then our love; the moſt jealous eye, *Dyon*, could not perceive we thought of each other when we had but one thought.

Dyon. How came you to fall from this height, thus to ſuſpect her vertue? that her eyes have the ſame majeſty, appears by *Amadeo*'s love, who deſerves more then *Lucius*, or ſhe leſs then *Lucius*, elſe ſhe would ſtill hold her power, which once with a look commanded him.

Lucius. Alas, *Dyon*, what ſignifies the fire in thoſe eyes, to *Lucius*, ſince 'tis expoſed like thoſe of the ſacrifice, where every cold pretence may warm it ſelf? *Cicilia*'s breaſt is now a ſhrine for every lame and blind paſſion, to offer up their impotent loves to, and there they drop their ſickly falſe tears; this is it that puts a cloud before thoſe ſtars; for eyes that with pleaſure on all faces roul, can no longer *Lucius* heart controul.

Dyon. See the difference of mens opinions; you ground your diſpleaſure upon that which to me would be joy and ſatisfaction; for you complain becauſe all the world loves your Miſtriſs; do you think *Apollo* would make the worſe houſhould god for having had a Temple and an Oracle at *Delphos*? does not the fame of many Oracles give us faith that there is truth in his anſwers, or is he leſſened in his Deity by having received a ſacrifice, and given an anſwer? 'tis your caſe, nor has your jealouſie any ground; for all thoſe rivals you ſo apprehend come but like pilgrims to the princeſs, they approach no neerer then her Temple doors, her eyes, her ears, there they their offering pay, *Cicilia* is within; and while *Lucius* keeps his vertue, they may knock at her heart, but he only will be let in; for 'tis a truth, (that honour has in all ages proved) never any woman that had honour loſt it by being handſomely beloved; for while ſhe is purſued with honour, ſhe can loſe none; nor gain any when ſhe purſues any man; therefore leave this ſullen retreat and jealous humour, and know if the Princeſs be faulty 'tis when ſhe ſeeks *Lucius*, not when *Amadeo* or *Manlius* Court her; for 'tis certain, wooing women, if they do not want before, yet then they loſe ſomething of their value; and I do here confidently pronounce the vertuous Princeſs ſo innocent from all that you accuſe her of, that ſhe muſt commit a fault ere ſhe can pardon *Lucius*.

Lucius. *Dyon* judges by the eye, ſo did I once, and purchas'd her friendſhip at the rate of my heart, becauſe the proſpect pleaſed me; but how ſad and how unhealthy the ſeat has proved the world can witneſs; but thou, *Dyon*, and the reſt that admire her now are but paſſengers, and ſuch are by their eyes deceived as I was; but ſtay and inhabit in her mind, and then tell me how vain, how unconſtant, and how ambitious *Cicilia* is of all friendſhips, which makes her unworthy of any; her vows have no roots, and ſuch trees every paſſion ſhakes, and every croſs withers.

Dyon. I have no patience to hear you give ſuch a character of a heart you know too great for ſuch low thoughts to poſſeſs; and

were you not my friend I should not suffer it.

Lucius. Who knows better then I? she had a great and gallant heart, the Empire too her own, till vanity betray'd it; but now 'tis torn and divided into several states; *Orante*, *Manlius*, and *Amadeo* have their several Provinces there; so might I, if I would be contented with a Colony; but I scorn a part, or corner of a heart; and till *Cicilia* be again reduced to Monarchy, I am free.

Dyon. If you have reason, return; and with your presence prevent this danger; and with your friendship defend her from such a destruction; this scandalous and sullen retreat betrays her to the enemy; had you heard her plead this day to the Pretor in your behalf, your soul would blush, and abhor this mean character.

Lucius. Have I denied my protection? did I not stay till she betrayed me to prison? have I not like the kind Shepherd stood all storms, to guard her Flock; which be it never so full or fair, if the Nymph that owns them subject be to stray as they, by our gods, I would not her Shepherd be, to become *Pan*. A Mistress that must be watch'd and folded every night, or else she will be gone, before I would her Lover be, I would change conditions with that Tree. What dost thou gaze at? this Bracelet? 'tis hers; and I confess it bound me more once then her arms can now; for since I find I have fellows in these chains, and that her Auborn Tresles grow as free as fair, and every Lover reaps her hair, *Dyon* must confess, 'tis not *Jasons* Fleece that I have won, though she *Medea* prove.

When Lucius *points to the Tree,* Dyon *looks at his hand.*

Dyon, aside. I must not cross him now, his jealousie is too high wrought; besides, I know his nature is eafier led then drove; in this particular *Lucius* has some reason; nor can I justifie a Maid in such actions; for women that will give and take, for fancy, are not safe; because custom may bring them to like some things so well as to purchase them they may be perswaded to buy and sell; then the man that can soonest flatter them into a bargain has the undoing of them.

Lucius. So he may; but whoever he be that will betray the Princess so, be sure *Lucius* be first in his grave, else all my rage thrown by, I shall find love enough to revenge, with sad fates, such a treason; for if I cannot suffer others to love her, Dogs gnaw me when I out-live him that hates her, though it be my self.

Dyon. There is much more reason in this passion then in your other Arguments; for if the Princess could have learn'd the guilt of other women, 'tis probable she might have learn'd their craft too, and dissembled; which I am certain her fervent kindness (pleading in tears upon her knees, vowing friendship and love for *Lucius*, receiving no denial, making all his crimes so many loves to her, and so many Arguments for her love and protection) will acquit her from; till that fatal Paper, which you sent the Prince, was by her Father given her, which when she had read she was struck with the unkindness, and the displeasure of that thought that told her *Lucius* had injur'd her.

Lucius *falls on* Dyon's *neck.*

Lucius.

Lucius. O *Dyon*, *Dyon*, thou haſt perfect Honour; a Faithful friend dwells in *Dyon*, one whom miſery nor paſſion has divided from his Friend; when all the World arm'd againſt *Lucius*, he took my part; how I love thee for chiding me, and defending what I love! But alas, my Friend, my heart is grown ſick of Love and fear: You muſt not believe all I ſay, I ſcarce do it my ſelf; 'Tis my fear, not my faith, that ſpeaks in this paſſion; yet ſhe was too cruel, becauſe ſhe might be miſtaken; *Manlius* miſtook it you ſaw, for Love; how then can you blame me for thinking I am robb'd, when the Thief confeſſes the theft; guilty *Manlius* confeſt his Crime, which ſhe hid, and cheriſh'd; But I hope, my Friend (when he has told her of my fears) will preſent them too as the effects of a diſtracted Lover, which I would fain beg her pardon for;

Dyon. Moſt gladly; 'Tis *Calis* her counſel too, that you ſhould come in ſome diſguiſe to the Gardiners houſe this evening, where ſhe will give you an opportunity of ſpeaking with the Princeſs.

Lucius. All my Rage, if ſhe believe I love, will find her Excuſe; for who is he that loves and will not fear to loſe the thing he loves? Dear *Dyon*, ſhe had wont to praiſe particularity and Conſtancy, and to admire it as the greateſt vertue either Sex could arrive at; and call them the minds Chaſtity, without which what that woman will do with a Lover that Luſts ſo for a Lover, is eaſier fear'd then prevented.

Dyon. This I ſhall ſay; onely promiſe me to be quiet, till I come, and let your mind be in repoſe.

Lucius. I obey. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. II. SCEN. II.

Enter Orante *and* Bandito.

Orante. 'Tis *Lucius*, and *Dyon*, let them paſs; This Evening, we muſt diſpatch our buſineſs: *Amadeo* has her Fathers; But this *Cicilia*'s heart, and both my hate; and they ſhall both feel my rage as high as their hopes, or my deſpair; And while they diſpute which in her affection Higheſt ſtood; Deſpis'd *Orante* ſhall fill the Scene with rage and Blood. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. II. SCEN. III.

Enter Otho, Clorinda, *and* Amadeo.

Clorinda. HAs your Highneſs ſeen your Siſter ſince this misfortune?

Otho. No, Madam; her griefs are yet too freſh; 'tis better to give her paſſion ſome time to recover; This Night I mean to viſit her, though I know her heart is ſtruck deep with the injury *Lucius* did her; which is the more unſupportable, becauſe we know his fault, which ſhe cannot now hide from us, and therefore ſhe will puniſh; And who knows but that it may take off that obſtinate kindneſs ſhe has ſet upon him?

Amadeo.

Amadeo. When you mention me, Sir, to her, pray onely present my Service, and be pleased to ask her, whether I shall have the honour of her Commands to *Rome*, whither, within few days, I shall depart, that my absence may give her leave to pursue her Friendship with *Lucius*, if it be his Fortune; and time, I hope, will reconcile to her mind the Name of *Amadeo*; But ere I go I shall beg the Honour to speak with her, and take a sad Farewel.

Otho. Your Highness is Melancholly, and I hope a day or two will remove it, and this resolution; To morrow, the *Pretor* has ordered to chace the Boar, a sport your Highness has not often seen in the vallies.

Clorinda. The open Countrey will sure make the Chase much more pleasant; for our hills keep us from being in at the fall, which is the heat, and pleasure of the Chase.

Amadeo. This is for to morrow; But I must know where to wait upon your Highness when *Lysander* returns, for I hear he has met with *Lucius*; I confess I would gladly, this Night, undeceive him, and if it were possible, embrace him as a friend; And then I may hope to see to morrow rise with Joy; For my heart witnesses I have no rancour against him, since I perceived all his Injuries to me proceeded from his Love to *Cicilia*; And since his Stars have prefer'd him before me; I shall be so Civil to her choice, as to believe *Lucius* much more fortunate and gallant then *Amadeo.*

Otho. Trust me, Sir, this is a kind of Complement I understand not; and I here profess, were I Rival with any Diety in the Love of fair *Clorinda*, I would make no Complement at this rate, till Hymen had decided whose the Reward should be. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. II. SCEN. IV.

Enter Dyon *and* Cicilia.

Cicilia. THis from *Lucius?* sure he is mad to urge me thus.

Dyon. Alas, Madam, it was love in Excess corrupted into Jealousie, (not he) that said it, and his distraction is fitter for your pity, then your Anger. ------- 'Twas ill done of me, to tell her what he said in this passion!

Aside.

Cicilia. Jealous? of whom? His own merit? that was onely fit to be suspected; This Paper is enough; he needed not to have blown the fire again; 'tis enough *Dyon*, and too late, he will find it; Cruel and sudden, may false winds blow in all thy thoughts false as those, thou told'st the Story of thy love in to me, too, too Credulous Fool, may storms of doubts and fears still afflict him, and distract his soul, as he has done mine, by a low mean Jealousie, which has rendred me Justly despis'd, for having so partially preferr'd *Lucius* before the world; *Amadeo*, *Orante*, all that were displeased, turn back and see me revenge you on my self, while I confess my punishment just, though nothing be more unjust, then *Lucius* to become my punisher.

She shews the challenge.

Dyon. When your Passion, Madam, will give me leave to speak,

I am

I am confident, I ſhall make it appear *Lucius* has no Crime to anſwer, but what has his Root in Love; for even Jealouſie has been held Loves fruit, and ſuch as even hatred has reliſh'd.

Cicilia. Jealouſie! Who, that has Honour, can defend him, or his Injuries? Does not the firſt word, Jealouſie, whiſper'd in a Lovers ear, call his Miſtreſs whore; And ſince falſe *Lucius* has thus incens'd my heart, and forc'd me to play *Ariadne*'s part, expos'd and left on that barbarous Rock, his Breaſt, *Dyon*, ſhall ſee me, with this hair and Eyes, crown ſome Rival, and ſhine in another Sphere; for though it break my heart, I will be revenged to the heighth; and *Lucius* ſhall ſee a deſparing deſpis'd Rival fold this breaſt in his ſurpriz'd Arms, and then his jealous heart will ſplit with rage, and deſtroy the monſter.

Dyon. Well, Madam, I ſhall take my leave, and hope to find an hour more ſeaſonable, to deliver my Opinion in; I ſhall onely beg now, that your Highneſs will not, in this Paſſion, take any ſudden Reſolution, leſt your Repentance come too late. [*Exit* Dyon.

Enter Calis.

Cicilia. O *Calis*, hadſt thou come ſooner thou might'ſt have been a Witneſs, and a Judge of the Cauſe, as well as a Partaker of the Rage I am in. *Lucius* has, by *Dyon*, ſent me ſuch a remedy for Love: Wouldſt thou believe his poor heart ſhould avow a Jealouſie for the Prince, and accuſe me, as if my heart were a Common Inn, for every wandring Lover to baite at.

Calis. 'Twas my fear his old diſeaſe had ſeized him; But what can he ſay?

Cicilia. All that his malice and his anger prompts him to; But how falſe, Heaven and *Calis* can witneſs; Ambition, Covetouſneſs, Vanity; All that is ill his Injurious ſoul has thrown upon me; If ambition could have tempted me with her falſe light, How came *Valerius* to go ſingle hence, whoſe birth and Fortunes were ſwell'd with the favour of two Kings, and in his power the diſpoſing of all Honours, and all preferments of three rich Nations flowing with peace; himſelf too a man made up of all the Gods: yet theſe and him I look'd upon with Indifference.

Calis. Your Highneſs was not born to wooe.

Cicilia. No, *Calis*; and therefore *Valerius* had onely a Courteſie for a leg; and this falſe man knows, 'twas neither Ambition, Beauty or Fortune, I loved, But Love; If valour could have conquer'd, why did *Polydor* ſigh? If Courage would have forc'd my heart, it had been his, for there was a quiet Courage, and conqueſt without noiſe, an humble meek valour waited on *Polydor*; why Jealous then? Fool, Fool; If Beauty could have charm'd me, thou might'ſt have feared *Therſis*; for ſure he would have been the buſineſs of my mind, before the world, *Therſis* muſt have been prefer'd, where beauty can take place, for there was beauty in all her choiceſt dreſs; Manly negligence, unthought of graces, ſweetneſs and ſoftneſs in every look, no Art, all careleſs, natural and unaffected ſweet-

ſweetneſs, yet graceful and pleaſant in every motion; a harmony in his whole forme, with a kind languiſhing modeſty in his eyes, that could he have loved, he promis'd ſuch a nature as muſt have won; if *Therſis* would have plaid theſe Cards he could not loſe; but 'twas no reaſon lookers on ſhould win the ſtake they durſt not venture for; and if not of *Therſis*, why jealous? Fool, fool.

Cal. Alas, Madam, nor theſe, nor *Turnus* with his Voice nor Harp that charm'd the world, could fetter your great mind. This I have heard him ſay, with vanity, in his joy.

Cicil. No *Calis*, his heart knows 'twas not theſe in all their glories could prevail; nor one made up of all theſe could make me ſtoop; all theſe without love, though I value them, I will not ſacrifice my freedom to; why then jealous? Fool, fool. O *Calis*, if *Lucius* had not pretended other title to my heart, I had not now been miſerable; 'twas love, *Calis*, well diſſembled love, which in a bleeding paſſion arm'd *Lucius*; in ſilent tears he has aſſail'd my heart, *Lucius*, that durſt fight, kneel'd, weeping at my feet; *Lucius* that had wit and honour, ſtood dumb, not able to ſpeak ſence, but ſtammer'd out his ſtory, while his breaſt ſwell'd with love and fear; as if his kind heart were grown too big for his breaſt, and too little for his love; when I ſaw that, I had no power to reſiſt the ſtorm; but ſtriking all my ſails ſubmitted my Reſolution and my Reaſon to his grief; and to cure his deſpair have made my ſelf thus deſperate; for then, me thought love had rais'd that ſtorm; me thoughts I ſaw his painted wings wet with his tears, and ſcorch'd with his ſighs, and love ſure was moving in that ſtorm; nay, that ſtorm was Love it ſelf. O *Calis*, that ſhaking, that dumbneſs, thoſe tears, his Quiver, Bow and Arrows are not more his characters, then they (when they are true) but theſe were diſſembled all; and my revenge ſhall be as curious now, as my love was then, which I will take at height; follow *Calis*, and be a witneſs of that as thou haſt been of my love and injuries; no words; By thy friendſhip, I conjure thee, no diſpute; for I am reſolved. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. II. SCEN. V.

Enter Manlius *and* Calis, *Dog'd by* Orante *and* Banditoes.

Manl. VIctory has undone us, and now our ſlaves lead us in triumph, and every paſſion commands *Manlius*, to whom this fatal peace has proved far more fierce then war, while luſt fir'd by beauty burnt at every eye, and made ſlaves of vertue, honour, and all that is precious, till thy kindneſs, gentle *Calis*, reſtored to my heart her peace again; without thy friendſhip, my deſpair had run to his old remedy, wounds; for know, this breaſt is ſo uſed to them, 'tis ſcarce well but when 'tis wounded; 'twas foul blood that made this war in my heart; dear, let me eaſe it of that dangerous gueſt, leſt it put me upon ſome new horrid crime.

Cal. Manlius is ſo ſevere againſt himſelf for one fault, which I know he cannot ſo ſoon repent as the Princeſs can forgive; for ſhe

ſhe yet loves *Manlius* as part of *Lucius*; whoſe guilt is ſo unpardonable, as if not ſuddenly redeemed, I fear a danger not to be reſiſted; but I am now in haſte, and cannot ſtay to tell you my fears (though it ſhall be my buſineſs to provide againſt it) becauſe the Princeſs ſtays for me; but to morrow I will not fail to bring her hither, as ſoon as the chaſe is up; till when lye quiet, and leave the reſt to me.

Manl. With what brow ſhall I ſee her, having confeſs'd my ſin to the Prince and my Brother? which ſhe had concealed; her goodneſs ſtill exceeds our guilt, which makes my crime more monſtrous, and I that am to leave ſolliciting my love, find hourly greatneſs of mind, and new vertues to build upon; and what at firſt was paſſion and luſt ſhe has digeſted into Reaſon, Love and Adoration; what then reſts for me to pay that debt I owe my friend?

Cal. Let me ſee *Manlius* reconcil'd to himſelf, and honour once poſſeſs his place again, and I ſhall find a thouſand ways to be happy in my friendſhip; nor is the Princeſs ſo poor in vertue, but ſhe can pay her debts to *Lucius*, and yet reſerve an Alms for *Manlius*; I heard her once confeſs your ſpeech had ſuch a wild boldneſs in it ſhe took it rather for madneſs then love; and it bred her pity, rather then anger, your friends too plead with her; and though ſhe will not chide for that ſudden fact committed by chance, yet take heed of falling into the fit again; 'twill then be look'd upon as a diſeaſe in *Manlius*; and what is mercy now, to paſs by, then her honour and juſtice will both be engaged to puniſh.

Manl. I am reſolved, for now I dare dye again; 'twill be always in my choice to dye fit for her pity when I cannot live fit for her friendſhip; and having ſuch a guide as *Calis* my heart will find the path it loſt, and ſtray no more at this ſad rate; Good gods, how do they do that are villains always! I have been one but ſome few days, but would not continue ſo; I would live a Dog firſt.

Cal. Farewell, all peace reſt with my friend; this reſiſtance, this return ſhews his vertues never to have been tempted; never to have faln ſpeaks only happy ſtars, no tried vertue; to reſiſt the temptation is worth the name of *Manlius*, to have brought back ſuch a ſervant as *Manlius*, gone aſtray from honour, whoſe peace of mind is my reward.

Manl. I will not promiſe, till my heart be purged by confeſſion of her faults, and beautified by the Princeſſes Pardon; but then, if the ever noble *Calis* would accept of ſuch a preſent as *Manlius* friend, Death only ſhall make him leave to ſerve her.

Cal. No more; when *Manlius* is leaſt himſelf he was then a bleſſing *Calis* prayed for; and 'twas happy for me that he fell from that height of honour, ſince this fall has made him mine; if he had not loſt ſome of his pride and value, I fear he would have joyned with the world in opinion that he was too great a bleſſing for *Calis*; yet I kept my friendſhip perfect, and kinder ſtars have bleſt my love, whoſe humble wings never durſt, till he was faulty, hope to reach his heart, and this fiery trial has but purified, not ſtain'd my friend, whom all the gods protect.

Manl. If your leiſure could ſtay to hear me, I would chide *Calis* for deſcending ſo low as to value ſuch a wretch as *Manlius* before her own vertue; but I ſhall look upon all theſe kind thoughts, as ſo many links to the chain ſhe has laid upon my heart, which by a faithful, grateful, and eternal friendſhip, ſhall make me eſteem my ſelf her ſlave whoſe honour and kindneſs has redeemed me.

They embrace.

Cal. No more, no more;----*Calis* is too happy here; to morrow, if heaven ſay Amen, I will find you, and bring the Princeſs with me. [*Exeunt ambo.*

Enter Orante, *and a* Banditoe, Turnus, *and look after them (as they go out.)*

Orante. Ha! *Manlius* a Rival too, and the fooliſh *Calis* believes he can forſake *Cicilia* for her, when honour and a Brothers intereſt could not bind him; does ſhe think her fooliſh Chains and Bracelets can bind his rough mind when luſt and rage has blown his blood to ſuch a height that the reverence and beauty of the Princeſs could not hold him in the bounds of his reſpects? but why do I trouble my ſelf with this, ſince 'tis a chance has done more for me then all I could have deſign'd; the Princeſs will be here alone, to morrow.

Band. And ſhall ſhe go again? if ſhe do, I would *Orante* were in his grave; Death, Sir, do ſomething, to vex that curſed brood; ſince ſhe will not have your love, take her honour, and pleaſe her in ſpight of her teeth, and then you ſhall ſee all her Lovers ſtare upon each other, and paſs by her as if ſhe were ſtinking fiſh, and I dye laughing to ſee that proud fool of fortune vexed to death; 'twould be a full revenge on *Amadeo*, and *Otho* too, that inſolent Roman; then *Lucius*, how he would ſtorm! S'death, do it, or let me do it, and do you look on; we can eſcape in this diſguiſe, the act once done, by flying to our own ſhapes again.

Orante. I love her yet enough to be pleaſed in the act; and I have hate enough to take pleaſure in vexing her, the revenge will be high too.

Band. She will come alone too; S'death, 'tis ſuch an occaſion; if we had deſign'd a revenge we could not have hoped it; and if you let it paſs when your pleaſure and your anger both prompt you, I ſhall never blame *Otho* for deſpiſing you, for I ſhall do it my ſelf; the thought affects me, 'twill ſo vex her ſoul to have the crooked, ugly, deſpiſed, lame *Orante* enjoy her, without making an excuſe, and pluck that fruit her pride has let Princes ſue for upon their knees; I would do it too, in this old womans habit, while we perſwade her 'twas the Devil in a Witches ſhape; you ſhall not be ſeen till we have bound her; why do you ſtudy? Is there any thing in our fortune or danger worth *Orante*'s thoughts? is not death after this revenge better then to live depos'd and deſpis'd?

Orante. It is decreed; hence Love, all thy charms thus I blow away; and a thouſand thanks, kind *Turnus*, for awaking my heart from

from that ſleepy coldneſs that has ſlaved it thus long, the miſchief will be more then the pleaſure pleaſing; and to enjoy her, and deſpiſe her, full revenge for her paſt ſcorn, and ſatisfaction for my deſpis'd love; in her Rape both my blood and mind will taſte their ſeveral ſweets; love in lawful bed might have found one pleaſure; but now my revenge will have her ſhare too; this ſtroke ſtrikes all at once, Father, Brother, Rivals; the whole Nation are wounded in it, who in their women are more concern'd then in their gods.

Band. And, which addes more to the pleaſure, ſhe that would have ſatisfi'd any Lover rather then *Orante* ſhall taſte no other man.

Orante. No, *Turnus*, nor live (if this Dagger hold his temper) to diſtinguiſh betwixt *Orante*'s kiſſes and *Lucius*'s.

Band. If ſhe be of the true Roman breed you may ſpare your pains; for *Cicilia* will find a Dagger of her own, while *Tarquin Orante*, in the old womans habit, laughs unſeen.

Orante. Firſt we muſt kill *Manlius*, leſt he play ſome pranks, and hinder our deſign.

Band. That ſhall be my buſineſs, as ſoon as 'tis dark, I know his Quarter; let us loſe no time, but call our friends together, for to morrow will be quickly here. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

Enter Cicilia, *and* Clorinda, *and* Amadeo *follows them.*

Clor. YOur pardon, Madam, for this intruſion, which, but upon this occaſion, I ſhould not have committed; my Brother being to take his leave, if not troubleſome, would ſay ſomething of his own griefs; whoſe ſad ſtory I fear I may ſpoil in the delivery.

Amad. 'Tis little, Madam, I have to ſay; your pardon for having ſaid I loved, and leave to love you ſtill; your pity and your juſtice, for a paſſion moſt reaſonable, becauſe 'twas of an object moſt divine, is what I now ſhall beg; nor can you with juſtice puniſh me for what has honour to juſtifie it ſelf with, when it ſhall be a crime to love the Princeſs *Cicilia* as *Amadeo* does, without deſiring her to be unjuſt to her ſelf, without taking one favour from him that has ſo highly deſerved above me: for I ſhall not be ſo partial to my ſelf, as to queſtion the judgement of your choice; yet thus much I may ſay, my heart has never loſt one grain of that honour 'twas born to, nor one ſpark of that fire it firſt took at *Cicilia*'s eyes; Abſence, time, nor War, no, not *Cicilia*'s love to another, could change my heart; though rigid honour made me once fly from her, yet that love and honour both now have call'd me back; and again ſend me from this Paradiſe to eternal miſery. This Riddle, Madam, thoſe Tyrants will read beſt to your mind.

Cicil. That you could know my fate, Sir, and I not tell it you!

you'l find me ſo miſerable, I can neither be happy, nor make you ſo; yet time will juſtifie me to the Prince, by giving him un-imagined reaſons of my miſ-fortunes. I know your Highneſs will when you are gone, at leaſt, inquire after *Cicilia*, if then; I do not let you ſee *Lucius* had only my paſſion, and Prince *Amadeo* my reaſon, then let him condemn me; and at ſuch a rate I will puniſh my raſh heart for giving it ſelf away upon ſo little trial, as even your ſelf ſhall pity me; and when I loſe that eſteem for your Highneſs vertue that a gallant man can pretend to, and not loſe his value of me, then let all the world deſpiſe me, more I cannot ſay; all that I can give with honour, take.

Amad. He that deſires more muſt not have ſuch an object as your Highneſs, nor ſuch a ſubject as *Amadeo*'s heart to work upon; who now without envy looks upon *Lucius* and his fortune. For heaven witneſs, I have all the ends my heart deſires in the friendſhip of the fair *Cicilia*.

Enter Calis, *and* Lucius *as from the Garden-houſe.*

Cal. Stay here, till I find the Princeſs; Remember you obſerve my counſel, let her paſſion paſs; anſwer little, defend nothing, for your fault is not to be juſtified; beſides, I know when you are ſilent her anger will want what to ſay; but from your anſwer ſhe will ſtill gather ſubſtance to expreſs her diſpleaſure, which is ſuch as I fear you will ſcarce excuſe, eſpecially ſince your laſt madneſs; what made you ſend *Dyon* to her with that ridiculous Meſſage which has almoſt diſtracted her?

Lucius. What is paſt is not to be remedied; 'twas *Lyſander* told me ſhe gave the Prince a viſit ſince we fought; and that *Amadeo* and *Clorinda* are never from her, which being my enemies, and ſhe knowing their deſign upon her, and my relation to her, methinks, till my return it would not have been unreaſonable to have expected ſhe ſhould have kept a diſtance with my Rival, and my Enemies.---Hah! ſee where they are, and *Amadeo* on his knees kiſſes her hand, Hell ſtrike him; ha! ſhe weeps too: O *Calis*, *Calis*, ſhe is falſe, ſhe is falſe, ſhe is perjur'd; truſt the Wind, or Sea as, ſoon as any woman; what can ſhe ſay now, let it be chance or deſign in both, ſhe is falſe, *Cicilia*'s falſe. [*Exit* Lucius.

Amad. *kiſſes* Cicil. *hand.*

Cal. Stay, you are mad; what ſhould this mean? his rage is beyond counſel; this accident is beyond my gueſs.

Cicil. Ha! what voyce was that?

Amad. A lying one, and a Traytors 'twas, whoever he be that ſpoke it; and if he eſcape me, Fortune ſhall do more for him then juſtice dares do for me.

Cal. Stay, Sir, give me leave to ſpeak before your anger take its courſe.

Cicil. Hold, Sir; whoever he be, he is not worth your ſword; My innocence none can better juſtifie then your ſelf; and none that has honour will queſtion mine; and I beg this favour from the Prince, to look on ſome few days, and ſee me take mine own re-

He draws his ſword and follows, Amadeo meets Calis at the door.

venge

venge for this ſcandal; till to morrow, Madam, I muſt deſire your pardon for parting thus abruptly.------*Calis*, a word.

[*Exeunt* Cicilia *and* Calis.

Clor. 'Twas *Lucius*'s voyce.

Amad. I knew that, but was loath to grieve her heart with telling her ſo.

Clor. You muſt expect his fury ſhould diſcharge it ſelf upon you; therefore be ſo juſt to the Princeſs, as calmly to tell him his error; and upon how unreaſonable grounds he builds his jealouſie, this will confirm what you have ſaid to her; for every fault *Lucius* commits her kindneſs makes heavy to her; and what ere you may believe, let him be never ſo guilty, ſhe will not love his puniſher; for to make his faults publick by *Amadeo*, is to upbraid her; and if you would deſtroy a Rival more gracious then your ſelf, wiſely ſee, and ſeem to hide his faults; then all your gallantry is his poyſon, and obligations upon her; I would not now fight with him till he ſtruck me; and that patience ſhall win more from a generous heart, like hers, then thou canſt poſſibly reap with thy ſword; for ſhe and all the world knows, 'tis not fear of *Lucius* but love to *Cicilia* makes *Amadeo* ſpare even his enemy, becauſe ſhe loves him.

Amad. Dear *Clorinda*, from love and thee I have learn'd two hard leſſons; 'tis to ſtoop to Love and Anger; and I ſhall only expect what he will do, and reſolve in order to thy counſel; I confeſs, I now begin to pity him, even my ſelf that was this morning his enemy; ſure Fortune begins to frown upon him, there was ſtrange malice in this chance, to bring him to ſee that only which muſt vex him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. III. SCEN. II.

Enter Lucius *ſolus.*

Lucius. TO morrow they hunt in the Forreſt; I will meet him, and in this diſguiſe take my revenge; if he eſcape me, let him take her for whom I ſcorn to fight; but that I hate him more then I love her; beſides, I know 'twill ſtrike her ſoul to have him fall by me, and to ſee him kill'd for whom ſhe broke her faith; this revenge will render her deſpis'd, having neither Honour nor a Lover left. [*Exit.*

ACT. III. SCEN. III.

Enter Cicilia *and* Calis.

Cicil. O *Calis*, how vain are our thoughts, how endleſs thoſe deſires that rule our hearts! *Lucius* his jealouſie has ſo humbled my heart, ſo diſcouraged me in the purſuit of happineſs, that my ſoul is grown deſperate; 'tis vanity for any Maid to hope by Reaſon, or Vertue, to tye any man to her friendſhip; the blind pur-

purſuit of ſome, may by chance ſome minutes be happy; But no Rule can preſcribe a certain way to make a Lover happy; Now I find, it had been better far for me to have had a nature like other common women, with a mind eaſily ſatisfied, and in a modeſt Ignorance have believed all that their falſe Sex ſaid, and have taken what my fate would have ſent me, then to labour the knowledge of the beſt minds, and, with a ſweet Vexation, make my ſelf fit for ſuch as I cannot find, ſo to be onely more miſerable then other Women; for they in their folly gain that bliſs I in my dreams have onely found, and not knowing better enjoy all their wiſhes, living contented, and dying loving, and lamented, whilſt I in pain languiſh, having loſt that pride and value of my ſelf which *Lucius* once begot; But 'twas flattery all; I am not fair nor virtuous ſure; There is no Magick in this Form, as that diſſembler ſwore; Elſe were thoſe graces here, how came *Lucius* to deſpiſe me? Had I virtue, how durſt that diſſembler doubt my honour? O *Calis*, this ſcorn has robb'd me of all my Friendſhip, I have ſcarce enough left to protect my breaſt againſt my own hands, which hate the heart that this falſe youth has wounded; Therefore no more, no more, I know 'twas he, and I am reſolv'd; and ſince *Calis* has ſworn to be ſecret, ſhe ſhall now know my deſign.

Calis. Madam, I was never ſo much *Lucius*'s as to abandon your Highneſs, for him; when I can ſerve him without prejudice of my Faith, I ſhall do it, in memory that he was once your friend.

Cicilia. That Idle thought is paſt and gone, my anger is reſolved into Reaſon; yet his Injuries are ſuch, that I can calmly tell thee, thou might'ſt aſſoon reconcile that Eternal Quarrel betwixt death and Nature, as *Lucius* and my heart. His jealouſie has committed ſuch low ſins; I wonder he is not aſhamed to converſe with ſuch mean thoughts; and I hate my ſelf, to think I was ſuch a fool as to let it be twice in *Lucius* his power to Injure me; But, from this hour, all the memory I ſhall retain of ſuch a Crime as his Friendſhip, ſhall be to ſhew him I am Innocent when his Repentance ſhall come too late.

Calis. I hear, and grieve to hear, (You are both Subject to paſſion) and your miſeries are like to be as great as your hearts; And though I dare ſay, neither of you love any thing better then each other, Yet that Love is like to be a fatal Enemy; for your Anger and diſpleaſure is as high as his Jealouſie and Rage; No one of you having patience to defer your Anger, or Revenge, till you ſee each other; This wild Juſtice, which both purſue thus paſſionately, I fear you and all that love you may repent too late.

Cicilia. That's my hope, and my deſign, that miſery is now my ſouls wiſh, for you know I am Innocent; But ſince *Lucius* can doubt my Honour twice, and not ſpeak to me once, he ſhall never be ſatisfied by *Cicilia* but when it muſt breed his deſpair, which ſhall onely find him when I am out of poſſibility to redeem him. For know, my ſoul is reſolved to Morrow to find his Rival, and give him all the Joys I had laid up in ſtore for *Lucius*; Though it break

break my heart, I will do it; which I know 'twill do, when I ſhall find my ſelf embraced by his Rival. This (*Calis*) is the Revenge I will take upon his Jealous Soul; and, if he love, 'twill wound him more then his own Dagger; For to a Lover it muſt be perfect miſery, to ſee his Miſtreſs condemned to a loathed Bed.

Calis. Heaven forbid ---- upon my knees, Madam, I beg, you will not Sacrifice to your paſſion all things that ought to be precious with your ſelf, your Friends, and your honour; No one of which but muſt be ſtained and wounded by this Action; And give me leave to ſay, 'tis not all the virtues that wait upon *Amadeo*, though in your lawful Bed, can preſerve your Highneſs from the Cenſure of the world. In this Action you will loſe many grains of Honour; for though the Prince weigh down *Lucius*, yet *Lucius* had your Faith. *She offers to kneel.*

Cicilia. Amadeo? No, *Calis*; Prince *Amadeo* is as far diſtant from his hope, as *Lucius*.

Calis. Not *Amadeo?* Heaven guard my poor heart; If *Manlius* be the man, I am loſt; for I cannot with honour hinder his hopes; what ſhall I believe?

Cicilia. When ſaw you *Manlius?*

Calis. Ha! Now, *Manlius*, thou ſhalt find I love thee above my ſelf. Lately, Madam, and a ſad penitent for his Crimes; Is there no hope his repentance may find your pardon; are his faults allied to *Lucius?* I hope they are, elſe *Calis* is miſerable. (*aſide.*)

Cicilia. No, fears, *Calis*; my Intent is to puniſh the faults in one brother, not to encourage them in the other; and my fate guides me to a Revenge on *Lucius*, not *Calis* that's my friend.

Calis. Then the gods are favourable to Prince *Amadeo.*

Cicilia. No, *Calis*; Prince *Amadeo* has too many virtues to make me happy, as *Lucius* has too few; and 'twill be as great a diſhonour for *Cicilia* to marry the Prince, as 'tis virtue in me to renounce *Lucius.*

Calis. Too many virtues? Heaven bleſs me, what fine points do we propoſe to make our ſelves miſerable! too much honour, and too many vertues, to become *Cicilia*'s Hymens; this is a Riddle I underſtand not.

Cicilia. To be reveng'd, and ſave mine honour, is now my buſineſs; not to give my fame to puniſh *Lucius*; Can you perſwade the world that I left *Lucius*, and reſolv'd to puniſh my ſelf for his Crimes, when they ſee me married to *Amadeo*? A man that is made up of all that is Excellent, Great, or Honourable? one that might Juſtifie a Maid, even in the breach of Faith? ſhould I marry him, 'twould make the guilty *Lucius* Innocent; and Innocent *Cicilia* as black in ſtory as jealous *Lucius* ſhall be; for who will ſtick to ſay, when we are married, *Lucius* then was Jealous upon too ſad a ground? No, *Calis*, having practiſed and known the vertues of *Amadeo*, I confeſs, my heart told me he was a Subject fit for any Lovers fear, where he would become a Rival; Therefore betimes, to prevent ſuch a danger as *Lucius* his Jealouſie, you can witneſs I gave *Lucius* my vows and faith, before the gods and thee; And after

after that, to have him doubt, and not onely fear, but call me falſe, robbing me of that honour, and good Name, which with his life he ſhould have defended, making himſelf thoſe ſcandalls a Gallant man would have ſtabb'd, or ſtrangled in the boſome of a Brother? But *Lucius* is falſe; 'tis not a kind fear which all that Love muſt have; but a mean jealouſie, which does not onely make me unfit for his Friendſhip, but the eſteem of all gallant men; This is his Crime, which *Lucius* may live to repent.

Calis. If not *Amadeo*, what reſts then, where is the Rival?

Cicilia. Orante.

Calis. Orante, what of him?

Cicilia. To that wretched Creature Fortune has reſerved *Cicilia*, not for his good, nor that ſhe owed him a bleſſing; But for my Curſe, my Affliction; To that wretch I will give my ſelf; To him my vows of faith, if he will receive me, are now deſign'd.

Calis. Orante! Heaven forbid.

Cicilia. Yes, *Calis*, I will marry *Orante*, notwithſtanding thy wonder, and all the worlds, and having vowed to him pay him a faith as juſt and obſervant as *Lucius* ſhould have had; And that falſe man ſhall ſee, honour obliges me as much to that wretch as love ſhould have done to him; This way, *Calis*, thou ſhalt ſee thy friend revenged, and the world ſhall juſtifie me, and ſay, *Lucius* was jealous without a Cauſe; for ſure *Orante* is a Subject few or none will believe I ſhould break my faith for; and when *Lucius* ſhall ſee him poſſeſt of what he loved, the vexation that his heart muſt feel will be my Revenge.

Calis. But will your Highneſs, in a Paſſion, deſtroy your ſelf, and puniſh all that love you becauſe one has been falſe? Did you love nothing but *Lucius*? What have we that are your friends done? that you ſhould afflict us thus, to ſee you make your ſelf miſerable beyond Redemption? ſure you never loved *Lucius*.

Cicilia. Yes, *Calis*, and 'twas my Crime; for I have loved and obliged him beyond his hopes, beyond reaſon or Juſtice, preferr'd him before a gallanter man then himſelf; you know I loved him, Firſt, for his fears, and they were lovely then, and his doubts as obliging as his jealouſie injurious now; And this Act will let him ſee I never loved any thing but *Lucius*.

Calis. But ſuppoſe *Lucius* deſpiſe you for this Act.

Cicilia. Why then I will ſuffer for having loved one ſo unworthy.

Calis. If *Lucius* his faults had not their Roots in Love and jealouſie I ſhould not defend him; me-thinks I ſhould love him more for doubting his fortune, then for a ſaucy confidence of me, till I was his; There muſt be ſomething, Madam, of the vain and inſolent, that pretend to love, and wooe without fear, or doubt; *Rage in a Lover I ſhould take for Love it ſelf*; If *Lucius* had loved another, then a high Revenge were due; But all your anger ſtrives to puniſh him for loving you; ſuppoſe a friend falls, ſuppoſe he goes aſtray, ſuppoſe he be ſick, ſhall we then be angry? one of theſe is *Lucius* his caſe.

Cicilia.

Cicilia. This I know, and that *Orante*'s body is furniſh'd with a mind more miſhap'd; one that will omit no means to gain his ends; one whoſe Luſt prevails with him more then Honour or Conſcience, which beaſt in the mind adds even to his deformity, and has bred ſuch an invincible hatred againſt me; Yet now I will ſtoop even to that hate, and ſuffer my ſelf to be miſerable beyond example; My time will be the ſhorter to out-live the injuries of ſo falſe a man as *Lucius*.

Calis. But what have we that are your friends, or Prince *Amadeo* done, that you ſhould puniſh us?

Cicilia. I have ſaid Prince *Amadeo* has too many Virtues; and could I love again he were the man; This I ſaid when I thought my ſelf happieſt, elſe I ſhould not ſay it now; This I ſaid, when I refuſed *Amadeo*, elſe I ſhould not ſay it now when *Lucius* has refuſed me; And when thou ſeeſt him tell him this ſtory, he will hate *Lucius*, and pity me, who will puniſh my ſelf and become fit for his pity, for not having been wiſe enough to preſerve my ſelf fit for his Love, of which crime *Lucius* was the original guilt.

Calis. Can you forgive *Orante* all his deformities, all the ſins and wickedneſſes that are natural to him, and marry what you have ever loathed, and not forgive *Lucius* that loves you, *Lucius* that you have loved, one fault, one crime? A ſin yet to be diſputed, whether it be ſo in Love or no; for Jealouſie was once Love, Jealouſie in the root none doubts is Love; 'Tis true, what the fruit may be is doubtful; But *Lucius* his Jealouſie yet has onely born unhandſome fears, paſſionate cholerick words.

Cicilia. O *Calis*, thou art yet to ſeek what abuſed Love is, thy Fortune was kind by chance, that made thee alwayes love unbeloved again; But when thou ſhalt be ſought to by divers Gallant Men, till thy free Heart fix on one whom thy kindneſs will oblige above the world; When neither Honour, Perſon, nor parts could tempt thee; when, like me, thou ſhalt have loved for Love onely; then to find thy ſelf deceived, ſuſpected, injur'd, and deſpiſed by him for whom thy partial kindneſs has thus made war againſt the world, as I have done for *Lucius*, then thy Honour will fire thy Heart; and rather then not be revenged, like me, ſtrike thorow thy own Breaſt rather then let ſuch a ſin paſs unpuniſhed; Diſdain and Scorn will riſe in the face of Love, when thou ſhalt ſee thy faith and kindneſs accuſed for falſe by one that begg'd at thy feet till his falſe tears had gain'd thy Charity; And now the ſawcy Beggar will proportion and give Rules to my Bounty, and confine that Honour, that pity, that kindneſs, that from a Beggar, made him Maſter of my Heart; This ingrateful, diſſembling, inſolent, jealous, injurious Lover, is *Lucius*; and I by my Folly made ſo miſerable, as to find a pleaſure in being reveng'd on the thing I loved; which deſign to morrow I will purſue: And, by all thy Friendſhip I conjure thee, plead no more againſt my Reſolution; But, in order to thy Oath, prepare for to morrow; and when the chaſe is up we may avoid the company and retire to ſome

place, to put on that disguise which I have already furnish'd, till when Farewell.—— [*Exit* Cicilia.

Calis. Something I must do to prevent this mischief; when she hath spoke with *Manlius* the occasion will be fit; and to morrow, when we return to put on our disguise, I will lead her as by chance into *Juno*'s grove, 'twill be proper to conceal her; And those sacred limits will afford a privacy fit to reconcile us; which being once done, I will break all vows rather then see her throw her self into the loathed embraces of *Orante*, though I will not now oppose her Passion. [*Exit.*

ACT. III. SCEN. IV.

Enter Otho *and* Clorinda.

Otho. THis time has been so full of Tempests, Madam, the storm would scarce give Loves gentle wings leave to flie in the Court; Jealousie and foolish Passion, those Birds of prey, still stooping at his Mothers Doves; And here, where Love should be heard sing, mutinous war has given our Hearts more Alarms then the Camp; But now these troubles are blown over, I shall hope 'tis not unseasonable to invite the Prince to honour our *Hymen*'s with his presence.

Clorinda. Amadeo is yet all the staff *Clorinda* can in Honour lean upon; and I hope he will not refuse this hand now, when I am to walk in paths so strange to *Clorinda* as *Hymen* leads to; For though *Otho* had my hand to be his Bride, yet *Amadeo* most not be forgot, that has alwayes been kind as a Lover, faithful as a Brother; And 'twill shew a kind of insensibleness in me to desire his stay, onely to add to this affliction by seeing others happy, and then to begin his misery; Nor would I punish *Otho* for others faults, by delaying his rights, which I confess are due; This streight your kindness must lead me through. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. I.

Enter Bandito *and* Turnus.

Turnus. SOftly, and follow me; now you have seen him make ready; The first that meets him shoot. Saw you the Prince *Orante?*

Bandito. Not since he went to the *Hermit*'s; 'Tis late, I wonder they stay thus long.

Turnus. Stand close, I hear some body coming.

[*Here enters* Orante *and whistles.*

Orante. Be ready, he comes.

Turnus. Away then, we will follow you. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT.

ACT. IV. SCEN. II.

Enter Lucius *and a* Hermit.

Lucius. MY Brother at your Hermitage?

Hermit. Yes, and *Calis* with him; They are now gone to walk in the Grove, they have some design to morrow, I heard them appoint it; This path will bring us to him; and I am confident when you see him you cannot but pity him; So sad, and so dejected a Mind I never saw, yet I have concealed him all I can.

Lucius. His poor mean Treachery was the first step to my misery; Had he been true to either of us, *Amadeo* had not lived to have acted, or *Lucius* suff'red a second Injury: And all the tyes of Brother can scarce forget his Crime, though I know he hates himself for it.

Hermit. 'Twill be Charity at least to reconcile your self to him.

Lucius. His Injuries are yet too fresh; pray let a day or to pass, and then we will meet at your Cell and embrace; till then, no words of my being here: The Sun is low, and I will retire to your Brothers Hermitage.

ACT. IV. SCEN. III.

Enter Manlius (*solus.*)

Manlius. THe Repentance of this Crime has brought a quiet and a calmness over my Mind; Anger, Jealousie, nor Lust have no longer power over me. One good Resolution has dispers'd them all; I am now Master of my self again, and can with the world see and admire that Star without Ambition of plucking it from Heaven, and aspiring to its place; I could find *Lucius*, and kiss his feet, ask him pardon, and rejoyce to see him possess the blessing I have lost, and, without Envy, hear him call the Divine *Cicilia* his; This storm has made the Harbour sweet; I had such perpetual quiet, such constant happiness, before I knew not the value of it. This Affliction wak'ned me; and if to morrow be fortunate in the Princesses Pardon, all the rest of my dayes will be full of Joy and *Calis* Friendship.

[*Enter* Banditoes *and shoot him, he draws and fights with them, they wound him, and he falls.*

Enter Orante.

Orante. Away, I hear company, leave him.------ [*Exeunt.*

Manlius. Oh my Fate! this is sad to die I know neither how, nor why, and fall ere I have made my Peace with the Princess; a sullen Fate has prevented me to be grateful to *Calis.*

Enter Lucius *and the* Hermit.

Lucius. 'Twas a ſhoot.

Hermit. 'Twas ſo, and in this place, What might it mean?

Lucius. Hark, I hear ſome body groan.

Hermit. Ha! your Brother lies murthered, *Manlius*; Sir, 'tis your Brother calls, he faints, give him aire.

Lucius *runs to him. He ſtirs.*

Lucius. Quickly find his wounds that we may bind them; then we will convey him to your Cell, where I have ſome remedies.

Hermit. Trouble not your ſelf with that; if his wounds be not mortall, I have a Balſam will give him a ſuddain remedy.

Lucius. While you attend this Cure I will find the Murtherer, he cannot be far.

Hermit. Help me to convey his body to the Cell.

Lucius. Poor *Manlius*, thou art my Brother ſtill, for all thy Crimes.—— *Exeunt.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. IV.

Enter Orante *and* Turnus.

Orante. SO, this is paſt, and we are farr enough from ſearch; this poor habit will ſecure us; yet 'tis good to be privately armed, leſt any ſuſpition find us.

Turnus. To night he cannot be found in that unfrequented place, and our buſineſs will be done early in the Morning.

Orante. Where ſhall we expect her?

Turnus. Upon the entrance into the wood, where we can ſtand and ſee them undiſcovered; when they are entred ſeize and bind them, and convey them to *Juno*'s Grove, whoſe privacy will be fit for our deſign; For being ſacred to the Roman Deities, none will come there to diſturb us: The Act once done, you may reſolve to quit this ſhape and ſtay; or protected by your diſguiſe thus eſcape.

Orante. I am not ſatisfied with your leaving *Manlius*: The fellow ſaies he was not dead, and believes his wounds but ſleight.

Turnus. Sleight? A ſhot and two thruſts, that you may ſee thorow him; if he licks them whole time enough to hurt us, I would have the *Pretor* keep him to lick the Army, inſtead of leading them, he will heal them as ſoon as a Charm; Beſides, I have no Malice to him, he was alwayes a good plain fighting fellow, that would never talk much; one that when he was out-witted would repair to his hand ſtill, and uſe his cold Iron as his laſt Argument: I have ſeen him ſo beat a better wit then himſelf, for diſputing with him beyond his Reaſon, that he could have wiſh'd himſelf a fool to have been out of his hands: Beſides, he is none of our Enemy in this quarrel; Alaſs, he is as angry as we, a poor deſpiſed Lover, and mutinies againſt Prince and Brother; He is a lame Cripple of *Cupids*, that hath both the blind ones againſt him;

Love

Love and Fortune are both his Enemies, and a Man need no more affliction in this world then to be in Love, and have thoſe two declare againſt him.

Orante. Let us not part to night, that we may be ſure to attend our deſign to morrow.—— [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. V.

Enter Lyſander *and* Dyon.

Lyſander. THe Princes are both in their Chambers, and now a making ready for the Chaſe.

Dyon. But *Manlius* is miſſing, and *Lucius* though baniſhed, is not far off; His Peace is made by the generous Prince *Amadeo*, and was for certain, laſt night, at the Gardiners little houſe in the Grove; *Calis* confeſſes ſhe brought him thither, and that he flew from her in a Rage when he ſaw the Prince *Amadeo* taking his leave of the Princeſs *Cicilia*, and miſtook their parting for a concluſion of what his jealouſie has apprehended; This, if you meet him, you are to aſſure him of from *Calis* and my ſelf, that his mind may find ſome peace; Let us divide our ſelves, he was ſeen to enter this wood, and his Horſe was taken up this Morning looſe; I will take this path, and we will meet in the place where the Hounds are uncoupled; Let not the *Pretor* know he is hereabouts, till we have ſpoken with him.

Lyſander. I ſhall obſerve; but if there were no other way to women then theſe Princes find *Lyſander* would curſe his Starrs; Doſt thou think there is ſo much to boot betwixt a woman and a woman as theſe foxes pretend? If there be, I thank the Gods for my ignorance, that underſtand not the difference of the commodity in my practice; Sweet, and young, and kind, if ſound, goes farr, and when they were alone they would all hear Reaſon that I have had to do with: But here is ſuch fighting, and ſighing, ſuch hunting and ioſing, and ſquatting, ſtarting, and turning of a Coney, ſuch erring, ſwearing and ſtaring, and Puſs is as angry as any of the kennel of Mad-men that hunt her. Are all *Roman* Princeſſes thus hard to be caught? Sure he that gets this will not complain ſhe is tough; And if a hunted Miſtriſs be a good Bed-fellow, bid him put this in cruſt; I warrant her ſhe will eat ſhort, yet I have heard a Lover ſay, his Miſtreſs Heart cannot be too ſoft, nor her Arſe too hard to make a ſervant good ſawce.

Dyon. Beaſt, ſuch a deſcription I expected from thy Camp, and ſucklers obſervations; And how many ſervants does't thou think Gentle-folks can in Honour make happy?

Lyſander. In a Day and a Night, how do you mean?

Dyon. No, no, in all her life, fool?

Lyſander. Why, a Regiment of Horſe, and a Brigade of Foot, I dare ſay, *Fauſtina* has paſt ſo many pikes as that comes to; and yet ſhe works for her living, and has no good convenience to diſpatch her buſineſs neither; had ſhe time and opportunities

that

that your idle Ladies throw away; their ſeveral rooms, and loneneſs when they pleaſe; ſhe would have done brave things.

Dyon. If I had malice enough to publiſh this in the Court, how the women would all to behang thee for this roguiſh opinion; why I tell thee, 'tis ſometimes ſeven year ere a good ſufficient Lover gets leave to kiſs his Miſtreſs, and fourteen ere ſhe kiſs him again; but to let two men kiſs her, Hereſie, and they are burnt; I never heard of but one that was ſeduced, or perſwaded to that Hereſie; and the Rogue told of her, but no body durſt believe him; for the Plague is not more mortal then ſuch a diſcovery againſt a Platonick Lover of this age.

Lyſand. And do we take pains to preſerve this Race of Fools? prithee, let them find and kill each other, to the end of the Chapter; S'death, if my Lady, or her woman, ſhould deny to do me reaſon when ſhe had time to anſwer my Queſtion; By this hilt I would hide this blade in her belly; A pox of this fooling, Does your Prince uſe my Princeſs ſo? By this hand, if I did not think he had knocked her down ere this I would poyſon him; ſhe is a blade, in faith, *Dyon*, none of your no forſooth, none of your whyning no fies: By this hand, if ſhe does not ſtrike firſt ſhe has couzen'd *Lyſander*; heark, I hear the horn ſound in the plain.

Dyon. Farewel then, till the Chaſe is done; and then I will bring you to *Calis*, and ſhe ſhall make you a Platonick Lover.

Lyſand. I will be gelt as ſoon as be converted by that whyning Broker; ſhe is *Cupid*'s Baud, and withers in her Petti-coat, for one of thoſe thouſand Curt'ſies ſhe has done for others, ſhe loves men for loving other folks, and ſhe has reaſon; for unleſs ſhe mends her face ſhe will ſcarce do it, for loving her; *Calis*'s old ſayings, and I had as many Maiden-heads as ſhe has brok'd away, I would not be diſ-virginated in a year; ſhe hunts *Manlius* counter; and if he go on when will they meet, leſs in a Comedy? where to ſee an old reverend Maid that has ſate ſeven ages in a Court Receiver of Loves Cuſtoms, at laſt, pretend with Arguments to perſwade a Souldier to the love of ſhadows, Platonique friendſhip, 'twill be as ridiculous as the Miller that laid the Sack upon his neck, and then got up to eaſe his Mare. Farewel, *Dyon.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. VI.

Enter Lucius, *and* Hermit.

Lucius. NEither this laſt night, nor this morning, could I find any that I could ſuſpect for this murther; thoſe were the Keepers, and to them I dare not be ſeen; the woods are full of people, ſure the Pretor hunts to day.

Herm. He does ſo, I ſpake with the Maſter of the Game this morning when they were pitching of the Toyles.

Lucius. I loſt my horſe laſt night, and I fear I may be diſcovered by him; therefore I will retire; and if you can diſcover any news in your Cell I will expect you; I will to my Brother, who ſince he

he has reſted gives me hope his arm will not hinder our ſearch in finding out who it was that ſhot him.

Herm. I have perſwaded him to eat ſomething; faſting and loſs of blood are both dangerous for him; I will mingle my ſelf among the people, and to all but *Calis* conceal your abode.

Lucius. Pray do ſo, and tell her *Manlius* and my ſelf are reconcil'd, but mention not his being hurt.

Herm. I obſerve you. [*Exit* Hermit.

Lucius. How unreaſonable a thing an enraged man is! ſince I have liſtned to *Manlius* his diſcourſe I find the fault my heart has committed againſt the divine *Cicilia* ſuch as I cannot hope for pardon; a fault ſo great and ſo unjuſt I am ſo far from believing ſhe will forgive me, I cannot forgive my ſelf; what a fool a Lover may be? what beaſt but *Lucius* could have doubted *Cicilia?* there is a folly in jealouſie, and a kind of cowardize; I wonder any thing that is man, and has converſt with honour, could let it prevail over his thoughts; there is nothing ſo maliciouſly bent to the deſtruction of Love and Honour as jealouſie; it ſtrikes at the firſt blow the root of both honours, the Lovers and the Loved; it calls her what is not fit to be beloved, and tells her we are uncapable of loving; that low paſſion calls our ſelves what we would not hear another ſay, nor live with that man that we believe thinks ſo; *Lyſander* had reaſon when he deſpis'd my jealouſie, becauſe it confeſt my Rival deſerv'd better then my ſelf; elſe my Miſtreſs is either a fool or falſe vanity; though it be poyſon to love, yet in this caſe a little is Phyſick, and allowed to defend us againſt the danger of jealouſie; all Treacles have ſome poyſon, which like the key open the door to let the Cordial in; vanity in a healthy proportion, and taken in ſeaſon, may do our ſelves juſtice, and defend our loves; and *Cicilia* would ſooner have forgiven *Lucius* a little vanity then this jealouſie; *Lucius* might have ſaid, what if *Amadeo* be a Prince, and *Lucius* a ſubject; is not *Cicilia* a Princeſs too? and what though the world prefer *Amadeo*, ſhe has choſen *Lucius*; and if I have grace in her eyes, let him be happy where he will: what if *Amadeo* have *Otho*'s conſent, while I have *Cicilia*'s faith? this I ought to have whiſper'd to my ſoul; and when my fears apprehended *Amadeo*'s perſon, or his parts, my thoughts ſhould have prompted me, *Cicilia* had honour and friendſhip for *Lucius*; and thoſe thoughts would have ſmother'd that fire which jealous anger bred in my unfortunate breaſt; and rather have dy'd then doubted the fair *Cicilia*, while intemperate love, I fear, has thrown down the Altar we were ſo long a building; unleſs her goodneſs will ſtill act more of the Deity then *Lucius* of the fool or mad-man.

Enter to him the Hermit.

Herm. Sir, the Foreſt is full of people; the Pretor and the ſtranger Princes are all abroad; the Game was up, and all men inquired for you and your Brother; your horſe was taken up this morning; I ſaw the Princeſs *Cicilia*, *Calis* was with her, they are both ſad; 'tis my opinion you retire till *Calis* come.

Lucius. I will follow you; men in miſ-fortunes have a large

Stage

Stage to ſhew themſelves upon; and he that Acts well, be his part never ſo Tragical, leaves the blame upon his Stars; I am now engaged, Love and Honour have brought me on; and though jealouſie has made me ſtray, yet thoſe guides will find the way.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. VII.

Enter Calis, *and* Cicilia. *They ſtrip themſelves of their upper Garments, and remain in Boys habit, they are followed by* Orante *and the* Bandito.

Cicil. IN this diſguiſe I will make my revenge perfect, though my fortune be miſerable; 'tis not *Orante*'s deformed body, and ſoul crookeder then his back, loſt his fame, low as his condition, and a nature worſe then his fortune, ſhall make me change my reſolution; to whoſe loathed embraces I will now fly; yet here I confeſs, death's cold lean arms would be welcomer far, could I then ſee *Lucius* miſerable; no reply, as thou loveſt me, but haſte to the place of our retreat till this buſineſs is over.

Enter Orante, *like an old Beggar-Woman, leaning upon her Staff.*

Oran. Stay, fond Girls, and know your fates from me; Weak and poor your deſigns are; you may vow to what gods you pleaſe; but here in this place you ſhall find your Deſtiny at his utmoſt date, born to enjoy nothing but what you fear and hate; ſieze upon them.

Enter Bandito *and* Turnus, *they ſieze upon them, cover their heads, and force them away.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. VIII.

Enter Amadeo, *and* Lyſander.

Amadeo. PRithee, *Lyſander*, ſtay; my heart bodes ſome ill, there is a heavineſs upon it will not let me enjoy neither the Company nor the ſport to day; ſaw you which way the Princeſs *Cicilia* went?

Lyſander. Calis and ſhe entred the Wood but now, and ſee where their Clothes lie.

They look on the Clothes, They ſearch their Pockets.

Amadeo. Heaven, what may thoſe pretend? Some violence ſure, Murder, Treaſon.

Lyſander. Undoubted, Thieves would have taken their clothes; ſee, there is money in their pockets, and a paper directed to *Lucius*; hold, Sir, I apprehend from this paper the Princeſs has taken ſome reſolution to abſent her ſelf from the Court, to avoid being ſollicited in your highneſs behalf; for, faulty as he is, ſhe loves *Lucius*.

Amadeo. It muſt be ſo, let us away, and find the Prince; Bring the

the clothes, that they may know the chance, I cannot gueſs enough to ſatisfie my troubled mind, my fears have robb'd me of my Reaſon; See the Prince.

Enter Otho, Clorinda, *and* Marius.

Otho. What means this?

Amadeo. Here in this place we found them, and this Letter directed to *Lucius*.

Marius. Heaven guard my Child.

Clorinda. All the gods protect the Princeſs.

Otho. From all but her own Paſſion I believe ſhe is ſafe; but I know her heart is troubled at *Lucius* his Jealouſie; I fear ſhe has taken ſome deſperate reſolution; Pray, Sir, open that Letter; for I am confident ſhe there tells him all her thoughts.

Marius *reads the Letter. He gives them the Paper.*

Marius. Ha, *Orante*! to find *Orante*? to give him her vows, and faith for ever, to marry *Orante*, to be reveng'd on *Lucius*, [*all* Orante? *Read, Read,*] my eyes are loſt in tears; *Otho*, your ſeverity has forc'd her to this Juſtification of her love to *Lucius*.

Otho. Away, Sir, let us all divide, and beſet the Wood, they cannot eſcape, 'tis but now we parted; for heavens ſake diſperſe, leſt the ſad delay beget the Curſe ſhe threatens, *Orante*'s bride? a Grave rather, good heaven, then ſee her in that loathed place.

Clorinda. If we can find her, Sir, all is ſafe; I know, ſhe has ſo much kindneſs, honour, and duty, ſhe will not refuſe to give up her trouble and paſſion to your Authority; I know 'tis onely Melancholly, and diſpleaſure againſt *Lucius*; Which kindneſs from your Highneſs will in a little time remove. She ſtill with tears lamented to me your Highneſs ſeverity, and that of late the brother was quite buried in you, and all you ſaid or did was full of the Statesman, and the Prince, without a thought of her love, nor the leaſt kind ſenſe of her, or her wiſhes; and being thus abandoned by a brother, wanting ſome kind friend, to lament; to ſadneſs, and grief, having no vent, *Lucius* his Injuries has made her take this deſperate reſolution; and I am glad *Calis* is with her, a perſon of too much honour and diſcretion to conſent to this deſign, though ſhe may ſeem to comply with her paſſion.

Amadeo. However, let us not delay finding of her, and I believe 'tis fit conceal our knowledge of this Paper till her minde be quieted.

Marius. Divide then; *Otho*, come you along with me.

Amadeo. *Lyſander*, let us take this path. --- No *Clorinda*, there is your path; Bluſh not gentle Maid, *Otho* is a Prince, whoſe friendſhip no Maid ought to be aſham'd of; Be faithful to him and his fortune, dear *Clorinda*; Elſe all the kindneſs thou ſtealeſt from him is not worth the taking; Love and Honour him next the gods, let *Otho* poſſeſs thy heart, and then thou art kind to *Amadeo*.

Clorinda *would follow* Amadeo, *and he ſtops her.*

Otho. This generoſity in *Amadeo* is more chains then thoſe we load Our Captives with, and I willingly ſtoop to him; for 'tis no diſhonour to be overcome by Prince *Amadeo*; the great Example

of Honour and friendſhip; But if the unfortunate *Cicilia* had not been condemn'd to miſery ſhe might have paid a part of this Debt; But fate that gave ſuch a Jewel to the world as *Clorinda*, and *Amadeo*, knew too well their Price, and therefore appointed them for fortune, not merit, to poſſeſs.

Clorinda. Any time but this my thirſty ſoul would watch ages to drink the Joy it has, to hear you vie who ſhould love each other beſt, while I ſmile to ſee how much a maid out-loves you both; which I do, or my heart deceives me; for I am ſure I would. And what a lover kindly would is to a Lover Currant pay; for Love is all as happy, and as obliging in the will, when 'tis placed upon a Noble Subject, as the Act it ſelf; But we loſe time, and with that hazard the moſt precious things of the Earth; *Otho*'s ſiſter, and *Amadeo*'s Friend, which Title Reaſon and her Paſſion both have given me.

Amadeo. In the plains we will meet if we miſs them in the Woods.

Clorinda. Haſte, *Amadeo*; a Lovers Eye is as curious in his ſearch as the *Cretan* hound in Chaſe; and my divining ſoul tells me *Amadeo* muſt find her though he loſe himſelf. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

Enter Manlius, *and* Lucius, (*as from the* Hermitage.)

Lucius. O *Manlius*, the gods then decreed my ruine when they let thee fall from Honour; Thy wilde Injuries diſtracted me; A Brother and a Friend at once I loſt, and at a time when I had moſt need of Counſel, Anger having broke her bounds, deſpiſing love and reaſon; and that hedge thrown down all the ills that uncollected man is capable of, like weeds, poſſeſt my wild breaſt, and over-ran my mind.

Manlius. I cannot but wonder at your Jealouſie for thoſe few days paſt, when I was ſo bold in ill as to tell her my crime; ſhe was then all *Lucius*'s; The gods and my Brother had onely Intereſt in her heart; Nor can I, in all your diſcourſe, gather one cauſe of anger but her ſilence, that onely was her fault; for ſhe was not in Paſſion though *Lucius* was; and therefore her friendſhip ſhould calmly have cleared his doubts, and rather have quenched his anger with kindneſs then have kindled hers at his paſſion.

Lucius. No more, dear *Manlius*; though thou art now my dear Brother, yet from thee my kindneſs muſt not hear the leaſt detracting word, not a thought that tends to accuſing the Princeſs; 'Tis the Quarrel I have againſt my ſelf, which no friend ſhall reconcile; I hate *Lucius* for that ſin ſo much, that thy kindneſs, which is now new heat by a happy reconciliation, and would now receive all impreſſions from thee eaſier and readier then before our unkindneſs; I muſt not hear thee ſpeak in that ſtrain: ſhall I, that would not have heard my boſome friend ſay the Princeſs loved *Lucius*, endure

endure to hear it told me, ſhe is falſe? as if her love had been a Crime or ſin, and her falſhood a virtue? No, dear *Manlius*, thou canſt witneſs, with a Sacred Reverence We held our Loves, till this fatal Jealouſie robb'd me of my Reaſon.

Manlius. Reaſon had ſaved us both, But the gods will not let Reaſon be always in Seaſon; Men came too near their Deity, did not our Paſſions maſter us, could we keep them tame and low, how quickly our hearts would have found the precipice we ſtood upon; When we both made it our buſineſs to find arguments to hate what we loved, and with tongues and words ſtrove to publiſh to the world that lie that ſaid *Manlius* hated *Lucius*, or *Lucius* could hate *Cicilia.*

Luc. And I, that all my days deſpiſed the worlds opinion, and their way of love: Did we love like the common people? Did we make the world our Judge, or guide to love by? No, no, nor ſhall their depraved Cuſtoms ſtand Examples for *Lucius* now his Reaſon is returned. How I will oppoſe her paſt favors againſt my preſent fears, and they will defend *Lucius*; This thought, and ſuch a friend as *Manlius* yeſterday might have ſaved me from this miſery; He might have told me how late I came to Court; When love with all his ſtrength had beſieged her heart, youth and beauty, honour and fortune, power and wealth, were there ſeconded by all that were famous for Arts or Parts; Thus engaged I found her heart, yet their Batteries, nor Mines, nor Aſſaults, nor Intelligence within, could win the Excellent *Cicilia*; who, with honour made defence, till *Lucius*, (Then too happy *Lucius*) came and rais'd the ſiege; In which he ſuch glory got, he ſtood the envy of the gods and men, till this Curſed Jealouſie ſtruck him to the Earth.

Manlius. Had not I been mad too, a friend might have ſaved us both; a Friend is the ſtaff and ſafety of our Peace; he might have ſaid, ſhall we, when a friend loſes a Limb, or Childe, or any other the leſſer gifts of Fortune; Or if by ſickneſs afflicted, will *Lucius* in theſe caſes be ſad, and ſhew an Extraordinary kindneſs in Tears, or diligence to give them Comfort; and when his Miſtreſs has broke her Faith, or loſt her Honour, will he then be angry, and ſeek a Revenge? how unreaſonable were ſuch an Action, to add his afflictions to the ſhame and trouble of her mind; her guilt would be load enough without thy hatred or thy anger; ſooner fatal wounds ſhould let out my life, to baniſh from her ſight an Object that upbraids her, e're I revil'd the name I lov'd; ſuch a hate declares 'twas ſelf-love, elſe thou wouldſt pity her now; and in this ſickneſs of her mind, at all rates of mercy and kindneſs, compaſs her peace; ſuch a generous ſilence, and handſome bearing of her Injuries would ſpeak thy love to her; and who knows what ſuch a Cordial may work upon the moſt deſperate diſeaſe that love is ſubject to, and reſtore her heart, or at leaſt pay that debt *Lucius* owes her, whoſe mercy could not ſee him ſad, but at the rate of her ſelf once bought his Peace.

Lucius. O *Manlius*, chide me ſtill, chide me, till my bluſhing ſoul has with ſhame and hatred of my ſelf expiated my guilt.

Manlius. Heark, Sir, the Noiſe of people draws this way, pray let us retire; and if *Calis* can prevail with the Princeſs, here you may find an unexpected bleſſing, for ſhe has promiſed me aſſoon as they can loſe the Company, to guide her, as if 'twere by chance, to this place, to beg her pardon for that fault which you muſt both forgive; But I would not have her ſee you, till *Calis* be acquainted with with your being here; Heark, they draw near, pray let us retire. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCEN. II.

Enter Orante, Turnus, *and* Bandito, *leading in* Cicilia *and* Calis.

Cicilia. O *Calis*, 'tis *Orante*, I know his voyce through his diſguiſe.

Turnus. 'Tis ſo.

Orante. Yes, 'tis *Orante*, That *Orante* your ſcorn and Malice ſo lively deſcribed even now; But thy knowledge of him will coſt thee dear; for when I have took my pleaſure of thee prepare to die, I will try if your Curious Lover can find by thoſe ſteps which my Luſt ſhall leave on thy proud Body, who it was trod down thy Virgin Flower; Know fond woman, thy ſcorn has made me hide ſelf in a thouſand ſhapes; But to take a full Revenge, which I now ſhall do, by thine own folly; This Occaſion *Calis* gave me; for which *Manlius* ſhall thank her; for know ('twice betray'd) thou art come hither to meet the luſt of *Manlius*, who here was appointed to expect thee; But that danger my Intereſt, not hate to him, nor kindneſs to thee, has removed; And when thoſe Souldiers have entertain'd themſelves with *Calis*, they will ſhew her where ſhe may buſie her ſelf with burying of him.

Calis. O monſter, unheard of Villany!

Orante. 'Tis high revenge to vex you, and to have in my power to force what your ſcorn would not give; and now know, all the Treaſure that the Earth has ſhewn, or hid; All that Treaſon has bought or Sold; All that the Sword hath won or loſt; All that Love hath given, or luſt has coſt, ſhall not buy from me this Revenge; *Turnus*, bind her, and then leave us.

Cicilia. Calis, O Heaven, do'ſt thou ſee this, and not protect the Innocent? [*She reſiſts.*

While they are binding her, Orante *kiſſes her by Force, while they hold her.*

Orante. How ſweet this Roſe ſmells; Much more Honey is there in this Nectar, then in that *Jove* drinks; Diſpatch, *Turnus*, that my ſoul may be drunk with Beauty and Revenge; Let Heaven frown another Age upon *Orante*, if Fortune would but give him ſuch another Revenge.

Turnus. They are tongue-ty'd already.

Orante

Orante. Dumb, *Cicilia?* How their Hearts ſwell, now they play *Orantes* part, her Heart would burſt now to be revenged; This is that paſtime your ſcorn uſed to take upon *Orante*; Come diſpatch, no reſiſtance. -----A Bracelet of this *Orante* now might wear without wooing for, but that *Lucius* and *Amadeo* would be jealous. *He holds her by the hair and kiſſes her.*

Cicilia. Ye Gods, what words can expreſs this villany! what voice can ſpeak the Injuries and Rage my Soul ſuffers! Heaven in Thunder tell this monſter what I deſigned for him; and then to puniſh that crime ſave but my Honour, and let thy lightning ſtrike him through this unfortunate breaſt.

Turnus. S' death, I think they have gotten mens minds and ſtrength with their breeches; A Jury that ſhould condemn your Highneſs of a Rape upon either of theſe two alone, ought to be hanged themſelves for falſe Rogues; 'Twere an oven lay a Jury did not do it; S' death, ſhe bites, and ſcratches, hold her hands, a pox.---S' death, you whore, had it been a little higher it had ſped my plough: What ſhall we do now? ſhe will be miſchievous. -- ——— Turnus *ſtruggles all this while to bind her.*

{ Orante *takes her by one hand, and ſtruggles with her, ſhe ſnatches his dagger from his pocket and ſtabs him; he leaps off, and ſhe ſtabs* Turnus: *He looks on the wound, and runs at her with his ſword,* Orante *beats down the thruſt.*

Orante. Hell upon it, kill her, and I will enjoy her while ſhe is warm; any thing rather then let her have her ſullen will to die a Maid, and rob me of my Revenge.

[*He runs at her, ſhe puts by the ſword.*

Cicilia. Hold, Villain, till I have ſpoke, and then do what Hell and thou ſhalt decree; for having thus ſecured my Honour from thy force I can ſmile on death. From my laſt words take this truth, and believe me; though thou hateſt me, I am not ſo wicked voluntarily to go to my grave with an uſeleſs lie in my mouth; Stir not, leave that vain thought that bids you hope to diſarm me; for know, though this dagger and a feeble arm be not able to defend *Cicilia*; Yet ſhe has Honour enough to defend her Honour, and kill *Cicicilia*, which I ſhall do upon the firſt ſtep that moves this way. Know then, thou haſt prevented thy own Fortune, for witneſs Heaven, (to which thou haſt now forced me take a haſty journey) my buſineſs and this diſguiſe was to find an occaſion to give my ſelf to *Orante* for a Bride, if he would have received me.

Orante. Ha! it cannot be, this lie will not ſave you.

Cicilia. No, monſter, 'tis ſo much truth I will not be ſaved; for I confeſs, I ought to die for having ſo baſe a thought; Yet becauſe thou ſhalt believe what I ſay, thou owe'ſt me nothing for that deſire; for had *Lucius* been worth the having, or *Cicilia* worth the preſenting to generous *Amadeo*, *Orante* ſhould never have had her; whom my Soul feared and loathed, and my Heart divining ſome horrid villany from thee, has alwayes trembled at thy Name; and but to puniſh my ſelf and jealous *Lucius*, *Orante* had ſunk unthought of.

Orante.

Orante. Riddles, by Heaven Riddles; But I shall find an *Oedipus* to read them.

Calis. No monster, the truth is too sad; And hadst thou been a Man of Honour, and fit for any *Hymens* but one enraged and blind with Passion, *Amadeo* had this day been happy; But his Honour made him unhappy, having as much noblenes more then weight, as thy base mind was poor and destitute of good.

Cicilia. 'Tis truth she tells thee, and now I defie thee. This kind Remedy Heaven has sent me against all my past miseries; And thy horrid intents are the loud calls, the Gods have used to bid me make haste to them; and if thou movest one step this way, thus I go.

Orante. Shall foolish fear or pity make me afraid to embrace or enjoy *Cicilia?* Fond Girl, dost thou believe I will lose thee when there is onely the difficulty of a dagger betwixt us? No, proud fair one, thou art mine in the spite of Fate; even in thy dying groans, 'tis decreed, I will enjoy thee.——

[*He runs to her, she stabs her self, he closes and struggles with her for the dagger.*

Calis. Help, Rape, Murther, Treason, help, Murther, Treason, Rape, help for Heavens sake, Treason, Treason, O horrid Villains! —— [*They struggle still.*

Orante. Stop her mouth.——

[*A* Souldier *goes to her and stops her mouth.*

Sould. Hold your prating, or I shall cut your wezill.

Enter Lucius *and* Manlius, *with his Arm in a scarfe, with their swords drawn.*

Manlius. This way the noise called, 'twas a womans voice that cried for help; Ha! See, Sir, the same that wounded me last night.— [*They set upon them, all fight,* Lucius *kills* Turnus, Manlius *kills one of the* Bandito's, *while a* Souldier *shoots* Lucius; *He falls,* Orante *wounds* Manlius, *and he falls, the third* Souldier *falls too;* Orante *onely remains upon his feet, goes to* Lucius, *disarms, and treads upon him.*

Orante. So, this danger is past; and there is yet enough left of the proud *Cicilia* to satisfie my Revenge.

Lucius and ***Manlius.*** *Cicilia*, and *Calis*, Heaven! what chance, what calamity is this?

Cicilia. Dost thou wonder, false Man, to see the ruine thy jealous Soul has made of all our happiness? Murther, Self-murther, Rape and dishonour threatned, Self-murther, whose black path thy jealous Heart has forced me to tread, to save that Honour *Lucius* would first have ravished. Live, and find all that thou mistrustedst innocent; And, for thy Curse, let them thou trustest next be as false as *Lucius.*

Lucius. O my Fate! Why have I liv'd to see this day? *Orante*, be yet so kind in thy crime as kill me. Durst thou stab? Hadst thou

thou a power to ſtrike that breaſt, and find remorſe at mine that am thy Rival? Villain, or kill me, or be ſure thy hated ſoul ſhall never ſleep in that curſed body of thine, though when 'tis let out 'twill but change Hells; Dog, doſt thou ſmile upon our miſeries?

Cicil. Thy jealouſie ſtruck deeper, and more fatal, then his Dagger; that gave the firſt wound, that ſtruck my fame, and wounded more then his fury can; falſe and unkind, thou deceiv'ſt my heart, and wert falſe to her that loved thee; this wretch has only acted that my hatred ever feared; the world expected nothing better from *Orante*, branded and mark'd from heaven, and deſpis'd by men; But *Lucius*, jealous *Lucius*, has deceived both gods and men; and abus'd their truſt; but theſe wounds, I hope, will juſtifie me, and puniſh *Lucius*, and deceive the hopes of curſed *Orante*. [*She faints and falls.*

Lucius. Heaven lend your hand, to ſave the Princeſs.---O, my fate!---- [*He offers to riſe and falls.*

Cal. If I were looſe, I might call for help.

Manl. Like Birds with broken wings we lye expecting ſad fates, to be the ſpoil and ſcorn of the fooliſh fowler; ſure I have ſo much ſtrength as to crawle to *Calis*.

[*While he crawles to* Calis, *and unbinds her*; Orante *lifts up* Cicilia.

Oran. She is faint, but not dead, now ſhe is tame enough; ſee *Lucius*, this was your *Cicilia*; there is beauty and pleaſure even in her duſt. [*He kiſſes her.*

Lucius and *Manlius.* Villain, Murderer.

Lucius. Oh ye gods! lend but ſo much ſtrength as to ſave the nobleſt of women. [Orante *laughs.*

Oran. Sure heaven's kind to *Orante*; what muſick there is in their cries.

Cal. Help, Murder; Treaſon, help! [*Exit* Calis.

Oran. Ha! looſe, I muſt not loſe; time when I have diſpatch'd this, then prepare your ſelves to bear us company.------*Lucius*, this kiſs grew upon *Cicilia*'s lips, fruits deſign'd for thee jealous fool, which thus I gather, leſt it wither on the Tree. Farewel, *Lucius*, the ſcorn'd *Orante* with all this deformity will leave thee to imagine the reſt; be all the world curs'd, ſo I am bleſt.

Lucius and *Manlius.* Help heaven, Murder and Treaſon.

[*As* Orante *goes, he meets* Amadeo *and* Calis *at the door.*

Oran. Ha! *Amadeo* and *Calis*; then Fortune's a whore, Lye thou there; yet he is alone, and *Orante* never fear'd a ſingle ſword. ----Hold, 'tis enough; death could never have come ſo unwelcome as now; had he ſtaid his viſit till my revenge had been perfect I would have ſaved thy ſword this pains; for I had no ſuch fooliſh thought as to out-live this day, in which I would have made ſome as fit for graves as *Orante*; Hell on that Sun-ſhine that made me believe there was one hour of joy deſtin'd for *Orante*; my fate is now all ſpun in one thred; from the firſt to the laſt accurs'd.

Cal. O, Sir; leave talking with that monſter, and lend your help here to ſave the Princeſs, that now breathes her laſt breath, murther'd by that horrid villain.

Orante *kiſſes her.* *He kiſſes her again.* *He takes her up in his arms, and tarries her out.* *They fight,* Calis *unbinds the Princeſs, takes up a ſword, and runs to kill* Orante, *juſt as he falls under* Amadeo.

Amad.

Amad. The Princeſs! Heaven forbid. [*He goes to the Princeſs.*

Oran. There is muſick in that voyce, ſo ſhe dyes; I care not ſo no body elſe has her, 'tis no pain to loſe her,

Cicil. O *Calis*, is it thy arms that embrace me?

Cal. Yes, Madam, and your fears are blown over by Prince *Amadeo*, ſent from heaven to revenge, and ſave our honours.

[*The* Hermit *runs for a Balſam, and the Alarm is gone to the Pretor and her Brother.*

Cicil. Prince *Amadeo!* are his hands ſent from heaven to heal the wounds *Lucius* gave a heart that loved him beyond her Reaſon; for I know, 'twas her blindneſs in me that neglected *Amadeo*; but faith and paſſion muſt plead for me, yet this truth let me leave with you; though I liv'd by love and vows *Lucius*'s; yet his injuries have made me room to dye *Amadeo*'s; who had my value in ſpite of my paſſion: do not deſpiſe me, Sir; for though this heart once ſwell'd with *Lucius*, proud of that name, while he was faithful; yet ſince he could doubt, it breaks with *Amadeo*. There lies that falſe man that beat it from him, when it purſu'd him with all that love and kindneſs could pay; 'twas his ignorance in the value made him neglect ſuch a Jewel, whil'ſt I too much priz'd his broken friendſhip which has broke my heart; yet by all the peace he has robb'd me of I have not loſt one grain of honour the gods gave me in truſt, but what his jealous heart has ſtoln from me, and pull'd ſtrange curſes down.

Lucius. Hold, gentle *Cicilia*, ceaſe to find a new curſe; your hate is mortal enough; and if your wounds give you leave, you will find *Lucius* needs no enemy but *Lucius*; ſince he has lived to dye unpiti'd, unlamented by *Cicilia*'s, who ſhall make his funeral fire ſince ſhe has frown'd upon him? ſhe ſaid *Lucius* was falſe; who then will mourn him? ſhe has condemn'd; after whoſe ſentence he ſcorns to live; *Cicilia* liv'd *Lucius*'s, and dyes *Amadeo*'s; O heaven, after ſhe has condemn'd him, why ſhould your thunder ſpare *Lucius*? yet thus innocent he will fall, and theſe wounds witneſs *Lucius*'s innocence, who liv'd and dy'd *Cicilia*'s; whoſe name only fill'd his heart, and with it thus it breaks; to ſhew that jealouſie, though it be a weed, yet it ſprings from noble ſeed, and no where to be found but in Loves richeſt ground; a ſad truth avowed by pale *Lycoris*, and proved by unfortunate *Lucius*.

He ſtabs himſelf.

Cicil. O, what has he done! O hold his hand, for Heavens ſake.

Lucius. What have I done? why, I have let out cruel *Cicilia*, that ſhe might flow to Prince *Amadeo*?

Manl. O *Lucius*, Brother, Friend; what has thy raſh hand done?

Lucius. I have done that I would always do to the man the Princeſs *Cicilia* hates, deſtroy'd him; yet this advantage my ſtory will have, I found no peace after ſhe withdrew her friendſhip; yet my crime was only exceſs of love, unpractis'd love; dear *Manlius* knows I was ſo unpractis'd in loves paſſion, it cut a Brother and a Friend from my heart to make room for *Cicilia*; but love

was

was a rude gueſt, and thus I have forced him from my heart, where he has broke all Laws of Hoſpitality; O, 'tis late, and this darkneſs over my eyes tells me I am neer my home; *Manlius*, thy hand. Farewell, forgive me, Madam; Behold I dye, would your hate have more? Behold I dye, nor ſhall I repent my fall, if my death find that faith my love could not, who never fear'd nor lov'd any thing but the fair *Cicilia*; and at what rate, witneſs this fate.

Cicil. O, help to lead me to him.-----O *Lucius* ſtay, and hear my laſt breath (in ſighs) give my ſad heart the lye for having ſaid it loved ought but *Lucius*; ſee theſe wounds that I wear for *Lucius*, had I not lov'd thee why did I ſelect thee from all the world? O look up, and in charity out-live me; for dying *Lucius* brings deſpair and horror on my ſoul; O ye gods, lend ſo much life, at leaſt, to tell my ſtory; and from dying *Cicilia* take this truth; Prince *Amadeo* has ſurprizing vertues; but 'twas *Lucius* his jealouſie made me ſee them, 'twas his injuries pleaded more then they; the Prince call'd long before; and yet my heart was deaf to love and him; this *Lucius* knows, who ſeverely has puniſh'd that paſſion, that diſtraction which he begot; Not one word? can *Lucius* his heart be ſo incens'd as to forget all humanity and civility too? Death, ſure will not refuſe thy eyes ſo much light as to wait upon thy once dear *Cicilia* to her grave; O kind heaven, forbid that my ſad heart that could not be happy here ſhould meet *Lucius* frowning in Elizium too; there at leaſt let us be friends, that we may meet and mourn this part of our ſtory, and kindly ſeek each others ſhadow; for I am kind enough to believe and mourn the wounds that I have given *Lucius*; and I hope *Lucius* will be ſo kind to me as to believe theſe wounds bleed for *Lucius*, who thus dyes upon his breaſt; and would fain get into that heart again from whence thy cruel kindneſs forc'd me. One cold kiſs I will take, and then farewell; did *Lucius* ever love? O be merciful, and ſay ſo, though it be falſe; there is leſs ſin in ſuch a well natur'd lye, then with a cruel truth to add to a friends dying miſery, who thus with wounds and prayers her heart ſets ope to ſeek the flying ſoul of welcome *Lucius*, lov'd companion of my heart.

Amad. O *Lucius*, can thy ſoul be deaf to ſuch charms as theſe, of force to raiſe a Lover from his aſhes! O look up, and ſee *Amadeo* offer all his hopes to *Lucius*; Live gentle ſoul; if thou hunt'ſt for Paradiſe, here 'tis moſt perfect in the friendſhip of this generous Princeſs.

Lucius. Prince *Amadeo* is noble, the Princeſs divine, all Angel; and *Lucius* too earthy to aſpire ſuch a friendſhip.

Cicil. The gods give us but a ſpan of days, and we with folly waſte that too; O for an hour to thank Prince *Amadeo*, and weep to *Lucius* thoſe truths which now break my heart! who if he be juſt will kindly read and underſtand theſe ſighs, and love theſe tears.

Amad. Every common ſpirit can indulge an appetite; choler, luſt and revenge prevail with every beaſt; but man the nobleſt creature, made to delight and imitate his Creator, appointed ma-

ſter over the reſt, ſhould in ſuch difficulties as theſe (Madam) juſtifie himſelf Prince of the earth; and this act is my duty as a man; but as *Amadeo*, a double tye of honour obliges me, being a Prince of men, from whom with what juſtice (Madam) can I expect obedience when they ſee me rebel againſt the gods; and thus yield to my ſlaves, of which this paſſion (being unjuſt) is one and with what ſhame ſhall I appear when it ſhall be ſaid, that's the *Amadeo* that diſputed a great War againſt the Roman Eagles; and in peace ſtoop'd to this Kite, this blind Boy; No, Madam, theſe be the fiery trials that muſt diſtinguiſh and juſtifie great and vertuous minds; they are ſtorms, not harbours, in which the skilful ſhew their vertue and their courage.

Amad. *joyns their hands together.*

Lucius. Great, and noble *Amadeo*, ſtill, by mind and birth a Prince!

Amad. Curſe on his heart that breaks this love, noble *Lucius*; lovely in his crimes which were but loving crimes; and all theſe wounds and tears betwixt you are but like the thorns that grow about the Roſe, whoſe beauty made me thy Rival; look up, and ſee me deck thy breaſt; of whom I propheſie all that is great and good, while ſhe grows there; but when ſhe ſhall withdraw her friendſhip, even in *Amadeo*'s heart ſhe'l paſs for low, and very woman; forſaken *Lucius* will find conſtanter enjoyments then beauty or any other love; thoſe doubts, this friendſhip, and the divers faults, but ſhew the Maſker in his ſeveral ſhapes; your rage, his doubts, thoſe fears, were but loves chains and charms, which unpractis'd *Lucius* took for *Love in Arms.*

Lucius. Sure we are in heaven already.

Enter Otho, Clorinda, Marius, Lyſander, Dyon, Cleon, *and Attendants.*

They all kneel about her.

Mar. Good heaven, what a ſight is here? *Cicilia!* what ſad fate is this!

Otho. O my dear, dear Siſter!

Clor. This was unkindly done to ſteal away from us ſuch a Pattern of vertue and honour; to leave me ignorant, and alone, to tread the ſad world when ſhe is gone which was my guide; how ſhall I do but ſtray and loſe my way! I fear I ſhall never find my friends.

Herm. No Queſtions, nor more diſcourſe, if you love them; there is no kindneſs like reſt.

Cicil. Clorinda, *Otho*, dear *Otho*, come neer; and if ever thy Siſter were dear to thee, love and forgive *Lucius*: *Lucius* the beſt Lover, but the worſt expreſſer of his paſſion that ever ſunk under that god's diſpleaſure. O *Otho*, in one grave let our ſad Corps lye, that we may, at leaſt, become one earth.

Amad. Uſe no words, give them no anſwers, I pray, but help to convey them to ſome place of reſt; leſt you ſtrive too late to prevent the ruine this danger threatens.

They take up their bodies.

Mar. Was your Highneſs a witneſs of this action?

Amad.

Amad. No, Sir, I came too late; but from *Calis*, within, you may hear the relation.

Mar. What a day is here? how different are the Torches from those that should have burn'd? Hymens yellow one must to the black, I fear, give place; Ha! who is that? *Orante* disguis'd.

Cal. Yes, Sir; and the foundation upon which all these miseries depend; this is the curs'd cause of all this sad day, 'twas destin'd to passion; but a Scene so full of blood and fate no thought could ever have fear'd, though I confess her Highness was bent to execute a very extravagant resolution.

Herm. A Fever only may beget our fears; else I find no danger, there being no vital part perish'd; 'tis only loss of blood, which thus in faintness binds their senses.

Otho. Heavens send a blessing that I may shew to my Sister how much a Brother *Otho* is, while this hated dog lyes unburied, and unpitied by the world. [*He spurns* Orante.

Mar. Draw him and his cursed company off this sacred ground; and then let their hated Carcasses lye a prey for Birds and Beasts, while we in procession bear these Lovers; and when you have purg'd this consecrated place from blood and murder, to morrow we will sacrifice *Hecatombs* to *Juno*, the Deliverer, in expiation of these Lovers crimes; and joyn with you in vows and prayers that kind destiny will restore them to us, while I provide displeased Hymens Rites may no longer want the vows their hearts have writ in heaven.

Clor. And if heaven smile upon our sacrifice, let me beg Prince *Otho* will defer our joys to wait upon their happy days; for I confess my superstitious soul dares not approach the Temple thus alone, whil'st death and black shadow my heart; sure it must be a fatal Bridal-bed that stands so neer the grave of friends.

Otho. Be your desire the eternal law to *Otho*; let her love and command, while I love to obey *Clorinda.*

Manl. Here *Calis*, I have one hand yet left, which thus I will lift to heaven; and call all the gods to witness that love and faith, which here I give to *Calis*, and her peace for ever; and if thy much afflicted heart can forgive what is past, and love *Manlius*; we will vye with all the world for blessings, our miseries will then be pastime; and these dangers, scap'd, with more joy told then now they are fear'd.

Cal. The gods have heard my prayers; and now I am confident the Princess will be happy; and we mortals are vain foolish judges of what heaven can or will do; we measure the Deity by our weak capacity, who thus in justice lets us fall beyond our hopes, to raise us thus above our wishes.

Mar. Lead, holy men, and we will follow; and with patience obey in bearing my own bowels; but if kind heaven smile, how happy shall *Marius* lay down his gray hairs, after a sacrifice to the Hymens of my *Otho*, and ever dear *Cicilia.*

Clor. That was the voyce of heaven, piety and faith lay holy violent hands upon the gods, it hastens their blessings, and it

breaks their rods; and my heart foretells me your aged vertues have yet rewards in ſtore; and that *Cicilia* as well as *Clorinda* ſhall receive an Hymeneal bleſſing from you; let no jealous Lover look Hymen in the face, but trembling call to mind the fortune of this place.

Herm. Let all men ſing, and in full Chorus joyn, and deteſt this crime. An ancient *Druid* left this ſacred Hymn, and againſt jealouſie commanded all to ſing full Chorus round the Temple.

The Song in Parts.

Q. *FRom whence was firſt this Fury hurl'd,*
This jealouſie into the world?
From Hell? A. *No, there doth reign*
Eternal hatred with diſdain.
But ſhe the Daughter is of Love,
Siſter of Beauty. Q. *Then above*
She muſt derive, from the third Sphear,
Her heavenly off-ſpring? A. *Neither there,*
From thoſe immortal flames could ſhe
Draw her cold frozen Pedigree.
Q. *If not in Heaven, nor Hell, where then*
Had ſhe her birth? A. *In the hearts of men.*
Beauty and fear did her create
Younger then Love, elder then hate,
Siſter to both by Beauties ſide,
To Love by Fear, to hate alli'd.
Deſpair her Iſſue is, whoſe Race
Of fruitful miſchiefs drowns the ſpace
Of the wide earth in a ſwoln flood
Of wrath, revenge, ſpight, rage and blood.
Q. *Oh! how can ſuch a ſpurious line*
Proceed from Parents ſo divine?
A. *As ſtreams which from their Cryſtal ſpring*
Do ſweet and clear their Waters bring;
Yet mingling with the brackiſh main,
Nor taſte, nor colour they retain.
Q. *Yet Rivers 'twixt their banks do flow*
Still freſh, can jealouſie do ſo?
A. *Yes, while ſhe keeps the ſteadfaſt ground*
Of hope and fear, her equal bound;
Hope, ſprung from favour, worth, or chance,
Towards the fair object doth advance:
While fear as watchful Sentinel
Doth the invading Foe repell;
And jealouſie thus mixt doth prove
The ſeaſon and the ſalt of Love.
But when Fear takes a larger ſcope,
Stifling the child Reaſon, Hope;

then

Then ſitting on the uſurp'd Throne,
She, like a Tyrant, rules alone;
As the wild Ocean unconfind;
And rages as the Northern Wind.

This Chorus was written by M. *Thomas Carew*, Cup-bearer to *Charles* the Firſt; and ſung in a Maſque at *White-hall*, *Anno* 1633. And I preſume to make uſe of it here, becauſe in the firſt deſign, 'twas writ at my requeſt upon a diſpute held betwixt Miſtreſs *Cicilia Crofts* and my ſelf, where he was preſent; ſhe being then Maid of Honour: this I have ſet down, leſt any man ſhould believe me ſo fooliſh as to ſteal ſuch a Poem from ſo famous an Author; or ſo vain as to pretend to the making of it my ſelf; and thoſe that are not ſatisfied with this Apology, and this Song in this place; I am always ready to give them a worſe of mine own.

Written by *THOMAS KILLIGREW*,
Reſident for *CHARLES* the Second
in *Venice*, *Auguſt*, 1651.

FINIS.

THOMASO,

OR,

The Wanderer:

A

COMEDY.

The Scene *MADRID.*

Written in *MADRID*

BY

THOMAS KILLIGREW.

In Two Parts.

DEDICATED

TO THE

FAIR AND KIND FRIENDS

TO

Prince *PALATINE*

POLIXANDER.

LONDON:

Printed by *J. M.* for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be sold at his Shop at the sign of the *Blew Anchor*, in the lower Walk of the *New-Exchange*. 1663.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Don *Pedro*, A Noble Spaniard, and late Commander in the Spaniſh Army.
Don *Johanne*, } His Friends.
Don Carlo, }
A lean Don, }
Another Don, } Officers of the Army.
An Italian. }
Three French Gentlemen.
A Prince of *Poland.*
A *Flanders* Merchant.
Don *Mathias*, One of *Lucetta*'s maintainers.
Stephano, His Friend.
Lopus, The Mountebank.
Scarramucha, His Man.
Thomaſo, The Wanderer. An Engliſh Cavaleer, who had ſerv'd in the Spaniſh Army.
Edwardo, } Engliſh Gentlemen, his Friends, late Commanders
Ferdinando, } in that Army.
Harrigo, A ſober Engliſh Gentleman, attending the Engliſh Embaſſadour.
Cornelius, A Captain of the Spaniſh Army.
Philippo. Paramour to *Lucetta.*
Sancho, Her *Bravo.*
Diego, Servant to Don *Pedro*,
Rogero, Servant to *Harrigo.*
Two *Bravo*'s of *Angelica*'s.
Porter to the Engliſh Embaſſadour.

Serulina, A beauteous Virgin, Siſter of Don *Pedro.*
Angelica Bianca, A beautiful Curtezan, Miſtriſs to the ſlain Spaniſh General.
Anna, Her *Bawd.*
Saretta, } Two Curtezans of the firſt rank.
Paulina, }
Celia, Wife to the Mountebank.
Helena, An old decayed Curtezan, that hopes to be reſtored to 15. by the Mountebanks Art.
Calis, Waiting-woman to *Serulina.*
Kecka, Servant to *Lucetta.*
Guardian to the two Monſters. (Theſe laſt onely mentioned.)
Servants to Don *Pedro.*
Spectators (Men and Women) for the Mountebank.

THE FIRST PART OF THOMASO, OR The Wanderer. A COMEDY:

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

Enter Don Pedro, *Don* John, *Don* Carlo, *and* Diego *his Man.*

Pedro. WHat? The death of the brave General has begot discourse and change in *Madrid*; I hear the Action too, though most Noble, traduc'd by his Enemies; Wretches that durst not look upon the dangers his gallant Mind broke through daily: Their Envy will not let him find peace in his Grave neither.

Joban. That cloud is dispers'd now; 'tis true, at first we had the report of a total rout, and that the Enemy advanc'd to *Pampalone*, with which the affrighted people began to fall into some passion against him, who had been so unlucky as to command that day.

Carlo. But when they were for certain inform'd of the following Action, How, contrary to all hope, he had engag'd and ſtop'd the Enemy, and at the rate of his own life purchas'd their ſafety by throwing himſelf into certain dangers, The whole City lamented his loſs, and he has been honour'd and mourn'd for as a General Parent.

Pedro. And with Juſtice he might expect it; for *Decius* fell not more vow'd the Roman Deliverer, then our General a ſacrifice for his Country; But he is gone, and with him a Souldier, and ſuch a one, *Johanne*, as his Enemies both admir'd and fear'd; We ſhall ſee how his Succeſſour will redeem thoſe miſeries we are fallen into by his Envy, and oppoſition of the dead General in all his deſignes.

Johan. Of this ſome other time, when we have pay'd thoſe joyes are due to the return of our Friend and Patron; Who if he hold his good humour ſtill, there is news in Town will concern him much much more; The famous *Paduana*, *Angelica Bianca.*

Pedro. Who? The Italian, our dear General brought from *Main?* what of her?

Johan. The ſame; ſhe is now the diſcourſe of the whole Town; all the youth in *Madrid* dreſs themſelves for her ſake; Their Horſes prance in no ſtreet but hers, hers are the Colours they all wear in the *Prado*; Where her Coach drives there is the duſt, there is the throng; No ſong in faſhion but her praiſe, her Story is the Theam of all the Muſes in the Town.

Pedro. Prithee be quick and ſerious, this is ſtrange tome; Why now more then when her Patron liv'd?

Johan. That's the news; Know then, ſince the Generals death ſhe is expoſed to ſale; Her price and Picture hangs upon the door, where ſhe ſits in publick view dreſt like *Aurora*, and breaks like the day from her window; She is now the ſubject of all the Love and Envy of the Town; 'tis ſport to hear the Men ſigh for, and the Women rail at her. And if Don *Pedro* be a Lover ſtill, there is no need of Fayries, old Women, or Confeſſors, to deliver or return a Meſſage; Now 'tis but ſo much a Moneth, and you are Patron; four dayes and nights in the week are yours.

Pedro. You amaze me; 'tis true, I Love the Girl with all the paſſion youth can with Honour ſpare one of her humour; (but no farther) And if money or a ſword can purchaſe her, I'll bid as faire as another but I'll enjoy her.

Carlo. Now do not I ſee that witchery, that Magick in her face; ſhe is to me no ſuch excellence, but that a Man may find greater Beauties in the two Siſters, eſpecially in the *Sarieta.*

Pedro. Old *Carlo*, conſtant *Carlo* ſtill; Thou art one of thoſe believ'ſt 'tis a duty to love a Miſtriſs till her Eyes change colour for fear he ſhould get the name of an unconſtant Lover.

Johan. Faith, Sir, we are the ſame Men you left us; I am for *Paulina* ſtill; Yet I believe, 'tis rather lazineſs then conſtancy; we are acquainted; and though both are weary, yet both are aſhamed to ſay ſo; and till ſhe can find one that payes better, or I one that

pleaſeth

pleaſeth better, 'tis like to be the ſame *dull Matrimony* it has been.

Pedro. You are patient men; keep to one Wench a year! I would wear one ſhirt, one pair of ſhooes, or eat of one diſh as ſoon as let the Sun ſet twice upon the ſame ſin of their form in my company; I would flea a kennel of Spanniels in the Dog-days as ſoon, for the Quarrey and skins of the vermin; I dare ſay, I have had a hundred ſince; all prais'd and ador'd by ſome body, though forgot by me; ſuch Saints as theſe I could never pray to; there is none of them have any charms in their eyes, no fear nor terror in their frowns, nor can their kindneſs ſurprize a heart; I never found my ſelf grow greater, or leſs in my mind, when they were pleas'd, or angry, unſavory, flat, inſippid beauties, *good meals meat, but no Feaſts*; no Banquet in their faces, *Carlo*; there's no Muſick in their Careſſes, no Empire in ruling over ſuch hearts; yet 'tis truth, *Saretta*'s voice and humour is good, and her ſkin not ill, but *ſhe is dull*; a ſoul that neither youth nor beauty can awake; ſhe only works in her trade, and ſells ſo much love; a dull ſufferer only, *no acting party* in the Bed.

Johan. That's not her Siſters fault; a Squirril in a Cage, or a Dog with a bottle at his tail, will lye ſtill as ſoon as *Paulina*; ſhe has indeed as much fire as her Siſter has Phlegme.

Pedro. I, ſhe burns her Cake, and the others comes out dough; their Ovens, *Johanne*, would be better heat if the fire were divided; and I cannot but wonder to hear thee praiſe her for being kind; I have beaten her to make her lye ſtill; their kindneſs to me is like Dogs that leap upon me, and dirty me; a fawning diſſembling whore that friſks to all men, and is as free of her bones as her Siſter is ſparing of her fleſh; ſhe is the Emblem of a lean Prodigal *that ſpends all*; and *Saretta* of a fat Uſurer *that will ſpend nothing*.

Johan. Yet ſhe was once ſuch an Humour, ſuch a Dancer, ſuch a Wit, ſuch a Shape, ſuch a Voyce; 'twas Comedy but to ſee or hear her.

Pedro. I, for once ſhe was, and for once ſhe may be all this again; and but for once, whoever ſhall practiſe her longer ſhall find her the other; beſides, I am now weary of purchaſing beauty by the peny-worth; here one for a voyce; there another for a ſhape or humour; no, *Johanne*, if *Carlo*'s news be true, I'll ſell all thoſe ends of Gold and Silver; and turn out all thoſe common people of my heart; and fit the Palace for a Princeſs, and purchaſe that Jewel which is now at ſale; and trade no more for days and nights, as I have done with theſe Cattel upon the Common; but raiſe a ſum, and in the divine form'd *Angellica* purchaſe all thoſe ſeveral beauties contracted and united there in one which we find ſcatter'd and diſpers'd in other women.

Car. Now is your time for a thouſand Crowns a moneth; four days and nights in the week ſhe's yours.

Johan. A thouſand crowns a moneth! ſure ſhe makes but few Muſters in the year.

Car. Faith, 'tis thought ſhe has vowed chaſtity; and takes this

way to be private, and I am of their opinion; for ſure there are few will give ſo much money for a caſt Miſtreſs of any mans, bred in craft and diſſimulation, and Miſtreſs of her trade as ſhe is.

Pedro. That's ridiculous; for though a wife cannot be too ignorant which is honeſt; yet give me a Hawk in flying, a Hound that's made, a Horſe that's dreſt, and a knowing wench, ſo ſhe learn it *in her youth*; Come, let's go to the *Piazza*, I long to ſee how ſhe bears her humour; haſte you home, *Diego*, and tell my Siſter I am arriv'd; have either of you ſeen the Girle lately?

Johan. Not ſince the laſt feaſt, ſhe comes not in the *Prado*.

Pedro. You ſhall dine with me to day if you be not engag'd, becauſe we'l talk the Town over, and her news.

Carl. Faith, and there have been ſome changes ſince you went will make you confeſs all are not guilty of ove-rconſtancy, that deſpis'd, old, out-of-faſhion vertue. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. I. SCEN. II.

Enter Paulina, *and* Saretta.

Paul. 'TWas they and Don *Pedro*, which it ſeems is newly arriv'd from the Army.

Sar. Prithee ſtay till they are gone out of ſight; thoſe hungry Dons will think to make a meal with us elſe upon the remnant of their Sabbaths days dinner.

Paul. They have my curſe that made the decree againſt Jews; my lean Portugeſe pretends Chriſtianity now, and doth ſo devour my Bacon; a flitch, heretofore, would have laſted him as long as the old Law.

Saret. Would the Army were drawn into Gariſon; I long for ſome freſh Lovers to dreſs our houſe; theſe grow ſo wither'd and poor they ſcarce keep Cobwebs from before our mouths, which they break with lean bits, God knows; mine only ſighs of late, and in Poetry whynes his paſſion; I told him laſt night I could neither feed nor cloath my ſelf with Anagrams, or Sonnets; but deſir'd him to let his Pen alone, and expreſs himſelf with his Purſe; ſo he gave me this Ring, and I return'd him his Ode again.

Paul. And there is Shittlecock, Cork and Feather too, their Patron and Comrade together, Don *Pedro*, now he is return'd; we ſhall have all their viſits in the afternoon, for fear of the charges of a meal.

Saret. My life upon't, they are gone to the *Piazza* to ſee the Picture and the Petti-coats of the Italian; if I had thought any man ſo mad as to give ſuch a ſum, we could have taken that courſe too; I hate the whores impudence for ſetting ſuch a price upon her ſelf, and undervaluing all us by raiſing the Market upon the opinion of her own fleſh, as if we ſold Carrion only.

Paul. 'Tis the humour of moſt men, they love difficulty and price; ſleight them, they are yours for ever, Riches and a fair Houſe, Plate, Jewels and Furniture, Petti-coats too; Death, they'l

they'le make love to Petty-coats; nay, ſome Fools Court Quality a great Lady, though ſhe ſtink above the Allay of Amber; One that never goes to Bed, all, nor ſleeps in a whole Skin, *One whoſe Teeth, Eyes and hair reſts all night in a Box*, and her Chamber lies ſtrew'd with her looſe members, *High ſhooes, falſe Back, and Breaſts*; while he hugs a diſmembred Carcaſs, ſuch as is fitter for an Antiquaries ſtudy then a Lovers Arms.

Saretta. Peace, and hide cloſe, what are theſe?

Enter Thomaſo, Edwardo, *and* Ferdinando.

The Wenches ſhew onely an Eye, and a hand, through their veils, Edwardo *and* Ferdinando *ſneak when they paſs by them, and put off their Hats.*

Paulina. 'Tis a proper Fellow, would I had Opportunity to tell him ſo; has he not ſomething of the Engliſh Colonel in his face?

Saretta. He has, and they are ſtrangers; and ſtrangers are our Plumbs.

Paulina. And we their Wine and Banquets.

As they go off the Stage Thomaſo *looks upon his Comrades, and points to them, and takes hold of* Paulina, *and looks earneſtly upon her, till* Edwardo *pulls him away with his Hat off; then the Wenches go out.*

Edwards. What do you mean? S'life, affront a Lady! prithee be Civil.

Ferd. Pox on't, there's no Jeſt in abuſing Ladies; We that are ſtrangers to be firſt known by a Barbarous inſolence towards Women! prithee conſider. Thomaſo *laughs.*

Thoma. Why, good home-ſpun, honeſt, ignorant Countrey Gentlemen, what do you think theſe were?

Edw. Why, we ſee by their Meen, what they were, ſome Ladies, Perſons of Quality, going privately to their devotion; you ſee they are entred the Church.

Thoma. Theſe two are Ten whores in *Eſſex*.

Ferdinand. Prithee ſpeak ſoftly; this rude humor of Scandalizing Women is ugly, and we ſhall be beaten for being in your Company.

Thomaſo. Pray, Maſter Juſtice, give me your warrant; and if I do not prove them Whores, whip me.

Ferd. This humor is worn old and ſtale, and to me as troubleſome as ſtreight Boots, or ſore Eyes.

Thoma. Aking Teeth, a Salt Itch, a tir'd Horſe, or a gal'd Arſe; Death, will you believe me when you lie with her? 'Tis ſtrange Logick becauſe your Bond is better then mine, I muſt not know *Spain* better then you; I'le be your Baud but I'le ſatisfie this ſcruple.

Edwar. Do you hear? I ſhall be an unbeliever too, if I thought you

you would give ſuch ſatisfaction to all that have weak faiths in this point; for if theſe be of that Gentle-craft, I'le not give ſix pence for an honeſt woman for my uſe.

Thoma. Yes, Sir, they are right, though they will *neither be drunk, take Tobacco, nor ſpeak Bawdy*; theſe won't *ſwear neither*, and yet they are whores; in all thoſe fine Clothes and Jewels, *which are their own, and right ones too*; No bright blazing *Briſtow*'s amongſt thoſe Diamonds; Theſe are ſweet too, and wear clean Linnen; None of your Rooſtlings, that lie in Cock-lofts, in the Suburbs; Theſe have houſes in the City, and lie in Beds, and in ſheets as large as thoſe Beds, which no Rug adorns, nor yellow Curtains ſtain'd with ſome Martyrs Story, without; and all to be hang'd, and pinn'd like a Frippery, within; no Sea-coal, Faggots, nor fowl diſhes, with broken bread, lying under their Beds: yet they are wenches.

Edwardo. Prithee, where do theſe Lady whores live?

Thomaſo. Where no Conſtable, lowſie Watch-man, Beadle, or Sawcy Bell-man dares break into their Chambers; Theſe will not be kick'd neither; nor ſuffer your Blades, inſpir'd with Sack, to break their Windows; Theſe are not of Turnbal-Street, I dare aſſure you; For their feet do not ſtink neither; yet they are doxies, and ſhall be yours; or I'le be ſubject to your Character, of barbarous and rude.

Edwardo. Nay, nay.

Thomaſo. A pox on theſe Engliſh humors, you come abroad to learn, and yet take it ill to be inform'd; Do you think the wiſe world will ſpend their fortunes *al Ingleſe*, where you muſt pray, and pay, and not be ſuffer'd to tell neither; Hear you cannot injure a Woman more then to conceal her kindneſs, nor give a greater glory to a Miſtreſs, then by deſcribing handſomely every part, and lively painting every Beauty of her Body, and her heart; who hides or conceals his Miſtreſs favour here calls her ugly, or unſound; If you doubt what I ſay, follow them to the Church, and try your Fortunes.

Edwardo. By this hand, ſuch a Wench would paſs for a Perſon of Quality in any County of *England*.

Ferdinando. Few Ladies, I have ſeen at any Sheriffs Feaſts have better Faces, or ſo good Clothes; and if theſe be wenches, ſuch Arguments as theſe may reconcile me to this *unpromiſing Town*, a place in which if we find not the Bowels, (hight the Kitchin, and the Cellar) better then the Proſpect, or the Seat, I ſhall ſwear, Never King but Ours was ever ſo betray'd; is this all they can afford him out of his *Sixteen* Kingdoms? By this Light, a Smiths Forge, and his Trough, are as cool as the air, and as deep as the River in the Dog-days.

Edwardo. I, that River; What a Divel made them build the Bridge ſo big?

Ferd. 'Twas in Imitation of the Ancient *Romans*, who, in their Conqueſts buried great Spurs and Bits, big enough to ride and rule Elephants, onely to beget Admiration in ſucceeding Ages.

Edward.

Edward. Two and twenty Arches, over a Kennel of Snow water! By this hand, there is not ſtream enough to quench the Mules ſhoos as they paſs; the Coach wheels hiſs as they drive in't, while Don *Phaeton* ſits in the Box, and *Apollo* flaming about his Ears; 'tis the firſt River I ever ſaw Coaches take the Air in.

Ferd. I dare ſay there are twenty Coaches caſt away in't for One Boat; and a thouſand Whores catch'd in her ſtream for one Fiſh, all the Summer long; The *Curſo* looks like a Sea Triumph; Juſt ſo ſome Inland Painter makes *Galatea* ſport; if you ſhew us no better Paſtime at *Madrid* then Don *Neptune*, and Dame *Thetis* coach'd in a River, I ſhall believe you a better Poet, then a Judge; and ſooner read your deſcriptions then travel your Journal.

Edw. Thoſe marinated Men and Women were not very Curious to day; Who ſaw them bathing in their Pickle; 'Twas like *Ovids* deſcription, when *Phaeton* fell; Me-thought, they look'd like thoſe afflicted heads of Rivers, and ſtood gaſping like run-hounds in thick puddles, half above, and half under water; *Meza Cotta*, *Meza Roſta per Diana*, and then watred high ways; Bleſs me what a Mountebank art thou, to praiſe this Neſt of Turds which are laid with a kind of Pride, in ſuch Order, at Every mans door!

Thoma. Have you done? if not, I have ſo much pity and patience as will hear you out.

Ferd. Done? No, by this light, as long as my Arms burn and itch thus; I'le ſooner ſtand Centry till my Pike grow in my hand, as put my ſelf naked again in the power of their Inbeds; I would not ſuffer ſuch another night for their *Indies*; By this light, a Leager *Oſteria* Louſe bites as venemous as a mad Dog, and then a new vermin called Puneſies, more offenſive then Garden Toads, or houſe Spiders in our Countrey; a Gnat here wounds like a Scorpion; a Bee not onely ſtings, but ſtabs as mortally as a poiſon'd Dagger, and would deſtroy the People, were it not for Reliques and *Madonas*'s that protect them.

Edw. Prithee let's forget theſe Calamities; and if it be poſſible ſave our ſelves by a wiſe and early retreat; a Town Quoth you! I have ſeen the Duſt fly in many Towns; But I never ſaw Duſt crawl but in *Madrid*, enlivened Duſt, part *Moor*, part *Caſtilian*, all Lowſe.

Thoma. *Eſſex* has none of theſe Grievances.

Ferd. No, by this hand, 'tis Paradiſe to this; and our Oyſters are worth their pearl, but this is from our buſineſs now; Either let us follow, and take our Fortunes; I have mark'd thoſe partridges, let us find them, or the Embaſſadors houſe.

Thoma. To let you ſee I have more kindneſs then you deſerve, I'le do either; yet I would willingly call *Arrigo*, at the Embaſſadors, to witneſs what wretched things you would have been if you had lain ſeven years longer ſteep'd in Ale and Beef-broath at *Croyden*.

Edward. Prithee do not name thoſe ſavory things; you know, there is no Jeſting with my Stomack, it ſleeps now; but if it wakes,

wakes, woe be to all Our shares at the Ordinary.

Tho. 'Tis in this street; see, there are the Arms. [Tho. *knocks, the Porter.* Who would you speak with, Friend? Port. *comes out.*

Thomas. Old *England* still, Gown and Staff: I warrant he would not have a *Swisse* seen at his Lords Door, for a Rose Noble; Friend, I would speak with Don *Arrigo*, if he be at home.

Porter. He is at home, Sir, you are sure; for 'tis Noon; This is an Englishman you may swear; how they are bred! Knock at an Embassadors door at Meals!

Thomas. Pray tell him, here are some Friends of his would speak with him.

Porter. His servant is already gone, they are in good Clothes; yet they look as if they had rather eat with him; Sir, I shall tell him.

The Porter *offers to go out, and they shut the door after him; but* Thomaso *holds the door.*

Thomaso. How now, why do you shut the door upon us?

Port. Friend, this is no time to leave the Gate open; 'tis noon in the Embassadors Kitchin, and the silver dishes are loose about the house; besides, if I should let the steam out, there would be such a swarm of *Castilians* at the door, feeding upon it, here were no living; Alas, Sir, we are forced to shut up all when the pot is uncovered; and if you have not din'd I advise you to retire, lest the smell overcome your Stomack, in this pure Air; These are a Nation of the finest clean Teeth; if they use their Swords no oftner, a Scabbard would last an Age.

Ferd. Prithee what Countryman art thou, that put'st so many R's into thy English?

Porter. A *Britain*, Sir, *Glamorgan-shire*, Srie, and Dam.

Thomaso. Take heed, dost know what thou hast done, to ask a Welshman what Countryman he is? By this light, 'tis ten to one but he falls into a fit of Heraldry or *Genealogy*, and then you have brought your self into a fair nooze, to be bound to hear, how many *ups*, and *ap Williams*, e're he comes to *Adam ap Munmoth.*

Enter Harrigo, *and* Rogero *his man.*

Thomaso *runs to him, and they embrace.*

Harrigo. Gentlemen to speak with me, and why do you keep them at the door? My Friend, the *Wanton Wanderer* still; what new ill luck drives thee hither again?

Thomaso. Salute my Friends, and then I'll answer you; They are true blades, Hall. --- Remnants of the broken Regiments; Royal and Loyal Fugitives, highly guilty all of the Royal Crime, Poor and honest, *Hall*; you see his Majesties marks upon us, English, and that gave us a safe Conduct, and here we are to snuff our wits.

Harrigo. The same man still; I see, Winning nor losing can change your humor; you must wander still.

Thomaso. The same, self-same still, and would not change for all the Sun hath shewn; or the Sea hid; I would not be the Catholick King,

King, confin'd to one place, one company, one any thing, nor marry the *Infanta*, though she had as many Graces as Nature could crowd into one Woman and be faithful; Change, change, *Hal*, of Places, Cloathes, Wine, Women, Faces; 'Tis the great and surprizing Pleasure, variety is the Soul of Pleasure, a good unknown, and we want faith to find it.

Harrigo. Yet there is one exception to your rule, a secret which we'll discourse of at leisure; And I believe a Woman that may purchase you from this life, in whose Embraces you may find such varieties of Joy, as you may keep your Humour and your Faith too.

Thomaso. Who, me? I will not be tied to one Woman, *Hall*, for all the sword has wonn or lost; All that Love has given, or Lust has cost, all that Treason has bought or sold, could it be told down; I would not sell my freedom of that of span of dayes that's left me, for it all; I am no Mutton to be folded, Nor Bird to sing, though in a golden cage: Home, *Hal*, is all this to me, till in a Grave, I'll not be found at home; I am resolved those tame Spirits that can be conjured into a wedding Ring, and dance in that dull Matrimonial circle all their dayes, I pity their Bodies that must suffer this slavery, and despise their lean starved Souls that threw them into these Chains.

Harrigo. We are of one Country, though not of one Mind; I'de name my Prison as you call it, and sing all my dayes; Yet I have seen the world too, and know a face would reclaim a wilder Heart then yours.

Thomaso. Tell not me of faces, Child; when I wink and call to mind the thousand beauteous volumnes these Eyes have read over, whose stories I can scarce remember, though we set marks under their Peti-coats; Think not then a face can bind me, when her arms could not; My Heart will digest a Mistris in a night, and hunger again next morning; Surfet to day of Youth and Beauty, and yet thirst all night for a new Friend; and those are the strong healthy stomack'd Lovers that thrive upon Love; A pox on your whining, sighing, Consumptive Platonick humours, your water-drinkers, they cannot believe it, *Hal*, they cannot; else they would too, and onely out of craft insinuate themselves to make their weakness seem Virtue.

Harrigo. Gentlemen, he is your Comrade; and though I will not pretend to know him better then you, yet I dare say, he does not onely doubt our Faith when he saies this, but I am confident he does not believe himself.

Ferdi. Sir, we know not what to believe, and yet, for mirth, we let all pass; He is one has past all Fortunes by Sea and Land; surfets, and want of bread, lov'd, and been belov'd again, and of that passion has tasted both the honey and the sting, thrown from his cradle into other mens grounds, naked, and unthought of by his Parents and Friends, and what was cruelty then, is his happiness now; for being bred with the wolf he grew wise enough to thrive in the forest.

Edwardo. Those miseries set an edge upon his mind, with which

he eats through the difficulties of Fortune, and now emboldned by ſucceſs doubts nothing; I have ſeen him in a morning put his hand as confidently into his pockets for money as if the Devill had been his caſhire, when he knew he put them off at night, as empty as his gloves.

Thomaſo. Why, if I had lived at *Croydon* all my dayes, I could have found money in my pocket in the morning, if I had left it there at night; Why, either of you can fetch a penny loaf for a penny, though you are Country Gentlemen, and if you can do this, why will you not allow our experience in the other?

Edwardo. Pray leave this diſcourſe, and purſue your promiſe; The Church and the Ladies, ſhall we not ſee thoſe ſinners? Prithee let us not loſe the occaſion, we have but young Faiths and great doubts; Aſſure us theſe are wenches, and we ſubmit, elſe we rebell for ever.

Ferdi. We are covetous fiſher-men, and for want of Faith in better luck, would fain keep theſe in the Net; Prove theſe Merchants of Love and his ſmall ware, and we are ready to be couzen'd; A Heart, a peece or ſo we have to ſpend, and if they be kind, I care not how quickly I'me undone.

Harrigo. Who are theſe they ſpeak of?

Thomaſo. Our old Friends the two Siſters, that paſſed by even now; I ſtaid *Paulina*, but ſhe did not know me, yet ſhe look'd earneſtly; A perriwig and ſeven years miſery, will change a wiſer Man then I pretend to be.

Harrigo. I left them in the Church juſt now, if they deſire to ſee them a Credo's time ill ſpent will ſatisfie that curioſity; Will you go, or ſhall I lead you the way? Come, I'll be your guide ſo you do not miſtake it for the Welſh-man in me.

Thomaſo *and* Harrigo *hug one another, and go out together.*

Thomaſo. Come lead, and we'll follow you without this Apologie. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. I. SCEN. III.

Enter Lucetta *alone vail'd.*

Lucetta. THey are ſtrangers, I know by their ſtaring, and Engliſh, by Don *Harrigo*; If he has metal he follows me, and if I have wit he's mine; for they ſay 'tis a kind hearted Nation, when they come firſt abroad; But frequent ill uſage hardens their Hearts, a People that loves every thing, even themſelves, and ſo kind to their Mothers Son, that they believe all women are ſo too; If this be one of that fooliſh Family, I ſhall ſo fit him for a Miſtriſs. See, here comes *Sanco*, now, the news, where is he? [*Enter* Sanco.

Sanco. Gazing upon the two Siſters, they have formerly known one of them; 'Tis the Engliſh Major that ſerved here under Don *Pedro's* Father, he went hence in the beginning of the rebellion; You know him, he was *Paulina's* Servant, a wild fellow.

Lucetta. 'Tis he, I thought I had ſeen him, *Thomaſo*, 'tis Don *Thomaſo*;

Thomaſo; But let him paſs, how goes our own buſineſs, did you ſpeak with the other?

Sanco. There was no fear of that, for you no ſooner left your ſeat, but he flew to me; I find by his wheeling, he's an old Cock of the game, he'll follow ſtrait and come alone, he would not let his company ſee us talk together; I am to expect him here, haſte you home, and put on your beſt face.

Lucetta. Tell him, I am in Love with him, and Daughter, Miſtriſs, or Wife, to ſome great perſon; Lament in my behalf the ſad condition of a Woman of quality in this Nation, whoſe jealous cuſtomes will admit no occaſions for Men to make their addreſſes to us, which expoſes us thus to their cenſure, forced againſt the modeſty and cuſtome of our Sex to ſpeak firſt; But were we ſo bleſt to enjoy the liberty of other happy Nations, where Men and Women meet and converſe without ſcandal------

San. What large heads, and herds of Cuckolds would *Spain* breed?

Lucetta. Leave fooling now, I am ſerious, ſay this in defence of my modeſty, and that I beg he will not miſtake my deſires of ſeeing him; whoſe Eyes have taken ſuch venome from his, as nothing but the Scorpion can cure the Scorpions wound; This ſecret tell him, I bluſh to you, my Friend and Kinſman; This, and ſome very very fine things, ſuch as fools uſe to be tickled and taken with, Dear *Sanco.*

Sanco. This is fine, by St. *Iago*, I could find in my heart to forſwear your ſervice; Death, have I taught you your Trade to become my Miſtriſs? Do I wear a ſword, am I a *Caſtillian*, and ſhall a fooliſh Peti-coat, a ſhallow Woman, tell me what's to be ſaid or done, to couzen a dull greeſy brain'd phlegmatick *Tramontano*, how oft have I brought you dead dogs for viſits? When I do, give me the tail for my paines; Till then, play your own part, go home, and attend your Q and leave me to guide this ſmall veſſel to your Port.

Lucetta. I am gone and will expect you. [*Exit* Lucetta.

Sanco. Theſe Girles with good faces, have the true magnetick virtue, and if a Man be a Blade, his ſteel will incline to them; I am but a ſcurvy Philoſopher, elſe, me thinks a Man might prove the Load-ſtone; and the ſteel, the Fornication of the Earth, ſure we are, there is a he and ſhe in that Maſs; and why not theſe the two Sexes? But obſerve how kindly ſhe takes it to be plowed too, and the deeper you put in the ſpade or culture, the ſweeter; If I could read, perhaps I might find ſome odd book would prove this further. At the Gate I'll ſtay for him. [*Exit* Sanco.

ACT. I. SCEN. IV.

Enter Saretta *and* Paulina.

Saretta. WHat dull things were we not to know him? yet I am to be excuſed; But for you to forget a Man that had got your Maiden-head, what will thy Memory retain?

Paul. I confeſs he was not in my thoughts; the abſence of ſeven years, that beard and Perriwig, all conſpir'd againſt me; yet I am glad to ſee him, he keeps his old humour ſtill.

Saret. Thou loveſt him, and I do not know for which of the two Reaſons beſt; whether for taking thy Maiden-head, or giving thee Plums; 'tis much what ſeaſoning will do, thoſe kindneſſes will taſte ſtill; elſe, to me he's none of thoſe men I could dye for, or live with; there is too much of the Curd, and Dutchman in him; he is too white for my eye; if I were to take my choice of the three, the black ſhould be he, I love the Raven in a man; thoſe Pigeons do nothing but bill and prune themſelves; nay, they expect a woman ſhould Court them; and when they are won there goes ſuch a deal of care for fear of ſpoiling them; Hang them, they cannot laſt a nights watch, nor ſtand the ſhock of a day of Battle.

Paul. The Raven doſt thou love? the Raven then purſue thy choice, for he looks as if he were right Ravens Chick, a Bird that any Carrion will pleaſe as well as Veniſon; I am glad to find we ſhall not be Rivals, take your Crow, give me my Dove; there is beauty, youth and ſweetneſs in him; a flower fit to be worn in a Ladies boſom; yet, if I miſtake not, I have ſeen as ſtout and as high flying Hawks of the gray Male as any of your Kite-colour; would he were at home to try if I could get my Maiden-head from him again.

Saret. Why truly the man is civil; and 'tis odds but he will be perſwaded to leave it where he had it after ſeven years uſe; 'tis almoſt as long as thou kept'ſt it.

Paul. And yet if you had not been weary of it firſt, I believe he had not had it ſo ſoon.

Saret. Faith, as good I ſell it while 'twas there; for I was afraid thou would'ſt have plaid with it till thou hadſt loſt it thy ſelf.

Paul. It made me a friend then, I do not know what he is now; and though they have an ill name in the world this laſt ſeven years, for bloody and cruel; yet I never ſaw any of them that were not kind, well natur'd, and frank to their Miſtreſs.

Saret. An improvident ſullen race of men, that will ſpend or give a hundred pound rather then pay five ſhillings; govern'd by a nature croſs to all other Nations, I have known them take a kick from a ſtranger, and kill one another for a wry look; they are govern'd by no Rules; either impudent beyond Mountebanks, or elſe bluſhing ſneakers, baſhful as Girles in the *Novitia*; I know nothing good in them but their humour of giving to their ſhirts when they drink.

Paul. If I miſtake not the Nation, you have made but an ill obſervation; Dull and Phlegmatick as you believe them; their acquaintance will tell you Don *Thomaſo* has no ſuch fool in his forehead as you read there; ſtep afore, I ſee they follow us. [*Exeunt.*

ACT.

ACT. I. SCEN. V.

Enter Harrigo, Thomaſo, *and* Ferdinando.

Har. SEE, there they go; halt a little, and give them law enough; the Courſe will be the fairer.

Thom. Not too much law, pray; conſider, 'tis but a Puppy-lover that runs.

Ferd. Gentlemen, whilſt your mirth hath ſo good a jeſt as this in chace, I am contented with any part of the ſport.

Thom. Where is *Edwardo?*

Ferd. He has lodg'd a Deer of his own; I ſaw him ſteal out of the Church, and follow a good woodman that gave him the ſigne.

Thom. Why ſo, there is one of the Covey flown; if I were to give an account of him to his Parents now, 'twere fine; to cry a loſt Engliſh Boy of thirty, 'twould be welcome news to his friends if he had any; this 'tis to travel with a Juſtice of peace, when he is out of his Clerks ſight that keeps him in awe; the Rogue was only hedg'd in with the fear of his neighbours, and the Penal Statutes at home; now he's brok looſe he runs neighing like a Ston'd-horſe upon the Common; I hope ſhe'l find him a young Traveller, and dreſs him fit for our mirth, that we may have a revenge.

Har. If ſhe be a practis'd ſinner, he is fitted; perhaps, ſhe'l ſell him to the Spirits that take up Planters for the Indies, or flea and beat him; and then turn him out to ſeek his fortune; what humour is he of that he runs thus wildly alone?

Thom. What humour is he of, he runs thus wildly alone? an Engliſh elder Brother's humour, bred in a Nurſery with a Bib and Muckander, and a Maid to tend him till he was in his Teens; one that knew no joy beyond a Birds-neſt, Angling, or a Play-day at twenty; one that is whip'd in a Free-ſchool, and would cry and ſcramble for Nuts till he was out of his Wardſhip, and lay with his Grandam till he was marry'd; A pox upon him, h'as all our money about him; and if ſhe rob him ſhe plunders the party.

Ferd. Never fear him, he has a ſufficient ill nature to defend him; beſide the bleſſing of pride and ſelf-love; which will ſave our moneys from any danger his bounty may threaten; Marry if ſhe ſhould profeſs love to him, and can perſwade him handſomely to believe it, there is ſome danger; elſe, if ſhe get above his Ducat, geld him.

Har. That's no good ground you go upon, 'twill not ſave him there; theſe women are none of thoſe tender-hearted Lovers you find in Comedies, that ſigh at firſt ſight; and run mad for ſtrangers in the ſecond act; if he go into her houſe ſhe has all ſhe deſires; and will either pluck his Plums by flattery, or elſe ſo ſhake and cudgel the Tree, he'l be glad to let them fall; then that Rogue you ſaw entertain him, and talk with ſuch gravity in the Church, is her Pimp, and a *Bravo*; a ſlave condemn'd to the Gallies for

more

more murders then he has Beads upon his Rosary.

Thom. For beating him, I'll venture that; and 'tis odds but he'l beat some of them if they speak twice without respect or beyond his knowledge; the Rogue is stout enough, and 'twill be as hard to beat as please him; but let him pass and tell me, *Ferdinando*, how do you like these visions? I am for *Baretta*, 'tis a brave plump Girle, there's substance in her; her heart has room to dance and play in her brest; the Rogues soul lyes soft and white; and in these Dog-days to lye in her arms is sleeping in *Fresco*; your lean women in the Summer burn like kindled Char-coal, I must find some means to purchase a sin, or so with her. Come, let us go see them. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. II. SCEN. I.

The Scene changes, and discovers a Piazza *and* Balcony-windows *in which the* Angellica *and her woman appears, other windows, and other women in them; neer the door of* Angellica *stands a Pillar, upon which hanges her Picture, and by it stand two* Bravoes *to protect it from affronts; and to give answer to such Questions as are ask'd. Under the Picture, is written this following.*

THis *is the Picture of the* Angellica Paduana, *that was Mistress to the dead General; her friendship is not to be purchas'd under a thousand Crowns a moneth, for which her Lover is Master four days and nights each week, and she his Servant.*

Angellica Bianca Paduana.

Enter two Bravoes, *and place themselves by the Pillar.*

Angel. SEE, they are come; prithee observe, with what malice and envy yon women look upon us.

Anna. They are vex'd to find the Trade so refin'd by a stranger; alas, they have no ambitions here, but to secure an *Olio* to dinner, and a Coach to the *Prado*; a pound of Bacon, and a Royal of eight transports them; would our conclusion were try'd that we might return to *Venice*; if ever you be tempted to leave that Paradise again, may some mangey Don ride us through *Madrid*; 'twill be another condition now with us, you have youth and fortune to spare, you may look about and chuse your man to make a friend at leisure; we can eat now without being forc'd to sell our liberties but upon our own conditions.

Angel. I would not stay a meal in this Town; but for the vanity and pleasure, to see and be seen; while the General liv'd, his jealousie

jealouſie made me lye hid in the world, neither ſeen nor enjoy'd; chaſter then their Nunneries had my mind been as innocent as his Bed. Profit and to be ſought was all my pleaſure then, with which profit I will ſeek my pleaſure now; the doubtful world ſcarce believ'd I was handſome: thus I ſhall remove that doubt, and leave a name and memory behind me; the novelty and humour, beſides the price, will beget diſcourſe; I know there's few will give the money, though he is not born ſhall enter under; for though I want no money, I'll have the *guſto* to ſee them gaze, ſigh and wiſh for what they have not the hearts to purchaſe, nor merit to deſerve, *gratis*; and when our nine days wonder's over, we'l be-gone; and in our own Sphear enjoy all our ſouls can imagine of peace and pleaſure; get the *Theorbo*, I ſee ſome coming.

Enter a lean Don conducting another Don, and an Italian, Officers of the Army; they ſalute her and read the Paper, and ſpeak to the Bravoes.

Italian. Now Comrade, what are the conditions we muſt ſubmit to before we can ſpend an hour in converſation with your Lady? I am her Country-man.

Brav. Sir, be pleas'd to read that Paper, 'twill inform you.

Ital. A thouſand crowns! *Cape Bella per Dio, Ma Cara.* *Shrugs, and goes out.*

Angel. What ſaid they?

Brav. He's of *Millain*, Madam, and would fain have ſeen you; but they ſay a thouſand crowns is dear, though you are fair.

Angel. Is he of *Millain?* would I had known it, the price ſhould have been two thouſand Crowns, to him, for his Generals ſake.

Anna. Ha, the *Furb* has a mind to give horns to his Generals Ghoſt; ſee here comes more men, but I fear no Merchants.

Enter three Monſieurs *without Cloaks.*

1 *Monſi.* What's this? a thouſand Crowns! ſure 'tis a miſtake.

Brav. Not at all, Sir, a thouſand Crowns is the leaſt price.

2 *Monſi.* Doth ſhe give or take ſo much by the moneth?

3 *Monſi.* One as ſoon as the other, there is two o's miſtaken ſure, a thouſand Crowns, pray is ſhe not mad? thou haſt black-lead, prithee write it down, there are ſo few good Whores *in Madrid*, that an Italian holds at a thouſand Crowns a moneth; the next Merchandize we bring ſhall be every man a tame Whore; a thouſand crowns? why 'tis a portion for the *Infanta*, and a good one too, if we keep *Catalonia*, and *Maſſaniello Naples*. There's nothing to be paid for ſeeing your ſight, is there? [*Exeunt three* Monſieurs. *They croſs themſelves and laugh.*

Angel. What ſaid they?

Brav. They were of opinion the Painter had put in an o or two too much, and ask'd me whether you gave or took a thouſand Crowns a moneth? they were merry, and ſaid, 'twas a portion for the *Infanta*, and more then the Catholick King gave with his Siſter now in *France*.

Anna.

Anna. They look, indeed, as if they wanted a ſervice and wages, but not ſuch a Miſtreſs.

Angel. A Miſtreſs! a Livery would be more uſeful, or a Laundreſs; what Linen they wear! Boots and no Cloaks in *Madrid*; Monſieur! monſter, you ſhould have ask'd them what Trade they were of.

Anna. You may ſee by their Meen they are of the *Gania* petits the poor people expected ſo long; and we ſhall find them by the ſtink the ruſty Bacon leaves in the Town; their Linen's hir'd by the moneth, you'l not find two ſhirts in a Family; and for ſmocks they have no ſuch word in their language; they prize a woman! their Curtezans dare not ſhew their faces; their Prince will beat his Whore; they are ſeldom paid, but always robb'd when they come amongſt them; how they would demoliſh our Trophee, if it ſtood upon the new Bridge, in ſpight of old *Halls* Ghoſt in Braſs, though he were a friend to the Petti-coat!

Angel. No, faith, never think they ſhould bear reſpect to their dead King, ſince they do not do it to their living; the three Chriſtian Kings are ſo us'd by their vaſſals; *Frondeur*, Round-head, and a Maſſaniellian; which is the worſt devil of the three?

Anna. There's no Rogue like your Round-head, a diſſembling, inſolent, bloody, blaſphemous traytor; whoſe originals were never got between ſheets, nor lay under one, but the Sextons, in charity; Rogues that had of right only a grave a piece, in thoſe three Kingdoms, which they ſo long reigned over.---See more Sons of wonder, Gazers, though no buyers.

Angel. No matter, I have my humour in their wonder; when we are gone, this will live upon their Stage; and be a Theam for a thouſand diſcourſes; all which are Trophies to that vanity which pleaſeth women.

Enter a Poliſh *Prince, and a* Flanders *Merchant.*

Prince. But a thouſand crowns! would I had paſs'd here before I went to *Rome*; I could have had her as cheap in my Bed as a Coach in the ſtreet; would ſhe would take bills upon my friends, I'de give her two thouſand.

Brav. Only ready money paſſes here; there is no credit, Sir, in this Trade.

Prince. Let's go lye privately two or three moneths at *Salamanca* till my bills come, and then return.

Merch. Or till the King pays me, and then I'll furniſh.

[*They ſalute and Exeunt.*

Angel. Well, and how?

Brav. Why theſe are kind-hearted, civil men, but out of Caſh; but if you will take Bills of Exchange to *Cracovia*, or aſſignments upon the moving Scotch Factory in *Poland*, the Prince is your man; or if you will deal upon Accompt to be paid when *Brabanter* gets his money of the King, he is *all te mall* your ſervant.

Angel. Wiſhes will not drive our Mill, though I confeſs I am

not

not diſpleas'd with him that would buy if he could.----See ſome one to ſteal becauſe he cannot purchaſe, how they are hid in their cloaks! ſhe'l catch all; ſee how he ſtalks to the Bird; fear not, Sir, ſhe'l ſit ſtill till you ſhoot; what! they are dumb.

While ſhe ſpeaks this, Don Pedro, Johanne *and* Carlo, *paſs over the Stage muſled; read the Paper and go out without ſpeaking.*

Brav. Yes, but I know them; 'tis Don *Pedro* and his old Comrades.

Angel. Don *Pedro!* his Father dy'd laſt Spring and left him a Million; 'tis the ſame that was wont to vex us with inquiries.

Anna. Is this he? I have known him beſet the ſtreet as if an Inquiſidor had been hunting a Jew; if I gueſs right, he's likely to purchaſe one moneth of idle time.

Angel. He is rich, and I believe frank enough; but they ſay he is of an inſolent and froward nature, and ſo jealous he will neither lead nor drive, a proud valuer of himſelf; let's be gone before he return; ſome men are got with ſhadows, and ſome birds with chaff; others that are wiſer will have the corn in the ſheaf; and Don *Pedro* is obſerv'd to be a better Lover in a window, then in a bed, and will give as much to be rid of a Miſtreſs, as to purchaſe her; therefore I am reſolv'd nothing but his golden-key ſhall let him in. [*Exeunt* Angelica *and* Anna.

1 *Brav.* They're gone, and we'l even turn our Lady to the wall, and to dinner; I am of opinion this bait will catch no fiſh; I'de be loath my wages ſhould be deducted out of the firſt fruits of this project.

2 *Brav.* What is it to us, whether it thrive, or no, ſo we are paid? the ſooner ſhe finds her fool we are caſher'd; and though it be but a dull trade to ſtand watching of ſhadows; yet 'tis better then bread and match, a frozen naked Sentinel in *Flanders.*

2 *Brav.* Nay, I am not ſo wanton as not to taſte the ſweet of feeding well, for nothing; 'tis a Crown of Plate a day, eaſily gain'd, to be a Knight of her Poſt; but I fear that remedy will cure her fit ſooner then good counſel; two crowns a day hardly earn'd will quickly appear a dear price for folly, and quench the heat that bred this opinion of her own face. By this hand, ſhe ſhould have got more in a Booth with the Elephant, for two pence a piece.

2 *Brav.* Pray let us in, and keep up the humour, rail at and deſpiſe the Spaniſh avarice that knows not how to employ their Indies to the right uſe; and be ſure to admire her beauty; vain women are ſhips that ſail only with windy flattery. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. II. SCEN. II.

Enter Harrigo, Thomaſo, Ferdinando, *and* Cornelius.

Thom. 'Tis the ſame by all deſcriptions; is ſhe handſome?

Corn. Eſteem'd one of the moſt *Garbato* in the Town, vertuous, young, and a high flyer is her character; but I have no practice with her, I am now going that way, and I'll inform my ſelf particularly; Gentlemen, your humble ſervant; Don *Thomaſo*, I hope, when I can be ſerviceable unto you or your friends you will command me.

Thom. *Lucetta* do you call her?

Corn. Yes, *Lucetta*, and her houſe is neer the Jeſuites.

Thom. No words, pray, that we know any thing of his haunt; he is a young man, but time will reclaim him. [*Exit* Corn.

Ferd. Prithee, who is this that knows all the world? By this light, he has deſcrib'd *Edwardo* as if they had lain in a Belly; h'as a ſhrew'd memory; I'll take heed how I promiſe him any thing; but I fear his credit is not ſo good as his obſervation; for though he be a blade, his ſcabbard's old; how he eat at dinner! if his heart be as good as his ſtomack he is a brave fellow; prithee, what is he?

Thom. 'Tis a fellow of a moſt temperate ſoul; one that makes his own humours his ſlaves, and himſelf a ſlave to all other mens; I have known him long and in divers Countries, a kind admirer ſtill of the place and people he was in; as if it had been his own Country or Family; and 'tis thought he can live in all Countries but that he was born in; one of his maximes is, No man has wit that cannot be what he will, upon all occaſions, in all companies, and in all conditions; *Harrigo* knows him better then I.

Har. By this character you are no ſtranger to him; this is he that travel'd with a young Lord, a Country-man of ours, till he ſpent and ſold even his name, for he was feign to change it; 'twas not currant where they paſt; and at laſt were forc'd to hide themſelves in Pilgrims weeds, and beg devoutly home.

Ferd. What could he ſay after ſuch an action? methinks he ſhould fly the converſation of men.

Har. I met him in that condition; and he told me, 'twas for devotion, a penance they had vow'd for a great deliverance in *Germany*.

Thom. What? they fell from the Butt at *Heydelberg*, or ſtumbled into another of *Bachrac*.

Har. No, but miraculouſly deliver'd from a party of Swedes that robb'd them; but had you heard him gravely applaud the humour of ſuch who voluntarily put themſelves into thoſe private habits; ſo by a Philoſophical hiding a mans ſelf to peep and ſpye upon the world through a cranny, as it were, the only beſt way to ſee and judge the true natures of men, who commonly are more free and unbent before the deſpis'd poverty of ſuch whoſe eyes and opinion, as cheap and low things, they eſteem not.

Thom.

Thomaſo. But when his Baites take, or the merry bill comes, then 'tis true the plain Clothes ſhew the ſober ſolid man; yet abroad, the habit and the meen diſtinguiſh the Perſons; and for his part he hath found it an Advantage ſtill, to look like ſome body, and good Clothes pays us in reſpects, and obſervation, what they coſt in the reckoning; ſo, long hair is comely, till it falls; Then ſhort Civiller, and leſs ſubject to diſorder with a Beard ſometimes in the *Greek-Mode*, rough and unhewn, ſometimes *Spaniſh-Biggateroes* ſtarch'd to his Ears, and upon a ſudden, thoſe formidable Whiſkers reduc'd to a pair of Eye-brows, and thoſe pluck'd with Pincers, till they ſtare like Pallizadoes, or a row of Pins; Theſe things hee'll ſuffer, and be rather thought out of his Wits, then out of the Faſhion; but ſee who comes to break off our diſcourſe. [*Enter* Edw.

Edw. Thomaſo, Ferdinando, Harrigo? Your hands all, and as you are kind friends get me a dark room, and clean ſtraw, before this flood of Joy and pleaſure oppreſs my Brain; *Ferdinando*, hark you, will you buy any Land at *Croyden*? I'll ſell you all, by this light, houſe and woods uncounted, and at an under rate too; for ſo much ſaved here is ſo much got there, and here I'll build my Tabernacle; *Thomaſo*, thou art a kind Friend, thou haſt Wit and Judgement, and know'ſt how to chooſe; I have been an Aſs, and Couzen'd all my days, but my Eyes are opened, and I repent, and aſk thee pardon for abuſing thee, and the place; *Ferdinando*, ſuch a Miſtreſs, ſo handſome, ſo kind, and full of all thoſe Beauties the curious eye and kind heart ſeeks, and all for Love; She ſigh'd, and ſmil'd, and kiſs'd, then ſigh'd again, and wrings my hand, ſure 'tis a dream; yet her Arms me-thinks hang here ſtill; Prithee try if thou canſt taſte her kiſſes; The Odour and the dew I taſte them ſtill upon my lips; I never felt ſuch a melting Snowy Girl; All her kindneſs, with ſuch a Grace, ſuch a Majeſty, ſuch Crowds of pleaſures in her Arms, I could ſcarce crawl from betwixt them; And from her door to her Bed but two ſteps in Love; What wretches were we to come ſo late abroad; Now *Thomaſo*'s diſcriptions taſte; Now I ſavour his diſcourſe, and by this One diſh can judge of thoſe Feaſts of pleaſure which We uſe to liſten to as Romance; *Ferdinando*, If thou wilt be happy ſell all, and let us two plant here.

Thoma. Not all; Keep the Birch-wood to jerk this Joy, 'tis too hot to hold, *Ned*; yet I rejoyce you have ſo good Luck, a Miſtreſs that you dare tell of her kindneſs, it ſeems, your Spaniſh Loves enjoyn no ingrateful Secrecies; No troubleſome Honour, to throw Thorns in a Lovers way; She fits thy humor, who had as lieve be publickly pox'd, as privately hapy; do you know her Name?

Edw. Her Name? no not I. What matter is't for her Name, a kind young and handſome Woman; what a pox ſhall a man do with more names then theſe? I ſhall not marry her.

Thoma. What did you give her?

Edw. What did I give her? What do you think ſhe is to be bought? No, Sir, *Edwardo* is not every body; give her? Why, are we in ſtock to buy ſuch a Woman? No, not to purchaſe a kiſs; give her?

her? by this light she gave me this Chain for the foolish Diamond you saw me wear, and then such Wine; 'twas a Present sent her by that Grandee you saw me speak to in the Church; hee's a civil, well bred man too, I warrant him; I am engag'd to sup there to night.

Ferd. Wee'll go with you.

Edw. Not a soul; No Gentlemen, you are of the Wits; I'le follow mine own fortune, and when I have suffred Loves violence for a Night, Ten or Twenty, then I care not if you do see her; But not a kiss till I have surfeited.

Thomaso. After all this Joy I would be certain your Purse were safe; You know 'tis all our Stock; Come, pray impart; 'tis no time to venture all our Fortunes, in one Bottom, especially when you are resolv'd to sail without a compass.

Edw. Here, Take part, or all, if you will; useless Trifles now to me that can command such a Girl, and her full Fortune; Don *Harrigo*, pray favour me with your Servant, to buy my Supper, and to chuse the wine.

Ferd. How the Infidel is turn'd Idolater! and he that would believe no Woman faithful now believes and dotes upon a Common whore, she works like a crafty one; and if she be right Spaniard shee'l discover some of the old Serpent in her.

Edw. Never fear it, *Ferdinando*; 'Tis but the malice of men, that disperse those scandals, to brand the Nation; what time of day is it? I have not din'd.

Thomaso. Marry, you must feed; *Venus* will have *Bacchus* and *Ceres* too; Else you'll be but cold Company.

Ferd. I begin to believe the Rogue has met a Fortune, however, h'as tasted of her and her Bottle; would I had such an one to couzen me too; of all the Love I could spare to Night.

Thoma. Heark you, *Ferdinando*, be patient, and answer me; have you observed such a scarcity of men in the Streets as to believe a handsome young Woman need run Rampant for want of a man? or do you see any such temptation in *Edwardo*, that he should make a wench chuse him out of Fifteen Kingdoms, to offer up her youth and beauty for nothiug? Observe me, shee'll abuse him.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. II. SCEN. III.

Angellica *and* Anna *appear above.*

Angel. *Anna*, what musing! give me the *Theorbo.*

Anna. I was thinking what fullen Star reign'd at your Birth, that has preserv'd your youth from being in Love, that green sickness of the heart that vexeth all our Sex, early or late.

Angel. A kind and a thrifty star, to which I owe my chief happiness; yet there are Natural Reasons too; For, to speak ingenuously, how should I become a Lover that have not so much leasure as to wish or long for any man; All I see are offered before I ask'd,

aſk'd; I have refus'd many, and enjoy'd more, but never yet deſired one ſince I parted with my firſt Friend.

Anna. Nay, I'me cleerly of Opinion, love thrives more in a Monaſtery then in a Court; A Nunnery with a high wall and double grate, there Loves grows mighty and Imperious; What would thoſe Priſoners give for the Crums of Lovers, that ſigh and fall from your Bed; *the Table where Love banquets either refuſed or ſurfeited.*

Angel. Didſt thou obſerve, the other day, how the poor Girls crowded to the Grates when we came in?

Anna. Yes, and 'twas eaſie to read their Curſes in their looks, that darted poiſon at us; Their eyes were ponyards in their wiſhes, for envy of that life which we loathe as much as they Covet to taſte.

Angel. 'Tis ſad to ſee youth and beauty ſo betray'd, condemn'd and forc'd by Covetous Parents to wither in thoſe ſhades; *Roſes* in their prime of Beauty, of Force to have led Nations in Triumph; Their Sighs and Tears have Rage and Pity in them; how they beat themſelves againſt the grate, like old ſullen Birds put lately in Cages!

Anna. 'Tis a miſery I have ben acquainted with; and I wonder no State hath been ſo Curious as to condemn ſome young Malefactour to be thrown naked into a Nunnery; you talk of your Royal Chaces, and *Jocodotories*; I had rather ſee a Kennel of Nuns worry a Frier of twenty, then all the Boars lanch'd in the Foreſt.

Angel. Bleſs the man ſo condemned; as good thrown in the Lyons Den; how that Novitia's teeth would water, whoſe turn 'twas to read a Chapter while the Abbeſs taſtes his forbidden Fruit!

Enter Don Pedro *and his Company, and gaze upon the Picture.*

Anna. What have we here? New men? No, 'tis the ſame Dumb Crew; would they were condemn'd to the Experiment for walking thus muffled in the Dog-days; if he continues hee'll be bak'd in his own Oven; That Scarlet in *Auguſt* looks Red-hot, and 'tis enough to ſet ones eyes on fire this Moneth; he is poiſoned, I ſee by his ſwelling ſo; ſo, do, do, gaze; yes, yes, 'tis ſhe; compare them together.

Pedro. 'Tis an Excellent Picture, whoſe hand can it be?

Carlo. Van Dikes, and 'tis well done.

Johan. He was a great Maſter, and a Civil Pencil.

Carlo. Why, do you think he has flatter'd her?

Pedro. By Saint *Jago*, he cannot; Obſerve her without prejudice; Is there one Grace, one beauty more then ſhe ſet before his Eyes? And ſoftneſs, ſuch as pencils cannot reach; That ſmile, there's a grace and ſweetneſs in it *Titian* could never have catch'd.

Carlo. Why do you hide your head then, when you know there's thouſand ſweetneſſes are to be ſold, Three for a Crown?

Were

Were I Don *Pedro*, I would Reſolve that Queſtion e're my Moneth were out; 'tis true, kindneſs is the beſt ſawce, I know, to Beauty, and will increaſe, nay beget an appetite; But ſure, He that loves a Woman, if her face prove not his ſawce his ſtomak's ill, and your ſcruple ſhould never trouble me; To have ſhut out Don *Pedro*, and now let in his Money.

Pedro. No more, they obſerve us; ſhe has her *Theorbo* in her hand, I hope ſhee'll ſing.

They all three lean againſt the wall, by her houſe; Then Enter two Bravo's, *and plant themſelves by the pillar.*

1. *Bravo.* See, Our Merchants are return'd, and new ones are arrived; what are theſe?

2. *Bravo.* Strangers by their Colours, and their Clothes; ſome Officers from the Army.

Enter Thomaſo, Edwardo, Ferdinando, Harrigo.

Harrigo. See, we are upon the place; Now obſerve with what Gravity and Decorum *Whoring is ſetled here*; By virtue of the Inquiſition, in this moſt Catholick Countrey.

Ferd. That pillar, what is't? a whipping Poſt? 'tis the firſt gilded one I have ſeen.

Edw. They are very neat, to paint and gild their Gallows; See, there's a picture upon it, 'tis ſome body hang'd in Effigies.

Harrigo. That wonder is it I told you of; 'tis the picture of the famous *Italian*, the *Angellica*; See, ſhee's now at her Window.

Thoma. I ſee her, 'tis a lovely Woman; heark, I hear a Theorbo, is ſhe Muſical? (*She ſtrikes the Theorbo.*)

Harrigo. Judge by what you hear; Theſe are the two Siſters in the other Window, and that's the *Polack* Prince with the *Saretta.*

Thoma. Peace, ſhee'll Sing; What a Garb ſhe has? A Thouſand Crowns? By this Day, a thouſand Kingdoms were not dear; a pox of this poverty, 'tis always heavy upon theſe Occaſions, where no virtues can make a mans way. Bread and water I can digeſt in a furrow upon a Rendevouz, and ſleep in it, without thoughts of Envy, till an Alarm wake me; And then ſtart up from among thoſe Clouds, when the Trumpet ſounds, as if 'twere Doomſday; Cuſtome and Honour, *Hall*, makes that ſufferance nothing; Nor has ambition or Fortune any Beauties, that tempt me; But as they can purchaſe Beauty, which we ſee ſet at a Rate, like Fleſh in the Shambles, and ſpoil'd too, like that, by ill Cooks.

Harrigo. Heark, ſhe Sings.

The Song.

1. *COme hither, you that Love, and hear me ſing*
of joys ſtill growing;

Green,

Green, Freſh, and Luſty, as the pride of Spring,
and ever blowing.
Come hither Youths that bluſh, and dare not know
what is deſire;
And Old men, worſe then you, that cannot blow
one ſpark of fire.
And with the power of my enchanting Song;
Boys ſhall be able men, and old men young.

2. *Come hither you that hope, and you that cry,*
leave off complayning.
Youth, Strength and Beauty, that ſhall never die,
are here remaining.
Come hither Fools, and bluſh, you ſtay ſo long,
from being bleſs'd.
And mad men, worſe then you, that ſuffer wrong,
yet ſeek no reſt.
And in an hour, with my enchanting Song,
You ſhall be ever Pleas'd, and ever Young.

While ſhe Sings, all admire, and Thomaſo *ſeems much concern'd; The Song done, He walks to the pillar, looks upon her, and reads the paper; There muſt be two little pictures poſted upon the pillar;* Thomaſo *offers to pull down one;* The Bravo *holds his Arm;* Thomaſo *looks ſcurvily at him, ſhuffles him away, and pulls down the picture.*

Thoma. How now? what would you have, Sirrah?

Pedro. What Inſolence is this? Death, I'll not ſuffer it.

Johan. Stay a little and obſerve; you ſee they are ſtrangers, and perhaps 'tis Ignorance.

Anna. What doth the Ruffian mean?

Bravo. Why do you take down the Picture? reſtore it, or we ſhall force it.

Thoma. How now Raſcal? Sirrah, put up your ſword, and quickly, do you hear? or by this light I'le draw mine.

(*He ſtrikes the* Bravo, *and the* Bravo *draws his ſword,* Tho. *laughs.*)

Harrigo, Ferdinando, *and* Edwardo *come about him;* Don Pedro *and his Friends come to.*

Pedro. Why this violence, Sir! what right have you to this Picture, more then another?

Tho. Poſſeſſion; and I'll keep it; you, perhaps, have mony enough to purchaſe the Subſtance; We poor folks muſt be contented with theſe ſhadows, unleſs ſhe were to be fought for, and then neither you nor the proudeſt in *Madrid* ſhould out-bid me. Lady, do you grudge the honor of this paper? If not, I'll keep it, in ſpight of all theſe frowners, and ſhew it, in honor of your Beauty, through all the world. *Then he turns ſleightly from him, and looks to the window and ſpeaks.*

Angel. I am confident, Sir, you will; and I am ſo farr from being diſpleas'd, that I ſhall take it for an Honour you will keep it.

Thomaſo.

Put it into his Breast.

Thomaso. Your Servant, Lady, and here I'll wear it; a Buckler againſt all that dare be angry, what ere they be.

They all draw, Bravoes and all, and fight.

Pedro. S' death, ſhall we ſuffer this? you are very brave in your words, we'll try what your ſword dares do.

Thomaso. Beat us at this ſport, and we'll wear ſwords no more; Why, a Pigeon will fight for his Hen.

Angel. Don *John*, Don *Pedro*, Don *Carlo*, what do you mean? Sir, to you that ſeem to have ſome kindneſs for me, hold, I conjure you by her you love moſt, by her that loves you moſt, I conjure you, hold; They are all deaf, run down, *Anna*, make thoſe Villaines leave ſiding and part them.

Anna. We are loſt, undone, you and I, all, all loſt and confiſcated to the State; 'Tis ſome plot upon you; that Ruffian is ſet on purpoſe to deſtroy you; 'tis ſome damn'd Souldier hir'd to this; Thoſe Souldiers, thoſe damn'd Souldiers; 'twas never a good world ſince that race of Men and buff grew in faſhion; In peace the Rogues uſe to ſneak from cellar to cellar, and convers'd with none but *Alguaziles*.

Thomaso's party beats the other off the Stage.

Angel. Haſte, I ſay, follow, raiſe the ſtreet, ere they Murther one another; 'Twas Don *Pedro*'s Inſolence that caus'd this; what pretence had he to queſtion him?

Enter Thomaſo *and his company.*

Harrigo. Pray let us retreat, before ſome worſe conſequence follow; You know, theſe are a Nation that will not be affronted.

Thomaſo. You bleed, are you much hurt?

Harrigo. Not I, 'tis theirs if there be any blood.

Ferdi. If your Dons fight no better then this, they will never recover *Catalonia*; why muſt he be concern'd in taking down the paper?

Edwardo. By this light, we'll have the picture too; We have won it in Battle field, fairly won it; The Knights and Gyants are fled that ſhould have defended it: Come, *Ferdinand*, lift me; I'll take it down.

Angel. Hold, Sir; and ere you do me an injuy, give me leave to ſpeak to your Friend; Sir, as you are a Souldier and a Gentleman, I expect protection from you; 'Tis their profeſſion to defend, not injure Women; and I am ſo far from deſerving ill of you, that I know you not; Yet if you pleaſe to come up, I am confident we ſhall give you full ſatisfaction for all the diſpleaſure you can with Juſtice imagine me guilty of.

Edwardo. You are not mad to put your ſelf into her power? Do you know how many trap-doors there are in her houſe, or how many leiger Bravoes lie there?

Ferdi. Prithee leave fooling, and let us go to our own lodging; A pox of theſe gilt whores: By this light, I'll find as good fleſh in Flannel, for a yard of ferret ribband, as ſhe ſells for a thouſand Crowns; and a man muſt fight for it too; ſhe'll cut thy throat.

Thomaſo.

Thomaſo. Is it poſſible you two ſhould know me ſo little as to be ſerious in this point? Not go where a woman calls, a young fair woman, a woman that I love too, becauſe there may be danger; Death, is there any danger like loving her without money in her purſe, whom nothing but a thouſand Crowns can purchaſe?

Harrigo. If that be ſo why do you loſe your labour, and afflict your ſelf with ſeeing of her, unleſs you had the ſumm to pay?

Thomaſo. Why, though ſhe may not ſell, it may be ſhe may have a fancy to give a Courteſie; Who knows? I am ſure of two kiſſes, at coming and going.

Harrigo. You know that's not the ſtile of this place; ſhe'll lie with you as ſoon as kiſs you.

Angel. 'Tis a gallant fellow, and the reſt poor ſpirited things; Fear not, Sir, there is no danger threatens you; See all the weapons we wear, and if theſe Eyes do not wound you, you are ſafe from womens dangers.

Thomaſo. Do not miſtake this diſpute, 'tis but the kindneſs of Friends; and if mine own Eyes brought not more danger by gazing on yours then any Enemy threatens, 'tis not your doors could have kept me out; And to remove your doubt, would you durſt meet me as naked in your Bed as I durſt enter. Farewell *Hal.*----

[*Exit* Thomaſo.

Harrigo. We'll expect you in the next ſtreet. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. II. SCEN. IV.

Enter Angellica, Thomaſo, *and* Anna.

Angel. WHy did you pull down the Picture?

Thomaſo. Rather, why did you ſet it up, If not for that purpoſe? ſure you know the excellence it expos'd to our Eyes; which I would now deſcribe, but that the converſation with your Glaſs will do it better, which I perceive you have conſulted, by the price you ſeem to value them at; In ſhort, I ſaw and lov'd you, fair one, as who do's not; I wiſh'd for you too, as who would not? But when I read your paper, I found the price of this Jewel too great, not for my value but my Fortune; had that been equal to my Love, you ſhould have found at what rate I priz'd the Beauty and the Friendſhip of the famous and fair *Angellica*, that Star of *Italy*; who had ſhe been as fixt as bright, a Prince might have worne ſuch a Jewel in his Breaſt, and receive greatneſs and luſtre from her; Theſe thoughts my wounded Eyes, and raviſh'd Ears, ſuggeſted to me ſeeing that Form, and hearing thoſe charmes thy hand and voice diſpers'd amongſt the ſurpriz'd; and ſighing multitude; When guilty of my own condition I deſpair'd any ſucceſs with my Alms-mony, to think of purchaſing your perſon; And therefore I reſolved at all hazard to poſſeſs this ſhadow to feaſt my Eyes with, and to kiſs and imagine kindneſs for it.------ You ſmile now, and look upon my Cloaths, and deſpiſe me becauſe I am poor.

Angellica *is ſerious and attentive to all he ſayes.*

Angel. No, Sir.

Thomaſo. Yes, yes, I ſee it and can bear it; Yet, in theſe old Cloaths I am a Gentleman and a Souldier; and though my habit be ill, my heart and my ſword are good, and I think my Reputation, as any Souldier needs; for though I have loſt my Fortune, yet I have preſerv'd mine Honour ſtill.

Angel. You wrong me, Sir; And when you know my Heart and the thoughts ſhe labours with, you will confeſs it.

Thomaſo. Nay, I have told you I can endure it, if you deſpiſe me, ſo you do not tell me of it; But what's all this to you, who are fair, young and lovely, and indeed Miſtriſs of all the Virtues depraved man ſeeks? Good Heaven! What faults have I ſeen Wealth and Beauty hide! Even Princes flatter faces, and wink at the ſins and crimes they commit; and while Riches break the Nets, Beauty numbs the Fiſhers hands: Riches weighs down the ſcale, while Poverty lies open to the Law and cenſure, liable to the ſcorn and puniſhment; for though all are taught to know the penalty of the Law, 'tis the poor man is made the example.

Angel. What poyſon is this my Ears ſuck in? His words ſhake my Soul.——[*Aſide.*

Anna. How ſilent ſhe ſtands and hears his railing? Good Corporall, will you trot and leave your preaching? Bleſs us from a Capuchin in buff; have you no text to take but my Miſtriſs when you are to rail? Good Centry, of old St. *Frank*'s Order, this is no broken bread, nor ſoure porridge, this Houſe affords no Love for Charity; Pray pack, and ſearch the ſtalls when 'tis dark, or whiſtle the poor Bulker.

Angel. How now, who gave you this liberty of railing? Get you gone, or lie down behind you door quickly, or I will kick thy carrion carcaſs out at window.

Thomaſo. No, no, let her vent her ſpleen, for the ſame queſtion is in your heart too, onely you can be ſo diſcreet as to hide it; What would you have? Who are you? One that ſcornes to play your parts; and though I dare ſpend my blood, I ſcorn to ſell it for ſo baſe ſallary; No, not to enjoy you, though I avow a Love and admiration for thee, and would run any hazard to purchaſe thee; See here the laſt ſum I can command upon the earth, the laſt meal I know where to eat now in my Body, when this money is gone; Yet I am ſuch a ſervant to Love and Beauty, this laſt, laſt hope, I'll freely give to enjoy thee; here, pray take it, I conjure you take it. Do not ſcorn me, fair one, now I have ſaid this; For know, if you do, I can hate at as great a rate as I can love; and for my Revenge, not onely give this laſt penny, but hazard the laſt drop of my blood too: Why are you coy to me? I know you are to be had, and would be mine had I money to purchaſe you; 'tis printed, and by your own Order publiſh'd; Which Cordial, I'll ſtill repeat to my heart, that knowledge has a virtue, and in time will heal theſe wounds; Never frown, fair one; I would not for the earth thy Fame were as fair as thy face.

She turns from him.

Angel. Why ſo ſevere, Sir?

Thomaſo.

Thomaſo. Not that I deſpiſe you, but to ſecure my ſelf; All thoſe flames I feel now are but ſo many Luſts, I know them by their ſuddain bold intruſion; The impatiency and the ſawcineſs of the flame betrayes it, ſtill devouring till it be devoured; had it been Loves pure dart, I ſhould have pin'd at your feet in ſilence, ere found a daring to tell you ſo. Luſt his baſtard-brother, and born of the ſame Mother, can brook a denial of that which Love dares not aſk, and onely grows angry for a time; But the next kind Girl quenches his flame.

Angel. After all this ſevere truth, what are we guilty of that you have not confeſs'd? What crime ſtaines us that you would not now act? You men are ſtrangely partial to your ſelves, you would not deſpiſe us elſe; Is the fault ſingle in us? If not, why ſhould we loſe our Honours in the Act, when you think it an Honour to be the Actors? Who made the Law againſt Love? Or where will you find it obligeth women onely? If the Law be general, muſt not the crime be ſo too?

Thomaſo. Yes, in Love; for Love 'tis equal, but not in you, becauſe you will be paid; you ſell your blood which is your guilt: 'Tis Mercenarines in you that makes the ſin, Nature elſe would plead for you too; When I hang out my picture, and at a rate expoſe my ſelf to all comers, then I will not wonder if you deſpiſe me.

Angel. And I could urge, when you'll take a Houſe and furniſh it, deliver up your Youth and Liberty a ſlave to our Sex, and wait like a ſpider in your web, for all flies that paſs; When *Angellica* knocks at your door, and leads you to your bed, I will not wonder if you aſk a price before I enjoy you; Nor ought you to wonder when we deſire ſome ſatisfaction for the ſlavery we ſuffer.

Thomaſo. I am not here to defend ſuch baſeneſs in men, but to condemn it in women.

Angel. You have reaſon, Sir; and I am pleas'd to find ſuch Honour in your heart; But your truths are a knowledge I have learn'd too late: And to afflict my ſelf with the conſideration of that which cannot be remedied is ſecond folly; Onely (once a whore and ever) is the world adage; yet there may be degrees of ill; and I am vain enough to believe, though I am not a good woman, I am not an ill Miſtriſs.

Thomaſo. Faith 'tis a very ill woman, (if ſhe be handſome) that will not make a good whore.

Anna. Goſpetto, I can ſuffer no longer; ſtab me, kill me, do, tread upon your Nurſe, wound theſe Breaſts that fed thee; All for a Villain that hath rail'd an hour; Hell upon him, Beggar; why do you talk to him? Sirrah, you know the price, either pay or be gone, there's the door, and here's the window; Would I were as young as I have been, I would make thee leap it for all thy bragging. *He offers Anna a piece of Gold.*

Thomaſo. Here, prithee good fore-woman of the ſhop ſerve me, and I'll be gone.

Anna. Keep your gilded Royal, and troop, good Rutter; here's no ſelling by ſmall ware.

Thom. Yes, on my conſcience, thou haſt ſold many a Marvadies worth of thy commodity ere now.

Angel. When you ſpeak of a price, Sir, you know what 'tis; you have the Bill.

Thom. 'Tis truth, Lady, and I deſire no favour; let me ſee; the moneth is a thouſand crowns, how much comes that to, for a Piſtol; divided by four nights in a week. I, by four nights in a week.-----Heark you, Grannam; take your chalk and caſt it behind the door; ſee what it comes to, that I may have my penyworth out of your Lady, and I'll be gone.

Anna. I tell thee, ſcurvey, ſaucy fellow, we ſell not this ſtuff by the yard; the whole piece, or nothing, Sirrah; I could beat him, A pox take him, h'as vex'd me into a Fever.

Thom. That's hard; muſt a Cuſtomer buy whole ſhips lading? your Shop, or nothing! faith, Lady, I can be none of the Merchant, as well as I love you, unleſs I could conjure; yet now I think on't I have partners, I'll ſee if they will joyn, we'l take off your Commodity amongſt us.-----('Tis a likely Girle, if we can purchaſe her we cannot be loſers; we'l take what we uſe, and ſell the reſt of our ware,) I am thinking, Lady, how to compaſs this Geer, though I am out of Caſh; will you truck, or venture a curteſie? Death, not a kiſs, or ſo, for a pattern? By this light, I'll have a mouthful of kiſſes.

Angel. If I thought they would pleaſe you you; ſhould could I be certain you had a kindneſs for me more then as I am meer woman, I would not deny you a kiſs.

Thom. Have I eyes, have I ſoul, or ſence? Death, I bleed yet for your ſhadow; and offer you freely my laſt bit of bread; if after this you doubt, command me ſomething, and try whether I can love or no; or dare frankly ſerve what I love.

Angel. No more, thou art a gallant fellow; put up your money, Sir; for though I wiſh thy purſe as great as thy heart, and thy credit as good as thy humour, or nature, yet know I would not ſell thee a kindneſs but for kindneſs ſake; By this and this I ſwear.

She kiſſes him and he her.

Thom. What will this come to? I was never ſtruck firſt by a woman before.

Angel. Can you forgive a fault, and love for love? can you forget I was to be ſold, and value this gift? can you tell your heart I am yours, and not remember I might have been any bodies? ſay, can you do this? have you kindneſs and good nature enough left to hide ſuch a ſtain? if not, yet have ſo much mercy, at leaſt, to ſay ſo; and though you cannot love, yet prithee flatter me. [*She leans upon him.*

Thom. Nay faith, out-do me with kindneſs, and hang me; if I be not as well natur'd as any woman of you all, the world is couzen'd; inquire where I have gone; if my women rail upon me for that fault let the ſex frown.

Angel. Kindneſs is all I ask, and, for that command me; yet know what I offer thee has been often ſought, often deny'd, ſeldom

dom enjoy'd; but, By heaven, never pleas'd; often a Miſtriſs, but never a Lover till now; if thou be'ſt kind, forget and forgive my faults that are paſt, which are crimes of the Nation, not mine; ſold by a Mother, oppreſs'd with miſery when I knew no better then to obey her; though I confeſs he that had the flower of my youth laid great obligations upon us, ſuch as good nature and gratitude will always make me remember with love and kindneſs; but 'twas not like the Paſſion that now diſturbs my breaſt.

Thom. If this be real, I am mortal; ſhe weeps, ſure my Piſtols are not worth this trick; beſides, I offer'd it with all this ſtir, I would fain believe her kindneſs real; but I have been ſo often bit with ſighing, weeping, flattring ſinners, I have no faith left for the ſex; yet my Reaſon tells me I may venture here; her houſe is fair, her clothes good, here's furniture, and there are jewels, her very Baud a Matron-like woman, gravely cloath'd, and all of a piece; ſure I may truſt her; if the worſt come to the worſt, 'tis but a few Piſtols loſt; rob me they cannot, and beat me they ſhall not. Well. 'tis reſolv'd, I am a proper fellow, and ſhe loves me.---Come, no more tears, fair one; All paſſion but love is unſeaſonable, and out of tune now; and ſince you are a Lover you ſhall find I can be grateful, kind and ſerious too; and when you are collected, tell you 'tis not only good nature, but wit in women, thus to ſurprize a Lovers heart, and give, though not before 'tis ask'd, yet before he hopes, ſuch a favour; the ſeaſonableneſs of a curteſie is the beauty of the action; and Loves fruits above all expect we ſhould gather them in ſeaſon, if they hang long they rot or wither; and if neglected, Loves flowers fade and fall; what beauty had that Roſe yeſterday, which to morrow is only fit for the Still? ſuch, and ſo ſeaſonable was the bounty of this kindneſs; our Roſe and fruit has now all the fragrancy and ſeaſon in it; had I won it at long running, wooing ſtill, and taſted kiſſes here and there, what's *Angellica* now would have been a dull and common joy; for ſuch taſtings dull the edge and deads the ſtomack of a Lover, who after ſuch weary ſteps lies down by his Miſtreſs tir'd, or without an appetite.

Angel. Do not diſtruſt our joys then, nor my love; let me not find that curſe to have my firſt vows doubted; if they be, here will fall in ſhowers all thoſe tears others have wept to me; all their treaſur'd waters at once I'll pour out at thy feet; oh! that ſuch a ſtream could make me as pure a Virgin as I am now a perfect Lover; then I would beg to be thy wife; but that muſt not be; for love bids me not ask that which honour forbids thee to grant; yet you may be my friend.

Thom. No more, *the gods are* merciful; and ſins of youth and nature, ſuch as ours, have their friends amongſt them; come, dry thoſe eyes whoſe fire thoſe tears cannot quench; and though their beams cannot ſtab through thoſe waters, yet they bruiſe a Lovers heart; and though Love has a Balſam for every wound, yet nothing heals love ſo kindly as love again; his wounds then leave no ſcars nor feel no pain; 'tis ſcarce a ſin what they can do who love and are belov'd again.

Angel.

Angel. Let's retire, and not only learn but practiſe this new Doctrine, whoſe Rules are eaſie, and Laws ſo ſweet, 'twill give the blind Lover his eyes, and the Law his feet, but they will meet.

[*Exeunt* Angellica *and* Thomaſo.

Anna. Nay, then a Whores fortune and my curſe befall thee; have we ſpun and ſtich'd, dreſs'd and watch'd for this? is all the honey we ſuck'd from ſo many flowers in their youth carri'd to that hive, for this Droan to waſte? What curſe made me conſent to her vanity! a thouſand Crowns, a fine plot to leave a fame behind us! what a ſtink will this ſtory make in *Venice?* a curſe on this Caterpillar; by that time ſhe hath cloath'd and fed him, we may reſolve to go naked our ſelves; there's but one remedy left, Beſt rob her my ſelf, while ſhe hath ſomething to ſteal; I may keep her when ſhe is old; well, I begin to think this is no good trade we drive, 'twill thrive neither Whore nor Baud; I have been as painful in either calling as any ſhe in *Venice*; my youth had as much beauty and as powerful friends; and my age as much thrift, *Anna Garbota*, ſays one *Anna Spiritata*, ſays another, *Anna Bellamana*, ſays a third, *Aſſaſina*, *Echephorbe*, *Calladora*, theſe were my names; then *Anna* who had higher fame! yet ſee all theſe trophees ſhrunk into one poor Baud and theſe ruines: who admires but to moralize upon them? and now to add to the afflictions of my age, in my age this curſe is fall'n upon me; 'twould make one ſwear to be poor and honeſt to ſee ſuch luck as follows me; Love was always fatal to our trade; but I did not fear this curious miſchief, to dote upon a Beggar, a Souldier-beggar, a trade as ill as our own, as poor too, and as impoſſible to be made rich; one that thinks it a diſhonour to get or ſave; we ſhall never eat again neither, for he'l have all in drink; nay, 'tis an Engliſh Souldier too, and one of the Kings party, three titles to perpetual poverty; a race of men who have left praying, or hoping for daily bread; and only relye upon nightly drink. [*Exit.*

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

Enter Don Pedro, Johanne *and* Carlo.

Johan. BE he what he will, ſhall a drunken *Tramontaney* abuſe us in *Madrid?* Are you a Spaniard, and ſuffer this Affront? By Saint *Jago* I'll ſtrike him in the Church, but I'll be reveng'd.

Pedro. 'Tis the ſame that ſav'd my Siſter, when *Pampalona* was ſack'd; The Action was kind and Gallant; ſuch as ought to plead againſt any Injury that chance begets; and indeed 'twas our faults to hide our ſelves from him.

Johan. The Devils in 'em, when they get abroad; The Dogs are ſo muzled and ty'd up at home, with Conſtables, and *rommel*, they fight for ſport abroad.

Carlo. I have ſeen one of thoſe painted ſtaves diſarm a Scarlet Cloke,

Cloke, and command him into the ſtocks without reſiſtance; and here they are ſo ſullen they will not give the wall to Saint *Jago*, unleſs he be painted upon it.

Johan. There is ſomewhat of the Cock and Maſtiff-dog in them all, ſullen proud ſnarlers, any thing, one another, rather then not be worrying.

Pedro. Methinks that race of Cavaliers ſhould be extinct or quiet at leaſt; they have been kill'd or baniſh'd, ſunk, hang'd and ſtarv'd this thirteen years, and yet they ſwarm ſtill; I pitied them at firſt.

Carlo. Pity'em, hang'em, they are as proud of their perſecution as the Jews; and brag as vainly of their wants as a Caſtillian would of his blood; no ſervants, no money, no clothes, no meat, and always afoot, neither daunts nor dejects them; they beg as confidently their ſurly way, and they think as meritoriouſly as Capuchins; By this light, I believe 'twill be an order in time, they are admitted into the Mendicants already; and thoſe that lov'd the man leaſt call'd their great *Charles* both Saint and Martyr, and the Rogues hope yet to make a black-red-day for him in their Kalender; their Princes too look as high, and charge as far ſtill upon one lean Mare, as if they had a hundred led-horſe behind them; and their Duke too fights now in *France* and *Flanders* as his Brother did in *Scotland*; at the old *Rupert* rate, ten to one ſtill; And by this hand they look ſo above the reſt of men, for all their calamities, that when they paſt laſt through *Flanders* no man durſt be heard to pity them, for fear ſome one of his dull honeſt ones ſhould miſtake that pity and ſtrike him.

Johan. I, but that humour's chang'd now, *France* has ſo cut their Combs; the *Louvre* and the Pale-royal have been ſad inchanted Caſtles to them, they have kept a *Lazarello*'s Court there; darkneſs, loanneſs, and the neſt of poverty; but two loaves a day, and without fiſh, to work the Miracle; yet the Gallery was a Chriſtian Coney-warren fill'd with Cavaliers of all Trades; and unleſs they fed upon their children, 'tis not viſible what they eat.

Carlo. They are now remov'd to the Palace Royal, where they eat ſo ſeldom, and dung ſo ſmall, you may as ſoon ſtep in a Cuſtard as a T---- in the Court; they that do S---- ſave it for their own Pig; there is not a blade of Graſs left in the Garden, nor a drop of Oyl in the *Madona*'s Lamp; ſacriledge and their Sallads make it burn dim, they are happy that ſwim, they dive in the pond and ſteal the Fiſh. The younger ſtomacks browſe upon the Cops as high as they can reach, they have ſtarv'd the poor Antelope in eating up his Commons; their Grandees only dine, and that but when fortune ſmiles: the Graſhoppers are grown Piſmires now, and are abroad as early as the day, and induſtrious as the Ant, for food. Brown-bread and old *Adams*'s Ale is currant now; yet if little *Eve* walk in the Garden, the lean ſtarv'd Rogues neigh after her as if they were in Paradiſe; there's their Reſident too, his Arms are up ſtill; but 'tis long ſince he had the Supporters; 'tis thought he eat the Unicorn laſt Paſsover, his Butcher and he are ſtill in proceſs for

for the horn; the Lyon's lean too, but he will never be tame; you may see the Royal Beast still in the Fair; and I have heard an Irish Capuchin swear (for he is a blade too, though in a gray scabbard) that if the Cavaliers could be brought to pray as well as fast, he believ'd the King would yet have more Saints in his Army then St. *Ignatius* has Lamps burn dim.

Johan. There's a Round-head in Town, a pleasant fellow, I heard him describe their Court the other day: the Rogue makes good sport with it; if a man had ill nature enough to laugh; *Carlo* heard him too.

Carlo. Yes, he swears the Waiters act *Tantalus* better then *Ovid* describ'd him; for there are those that follow the Cup and Plate, still, constant, lean and loyal, that have the smoak of the Office though the roast be run away, such as have priviledge still to see, and only to see, what others eat.

Johan. Condemn'd twice a day to suffer an apparition of meat; 'tis sad always to see and never to eat, food in vision only; nothing to dinner; and sup all night in a dream, will make your Cavalier but a lean wight.

Pedro. A Court with three Chappels, all Head, and no Bowels, neither Cellar nor Kitchin but what the Cobler or a Taylor stitch in.

Carlo. Yet the soul feeds high, spiritual food abounds still; he says; not a meal of prayers less then in the old Kings days.

Johan. Besides their Princes break-fast and collation made in private devotion; admirable souls-food for all the faithful that will come; Pistle and Gospel with Common-prayer by the Tune; but for belly-timber, not one crum.

Pedro. By this character, if poverty or vertue can plead, sure the English Court will find a reward; 'tis great loyalty can make all fast, some pray; and though few have linen, all wear gray; sure they walk at least in the narrow way.

Carlo. Why, the very stables have their vigils too, they say, and the poor Jades keep them without Oates or Hay; and let the Master of the horse take care what Grooms he trusts to keep them; for if they dye within the verge, he swears, By this light, they'le eat 'em.

Pedro. Yet their Footmen swarm still; how came they to stay?

Carlo. For want of strength to run away; and, for the Queens side, there's neither fornication left nor pride; nothing but Madam *Bluto* remains of all the Kitchin, none above stairs but *Suzan*, *Civil*, and her Capuchin.

Johan. Hot-spur's grown old too, his Gout requires ease; and from head Ostler of the Court is become Chamberlain with staff and keys.

Carlo. Yes, for the young Prince is from the Indies come; and though his brave Sea-horse founder'd in his journey home, yet the poor Jades are now become his cares; he's no more Admiral, but *Palatine Polyxander*, great Master of the Mares.

Pedro. Then the young *Neptune* will to Sea no more.

Carlo.

Carlo. 'Tis thought ſo, for the neglected Trident ſticks in the Dunghil, at the Stable door.

Pedro. By this light, 'tis Pity ſuch parts, and ſuch a Spirit ſhould be buried there; who, when he was in Action, bred both fear and wonder; His Enemies call him ſtill the Devil, and *Robin* a *Cumber.* [*Enter a* Bravo.

Brav. Sir, he that ſtruck me is now above in the *Synniora*'s houſe; and *Anna* tells me, he begs and Rails, but has not a Royal of Plate to bleſs himſelf.

Carlo. Lets ſtay, and ſee him ſpeak, when he comes out.

Johan. And give him a Royal apiece in alms, and laugh at him, 'twill be ſome Revenge.

Pedro. You miſtake the man, he has a mind above thoſe little things; but I can ſting him; here *Carlo*, fetch me a Thouſand Crowns, you know where to find it; with that wee'll deſtroy his hopes; and to ſee us poſſeſs her, and himſelf ſhut out, will vex him worſe then Blows. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. III. SCEN. II.

Enter Harrigo, Edwardo, *and* Ferdinando.

Harrigo. THey are gone, and there is ſome miſchief in their deſign I ſee by their whiſpering.

Ferd. I ſaw one of the *Bravoes* return from her houſe, and ſpake with him in the Red, I am confident they know he is within; and who knows but they are gone to ſurprize him by ſome back way?

Edw. 'Tis a willful Folly, to throw himſelf upon dangers needleſly, onely for humor; He knows I have buſineſs too, a deſign of mine own, that waits me. -- I'le knock. (*He knocks at* Angel. *door.*)

Angel. See who knocks. (Angellica *above.*)

Anna. What would you have?

Harrigo. Prithee tell Don *Thomaſo* 'tis late, and we ſtay for him.

Anna. Would you had him out at Window, ſo we were rid of him; A curſe on the Door where he enters in, for *Anna.*

Enter Thomaſo, *and embraceth his friends*; Angellica *peeps through her window upon him.*

Harrigo. And how? come be Ingenuous now; do's fortune ſmile? ſhall we break her Windows, or Sacrifice in her Temple?

Thomaſo. Do you not ſee it here; Is it poſſible, ſuch joys as mine can be hid? Do's not the little god appear upon my Brow to diſtinguiſh me from the Common Crow'd of Lovers; No *Cupids* hovering in the Air, kiſſing their hands, nor ſcraping their ſhort Legs; *Formantias bona Mane*, ſomething to drink for the ſervice they have done me? Wee'll call him no more the blind Deity; Do you ſee that Eye that peeps there? Death, 'tis his Quiver, *Hall*; And has more Darts then his old one in't, but they are all to friend. Prithee tell me, where hadſt thou the Sack we drank at Dinner;

The Eloquent, Bold, Fortunate Sack we drank to day? ſay, that I may go kiſs the ſpiggot, and kneel to the Butt; 'Tis Sacred Liquor, I'll *dip my Beads in't*, and then touch all things that I would have kind or happy with them.

Harrigo. The wine was good, and there is more of it; If you'll walk wee'll take a Bottle, and hear the Story at leiſure you ſo labour with; There is good French wine too, to whet your Stomack with.

Thomaſo. French Wine? not I, 'tis the Omen of ſome ill luck when I drink it; French wine? when would that Corraſive had ſuch ſucceſs? No, I abjure it; Satyres, and ill Nature, Coſtiveneſs, and narrow ſoul, ſhrunk heartedneſs, and ill luck follow'd me as long as I convers'd with that hungry juice; Cheerful Oyly Sack, you ſee, has in an hour of happy Minutes crown'd all my wiſhes; I have not one deſire left; Prithee let's be all wanton, and think upon ſomething to want, Heark? Here's thoſe Friends will remove all difficulties ---- Heark, how they dance out of tune for Joy to be fallen into my hands; That while we have the pleaſure of ſpending, theſe little Rogues may have the Guſto to be ſpent? 'tis He and She Gold while 'tis here, and begets young pleaſures; The fruit ſhews their beauty, while the covetous ſavor, with ſevere Eyes, keeps them Impriſon'd in their Cheſts; they have no opportunity to meet, but lie barren; The ſeparated Sexes for want of uſe wither, without putting forth either Leaf or Fruit; Or will you Collation, or Sup with me at our houſe? I am ſerious, all's mine own, and you ſhall be well-come.

Ferd. What the two Siſters are forgot, I ſee. The young Lady too, and the plot upon the hundred thouſand Crowns, and all drown'd in this joy, wife and all?

Edw. But thou art not married, I hope, for all thy fooling.

Thom. All the hony of Marriage, but none of the ſting, *Ned*; I have a Woman without that boundleſs Folly, of better or worſe; there's a kind of Non-ſence in that Vow Fools onely ſwallow; I can now bid my Friends well-come without Jealouſie; Our vows are built upon kindneſs only, they ſtand & fall together; We neither load, nor enſlave the mind with Matrimony; No laws, nor tyes, but what good Nature makes, binds us; we are ſure to meet without falſe well-comes, or diſſembling ſmiles, to hide the Sallary of a ſin, or blinde the Fornication of a *Platonique* Friendſhip; Our knots hold no longer then we love; No ſooner wiſh a liberty but we take it.

Ferd. I wiſh you Joy, Sir.

Thoma. And I have it, *Ferd.* full joy; heark, how the Chorus ſounds; poverty has a ſlavery ty'd to it; It makes Wit and Honour ſneak; My ſoul grew lean and ruſty for want of Credit; It wither'd the Root of Man in me; But this kind ſeaſonable Shower ſends out Buds again; Thou ſhalt ſee mirth renew in me; look here, *Ned*, your Saint, has ſhe ſuch a Shrine as that *Pallas*? Do's ſhe give ſuch Oracles as theſe? heark, how ſweet they ſound, and in a Language all Nations underſtand; there's no Riddles in ready Money.

Ewd.

Edw. I'll tell you to morrow; This night I am to try how fortunes wheel will riſe upon my Anchor; if I be lucky I envy not any he in *Madrid*; though 'tis granted, The *Angellica* cannot be excell'd in Garb or Beauty.

Harrigo. You muſt conſider hee's but a young Wencher, but new come to Loves feaſts, hee's at's firſt Courſe ſtill.

Ferd. And a hungry Lover too, ſuch as never taſted any thing but Loves porridge, and his Barley pudding in Wedlocks Ordinary; But when we have ſurfeited of Spaniſh, French and Italian beauties as often as you have done, We ſhall ſearch out ſuch plumbs as the *Angellica*; and our nice ſtomacks will require ſuch curious plates and ſauce to tempt it as thoſe that love us will prepare; yet what we Love will ſerve turn.

Harrigo. You name Forreign Beauty, as if *England* had none could pleaſe you; Shew me where *Cupid* has ſuch a Shambles, or ſuch a Market as *London* affords?

Thom. I, but you know the proverb, *Hall*; For fleſh and blood; but the Divel ſends Cooks.

Harrigo. Gentlemen, your mirth would be more ſeaſonable, when you have thought upon your ſafeties, which, I am confident, is not here.

Thomaſo. Our ſafety? What danger is there, in Nature, for men to apprehend in our Condition? Let's mock and deſpiſe all danger, now we have conquer'd thoſe of Love and Want; By this light, Famine grew formidable; The lean Rogue was ſeen to enter within our Court; and though he ſkulks in private now, 'Tis fear'd he will grow bold and walk abroad.

Harrigo. Since you went up, They paſs'd again; and now I am certain Don *Pedro* is one of them; And your acquaintance with his Nature muſt tell you, He will not brook an Injury; Which you have repeated to the quick; His ſword and his Miſtreſs he has loſt; and how do you believe a Don will brook two ſuch loſſes?

Thomaſo. Don *Pedro*, The *Serulina*'s brother! a miſchief purſue him, (for putting her into my thoughts) are you ſure 'twas he? By this light, hee's too blame; Not I, his diſguiſe has injur'd me.

Harrig. I'me of opinion, 'twill be fit for you to give him a viſit; wee'll go with you; The truth of this Accident is enough to excuſe us, and ſatisfie him; A word in ſeaſon will overcome him more then blows hereafter: beſides, As full of joy as you appear to be with this new fortune; I know you cannot be ſo little a Friend to your ſelf, to ſleight and neglect ſuch a Fortune, and ſuch a friendſhip, as the fair *Serulina* brings.

Thomaſo. Prithee, dear *Harry*, let's not be wiſe yet; this is for ſerious hours, and grave thoughts, and but puts water in our Wine to day; yet I'me of your opinion to find Don *Pedro*; for he is a perſon for whom I always had a value and kindneſs.

Harrigo. Well, Sir, take your own way; As if you could viſit him and his Siſter not know you are arrived; which news I'll venture to give her, and find ſome way to ſerve you with her without your Commiſſion; I know the Rogue is ſo proud that though he

loves nothing else but her; yet he would starve e're he would say so, for fear she should refuse him. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. III. SCEN. III.

Enter Lucetta, *and* Sanco.

Sanco. WHat's that?

Lucett. A Feather, the Bird has many.

Sanco. 'Tis a Diamon'd, and a good Water; Is there no ready money too?

Lucet. Fye! Money? I carried it with such State, he believes 'has got the Indies; I began, and gave first my Copper gilt Bracelet; had you seen how carelesly I parted with it, and how unwillingly I received this Diamond, till forc'd upon me;

Sanco. Go on, Excellently good; Do you think, he would give me any thing if I should pretend to love him? I'de so fit him with a speech, if I thought he would.

Lucet. Your part must be beaten out of him, *Sanco*; if he will not stand till we pick his Pockets.

Sanco. No, hang them, they are Oaken Rogues, your English; knotty, sullen, crabbed, woodden Fellows, and will fight upon as little reason as they love; you must either flatter them, or Cozen them out of what you get, else their dry udders will give no milk.

Lucet. Of this some other time; and, dear *Sanco*, haste, and call my *Philippo*, to whom thou know'st my heart is all in serious, what I would seem here; and I were happy, if my truth with *Philippo* found but such succes as this Fiction; Prithee tell him, there is a Supper and a Ring attends him, and a better Fortune, if he can sail the streights, and find it; The Mine in his Pocket is then our own; Dear *Sanco*, be still kind, and use thy Art to bring him.

Sanco. Be you ready to receive the stranger, and let me alone to perswade him; This place of mine has good Fees belonging to it; Else 'twere not to be endur'd, 'tis so pointed at, and this is one of them ---- There must be some Allougho had too, for I shall be dry in the search. [*Exit* Sanco.

He kisses her, She gives him money.

Lucet. When I consider the base means we submit to ere we can gain our Ends, The sordid ways, besides the sin and shame we pass, to arrive at fortune, It makes me wonder how any woman can abandon her self so as to play our parts; A Common whore, How I tremble at it? One that must yield to all Embraces, submit to all that Lust can invent, nay farther, not onely obey their base desires, but blow the fire too, and tempt, as well as suffer; Bowing before all Deformities, and all diseases, not daring to refuse either number, time, or place, when their lust Commands, and all for base Sallary; though we see Our selves despis'd, sometime before enjoy'd, but always after; No one setting a price or value upon that youth and beauty we expose; But because 'tis com-

common, therefore cheap in their Eyes; Thus when I look back upon the Paths I have trod, I could curse my Fortune, That, in my Autumn has given me a slave to *Philippo.*

[*Exit* Lucetta.

ACT. III. SCEN. IV.

Enter Serulina, *and* Calis.

Serul. Did you see my brother since?

Calis. Yes, Madam; *Carlo* and he were talking; he inquir'd for Don *Alphonso*; they have some Quarrel; Both are hurt, though sleightly; I left your Brother at the Door.

Serul. Don *Alphonso*? hee's upon his old design, I see; which I shall easily satisfie, if his inquiry reach to me.

Enter Don Pedro *and* Carlo.

Pedro. I was inquiring for Don *Alphonso*; I wonder I saw him not since I arrived; when was he here last?

Serul. I know not, Sir. *Calis*, when was he here? I consider'd it so little my self, I have forgot when 'twas.

Pedro. And why do you hold so sleight an Esteem of him whom your Friends value? a Person that, besides his Quality and Fortune, has a passion for you.

Serul. So I have heard you say; but 'tis more then ever he told me, or had a desire should be known, as neer as I could guess.

Pedro. I am apt rather to believe his visits had more of Love, then your Modesty would see then, or confess now.

Serul. If he had a passion, as my Brother believes, yet I am certain, 'twas but a Passenger in his heart, no Native, nor Dweller there, some sudden kindness to himself, some complacency and Inclination *Incognita*, that never appear'd, still without the Garb of a gallant Love, such as is fit for a Maid to take notice of; else I should have seen it, he still appear'd to me of a Nature so Indifferent as if he car'd not to Conquer, which made me always think him not worth the being overcome; and so I lost him e're I found him and if some one, more concern'd then either of us, had not miss'd him before me, he had vanished like his Shadow; This, Sir, is all the Account I can give you of one who was never thought of when he was present.

Pedro. Men of his Birth and Quality, when they find themselves slelghted, you must not wonder if they seek a revenge; and though your Sex be exempled from his anger, yet your friends, that introduced them, may be Subject to it.

Serul. I do not at all apprehend it, not that I want Care, or kindness for my Brother; But because I know Don *Alphonso* has neither sence nor good Nature in him, to let his Love afflict him; his addresses may make some Women angry; but his Anger will never be fit for any thing but your Pity.

Pedro.

Pedro. I believe there is some other cause makes him thus displeasing to you, which time may discover; and then I shall be better able to judge of this Character.

Seru. Sir, I am your Sister, and one that has as much value and kindness for you as any Brother can pretend to; and 'tis grounded upon so much reason, that were you not my Brother I should still Honour you; For I believe Don *Pedro*'s humour and nature's such, as may justly pretend to an esteem from any virtuous woman: But I would not see you presume upon the ill customs of our Countrey so far as to make a slave of your Sister, who, if you will be just to her, will give you greater power then you can ask without blushing.

Pedro. Encourag'd by your kindness I shall try my Interest in a small request; I ask not to be preferr'd before the world; I onely beg to be rank'd in your esteem with Don *Thomaso*; Why do you frown and blush? Is there any guilt belongs to the Name of that Wanderer?

Seru. You are my Brother, Sir, that ask this question; But 'twould have been altogether as noble in you, not to have given Faith to those whispers that made you thus curious.

Pedro. His private return to this Town will authorize my fears; and my cares and love of you will exact this question from you, when you shall know I met him to day in Town. Why this confusion?

Seru. You mistake me, Sir; I am not at all confounded with the News, nor asham'd of any esteem I have for him; My value sprung at first from that praise your self and my Father gave him. Then Honour, Justice, and Gratitude, made me his Debtor, being forgot and abandoned by all, and expos'd to such dangers as the licenc'd Lust of common Souldiers threaten; When Rage and Conquest flew through the City, ruining all that was virtuous, Then *Thomaso*, this Wanderer, came and saved me; for which action my Soul has a high value for him; Nor will I blush to say it to you, though I never said so much to him, who has ever paid me an humble and a civil respect since that action, which no time nor absence shall deface: 'Twas gallant to all men, and particular to me, who, when a Father and a Brother could forget me, left a prey to the first comer voluntarily, and for my sake threw himself into all dangers to redeem me; That Wanderer did this, that Wanderer that sav'd my Life and Honour; and *Serulina* has so much virtue as to prefer him and his Friendship before any frowns or Fortune whatsoever.

Pedro. This is high, and enough to satisfie my question.---------
Johanne, a word. [*Exeunt* Pedro *and* Johanne.

Carlo. Sir, you are too sudden and serious, and your question heats her. [*She walks and museth with her eyes fix'd, till* Calis *comes in.*

Enter

Enter Calis.

Calis. Madam, Madam.---- She is full of thoughts, but I muſt awake her; Madam.

Seru. Hah!

Calis. Do you hear the News? Don *Thomaſo* is for certain in the Town; your Brother and he fought this morning for the *Paduana*'s picture; they ſay, he's in Love with her.

Seru. It may be ſo, but till I hear him ſay't I'll not believe it, nor then neither; for 'tis the laſt thing I would believe of a Lover to ſay he Loves; few ever did it well that ſaid it.

Calis. That's but one part of the ſtory; *Diego* ſaies they are reſolv'd to be reveng'd upon him, and that they have hired *Bravoes* to watch him this night; 'twill be worth your thoughts to prevent the danger, if your Mind be not chang'd; I am ſo much his Servant as to offer my ſelf in any danger, in memory of thoſe ſervices that are paſs'd.

Seru. Calis was ever faithful, and ſhall allways find me kind; and if I live ſhe ſhall not ſay I am ingrateful; 'Tis now St. *Cecilia*'s Eve, his own Feaſt, get our veils, and let us go in diſguiſe to the *Caletravo*'s; There's the great Muſick to morrow, and we ſhall certainly meet him at the *Veſpers*; He was alwayes a devote to the fair *Cecilia*, and Dona *Franciſca*; Muſick was ever his delight, but their voices eſpecially; If I meet him there I ſhall tell him of his danger; and if he be falſe, of ſome which do not threaten yet; But till I am certain he is falſe, it ſhall not lie in the power of Malice to blaſt his hopes; I know his humour is wild; and for his Love of Women, 'tis upon his own ſcore; he that can be kind and conſtant to his women ſo againſt the hair, as he is, in ſpight of Law, conſcience, or his own profit, buying at all rates their kindneſs, when he do's not ſo much as hope they ſhould really love him; What a friend would this man be, when all theſe, and Love to boot, ſhall ſeek him, and if found oblige him? He muſt either change his Nature, or Love me too; Come, *Calis*, I am reſolv'd in two lines to write him what we hear, and ſomething of what they would have me fear, which I cannot do; For he that had virtue enough to prefer her before Fortune, quitting his Country for his Honour, ſhall never want my Fortune nor my Friendſhip, when it can ſerve ſuch a Virtue. [*Exeunt*

ACT. III. SCEN. V.

Enter Lucetta, *and* Sanco.

Lucetta. I See them, they are fat, freſh, and young, as well fowle as fiſh in ſeaſon; All excellent in their kind; and ſince my *Philippo* will be at the eating, moſt welcome; But how ſhall we do to be rid of him in time? Dear *Sanco*, be ingenuous.

Sanco. Heark, I hear *Philippo*'s whiſtle, within we'll reſolve.

Enter

Enter Philippo.

Philippo. Now, the News; what ſudden ſtorm is this that blows ſo kindly? The buſineſs, for I am in haſte.

Sanco. See here one good part of the buſineſs, good meat, and better wine; Smell, pure fragrant *Eskeyvous*, St. *Martin*, and old Catholick Sack, with *Pane Benit* too; when we conſider, (why that ſcurvy look, Sir,) I ſpeak ſence when I ſaid *Pane Benit*, and ſuch as I believe you have ſcarce bleſs'd your belly with theſe ten dayes: Good ſcurvy Don, be not ſo ſtarch'd and hard to pleaſe? By St. *Iago*, I ſhall loſe all reſpect for you if you deſpiſe my *Patrona*.

Lucetta. No more, Dear *Sanco.*

Sanco. No more; By this day you ſpoil him with cockring of him, and I'll not ſuffer't a day longer; Never ſmell, Sir *Botho*, I ſhall grow extravagant, I ſhall, and drink this Wine, (do you hear?) and make you eat the *Boracho*; you'll find the pitch and hair as hard of digeſtion, and lie upon your ſtomack as long as the Jeſt; you will, Don. Let me alone, a Raſcall that has but half a ſhirt under his lac'd Doublet; one that your kindneſs has onely made conſiderable; I hate to ſee him ſwell and look over us, a Rogue, whom all the world treads upon; and if you'll but look on, I'll make him ſtand as tame as a vaulting Horſe, till I gnaw off thoſe whiſkers he playes with and frights children.

Lucetta *holds* Sanco.

Philippo. Sirrah, Baud, louſie Baud, ſcurvy louſe, bite me once again and I'll crack thee.

Sanco *ſtrikes him, and throwes him down, and with his dagger would kill him, but that* Lucetta *holds him.*

Sanco. Rogue, let me flea him; and ſhew you when his velvet caſe is off a breaſt-plate onely of lining; and under thoſe Cordovant bootes bare legs; Slave, do not I know thy ſhoulders are lac'd with Galley-laſhes, and that thou bear'ſt the mark of the flock on thy back, two F's. Swear to come thrice a week without ſending for, or, by St. *Iago*, I'll cut thy throat.

Lucetta *ſtrives all this while to* Philippo.

Lucetta. Why *Sanco*? As you love me, let him riſe; you know the paſſion I have for him; and if you hurt him, you wound me; A Curſe take me if I Revenge not all injuries you do him at the rate of Life and Fortune.

Sanco. Death, let him be kind to you, and I'll be as much his ſlave as ever; elſe, by this ſteel, he ſhall onely have time to confeſs before I abſolve him with one ſtab.

Philippo. What ſhall I do to aſſure her or you I love more, then to obey your call; or, when my affairs permit me, come unſent for?

Sanco. Your affairs? what are they? ſtealing Garlick and hearbs at night; The committing Sacriledge on the lamps for oyle for a ſallad? And chuſe this rather then eat a ſupper for a Prince with us, unleſs you have money too: You muſt be purchas'd, with a pox, with our money, earn'd through a thouſand difficulties to give your *Tarantula* a dirty cold whore in a cellar; our Dogs lie better; whoſe ſtarved poverty, and raw ſtomack, boyles out in a

ſalt

ſalt itch; 'Tis two peoples work to claw her, you are fain to ſcratch a ſpell too, till the hang-man take the office out of both your hands; and this is the Jewel for whom you muſt deſpiſe my *Patrona*: This you know too, and yet you dote upon him; my life upon't, he has given her ſome charm, ſome philter; which either confeſs, or by this hilt thou dy'ſt without mercy; do not build upon her fooliſh pity, let me alone, ſpeak or I ſtrike.

Philippo. Hold, *Sanco*; hold and I'll confeſs.

Sanco. Be quick, I ſay.-------Stand off, by this day you will anger me elſe.

Lucetta. What, will he confeſs?

Sanco. Something of which I have been long jealous; and you ſhould have known my doubts before, but that there was no truſting your fond humour with a ſecret; Come, be ſpeedy.

Philippo. Having heard much of a Mountebanks powder when I was in *Naples*, I purchas'd ſome; 'tis the ſame which is now ſold in the *Piazza*, and by the ſame man; I had no faith at firſt, but gave it you upon adventure; but finding the effect, monethly renewed the doſe as the paper preſcribes; And had married you, but for a crafty whore, who jealous that my ſucceſs with you grew from ſome ſuch cauſe, call'd to mind that I had formerly mention'd ſuch a powder; ſhe found the box, and gave it unto me unknown; by whoſe force I am become a ſlave to that wretch, as you are ſubject to me.

Sanco. O Rogue, Dog! ſhall I not cut thy throat now?

Lucetta. Not for the world; 'tis enough I have hopes of my recovery, and the certain pleaſure of his kindneſs while the frenzy laſts.

Sanco. Have you any of this powder left, Sir?

Philippo. Yes, three or four doſes in a box ty'd to my beads; you will find it in my Reliquery. *Sanco ſearches his pockets.*

Sanco. So, now will I give the Coundeſs ſhe Bear a doſe in the name of *Philippo*, and the Rogue another n the name of the Bear; and when it works, give him opportunity to raviſh *Calipſa*: Then accuſe him to the Inquiſition, and have him burnt for Sodomy.

Philippo. Hold; Madam, have you no pity upon me?

Lucetta. Fear not, he ſhall not hurt you if I have power; I love him yet, and it grieves my Soul to think that I ſhall hate him, which is the laſt effect of this powder. Riſe pray, and let your kindneſs make amends for the injuries you have done me.

Sanco. A pox of all ill luck; have I been a Bawd theſe 20 years, and might, for ought I know, have been *Amoroſo* to the *Infanta*, and Heir to 16 Kingdoms? I have the doſe now, and if I can get an opportunity, ſhe is mine; Then do I come forth King *Sanco*, there is no Heirs Males to pretend but the Comediantes; Nor is it the firſt Prince *Spain* has ſeen of the *Sanco*'s; why ſhould I diſpute? if detected, have not I the loving *Infanta* ſtill to plead? Or, if the worſt ſucceed, 'tis but dying after I have enjoy'd her; And is it not better to be mourn'd for by a Queen, then to live *Sanco*? 'Tis decree'd, King *Sanco* if I prevail, or a gallant Villain if I fail.-----Come, Don *Philippo*, I am friends with you as I am *Sanco*. *All this while* Lucetta *makes much of* Philippo, *and he is ſad*

Philip. you are, Sir; 'tis well you can be friends conſidering----

Sanco. Why, there's the difference betwixt an injury done by a Prince, and a ſubject; Princes when they do an injury they never forgive him 'tis done to, but hate the man, becauſe they believe he but diſſembles, and has not forgot the injury; now I that am your vaſſal freely forgive you all the diſpleaſures I have done you; come, kiſs my *Patrona*, and ſmile out this Moon, and let's follow our deſign;---Which, I hope, will put me in equipage for my great work, the Age is deſtin'd for ſuch a miſchief. *Aſide.*

Philip. Come, no more tears; I am ſatisfi'd, ſtill in doubt! theſe deeds of Love are never well ſeal'd; come, print that kiſs again, and then let me know what the deſign was I was ſent for; for I believe neither of you know what's happen'd ſince.

Sanco. 'Tis truth, though my fears have long doubt'd what is diſcover'd; yet I had no thoughts of inquiring that ſecret now; but 'tis paſt, and you ſhall know our deſign; ſee who knocks.

Enter Don Mattheo's *man with a Basket.*

Lucet. 'Tis Don *Mattheo*'s man with his Basket; I forgot 'twas his day; prithee, *Sanco*, tell him I am ſick, or abroad, or buſie, or any thing to be rid of him, or deſire him to dine with me to morrow.

Philip. Look out, and then you will be kind to the *Ceſto*, what ere you are to the man.

Sanco. The Capons and Veale look well, and ſhall be welcome; and how bright that Bacon ſhines, larded with lean.

Philip. Such Bacon is a beautiful ſavory ſight in a Kitchin; and thoſe Pigeons have Olive-branches in their mouths; they look as if they had flown out of his Holineſs Arms to come to you Pamphilians; and will you refuſe to receive them with peace?

Sanco. By no means, Lady; thoſe *Annemellys* too win my ſoul; I am reſolv'd to let in his Supper, 'tis belly-timber, Child; conſider that, able to build two good meals of when we will; I love a Larder when 'tis full of ſuch good company; a clean waſh'd Kitchin 'tis as ill as a dry Cellar; then there's *Dona Borachia* and her hand-maids, their pregnant wombs ſwell like the Grapes that fill'd 'em; and can you be ſo cruel to refuſe their great bellies to lye in the Cellar, take heed of being inhoſpitable to *Bacchus*. Don *Philippo* and I will refer our ſelves to one of them, that our quarrel may be perfectly reconcil'd.

Lucet. See *Mattheo*'s be not troubleſome, I'll yield to all the reſt.

Sanco. Let me alone to manage this affair, while you inform *Philippo* of our deſign. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT.

ACT. IV. SCEN. I.

Enter Edwardo, *(drunk.)*

Edw. A Pox of this ſack, 'tis windy and fuming, would I were lodg'd; the Rogue told me he would ſtay for me at the corner; but which is the corner of a full Moon, that queſtion will poſe a great deal of ſack to reſolve; I have paſs'd twenty corners ſince; I would the Rogue were nail'd to one with a Planet, that I might ſee him blaze before me; 'twere eaſie to ask the way if a man knew whither; here's a door open; If I can hit it, I'll go in and ſleep under this great mans arms, perhaps they'l appear to me in a dream; I'm ſure I have ſack enough about me to breed a viſion.

[*Exit* Edwardo.

ACT. IV. SCEN. II.

Enter Serulina, *and* Calis.

Serul. WHere are they?

Cal. Within ſtill, but upon going. Don *John* is violently bent upon his revenge. I heard him ſay, a ſword and a Miſtreſs were not to be loſt, nor the injuries put off with a rallery; but your brother ſeems more concern'd for your kindneſs then his own quarrel to him; there is no ſtirring for me till they are gone.

Serul. Only obſerve thoſe *Bravo*'s well that we may be able to deſcribe them to Don *Thomaſo*; and ſee my Letter in ſome ſafe place till you can deliver it him; you ſhall find me in the Arbour, when they are gone; dear *Calis*, be diligent, you know what's at ſtake.

Calis. I ſhall not fail of my part. [*Exit* Calis.

She gone, Enter Johanne, *ſtops and hears* Serulina's *diſcourſe.*

Serul. 'Tis not what they have ſaid or threaten'd frights me; for I know Don *Thomaſo* has courage and friends to defend him againſt them all; and I hope honour enough to deliver him from her charms too; but what am I the better for his being unconcern'd in her, if he do's not love me. In Town thus long and neither ſee, ſend nor inquire after me! ſomething like jealouſie would fain make me angry; 'tis many years ſince I ſaw him, but that's excus'd being engag'd by honour to ſerve his Prince in his troubles; but being in *Madrid*, my fears tell me if he were a Lover, that ingenuous Diety would have found ſome way to have ſeen a Miſtreſs.----Ha! [*She ſpies Don* John.

Johan. Madam, I am glad this chance has gain'd ſome ſerious knowledge of your mind; yet 'twas no ſaucy intruſion nor curious nature of mine that made me give you this interruption, but obedience to your Brothers deſires, who has commanded me again

to tell you his fears, that he may, at leaſt, have the ſatisfaction to know upon what ground you build your faith that *Thomaſo* is a Lover.

Serul. Don *John* has ever been honour'd by my Father and his Family, and I ſhall be proud to find I have not loſt that value he had once for his Daughter; and to confirm him in my eſteem of him, I ſhall ſatisfie him 'tis no blind willful paſſion, but an affection grounded upon reaſon which I profeſs (if love can have any reaſon in his ſacrifice) beſides thoſe thouſands which to day I gave my Brother; who if he found a froward anſwer muſt chide himſelf; for Love, *Johanne*, is a child; and if wak'd too rudely will be out of humour.

Johan. Madam, you will honour me in this truſt; and I ſhall not rudely croſs your heart in her deſigns, but joyn to ſerve you in arguing calmly your reaſons with your Brother, who only fears you may be couzen'd of your heart; for Don *Thomaſo* yet promiſes no great ſtock of love to purchaſe ſuch a Jewel; what kind of addreſs he has formerly made I know not; but ſince his arrival, methinks, there has been but little of the Lover ſeen; then his humour and his actions are too wild and extravagant for a ſerious heart to conſider.

Serul. What his humour has been to day, or yeſterday, I know not; I ſhall rather judge by thoſe years I knew him, then by theſe few hours of which you accuſe him; all his addreſſes to me were ſtill full of humility, and had honour enough for any Maid to avow; nothing of the earthy, heavy, envious Lover, that eats his own heart, if I but praiſe another man; none of the watry ey'd, whyning ſigher, that thinks to gain from a womans pity that favour which he could not deſerve or win from her Reaſon; none of your fiery, cholerick Lover neither, whoſe bloody rage ſpeaks in his paſſion war and deſtruction; one that will frown and look pale upon a Miſtreſs, as if he would win that heart by force and ſtorm, which he has no title to by love or vertue; no, Don *John*, none of theſe, nor your aiery Humoriſt, your Dreſſer, Singer, Fencer, Horſe-man, Dancer, Poet; all the all that all women, in all men, admire, I can prize, but it ſhall not ſlave me; had *Thomaſo* lov'd the common way of men, I would have paid him with ordinary favours; and for his Miſtreſſes, that great crime ſo often urg'd by my Brother and your ſelf, I deſpiſe it, and inquire neither who, nor how many he has; I ſcorn to fear he can be ſuch a fool as to give them his heart; and for his body, 'twas always the leaſt of my thoughts, and only known as it went and came upon Loves Errands betwixt us; and ſhe that is concern'd in her ſervants beſtowing his body till he is hers, (were I the man) I ſhould believe ſuch an anger were but darkly telling me ſhe had a mind to it her ſelf; come *Johanne*, let *Thomaſo* keep his heart and mind fit for my value; let them be chaſte, and for his body I ſhall never conſider what it doth.

Johan. This is a new Doctrine; can you love a man and not be jealous of him? I thought jealouſie had been one of the greateſt

ſigns

ſigns of love, though it be a crime in a Lover.

Serul. Jealouſie is, no doubt, a ſign of Love; but 'tis not of the man I am jealous; I would be as ſoon jealous of my Cook or Keeper, as of my Lovers perſon; for they have fleſh of mine in keeping too; yet I allow jealouſie both proper and honourable in your ſex; and were it not trobleſome I would wiſh it in my ſervant; for it is fit he ſhould be jealous, not only of my heart and perſon, but every word, look and motion is worth his fear and care; for a Virgin once blown upon by the world, or touch'd in reputation, is for ever ſtain'd; and yet this ſtranger, this jealous Lover, the eldeſt ſon of Love, is by fooliſh women traduc'd, and his birth-right deny'd him.

Johan. Faith, Madam, as they Marry now, 'tis no matter what either doth, where their friends buy and ſell according to the Market; here's a man and ſuch a joynture; give me a woman and ſuch a portion; ſo they truck their Children a common coyn in Matrimony; yet I am of opinion moſt men have this merit of jealouſie, and do not know it.

Serul. And moſt women want wit, or juſtice, to reward, or ſee it.

Johan. I rather believe they want juſtice, then wit; and dread it as the Cage into which few Birds enter willingly; they do not diſlike ſuch love, but fear the conſequence of ſuch a Lover; they will not be impal'd, ſuch a paſſion cuts off their liberty, and his diligence is look'd upon as a ſpye; moſt woman love ſervants as they do fruits, in, and of every Seaſon ſome. 'Tis not the Grape, the Melon, the Peach, will always pleaſe; no, nor the old Apple it ſelf; and though few women can deſerve one gallant friendſhip, yet none are contented with a hundred: All would have all, nor do they care ſo much to be lov'd, as to have it ſaid ſo; they dreſs, Feaſt and Court for the vogue of the Town; and you will find in the Herd a hundred brace of fools, and not one pair of Lovers; though I will hope you may find *Thomaſo* one; upon your ſcore, Madam, I ſhall ſerve him; I beg your pardon, Madam; your Brother expects me before this. [*Exit* Johanne. *She ſteps into an Arbour, and lyes down.*

Serul. This, I know, goes to my Brothers ear; for *Johanne* doth not brook the fortune Don *Thomaſo* hath made in my friendſhip; and 'tis eaſie to diſcern (what he durſt never diſcover) a deſign, himſelf to have been admitted a pretender, and that made him pleas'd with my neglect of *Alphonſo*; but thoſe are fooliſh women that will let ſuch mean people, and their weeds grow to look them in the face, when they may frown them down, and with a look tread them into their earthy breaſts. [*Enter* Edwardo *drunk.*

Edw. This houſe is haunted, haunted, By cock; every Room furniſh'd, and every door open, and not a ſervant to be ſeen; ſure they look for the Devil, the Devil *Incognito*; I have reel'd and ſtumbl'd through all the houſe, without a Queſtion. What's here? a Garden? it tempts me to take a nap in *Freſco*, I ſhall ſleep without a Cradle, I have ſack enough to rock me.----Who is't? this *Greco* is a Witch, and has transform'd me into a Dog; I turn round thrice *He reels, turns round and ſtumbles.*

thrice, ere I can lye down: How now, what have we here, a woman! By this hand, a Wench; is she drunk too? 'tis a gay Girle, what fine Petti-coats and guilded feet she has! I'll catch her sitting,----Sweet soul, let me kiss thy feet.

He falls down by her, she starts and would rise, but he holds her. Then he offers to force a kiss.

Serul. How now, what mean you, Sir? do you know where you are? [*She strives, and he holds her.*

Edw. We are here, are we not? prithee kiss me.

Serul. What insolence is this?

Edw. Only good luck, parlous good luck, Child; 'tis a finer Wench then mine; By this light, she smells as sweet as any Posie; prithee Sirrah, let's not lose the occasion; I am a very honest fellow though I am in pickel now; thou may'st safely trust me; By this light I will not tell, for I do not know thee.

Serul. He is drunk; let me go; sure you do not believe your self what you say; I never saw such a beast before.

Edw. Therefore be kind the rather; to lye with me is scarce a sin now; there's neither malice nor design in't; sollicitation and perseverance makes it a sin; this will be only a venial scape, meer chance on both sides; should I kill you now in my drink, you know there are Cities of refuge for such men; and if I should stab you in heat of blood, it would be but chance medly, on my side; and a little fornication in your own defence, for you; indeed should I court you any longer, and vow and swear till you believ'd and granted, that were to make it willful whoredom, a crying sin; therefore thou art bound in conscience to lye with me without any more words.

Serul. Unhand me, wicked impudent beast.

Edw. Why wicked? a jury that had wit or youth, and saw that face in this place, would swear you struck first, and fools only see that face and doubt the provocation; come Child, prithee be kind, I'll warrant the sin as soon forgiven with me as any man alive; for if I do not make thee as fit for repentance as another, Hang me; you shall not need confess this fault, I'll give you a penance with it, 'twas given me lately; A pox on her curtesie, I'll kiss thee. [*He pulls her.*

Serul. Help, ho! who's there? help.

Edw. I, do, call witnesses to see how you use me.

Serul. Help, help, murder.

Edw. Help, for what? I warrant thee we need none, I'll do thy business well enough alone; how finely she dissembles? a crafty Rogue, she knows how to grind a man to an edge.

Serul. Calis, Johanne, Carlo, help, Rape, Murder.

Edw. Rape! you lye, Baggage; how now, as if you were not as willing as I; what do you do here alone else? in a Garden at this hour, and your door set open, good Spider, but to catch a Passenger? do you frown? By cock, I shall grow angry too; come, and kiss me, and leave your fooling.---Hold you, there's a piece of eight for you. [*He feels in his pocket, and pulls out a Doller.*

Serul. Away, impudent beast.

Edwardo. You will not, you are sure, you will not have it.----

I give no more, and yet I'll have as good a face as yours; Nay, you shall not go neither. *He offers it again, and then puts it up.*

Serulina. Where are all these Officious Rascals? If I had been whisp'ring they would have been here long since, to betray a Mistress; but now, when my Honour's at Stake, My crys for help cannot reach their Ears.

Edwardo. Do you hear, if you cry help again, By Cock I'll leave you, and go sleep; how now, Manners, where have you been bred, refuse a Gentlemans money, and kindness, when you are alone; Pox on you, let go my hair.

Serulina *pulls him by the hair, when he offers to lay hold on her.*

Serulina. Villain, do not touch me, I'll tear thee to the Street.
Edwardo. Let go, or I'll cry Murder, and Rape, if you pull thus.

Enter Johanne.

Johan. Sure I heard her call for help; Ha! what's here; How now, Sir, what do you mean?

Edwardo. What do I mean? I mean to be serv'd first, because I came first?

Johan. Let the Lady go, or I shall loose your Fingers with my Dagger.

Edwardo. Let me alone, and get thee gone, or I will beat thee with this sword, most unmercifully beat thee, for being so unmannerly to interrupt us.

Johan. Drunken beast!

Johanne *strikes him, both draw and fight, she runs away,* Johannes *Sword breaks.*

Edwardo. They are both gone; a Pox on the Rogue, he has got the Wench.

Enter two Servants, *set upon him, he retires, they pursue him. Enter* Johanne *and two* Servants.

1. *Serv.* Where came the Rogue in? do you know him, Sir?

Johan. Yes, 'tis one of the English Crew; I shall find a time to be reveng'd upon that Covey. [*Exit* Johanne.

2. *Servant.* The Rogue had claw'd us if he had been sober, who left the Gates open?

1. *Servant.* That's a Question out of season; Let us go, and shut it. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT.

ACT. IV. SCEN. II.

Enter Lopus *the Mountebank's People planting a Stage; To them* Celia, *and* Scarramucha, *ſeveral Audients; Then Enter* Lopus, *and addreſſes himſelf to the Company.*

Lopus. MOſt Illuſtrious Dons, and egregiouſly beautiful and vertuous Madona's, with the reſt of my Gentle friends and Auditors; Behold your humble and moſt officious Servant *Lopus*, arrived from the moſt ancient and ſtately City of *Saragoſa*, on purpoſe to make a Preſent of the wonderful effects of his Phyſical and Chymical Arts to your fair acceptance, in this moſt glorious and Courtly Town of *Madrid*; I proteſt to you, Gentlemen, I and my wife, with all my Servants, are not able to make of this Precious Oyl you ſee in this Glaſs, half ſo faſt, as it is fetch'd away from my Lodging, by Gentlemen and others of this famous Town; and ſent for by many of the greateſt Dukes and Condees of this much celebrated Nation; Some of which have detain'd me to their private and particular uſe awhile, ſince my arrival, by their ſplendidous Liberalities; And worthily, for what avails it your rich man to have his Cellars ſtuffd with the pureſt grape; and his Tables furniſh'd with the rareſt variety of dainty Acates, when his Phyſitians preſcribe him (on pain of death) to drink nothing but water-gruel, or over-ſtewed herbs, in a thin heartleſs Broth? O health, the bleſſing of the Rich, the Riches of the poor! who can buy thee at ſo dear a rate, ſince they cannot enjoy any happines in this world without thee? Be not then ſo ſparing of your purſes, Honourable Gentlemen, as to abridge the natural courſe of your lives; For when a humid Flux, or Catarrh, by the mutability of the Air, falls from your head into an Arm or Shoulder, or any other part; take you a Ducat or Caſtilion of Gold, and apply it to the Place affected, ſee what good it will do; No no, It is this bleſſed Unguento, this rare Extraction, that onely hath the power to diſperſe all malignant humours, from whatſoever ill affected Cauſes they ſhall proceed. It has power to fortifie the moſt indigeſt and crude ſtomack in the world, though it be of one that (through extreme weakneſs) vomits bloud; Applying onely a warm Napkin to the place, after the Unction and Fricace; for the Vertigo in the head, putting but a drop into your Noſtrils, likewiſe behind your Ears, a moſt Sovereign and approved remedy. The Mal Caduco, Cramps, Convulſions, Paralyſies, Epilepſies, Tremor Cordis, retired and ſhrunk Nerves, evil vapours of the Spleen, ſtoppings of the Liver, the Stone, the Strangury, *Hermia ventoſa*, *Iliaca paſſio*, ſtops a Dyſenteria, immediately eaſeth the Tortion of the ſmall guts, and cures Melancholia Hypochondriaca, being taken and applyed according to my printed Receipt; For this is the Phyſitian, this the Medicine; this Counſels, this Cures; this gives the Direction, this works the effect; And in Sum, both together may be termed an Abſtract of the Theorick and Practick in the Æſculapian

pian Art; The price is but four Royalls, that is the price, and leſs I know, in curteſie you cannot offer me; take it, or leave it; Howſoever, both I and it are at your ſervice; I aſk you not neer the value of the thing; For then I ſhould aſk you a thouſand Duckets; ſo ſeveral Grandees and Grandeſſa's have given me. But I deſpiſe money, onely to ſhew my affection to you, Honourable Gentlemen, and this moſt inclyte Town; I have neglected the Meſſages of divers Princes and Nobles, and directed my Journey hither, onely to preſent you with the fruits of my experience, and travels.

I have here likewiſe a moſt ineſtimable water, or Quinteſſence of Spirits drawn from all ſorts of Medicinable Vegetables, which is equally to be valued with my Oyl; of Both which if I had but time to diſcourſe to you the miraculous effects, with the Countleſs Catalogue of thoſe I have cured of the aforeſaid, and many more diſeaſes, the Patents and Priviledges of the moſt Catholick and Chriſtian Kings; as alſo of all the Princes and Commonwealths of Chriſtendom; or but the depoſitions that have appeared, on my part, before the moſt learned Colledges of Phyſitians, where I was Authorized, upon notice taken of the admirable virtues of my Medicaments and my own excellency in matter of rare and unknown ſecrets, to diſperſe them publickly for the common good. And though divers have profeſſed to have as good and experimented Receipts as my ſelf, and have aſſayed to make both of this Oyl and water; Beſtowed great coſt in Furnaces, Stills, Alembicks, continual fires, and preparation of Ingredients (as indeed there goes to each of them ſix hundred ſeveral Simples, at leaſt,) yet they ever loſt their labour and coſt, both, for want of that large Talent of knowledge, requiſite to ſuch a work. For my ſelf, I have always hunted after the moſt recondite ſecrets, and to get them. I have ſpared no reſt, or labour, but taken indefatigable pains therein; Inſomuch as, Gentlemen, I will undertake (by vertue of Chymical Art) out of the Honourable Hat that covers your head to extract the four Elements, that is to ſay, Fire, Air, Water, and Earth, and return you the Felt without burn or Stain; For, whil'ſt others have been at the Balloo I have been at my Book, and am now paſs'd the craggy parts of Study, and come to the flowery plains of Honour and Reputation.

Here is likewiſe a Powder conceal'd in this Paper, of which, if I ſhould ſpeak to the worth, five thouſand volumns were but as one Page, that Page as a Line, that Line as a word; ſo ſhort is this Pilgrimage of Man (which ſome call Life) to the expreſſing of it. Or if I would reflect upon the Price, why the whole world were but as an Empire, that Empire as a Province, that Province as a Bank, that Bank as a private purſe, to the purchaſe of it. I will onely tell you; It is the very Powder that made *Venus* a Goddeſs, (given her by *Apollo*) that kept her perpetually young, clear'd her wrinckles, firmed her gums, filled her ſkin, colour'd her hair; from her derived to *Helen*, and at the Sack of *Troy* unfortunately loſt, till now in this our Age it was as happily recovered by a Studious Antiquary, out of ſome ruines of *Aſia*; who ſent a Moyety

of it to the Court of *France*, but much ſophiſticated: The reſt, at this preſent, remains with me, extracted to a Quinteſcence; ſo that, wherever it but touches, in youth, it perpetually preſerves; in Age reſtores the Complexion, Seats your Teeth (did they dance like Virginal Jacks) as firm as a wall, makes them white as Ivory, that were as black as Jeat; and with the addition of a moſt wonderful Bath, of my own preparation, It will tinct a gray hair pure Auburn, and make it grow ſo; make you caſt your old harſh ſkin for one as freſh and ſmooth as *Læda*'s, and ſo ſupple and quicken your Joynts and Nerves, as but ſeldom uſing it, you ſhall ever enjoy your juvenile Activities, Guſtos, and total Abilities, to the Admiration of all that formerly knew you; Many other rare effects there are of this Powder and Bath, too tedious to reckon in this place; but whoſoever has a mind to try them, if they pleaſe to repair to me at my lodging, ſhall be more particularly informed. Onely this I ſhall add at this preſent; This Powder has likewiſe a wonderfull variety of Amorous effects belonging to it, which are not here to be enumerated; And for my rare Oyl, thuogh I impart it to the Rich for mony, I often cure the Poor for God-ſake.

And ſo God preſerve his Moſt Catholick Majeſty.

Enter Thomaſo, Harrigo, Ferdinando, *and* Cornelio, *and Liſten to the Mountebank.*

Cornel. He is a famous Fellow, and has offer'd to reſtore to their perfect ſhapes the two Rich Monſters.

Ferd. What Monſters?

Cornel. The two Siſters that came from *Mexico*: Jews 'tis thought, of vaſt Fortunes, no wunder a Guardian of the ſame Tribe, though the Rogue eats Bacon; their Fathers and Families were both drown'd coming from the Indies; they are worth a Million of Crowns.

Ferd. And why are they not married?

Cornel. Marry a Monſter? who would have them? One of them is ſo little, and ſo deform'd, 'tis thought ſhe is not Capable of Marriage; The other is ſo great an over-grown Gyant, no Body dares venture upon her, ſhee's out of Fathom.

Thomaſo. Let's go and ſee them; 'twill be good ſport to paſs an hour; what do you pay for going in?

Cornel. Pay? why, they are worth a Million, and cannot be ſeen, but by particular favour of their Guardian, who is my Friend.

Ferd. No words, Captain; you and I'le talke more of this anon; I'll venture a paper of powder upon one of them; 'tis but a royal loſt.

Thomaſo. How ſhall I do to ſpeak with his Puppet? I have a queſtion or two I would fain be Reſolved of.

Harr. I believe I can do it without a Witch; *Scrulina*, and *Angelica*, upon my life; whither the old love, or the new, will be moſt laſting?

Thom. Prithee do not name thoſe two together; Thou know'ſt that name has divinity in it; and when my ſoul is ſerious it ſtill adores her;

her; one is my religion, the other my ſport and diverſion; and though you have not gueſs'd far from truth, yet this is neither time, company nor place to diſcourſe of her; we muſt now follow our deſign to the Siſters, where we are expected; I ſee *Ferd.* ſwears in his mind, for being thus long delayed.

Ferd. Faith, you let me cool ſo long upon't, my deſire is over; and if ſhe do's not uſe me mighty kindly, and put my toy in tune, my Fiddle will make no Muſick: Pox on't, they have play'd me all this day like a puppy whoremaſter; Now put me on, then take me off; you have pull'd me back and forwards ſo often I am out of humor; You know I am a Country Gentleman, not practiz'd to play at game whores; you ſhould have got me a gay Muzzel'd Harlot, to have tows'd at firſt, at my pleaſure; and if once ent'red, I had been in for all night.

Enter Helena, *an old decayed blind, out of Faſhion whore, gay, and fine, as Girls of Fifteen, but out-of-faſhion in her cloaths, ſhee's carried by two* Bravo's *to the Mountebanks Stage, where ſhe is lifted up.*

Tho. See, here comes one muzzel'd by gaffer time, that has neither teeth nor eyes, a blind whore; thou may'ſt have the whipping of this.

Har. She has been a ſtrapping quean in her time; Two couple of Almayns at a courſe, I have ſeen ſtav'd, and tail'd off, on her.

Thom. Prithee who is't?

Harr. 'Tis *Helena*, a Famous old Curtezan.

Thom. She may be that of *Troy*, There's Antiquity enough, both in her Face and Dreſs; though ſhe be fitter now for *Priapus* his rape, then *Paris*'s.

Brav. By your leave, Noble Gentlemen, roome for a patient.

Scarr. Gentlemen, Ladies, curteous Gentlemen, room, pray, for the patient to approach the Stage.

(*Then they lift her up upon the Stage.*)

Celia. Who is there? a chair for the Lady -- What ſeek you, Madam? your Fortune from the old Oracle in the Box? Is't *the powder*, or *Elixar*, a *Reſtorative Bath*; would you be your ſelf, at Fifteen again or try our transformation? would you your Sex, or fortune change; all reſts in your power; Here is the Secret, name your hour. *She ſits down.*

Helena. Celia, my Child, I know thy voyce, whoſe Name has long been my Envy; Yet now thy Fame has brought me hither; ſee the ſad remains of what was *Helena.* Fame doth fill the Worlds Care with thy Husbands ſkill; They ſay, he can change Forms and Sexes, and (which is more,) youth reſtore; He can both wound and Cure a heart; O my Child, 'tis the remedy I ſeek; Let him try his Art, I have here brought the dart; I love, I love, my Child, and fain would be belov'd again; A proud, and yet (they ſay) a lovely Man; My Age is burnt with deſire; Cold limbs feel that fire, *Blind* as Love, and yet in Love; I ſigh, Prithee uſe thy Art, to 'cure the ſmart, or freeze my heart, Why ſhould Luſt and deſire ſtay? By what right, ſince youth and Beauty attain'd their flight? Why ſhould not the Bloods fire

die, with those that sparkled in mine Eye? Age shakes me now, more then fear did then; *Helena* was ever cruel, *Helena*, for all Loves fire, was still the Jewel; 'Twas my pleasure still the youth to please, and the raging Lover ease. O let thy Bath repleniſh those dark lamps with new Virgin Oyle; Do but fix these Teeth, and trembling Hands, and restore what at fifteen I wore; Give me my Gold or Auburn hair, let time this silver wear.

Lopus. Pray retire with my servants, who shall prepare the liquor and the fire, and in few hours give you your hearts desire; You shall have Beauty to your Art, such as shall catch each Lovers Heart; Such amorous lustre in your Eyes, and your gray Hairs so bright shall rise; Your Cheeks shall such fresh Roses bear, your skin so white a slickness wear, as shall a general wonder move and pierce the hardest Hearts with Love. But you must give us your Age.

Helena. I have forgot, unless by past accidents you can collect; in *Charles* the Fifth't's dayes I was a Lover.

Lopus. And when a Maid?

Helena. Ha, ha, ha, you make me laugh, a Maid? Alas, a very little, little while; God knows, if ever; Since I knew what 'twas to be one, I am certain I was none.

Lopus. Gentlemen, 'tis late, and my Patients attend their Fate; Come, bring in this Lady, on whom I will shew such Art, shall make you all that see admire my part. [*Exit* Lopus.

Exit Helena *with the Servants.*

Scarra. Help, help, bear her in.----The chippings of these old women are my fees, as Master *Pantler* to the Devil my Master; Ah Mistriss! when shall I have the paring of your crust? This shell which your Soul is in I must have the natural use of; You know the case of the Coney is the Cooks fee.

Celia. O *Scarramucha*, if thou wert but faithful, what would not I do for thee?

Scarra. Faithful? Venture but a kiss in my keeping, and command what you will.

Celia. A kiss, thou shalt have a thousand; All thy Heart can wish, my bed, my purse, my friendship for ever; do but one thing for me, and be secret.

[Scharramucha *kisses her, groaps, and plaies his knavish tricks.*

Scarra. Propose, propose, Dear Mistriss; how I long to earn a favour from you! This powder works through the box sure; has it virtue by sneezing? Why do you delay the secret? You see they are gone.

Celia. Why should I fear? Is any condition worse then to love that wretch? 'Tis resolv'd, I'll venture all kinds of danger, but I'll be rid of this; You shell swear to be secret.

Scarra. I swear, I swear, I swear.----Dispatch, Dear Mistriss, for I do so long to deserve your kindness.

He kisses her thrice.

Celia. Be faithful and take it; Know then, you shall swear to joyn with me, and as soon as the Bath for Dwarfes is ready, help to throw my Husband in; And this Evening, when *Helena's* Bath for Restauration has all the perfect rights in't, you shall dip me thrice,

and thrice repeat my Name, and then command me out, *Celia* at fifteen; Do this, and command me ever; thou shalt find me a faithfull friend, and still as kind as fair.

Scarra. 'Tis a bargain, give me onely a Curtesy in earnest, a cast of this old *Celia's* office, and I'll fit you; and to shew my Dear Mistriss, how faithfull a Lover her *Scarramucha* is; Never shall woman enjoy me after, if you will promise to be as kind to me as I am faithful to my Mistriss; You shall even dip me too.

Celia. Why? What would *Scarramucha* be? Is he not young and healthy?

Scarra. I am even weary of being *Scarramucha*; I'll be dipt, 'tis resolv'd; I'll be dipt, and my Mistriss shall call me *Helena*, *Hellen* of fifteen, and you shall see what a dainty Lady I'll come out; I'me weary of being a Man, and subject to be beaten. And if a Man have a mind to a Wench, the making Love is so tedious, that 'tis an affliction; then paying is to my Heart unsupportable: No, I will be a Woman, and be courted, have a house of my own, and Servants about me; Live at ease, have both the sport and the money; and 'tis so fine to be without a beard, and speak small, and sing a trebble, with a fine little hand and foot, and squeak if the wind but blow upon me; I am sure never to be cudgel'd again, still cocker'd and flatter'd; And Men will take it so kindly too, if I'll but let them put their hands under my coats; I am resolv'd I will be a Woman, unless I could be both; A fine Lady with a dagger and a scabbard too; however, Mistriss, 'tis no bargain unless you will observe Covenants; Either *Scarramucha* must come out *Helen*, or *Celia* dwells in her old cloathes still.

Celia. In serious faith, I vow; Be just to me, and I'll diligently observe my part.

Scarra. 'Tis agreed, within we'll take our leaves of *Scarramucha* and *Celia*; But what shall we do with the good old Gentlewoman?

Celia. Hang her, she is not worth our thoughts.

Scarra. Yes faith, when we have done; In Charity let's throw her in, and call her out by any young things name, there is neither pains nor cost in the Charity; Yet, now I think on't, what say you by throwing of her in, and calling her out by the name of *Scarramucha*? Her Soul will make good sport disguis'd in *Scarramucha's* body, how shall I laugh to see her rise in a beard and breeches? 'Twill be good sport to see her wonder at her self, when she finds the Appurtenances belonging to a Man about her; I'me resolv'd I'll do it for mirths sake.

Celia. Any thing, so you will be secret, I consent to.

Scarra. Heark, he whistles; a kiss Dear Mistriss, for old Friendships sake at parting, and Fortune guide us.------Now could I cry and sigh, to part with this old Friend of mine. Do not sob, nor cry, poor *Scarramucha*; I'll provide for thee; and yet 'tis most ill natur'dly done, to leave an old Friend in misery; How pitifully he looks upon me! The poor Rogue apprehends the misery he is going to suffer, when he shall have the Mind and Heart of a crafty Whore *Exit* Celia.

Whore poſſeſs him; What a fit of the Devil muſt he ſuffer that acts her deſires from fifteeen to a hundred yeer? What muſt poor *Scarramucha* ſuffer? What will not ſhe expoſe thee to? 'Tis not the Sex nor Breeches will ſave thee, I fore-ſee it. How, ſhall I be diſhonour'd? My Countrey and Family deſpis'd for that black ſin; who would have thought it, ſayes one; I ſhould never have believ'd it, ſayes another; No, no, I muſt not, will not uſe thee ſo ill; I'll even give her my Maſters caſe for her old Soul to witch in, and put my Maſter into mine; I am ſo divided, I know not what to do: 'Tis fine being a handſome young Curtezan, but 'tis unkind to expoſe an old Friend to be ill us'd in his Age, after the faithful ſervice of his youth; No, I'me reſolv'd I'll be *Helena*, *Helena* ſhall be *Lopus*, and *Lopus*, *Scarramucha*; Nay, nay, no grumbling, Friend; reſt *Lopus*, and be thankful; You ſhall now no more play *Zany Scarramucha*, but *Operator*, the ſecret, the bank, and profit, all your own; No more conduct a Whore for *Lopus*, no more eat poyſon, or be ſtab'd for *Lopus*; thou ſhalt have a Whore, a *Zany*, and a Name thy ſelf; Nay, do not anger me now by being ſullen, when I have taken care and thought for you; if you be, I'll leave *Scarramucha* in the broth with old *Helena*, where you ſhall boyle to a *Cullis*. *Scarramucha*, as we have lived Friends, ſo let us part; And upon your Life, not a word of what has paſſed betwixt us, good *Scarramucha*.

Celia *cryes within, what ho* Scarramucha, *your Patron calls.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. III.

Enter Edwardo, *and* Sanco.

Sanco. STay here, Sir; Till I go before and knock, to ſee if the coaſt be clear. [*Exit* Sanco.

Edwardo *feels himſelf, moves his Arms and ſtruggs.*

Edwardo. I am horribly ſore after my apparition in the Garden; The anguiſh of their blowes refreſhes my Memory; all the reſt is a dream ſtill; A pox on the unruly Sack; I would he were come back, I long to be in bed; Give me a Girl that loves me, I hate a gilded poſt that muſt be purchas'd; 'Tis a fine Girl, and pity ſhe is caſt away upon ſuch a jealous Huſband; 'tis a conſolation to think upon her; The Rogues kiſſes taſte ſtill, the ſavour and the ſmack are in my Heart yet; and if the piece prove as good as the pattern, a night with her is worth all the dayes I ere ſpent at *Totnam* or *Iſlington*; How woollenly thoſe Siſters look and feel to this Silken Girl! This dainty ſinner wears no Coife nor Ear-wyers, to make her Luggs ſmell as ſour as Runnet or a Dairy; Now do I call to mind how wretchedly I ſpent my Eſtate in the Country, to keep a Kitchin and a Hall ſtinking; I would I could prevail with her to go into *Surry*; we have Whore enough there, But we want ſome good example to employ the ſtock; This would be a dainty Plantation ſinner; ſhe has the fineſt odd Name to; our Parſon would not have chriſtn'd a Child of it, becauſe 'tis neither in the old nor new Law; The Rogue ſtayes long, 'tis late, and they have my ſupper within; If they ſhould eat it now without me,

the

the jeſt would be better then the feaſt; a *diſgracia* would give my Comrades ſuch a Theam to laugh upon; a man had better have fin'd twice for Sheriff, then endure their inſolent wits in ſuch a caſe. I hear one whiſtle. [*Enter* Sanco.

Sanco. Where are you?

Edw. Here, is all clear?

Sanco. Yes, yes; follow me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. IV.

Enter Lucetta *and* Philippo, *dreſs'd like a Cook.*

Philip. AND how do you like this diſguiſe? is it natural? let me alone to fit his pallat; I'll give him good ſauce to night; for which he ſhall be our ſauce this moneth, or elſe I'll loſe my aim.

Lucet. Heark, heark, one knocks; away to the Kitchin, and obſerve your Q. [*Exit* Philippo.

Enter Sanco *and* Edwardo.

Edw. Lady, I muſt beg your pardon for coming thus late; there was an accident hapn'd ſtaid me beyond my expectation.

Lucet. Sir, you are not only maſter of your own, but my time too; nor ſhall any perſon, ſo welcome and deſerving as your ſelf, need make excuſes here, where all are proud to be commanded by you; Love, Sir, has that property, 'twill hide faults, and glorifie ev'ry vertue, which is in Love a vertue too he will not be divided from; nor is it fit for me to ſay how much your abſence afflicts, but what joy your preſence brings her eyes that loves and adores her friend; nor ſhall you find any of thoſe ſaucy paſſions here that impoſes upon the mind and perſon of thoſe they love; thoſe troubleſome humours make friendſhip heavy, and the delight ſhort, when it muſt with ſuch ſlavery be bought. Edw. *nods his head and ſhrugs.*

Edw. I'll kill her Husband, and Marry her; I'me reſolv'd; 'tis a pretty houſe this, and finely furniſh'd; ſhe loves me ſo ſhe'l never think of asking a Joynture, nor I a portion; ſuch a wife is Portion enough. [*Aſide.*

Lucet. You are ſad, Sir; I hope what I have ſaid doth not diſpleaſe you; if it ſhould it would be an affliction greater then you believe. ---His eyes are blew too, do you love me? I know you will ſay ſo, though you do not; and I confeſs I am ſuch a fool, I had rather you ſhould flatter me with ſuch a lye, then hear any truth that ſays you love another better. *She looks in his eyes.*

Edw. Gentle ſoul, why doſt thou bluſh and hide thy head? canſt thou fear I can be falſe or cruel to ſuch a heart? what ſtony breaſt can hear and ſee this, and not become a ſlave to ſuch innocence and ſweetneſs? I never had but one heart, a plain one, and an honeſt, and that's thine; I would thou wert not marry'd; I would try who would firſt propoſe a kindneſs that the other would refuſe.

Lucet.

Lucet. O, that I were as free, and my fortune as great, as when perjur'd *Philippo* betray'd me here! I would find a friend, or loſe my ſelf. [*She weeps, and leans upon his breaſt.*

Edw. Come, no fears; for though thoſe ſhowers are ſeaſonable in the ſpring of Loves choiceſt flowers; yet to good natures ſuch kindneſs bears a ſting; you ſhould ſmile on Love, tears but wet his wings; Come, retire, 'tis late, and love would rooſt; this bed gives the Boy both reſt and food; what joys my wanton heart promiſes it ſelf I want ſoul enough to comprehend; ſure her embraces will far excel all the pleaſures I have taſted; for I never lov'd, nor was belov'd till now; this is Loves holy-day; the reſt were working-days, in which I but plow'd the ſex; our dull cold kiſſes were common ſeed, thoughtleſs ſown, and full of weed, not of force to kindle a heart; here every look or touch inflames or burns my blood; 'tis pleaſure thus to be ſtung; for though it ſwells the heart, 'tis with delight, not ſmart. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

Enter Harrigo, Saretta *and* Cornelio, *with Napkins in their hands.*

Saret. LEt me go; had I thought Don *Harrigo* had more kindneſs for me, then to hear an inſolent fellow deſpiſe one that has ever had an eſteem for him.

Har. You complain, who are indeed too blame; do you believe men will ſpend their money in theſe houſes, and not have the freedom of their humour?

Saret. Let him be as free and wanton as he pleaſeth, ſo he keep it to himſelf; why ſhould his mirth chuſe us to deſpiſe? bragging, here the beauties and favours of other women; we know you came all now from the *Angellica*'s; is this friendſhip? to make us the ſubject of your ſcorn and mirth, as if we could not deſerve or diſtinguiſh a civility; if Don *Harrigo* had any eſteem for us, he would not have expos'd this place to his inſolent rallery; ſure you have not obſerv'd, Sir, any ſuch obſceneneſs find encouragement or liberty here.

Har. 'Tis true, we are merry; but ſince it diſlikes you we'l be gone; I never knew you expected Homilies, moral Philoſophy, or Lectures in Divinity to be read hear; you ſhould ſet up a croſs and a pot of holy-water at your door; 'tis the firſt Buſh or Baudy-houſe I ere ſaw exacted more then the reckoning.

Saret. I thought Don *Harrigo* had come upon another acount; I took him for a Lover, but I am deceiv'd.

Har. Not a whit; a Lover and a perfect Lover, one that loves but one, and that's my ſelf.

Saret. Then 'tis not poſſible to oblige you!

Har. Nothing eaſier.

Saret.

Saret. How comes it then you are thus free, after all your profeſſions, and my civility?

Har. Becauſe I have wiſely reſolv'd againſt the ſlavery which I ſee all you women condemn your Lovers to; when I have a nature can lick my ſelf whole, ſigh and blow out a paſſion, or weep to quench the flame, be ſullen and kick till I have thrown a Miſtreſs as other Quacking Lovers can; when I have their oyls to cure the burn, then I'll venture to play with his flame.

Corn. But, for old acquaintance ſake, you may teach a friend how to know theſe Emp'rick Lovers that have ſuch remedies againſt a Miſtreſs; prithee, tell her their marks, that ſhe may ſhut her door againſt them.

Saret. They are eaſily known by Don *Harrigo*'s company.

Har. And better by the *Saretta*'s folly, who puts out her Birds eyes; not contented they ſhould be her priſoners, but they muſt be blind too; which cruel curioſity I ſhall not approve, though the Bird ſings better; ſure you women have great imperfections, which you are afraid a Lover with his Reaſon might perceive; therefore upon the firſt ſpringing of an inclination 'tis your buſineſs to depoſe that.

Corn. Pray, tell me how to know him; is there a new mark beſides ſanguine, fat and merry? will they be ſo cur'd, as to leave no ſcars behind them, not a twittering?

Har. Scars! yes, and viſible ones, which they are proud of too; thoſe that are beſt heal'd, either by ſcorn or counſel, choice of wine, or change of women (as fair and kind as they) yet the Cicatrice will ſtay.

Corn. But doth Love leave ſcars, ſay you?----Nay, you ſhall ſtay and hear Doctor *Harrigo* read upon Love; who knows but you may profit in your own cure, of a ſleight wound you ſay he has given you? the ſcars, good Don *Harrigo*, the ſcars.

Har. Alas, Sir; they are as many and as different as the wounds the Boy gives, beſides his Mothers; but hers are viſible, the young mans are more innocent; ſee here, Knots of old Ribband, Braids of Hair, Rings with Poeſies, Seals and broken Gold.

Cornelio. What, you are ſad; did you think to find men conſtant?

Saret. Not ſad, nor much pleas'd; yet I am glad to find Don *Harrigo* is ſo neer his cure as to know his diſeaſe; I ſee he'l try to cure fire with fire, the remedy has been often prov'd; *Angellica* muſt now be apply'd to his breaſt to take out the fire *Saretta*'s eyes kindled; yet I doubt not but we ſhall have the paſtime, to divert our ſelves with him in his days of repentance; when he has given his thouſand Crowns, 'twill make us all merry; poor Montebank! ſhe asks a thouſand Crowns, and deſcends to a Ryal; and yet no Chapmen; at laſt ſhe gave her ware to the ſtanders by, which *Thomaſo* took for love; and ſhe'l want none at this rate; Don *Harrigo* will be one too.

Har. And that's all your ſexes pride, every one would be *Cupids* ſhepherdeſs, and govern the whole Flock of Lovers; I have ſeen

ſome have a handſome troop, and the poor beaſts knew not which was beſt us'd; all bleat and run when ſhe calls; this has the Bell and Garland to day, that the Ribband and Bough to morrow; they will ſing and pipe before their Flock, when each one ſighs, and thinks ſhe ſings to him, when ſhe but keeps them together; and if ſhe fold them in her arms by turns, 'tis for the Lamb, and the Fleece; *Saretta* knows the commodity of a Flock of Lovers is etter then the pleaſure of a tame Ram.

Saret. Being of this humour, and this opinion of women, I wonder you'l ſpend ſo much of your time amongſt them; but fly, and avoid the danger and ſave your fleece and fleſh.

Enter Thomaſo, Paulina, *and* Ferdinando.

Corn. See who comes here to break off your diſcourſe; come, pray no frowning, you know his humour; and ſay what he will now, I heard him ſpeak kindly of you this morning, and prefer your beauty before your Siſter *Paulina*'s; what? I ſee Don *Thomaſo* can be reconcil'd to a lean woman, though he admires the fat.

Thom. I love what loves me, which ſupplies beauty; 'tis for young men, *Cornelio*, to flatter and pay.

Ferd. 'Tis the way never to come late to Loves Feaſt; if any diſh be ſtanding you can make a meal upon it; neceſſity and kindneſs will furniſh all that beauty wants.

Thom. I never ſaw any man yet cut my piece; ſome are for ſecret, others charity, a third for converſation, and cares neither then for face nor fortune; a ruſty, mouldy Maid, fill'd with Platonique ſentences, is the ſame things to him a Girle of fifteen is to us; he deſpiſeth the body, yet I love to ſee that Prince in good clothes when the ſoul inhabits a Palace built in perfect Symetry; I know no jeſt, no eloquence, nor Apothegms, have more ſavour or pleaſure then a voyce, nor more ſalt then a kiſs from a Girle of fifteen, ſmooth as Ruſhes, white as Lillies, plump as Grapes after ſhowers; give me this, and let your Wit take his Sybill and her Oracles inſtead of teeth in her mouth; and while he ſpends his days in ſuch Monuments of women, let me claſp this ſmiling Girle, whoſe Ruby folds above her chin, laughs and diſcovers thoſe pearly flocks within; and for wit in women, ſo they ſay kind things, we know 'tis no matter whether they be true or no.

Paul. Can you be contented with flattery, Sir? ſure your heart is eaſily ſatisfi'd; that's a root from which you can expect no conſtant friendſhip.

Thom. Conſtant friendſhip, Child? Marry God forbid ſuch a curſe as conſtancy ſhould follow me; I'll leave that for your Anchorit-lovers, whom Matrimony has vow'd to ſome old womans Cellar of threeſcore; there the ſin of conſtancy and raſhneſs of the vow, for better for worſe, finds a juſt judgement in the converſation of Aches, Palſeys and Catarrhs, which Wed-lock and Hymen hangs upon fools; who would have it thought conſtancy, to dote on Age and wrinkles, and paſs their ignorance for

for a vertue; but the Vine and the Sun teach better things; beauty cannot be divided from variety, no face is too new, or wine too old, nor a friend too true.

Ferd. Faith, Secrecie is even the Brother of that Folly, a fooliſh humour that women have made a virtue, becauſe 'tis convenient ſometimes.

Thom. Secrecie a virtue; a damn'd ingrateful vice, only known where ſmall beer is currant, deſpis'd where *Apollo* or the Vine bleſs the Country; and though *Joves* Wife was a ſhrew, yet we find none of his Miſtreſſes hid in Roots or Plants, but fix'd ſtars in heaven, for all to gaze and wonder at, though few have wit to admire, or power to imitate; and though I am not *Jove*, to place my *Angellica*, or my *Paulina* there; yet my kind heart ſhall proclaim how fit for ſuch places ſuch ſtarry beauties are; and when my Brother comes from *Salamanca* he ſhall write our Chronicle.

Paul. Pray, when will he be here? I have heard much of him, and I long to ſee him; is he like you? has he your wild humour?

Thom. No, he's a ſerious black fellow, he ſmells like Serge and old Books; but yet he loves a Wench too, for curioſity, or ſo; for he only lyes with them for experiment, to be able to approve or decry the pleaſure the more feelingly in a Satyre. When he comes I'll wait upon him to your froward Siſter, becauſe their humours will agree; for ſhe is for a ſerious threſhing Lover.

Har. Come, I ſay, embrace, or I'll break all correſpondence with you; what, fall out with your Brother!

Paul. Siſter, theſe frowns muſt blow over; I will not ſee them thrown upon my friends; you know I love him; and if you expect I ſhould converſe civilly with your intereſt, you muſt comply with mine.

Saret. I have no mortal quarrel to your ſervant; only I would not have him rail upon me becauſe I have not wit enough to fall in love with him; 'tis true, his hand and head are white; but I am paſt the nurſery, no Child to be taken with ſuch Cream and Cuſtard; yet if you have ſuch kindneſs fot the Dairy, much good may it do you; give me my old friend, Don *Harrigo*; I love this colour, ſullen Sack; I love the Kitchin and the Cellar in a man; this is gravey and mans fleſh; and this Oke will have leaves upon his head when your Roſe-tree and all is wither'd.

Thom. Nay, now I'll kiſs you; and if you anger me with this humour toſs me in a Blanket; By this light, I had rather be handſomely abus'd then dully flatter'd; prithee *Ferd.* call for a bottle and a glaſs; come, we'l have the Song we made laſt.

A Song in two parts.

Thom. Come, every man his Glaſs. [*They hand* Paulina.

Thom. *Women, Women, Wine and Health,*
Te gods, we ask no other wealth;

The reſt of Nature and of Art,
For this kiſs I'll quit my part.

Har. *Theſe bleſſings, though they flow on earth,*
Jove *enjoys not but by ſtealth.*

Thom. *Why elſe, my Girle, did* Juno *frown?*
And poor Simele *to aſhes burn!*
The god turn'd Bull, and Maid a Cow!
So we know why, no matter how.

Har. *See, my Love that flaming ſtar,*
'Twas once Ariadnes *Aubourn Hair,*
Which her god in Bracelets wore,
Not leſs eſteem'd cauſe Theſeus *whore.*

Thom. *Then in her god, to her god let us drink,*
Of the Vine, in the Vine let us think;
And ſacrifice this glaſs of Sack
To thoſe ſparkling grey eyes, and the flaming black.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCEN. II.

Enter Matthias *and* Stephano (Matthias *knocks at* Lucetta's *door.*)

Kecka. WHo's there?

Mat. 'Tis I, prithee open the door; is your Miſtreſs at home?

Kecka. Yes, Sir; but ſhe's buſie, a man of quality ſups with her; *Sanco* was to find you, to deſire you would come to morrow; your baſket and your bottles are ſafe.

Mat. Prithee, *Kecka*, come to the back door that I may ſpeak with thee.

Kecka. Walk off a little till they are quiet; as ſoon as I can come without being miſs'd I'll wait upon you.

Mat. Falſe Devil, how durſt ſhe do this? and that dull ſtranger too enter without my leave?

Steph. Alas, Sir; 'tis their trade; Boat-mans-luck, you know, paſs as his fraught comes; this is ſome job of work ſhe has gotten by chance; and you that are her friend muſt not be againſt the good of the houſe.

Mat. I ſhall know all when her Maid comes; the Quean dotes, that makes me ſteal a bit now and then from her Miſtreſs to give her. [*Exeunt.*

ACT.

ACT. V. SCEN. III.

Enter Lucetta, *and* Philippo, *in his Cooks habit.*

Lucet. WEll, and how think you? was this a purchaſe to be Loſt for a little Coyneſs? where ſhall we make a voyage, if we refuſe to touch at theſe fortunate Iſles, becauſe they are ſtrangers?

Phil. No, I'me of your ſide now; But when you love for ſhadows, and dote upon gay Clothes, ſome young thing for dreſſing himſelf; when a Feather, Gittern, or Sarabrand, begets Admiration, or when poor Poetry prevails upon your paſſion, to give your youth and fortune for a Sonnet, when nothing, but the Dedication belongs to you, ſuch Fondneſs makes me rage; I ſpeak without Intereſt now; For ſince you know and have forgiven the fault I made, I ſhall hereafter faithfully ſerve you in memory of paſt kindneſs.

Lucet. Except your own; and you know I was never guilty of ſuch a Folly; No other wound nor ſcar afflicts my mind; and when once the Moon has preſcrib'd a remedy for that Poiſon, I ſhall quickly recover the old Character, of being inſenſible again; what are you thinking on?

Philip. The party within, his ſilver, ſword, gay Clothes, and Rings, beſides that at his Bandſtring, bundles of Seals, Watches, abus'd Gold, bow'd into Bracelets? All ſhews the Rogue is at his Eaſe, a merry ſoul, and a wanton Fortune I warrant you; ſuch ſuperfluous Expences ſhews he wants no money; His Breeches too, thoſe ſhells, I believe, have good Kernels in their pockets.

Lucet. Thoſe toys are ſuch Feathers that grow upon Fools, for wiſe men to pluck, All the difficulty I find, is, his being a ſtranger; and the noiſe of ſuch an Action will hinder our Trade with them hereafter.

Philip. Rather, that will be the ſecurity of the buſineſs. This is not onely a ſtranger to us, but to the Countrey too; This knows nothing, neither your Name, nor ſtreet, ſo far from knowing your Houſe, that he do's not know his own; And when 'tis done, do but change your Quarter, and hee's at a dead loſs for ever; If not, within ten days hee's gone; and I perceive he will be flay'd e're he goes; as good you do it as another; he ſhall have no harm, a merry Night for his Money; wee'll have the profit, and he the Experience of the Jeſt.

Lucet. Hee'll kill me when he miſſes his Clothes and money.

Phil. Leave the care of your ſafety to me; he ſhall undreſs himſelf in my Chamber, your Toy let and night Gown are lay'd out already; let *Sanco* and me alone to fit him, for a Cook, and a *valet de Chambre.*

Lucet. Well, I am not of your opinion; yet, ſo long as you do him no harm, I ſubmit. [*Exeunt.*

ACT.

ACT. V. SCEN. IV.

Enter Mathias, Kecka, *and* Stephano.

Math. I Am resolv'd to see the depth of this design; If the stranger stays I'll take my Revenge at Leisure; if he goes, she shall see I am sensible of this Affront, to admit a Visit upon my day, without my consent! Farewell, *Stephano*, lets meet to morrow at the old Rendevouz. [*Exit* Stephano.

Kecka. Softly, pray, Expect me here; when the strangers gone, I'll call you.

Math. Not a word to her, that I am here, I shall put her to another confession fit again.

Kecka. Undress you in my Chamber; lest they find the Goose has been here by his Feathers.

Math. Mum wench, make haste, lest the pot boil over before you come; I have no patience betwixt the sheets. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCEN. V.

Enter Lucetta, *and* Edwardo *unbutton'd, she carries the Candle, and he proffers to take it from her.*

Lucet. SOftly, I pray, and make no Ceremonies, but follow me, I must carry it my self; For I dare not trust my Maid with your lying here this night; shee's too kind to him that was sent away.

Edw. Hang her spy, Turn her to grass; I'll get you a dumb Girl. (*He kisses her.*)

Lucet. Within you will find *Sanco* ready to serve you.

Edw. Make haste my Dear, you know the pain longing Lovers suffer, when their Joys are drawn within the afflictions of a few Minutes; All steps move slow, time has lead upon his wings; The youthful Sun runs lazily, and we throw our selves to meet the Embraces of Friends whom with greedy longing we expected.

Lucet. You speak my pain, whose love and desires still precede your wish; (Though I blush to say so) and grudges this lost time, though spent in hearing the Musick of thy voyce, that tells my heart you love me.

Edw. This kiss onely, and then take thy Flight on Loves wings to return again; Love, that knows no grief nor pain like those that sigh in vain. [*Exit* Edwardo.

Lucet. 'Tis foolishly done to abuse him, for he is of a humor one need not pick his pocket, hee'l do it himself; 'tis an ill natur'd Crime, twice a sin, to rob such that give so much; The ill natur'd Devil would have had me done it, without giving him a Nights lodging for his money. [*Exit* Lucetta.

ACT.

ACT. V. SCEN. VI.

Enter Edwardo, *and* Sanco. (Edwardo *is in his Night Gown.*)

Edw. HOw *Propa* this little Rogue is, in every thing! Night gowne, ſlippers, Cap, and Toylet? As brave as if ſhe were to marry ſome Prince to night; ſure 'tis my wedding Night, at leaſt I'll imagine it ſo; And that which is the Excellence of this Bleſt Countrey, A man may every Night have a ſeveral Bride, for a Piſtol Joynture; Prithee call the Lady.

Sanco. Aſſoon as you are in Bed, Sir, I ſhall.

Edw. That fellow too, I took him for a Cavalier at leaſt, and 'tis a Pimp; He might be a Juſtice in our Country, by the garb and gravity I met him in. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCEN. VII.

Enter Philippo, *in his own Clothes, and all* Edwardo's *under his Arm, and meets* Lucetta *undreſt.*

Philip. SEe, here is the Neſt, I have taken the old one ſitting; you ſhall have the watch; the caſe is Gold, and Cordial. This purſe and hundred Piſtols, and in the waſte and knees of his Breeches a Magazin of *heretical Gold*, old *Beſſes* Coyn all, our arch Enemy; the act is now juſtifiable; the Inquiſidor might have done it; he ſhould have loſt it at *Vittoria*; If he complain, I'll make his Proceſs; and had it not been a hard heart could have let theſe Birds ſing in another Womans Cage!

Lucet. But what ſhall I do in the morning?

Phil. Sanco is to wake you in haſt, and cry your huſband's come; you muſt ſtart out of the Bed, as if to ſave your ſelf; then I ſwagger with my own ſhadow in the next room, till *Sanco* urges the danger to him, how impoſſible 'tis to ſcape with life, if ſurpriz'd; that there is no denying or defending the act; for he had found his Clothes and was now ſtaying for men to deſtroy him; having thus frightned him, ſeduce him, in his drawers, to follow him to ſome place of ſafety; Then convey him out at the Back-door, and loſe him in the ſtreet, and come round to the foregate, where I'll expect him; he being then unarm'd & naked, wth darknes & fear about him, his anger will open no doors.

Luc. This is a moſt inhumane jeſt; and I muſt not conſent to ſuch a Barbarity.

Phil. Only a Jeſt, a Summer Jeſt, I vow; if he be met let him pretend h'as been in Freſco. Now *Sanco*, the news. *Enter* Sanco.

Sanc. Why, hee's in Bed, and expects you with much impatience. impatience.

Phil. Give us the Key of one of your Cheſts, to lock up theſe tranſitory bleſſings, and then we will wiſh you good ſhipping, and a fair wind, till day break; But then we ſhall raiſe a ſtorm ſhall wake you; O *Sanco*, little doth hee or you think what price he muſt pay for this Night; His Breeches have a Myne of Gold in 'em. [*Exeunt* Philippo *and* Lucetta. *Sanco.*

Sanco. My ſhare comes pat for my deſign, to make me brave in Cloaths; Being once in order to Court I go; all there are fine, but the *Infanta* will be onely mine, or the powder ſhall fail his force.

[*Exit* Sanco.

ACT. V. SCEN. VIII.

Enter Mathias, *and* Kecka.

Kecka. THe Stranger is gone, there is ſome diſguſt amongſt them; For ſhe is gone ſullen to bed; ſhe would not let me light him becauſe I grumbled at her for diſappointing you.

Mathias. But where's *Philippo?*

Kecka. He ſtayes; She's become ſuch a ſlave to that wretch, that ſhe ſmiles or frowns upon us juſt as he commands her; And I know ſhe has diſappointed both the Stranger and you, onely to purſue her extravagant paſſion with that Beaſt.

Mathias. Thou art a kind Girl, and I ſhall not forget it; prithee come quickly back again.

Kecka. In a minute; but pray be quiet and ſilent leſt ſhe diſcover us; You muſt find the way to my Chamber in the dark; for I dare have no light in't, leſt ſhe ſhould be angry at my ſiting up; I'll peep, and as ſoon as *Philippo* goes to bed I'll return.

Mathias. Make haſte, I'll not to bed till you come.

Kecka. Her ſullenneſs has gotten me an opportunity; when the Miſtriſs will not, the Maid is handſome. [*Exit* Kecka.

Mathias. Now have I a curious Humour to rout the whole Family, diſappoint *Philippo*, and cozen both the Maid and Miſtriſs; 'Tis but ſtealing in the dark to *Lucetta*'s bed, and ſurprizing her in her froward Humour, where ſhe lies expecting that crooked Rogue; But then *Kecka* will be mad, and if ſhe be, there are other dayes and nights to cure her; If not, 'tis but a Chamber-maids wrath; and thoſe fires of ſtraw quickly burn out; 'Tis reſolv'd now, if I can find the door; ſo, ſoftly, puſs, ſoftly.

Exit Mathias *in his drawers only, and his coat.*

ACT. V. SCEN. IX.

The Scene changes, and diſcovers a Chamber and a Bed in it, in which Edwardo *lies.*

Edwardo. SHe is very long in coming; Some nicity now, ſome gentileneſs, to make her more welcome; Some perfum'd ſmock now, or finer night cloaths then ordinary; Theſe Women are right City Cooks, and ſtay to garniſh the diſh while the meat be cold; I could find in my heart to ſteal out of the bed and ſee what ſhe is doing. Heark, the door opens.

Enter Mathias.

Mathias. If ſhe be awake, I'll tell her boldly who it is; if not, I'll ſurprize her.

Edwardo.

Edwardo. Whiſt, who's there?

Mathias. 'Tis I.

Edwardo. Come, my Dear.

Mathias. So kind, ſhe has had ſome inckling of my deſignes.----- Where are you?

Edwardo. Here, my Heart.——

[*And catches hold of* Mathias, *and puls him into the Bed.* Mathias *gropes for the Bed.*

Mathias. You can counterfeit, I ſee.——

{Edwardo *kiſſes him, and they both ſtart and feel each others faces and find Beards,* Mathias *ſhruggs, and would be gone.*

Some trick, I find it; theſe Whores have laid betwixt them to affront me.

Edwardo. How now, what are you? what would you have?

Mathias. What would I have? I believe both our buſineſſes here may be gueſſed without a witch; But I ſhall be reveng'd.

Edwardo. Nay, you ſtir not, Sir; I can hold a bearded *Venus* as faſt as you; This is ſome Theif; what ho, *Sanco*, bring ſome lights here. Mathias *ſtrives with him.*

Mathias. Light *Kecka*, light *Syniora*; Thieves, bring lights.

Edwardo. Thief or no Thief, I'll have one bang at him for my kiſs.

Edwardo *ſtrikes him, and they cuff in the Bed*; Edwardo *throws him down, there they cuff and ſtruggle upon the floore, and are both bloody, occaſion'd by little ſpunges ty'd of purpoſe to their middle fingers in the palmes of their hands. The noyſe is heard into* Philippo's *Chamber, where* Lucetta, Philippo, *and* Sanco *are undreſſing her; they open the curtain window and liſten to the noyſe*; Edwardo *and* Mathias *are cuffing ſtill.*

Lucetta. What noyſe is that in my Chamber?

Sanco. 'Twas the Strangers voice.

Philippo. And *Mathias*, or I'me miſtaken.

Mathias. Dog, Rogue, wilt thou worry me?

Edwardo. Hah! Traytor; In my Bed take the advantages of a naked man?

Lucetta. 'Tis their voices, I am undone; That Whore *Kecka* has let *Mathias* in, who finding the Stranger in the Bed, I fear, has murther'd him; Run, as you love our lives ſave the Stranger, we are all loſt elſe, confiſcate to the Law, and ſham'd for ever; This is a juſt curſe upon your covetous miſchief.

Philippo. That Whore ſhall dearly pay for it.

Sanco. Take your Sword and ſecond me, 'tis no time to waſte in talking; If *Mathias* be there, you're ſure he's not alone; take your ſword, that we may be able to force him to reaſon; Pray ſtay you here, that nothing be laid to your charge whatever happens; leſt his Rage having power ſhould act ſome beſtial Revenge upon you.

Lucetta. Leave talking of miſchiefs that may be, and haſten to prevent this certain ruine that threatens us.

Edwardo. Be what thou wilt, I'll make thee repent this viſit.

Mathias. What a Devill art thou that uſeſt me thus? I neither know thee, nor look'd for ſuch a Bed-fellow.

Edwardo. What am I? A Gentleman and a Stranger that is to be abus'd, rob'd, and jeer'd; But if I do not make you repent your ſhare of the Villany, I am a Dog.

Mathias. Help, Murther, Murther; his fiſt lights like a hammer on my Face; a black miſchief befall that damn'd *Kecka.*

Enter Philippo *and* Sanco, *with ſwords drawn upon them, and lights in their hands, and cut them both.*

Philippo *purſues* Mathias *all this while.*

Philippo. Kill that Raſcal; Death, are you become Maſter of this houſe? Cannot the *Syniora* diſpoſe of her time and perſon without your leave? I'll learn you to come when you're ſent for.

Sanco. Save your ſelf from him by the back door, and follow me; I'll convey you to a friends houſe, and immediately bring your clothes; and as ſoon as I can inform my ſelf of this miſchief you ſhall know it; but, by my life, 'tis a myſtery yet to all.

Edwardo. I'll not ſtir a foot: Give me thy ſword, I'll warrant I'll defend the Houſe againſt them all, till you fetch a ſword and ſecond me.

Sanco. No, Sir, I will ſerve you with it, but not quit mine; where's your own?

Edwardo. Would I had but a knife to cut yonder Rogues throat with.

Sanco. You know not the Law of this place; we are undone if any ſuch thing ſhould happen in the houſe; For the *Syniora*'s ſake, Sir, follow me.

Edwardo. I will not ſtir a ſtep till I am reveng'd on you all.

Sanco. Retire, however, and preſerve your ſelf till you may be reveng'd; You ſhall find both the *Syniora* and my ſelf will joyn with you.

Edwardo. I'll follow you; but be certain the day ſhall not furer riſe, then I'll find my Revenge. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCEN. X.

Enter Lucetta, *and* Philippo.

Lucetta. WHy ſo; Now you have had your will, and I am deſtroy'd; what miſchief made this encounter?

Philippo. I know not, but I can gueſs; Where's *Kecka*? That Quean has a finger in the buſineſs.

Lucetta. Well, what remains to remedy this?

Philippo. The ſame remedy will cure it yet, if *Sanco* obſerves his firſt Inſtructions, and loſe him in the ſtreet; the Stranger knows nothing, neither him, nor us, nor the houſe.

Lucetta. But if he ſhould come to know who we are, what then?

Philippo. When that accident happens we muſt think of a remedy for that too; In the mean time ſend for *Kecka*, that we may inform our ſelves what is paſt. *Enter*

Enter Sanco, *with* Mathias's *Sword and Clothes.*

Lucet. The news, *Sanco*; where's the ſtranger?

Sanco. Where I left him, at the turning behind the Jeſuites; but he is in ſuch a fury, I'me confident he'l hazard a hundred lives rather then ſit down with this affront.

Lucet. 'Twas well he got not a ſword, you would all have paid for your trick.

Sanco. And I counſel you to let me carry him his clothes and his money, this morning; and tell him ingenuouſly the whole truth; then you may make friends again; for I know he loves you, there is nothing loſt neither by it; for I dare ſay he would give all you can ſteal where he is kindly us'd.

Phil. What haſt thou there?

Sanco. Mathias his clothes, I found them in *Kecka*'s Chamber, who has confeſs'd all; you ſhall have the ſtory within; *Mathias* and ſhe ſhould have been merry to night, but with no ill intention truly; but when he heard the ſtranger was gone, and you alone (which you told *Kecka* your ſelf, and gave cruel *Mathias* occaſion to be falſe to love and *Kecka* from whoſe bed he ſtole to ſurprize you in yours) there he met his puniſhment in the martial Maid, who with a Beard and Buffets quickly laid the Knights luſt in the duſt; the jeſt will afford laughter on all ſides, if well carried; *Mathias* can blame no body but himſelf, nor the ſtranger accuſe any thing but chance; and if *Mathias* that was beaten can forget, ſure the other may forgive the beating; if you'l be rul'd, I'll heal all to morrow; if not, ſomewhat worſe will follow.

Lucet. Where is that damn'd *Kecka*? dear *Sanco*, as thou lov'ſt me turn her naked out; ſhe ſhall not ſleep in this houſe, falſe beaſt.

Sanco. Yes, that ſhe may run and find the ſtranger, and tell him all that is paſt; rather ſhut her up, and chain her; leſt ſhe break looſe and diſcover us before we reconcile the buſineſs.

Philip. Sanco has Reaſon; ſhut her up, and put out the light; leſt that diſcover us in the ſtreet when the rogue makes a noiſe; come retire, and leave the care of him to me.

Lucet. No, I am of *Sanco*'s opinion, to ſend him his clothes and money again, and invite him and *Mathias* both to dinner, and make a perfect peace; the jeſt will be good too when they ſhall both ſee 'twas accident; ſo we ſhall avoid both the ſcandal of ſuch an action, and the danger of their revenge.

Philip. I am not of your mind, I apprehend no ſuch danger; if he be angry it will be forgot ere he can expreſs himſelf to be underſtood; if not, I can digeſt my part with this Cordial; Nor can I repent an action that carries ready money with it; and when will his friendſhip be worth a thouſand Ryals of Plate apiece to each of us? if he frowns, we have as good Arguments againſt his anger as he has for it; a ſword and an arm; I know no other; yet if you approve it we'l out of Town, for a day or two, and be gone before day to avoid ſuſpition: you and *Sanco* ſhall walk to the

Bridge, and I'll meet you with a Coach; then we may pretend we were out of Town when this hapned; we'l take *Mathias* with us and ſtop all mouths; come, pray be rul'd; here's ſix hundred Arguments in Gold of our ſide; we'l ſee the Eſcurial in our walk, and be merry a moneth upon the jeſt; and is not that better then ſpoil a good buſineſs with a little ſneaking repentance?

Lucet. Before that moneth I hope to ſee you depos'd from that Tyrannick power over my heart, which makes you command thus abſolute; I obey, but if my fears prove true you will dearly pay for it.

Philip. I, I; let me ſuffer, be you rul'd; and leave the reſt to me. [*Exeunt* Philippo *and* Lucetta.

Sanco. I am not ſorry to hear they have abandon'd the thought of reſtitution; my ſhare, I'me ſure, will be leaſt in the danger, though it be equal in the ſpoil; for I can run away and prepare my ſelf for my great deſign with this ready money, and the powerful powder: I will enter *Sanco*, that muſt go forth a Prince.

ACT. V. SCEN. XI.

Enter Edwardo *in his Drawers, he whiſtles and liſtens.*

Edw. I May whiſtle and whiſtle, but the Dog will not come; 'tis dark and late, few people ſtirring in the ſtreet; the villain is gone, and has left and loſt me on purpoſe; what courſe to ſteer I know not, either to find mine own lodging or theirs; her name too is jumbled out of my head; hell and miſchief go with it; now had I as live go to the Gallows as return home; the rogues will ſo rejoyce and triumph over me when they hear of this miſchief; their jeſts will ſting worſe then a Dog-whip; what a day and a night has this been? twice drunk, twice couzen'd, and twice beaten; miſchiefs by couples; I ſhall give a fine account of my travels; a few of theſe uunatural days will make the journey ſeem tedious; what an aſs was I to believe ſuch a woman, ſo cloth'd, ſo nobly lodg'd, and richly furniſh'd, could be maintain'd or had for nothing! Puppey, blind wilful Puppey; dull, vain Aſs, to believe ſhe could fall in love with me at firſt ſight; no, I am an Aſs, 'tis viſible; ſhe read the fool in my face, the *Eſſex* Calf; for what grace indeed, beauty or vertue, can I plead, then this face which I can ſuffer becauſe I am acquainted with it; dull Aſs, to be flatter'd into a miſchief when I was ſober too! I could pull my ſelf by my long ears, which, methinks, I ſee by ſtar-light they are ſo viſible, there is nothing to redeem ſuch a folly, but a home, full revenge without mercy, upon the whole neſt of them. What lights come there? I muſt hide my ſelf ſome where, elſe the people in the ſtreet will paſs their time with me.-----More ſtrokes of fortune yet! A pox of the Whore; will ſhe expoſe me to their mirth too? where ſhall I hide me? I'll get upon this ſtall, and lye as if I ſlept.

Enter Don Pedro, Car. Johan. their ſervants with lights.

Pedro. See here's ſome Lover ſleeping in *Freſco*, after his *Serranad*; what was the buſineſs, *Carlo*, at *Lucetta*'s, this night?

Edw.

Edw. Lucetta, Lucetta, that's the damn'd name. (*Speaks ſoftly.*)

Joh. Some quarrel amongſt her *Amoroſo*'s; one leap'd the window in his drawers.

Edwardo. That's ſome comfort yet; I went out at the Door. (*Aſide ſoftly.*)

Carlo. That *Philippo* will undo her; He is ſtill playing the *Bravo* amongſt her Lovers; I wonder what ſhe ſees In that Beaſt to love him for?

Pedro. Shee's a beaſt her ſelf, falſe and proud; Nothing but Pikeroons, and falſhood amongſt them; There's that *Sanco*, a Bloody infamous Villain; and while ſhe admits him, No man of Honour, that loves his Throat, will ſleep under her roof. [*Exeunt omnes but* Edwardo.

Edw. Lucetta, Philippo; Thoſe are they againſt a world; That *Sanco* too is the Squire that loſt me. But if my revenge finde not him and them too let them laugh at the dull Engliſh man; ha! The light again; I'll ſtep off, e're I am diſcover'd, and take Sanctuary in ſome great mans Portico. [*Exit* Edwardo.

ACT. V. SCEN. XII.

Enter Don Pedro, *and his Company, making themſelves merry with* Mathias *in his Drawers.*

Pedro. NOt know him?

Math No, faith; nor underſtand him ſcarce; I'me ſure, he is a ſtranger, one that ſupp'd there.

Joban. What ſaid *Lucetta*? was ſhe of the Plot?

Math. No, nor none of them knew of my being in the houſe; nor was he leſs amaz'd then I; 'twas in the dark; For I went in Knavery, without a light, to ſurprize her, who, I thought, had been alone in her bed; We kiſs'd, and hug'd each other, till our Beards diſcover'd; but afterwards, you may ſee by my face how he ſet up mine.

Carlo. Where are your Clothes?

Math. I was even glad to leave them behind me, and eſcape ſo; Hee's naked too. I ſaw him ſtalk before me, like a Ghoſt in the ſhade; you muſt needs have met him.

Pedro. We did ſo, He was got upon a ſtall; Do you not remember, I told you there lay a Lover in Freſco; 'Tis one of *Thomaſo*'s crew upon my life, let's walk; if we find him, wee'l laugh him into a Feaver.

Math. Gentlemen, you may laugh, but believe it, I cannot; would I were in my own Bed, I would not quit it for any ſhee's in *Madrid*. Now do I ſmell a Ballad to morrow in the *Prado*, of the two Bearded Lovers, kiſſing like the Divel and the Colliar in a Ladies Bed; If I be not reveng'd I ſhall pine in my mind.

Carlo. You cannot be reveng'd on her; 'tis clear, ſhee's Innocent; indeed *Sanco* and *Philippo* ſhould be well ſtroak'd with Cudgels; and

and larded with ponyards, to refresh the Rogues memories, and teach them their duties towards Gentlemen.

Math. The Dog made me leap out at a Window; Else I am confident he had kil'd me; he gave me these Three hurts e're I could pass.

Pedro. What a Rogue 'twas to strike a naked man! come let's try if we can find your Enemy. Give us but the satisfaction of that mirth, and wee'll all joyn in your Revenge.

Johan. There is time and ways enough for a Revenge, for those Rascals have more Enemies then thou hast friends. The Galleys and the Gallows are their Common disease, and all unnatural deaths their natural Ends. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Partis primæ Finis.

THE SECOND PART OF THOMASO, OR, The Wanderer: A COMEDY.

The Scene *MADRID.*

Written in *MADRID*

BY

THOMAS KILLIGREW.

LONDON:

Printed by *J. M.* for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be sold at his Shop at the sign of the *Blew Anchor*, in the lower Walk of the *New-Exchange*. 1663.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Don *Pedro*, A Noble Spaniard, and late Commander in the Spaniſh Army.
Don *Johanne*, } His Friends.
Don Carlo, }
A lean Don, }
Another Don, } Officers of the Army.
An Italian. }
Three French Gentlemen.
A Prince of *Poland.*
A *Flanders* Merchant.
Don *Mathias*, One of *Lucetta*'s maintainers.
Stephano, His Friend.
Lopus, The Mountebank.
Scaramucha, His Man.
Thomaſo, The Wanderer. An Engliſh Cavaleer, who had ſerv'd in the Spaniſh Army.
Edwardo, } Engliſh Gentlemen, his Friends, late Commanders
Ferdinando, } in that Army.
Harrigo, A ſober Engliſh Gentleman, attending the Engliſh Embaſſadour.
Cornelius, A Captain of the Spaniſh Army.
Philippo. Paramour to *Lucetta.*
Sancho, Her *Bravo.*
Diego, Servant to Don *Pedro*,
Rogero, Servant to *Harrigo.*
Two *Bravo*'s of *Angelica*'s.
Porter to the Engliſh Embaſſadour.

Serulina, A beauteous Virgin, Siſter of Don *Pedro.*
Angelica Bianca, A beautiful Curtezan, Miſtriſs to the ſlain Spaniſh General.
Anna, Her *Bawd.*
Lucetta, A famous Curteſan.
Saretta, } Two Curtezans of the firſt rank.
Paulina, }
Celia, Wife to the Mountebank.
Helena, An old decayed Curtezan, that hopes to be reſtored to 15. by the Mountebanks Art.
Calis, Waiting-woman to *Serulina.*
Kecka, Servant to *Lucetta.*
Guardian to the two Monſters. (Theſe laſt onely mentioned.)
Servants to Don *Pedro.*
Spectators (Men and Women) for the Mountebank.

THE SECOND PART OF THOMASO, OR The Wanderer.

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

Enter Thomaſo, Ferdinando *and* Cornelio. Thomaſo *is not dreſs'd, he buttons him as he talks.*

Corn. YOu riſe late, methinks!

Thom. At Feaſts men ſit long, and the Rogue made me a kind one; ſhe bound me in her bed, where we ſo kiſs'd and talk'd over the ſtories of paſs'd love. She ſwore 'twas not day till the proceſſion was paſs'd.

Ferd. 'Tis a kind and a buckſome Girle; but I am for her Siſter who has promis'd me we ſhall be merry at night; but what will your *Angellica* ſay when ſhe ſhall hear you lay here?

Thom. Say, as much as I do when I hear Don *Pedro* lay there; why, doſt thou think I'll be ty'd to one Wench, *Ferdinando?* No, I am for a herd of Whores, or one honeſt woman; while I am an out-lying Deer, have at any mans Corn; impale me and take me.

Corn. What do you reſolve this morning?

Thom. Why, I muſt find *Harrigo*, I have ſome buſineſs with him.

Ferd. And I am for that viſit I told you of.

Thom. And pray, Captain, ſollicit your Taylor not to fail of my clothes to morrow; you know Saint *Cicilia* is my Saint, and we muſt keep her feaſt to morrow; and then, *Ferdinando*, you ſhall ſee

I'll change my Garb, and ſtep, when I come forth Don *Thomaſo*.

Corn. And Don *Cornelio* leap into Monſieur *Con*, with long Hoſe, and a ſhort Coat, and after they have been ſeen here, ſometime away; and become an honour to the Regiment in *Portugal*.

Ferd. What, 'tis a bargain then I ſee, Coat and all?

Thom. All, for the new Buff-coat and old kindneſs ſake, upon the condition he wears it at Saint *Cicilia*'s feaſt; and therefore haſte your ſtitcher that I may get my ſelf ſheath'd in Don; Come, *Harrigo* expects us at home. [*Exit* Cornelia.

How now, the news? we were coming to you. [*Enter* Harrigo.

Har. Have you heard nothing this morning?

Thom. No, what is't?

Har. Nothing of news?

Thom. Nothing, what is it? ſome roguery I ſee by his eyes.

Har. Such mirth, if you can laugh at the affliction of a friend.

Thom. Who? *Edwardo*, upon my life, beaten, robb'd and thrown out at a Window!

Har. Not altogether ſo ill; but beaten he is and robb'd, turn'd out of doors naked, at mid-night; h'as loſt ſix hundred crowns in gold, beſides a Watch, Rings and Seals; the Guard brought him to our houſe, to ſee who knew him; 'twas ſuch a ſight to ſee him come in torn and bloody; and yet no man durſt pity him, or laugh at him; he ſtorms yet, and will not endure a Queſtion; he ſtruck the Porter for asking him who abus'd him.

Thom. I am ſick till I ſee him; let's away, and ſtudy as we go home to abuſe him; the Rogue has been ſo wantonly bred in perpetual plenty, you ſhall ſee how ſhittenly he'l look without money in his Purſe, and how ſneakingly he'l borrow, and how ſcurvily he'l ask a curteſie.

Ferd. He was never out of his depth before; you ſhall ſee him plunge and ſtruggle like a young ſwimmer to get of the puddle; 'twas well I took the reſt of our money from him laſt night.

Thom. He ſhall bite upon the Bridle, 'twill him make hear reaſon the ſooner hereafter; my Bills are as good as his now; he ſhall want nothing, but I'me reſolv'd I will not offer him a Ryall; I'll have the pleaſure of acting his part a while; not one of theſe black Dogs ſhall ſtir out of the Kennel before he whiſtle; you know, *Ferdinando*, I propheſi'd this laſt night.

Ferd. Prithee, let's find him ere he has time to get to bed; for the ſight will be half the jeſt, and I long to ſee him juſt as the Wench has dreſt him for a Comedy; where is he now?

Har. Gone home in a chair. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. I. SCEN. II.

Enter Edwardo *with a Sword and Belt, and meets* Harrigo *and* Ferdinando.

Ferd. EDwardo, how now! bloody, not wounded I hope.

Edw. for the blood, I'me ſure 'tis none of mine; and I have

I have the ſatisfaction of beating my Bed-fellow beyond a Jeſt, what ere he meant by his viſit; And I had burſt my Gall when I found my ſelf couzen'd, had it not been for the vent my Rage took by diſcharging my Heart upon him, who muſt needs be as full of wonder to find his Ears beaten with Engliſh and blows; for the Devil a word of Spaniſh could I get out.

Ferdin. Can you not remember their Names yet?

Edwardo. No, that's my trouble now.

Harrigo. You'll be quickly out of that pain; when *Cornelio* comes he can inform you.

Edwardo. *Cornelio*, where is he? Let me but once know where they are, and I am content to ſuffer your ſevereſt Jeſts till I am reveng'd.

Ferdi. He'll not be long abſent, he's onely gone to the Taylors for *Thomaſo*'s Spaniſh Habit; there's a truck betwixt them two for *Thomaſo*'s lac'd ſute; that's it makes the Captain ſo diligent.

Harrigo. But was the Drab ſo eloquent, ſuch a fine flattering Devil; unmerciful Whore, to bring a Lover within an inch of her mirth, and then to beat and rob him not onely of his money, but his Guſto too! A young longing Lover, that would onely have taſted of her Milk; what a jadiſh Cowes trick was that to kick down the pail?

Ferdi. Piſh, a Miſtriſs is nothing to him; he'll have a pair of new ones the firſt Maſs: *Ned* has nets and catches the Covey; were it you or I that flie at ſingle Women, whoſe *Cupid* makes not above one flight in an Age, and to find her falſe to Love, 'twere ſad; But for *Ned*, he onely walks the Street, ſhews the man, and the Town is his own; The German piper was never more followed then he, when he will apply himſelf.

Edwardo. This, and more, I expected. Alaſs, *Fred*, where wilt thou find a wit that is not mortal? All that are Active muſt be ſubject to theſe calamities; Yet I had rather venture where theſe ſtorms threaten, then wear out my dayes dully in ſome Widows dock at home; When I miſs my voyage I'me as happy as either of you; one of us Gameſters may win a Fortune: But *Fred*, that dares not hazard, but onely ſpends himſelf in ſtakes, is onely ſome Plant, ſome Tree; and I had as live be a ſtone or Tree, as know the height of my Fortune: See who comes here; Don *Thomaſo*, by this light, rais'd by virtue of a Taylor, without a Circle, Sieve, or Sheares; Now would not I play that part naked as I am; I had rather be *Tege* in my Drawers ſtill, then ſuch a hide-bound Don. *Enter* Thomaſo.

Ferdi. Do you hear? Is there any priviledge due to this habit for Strangers that will wear it? Can you be admitted into an Hoſpitall above three nights with theſe clothes? Elſe, if you cannot have two penny loaves for a penny, to wear it, By my troth, I would not be committed to ſuch a Priſon as that Doublet and Collar, thoſe ſhooes too, with the toes longer then the ſoles; I would wear the ſtocks as ſoon, and I think ſit as eaſie in them.

Edwardo. Is it far more juſtifiable, *Fred*, to ones Friends to be thus at eaſe againſt a mans will? This Liberty of Waſte-coat and Drawers in the dog-dayes; Is it not better then to purchaſe thy

Penance calmely to be crowded, and ſtuff'd by a Taylor into a Doublet and Hoſe, and look like a bag of Bayes full of fools fleſh? 'Twas beaten into this *Freſco*, 'tis true; But when you find me leaping windows voluntarily, you may laugh at me.

Thomaſo. For your part, *Ned*, I'll allow you not onely to diſlike the Faſhion, but the Nation too. They're twigs of thoſe Rods that jerk'd you ſo lately; and the Jeſt ſtings ſtill ſo much, that I dare ſay, thou wilt not endure the ſight, nor ſound, of Don this moneth. Alaſs, 'tis ordinary; We ſee Children that have been frighted with a Cat in the cradle hate the poor Beaſt for ever; And 'tis to be hop'd, you may come to hate a whore too in time; by that a Fardingale has us'd you as ill as a man in a great belly'd Doublet has done: But for thee, *Fred*, thy diſlike is as *Pannick* as his fear who dy'd the next day at the ſight of a paſt danger; So thou trembleſt at what's to come, and apprehend'ſt being couzen'd and beaten to night: You know where you are to go; take heed, it comes with a fear, eſpecially with a Countrey-gentlemans fear; Your *Eſſex* man in *Madrid*, their prophetick Phantaſies make their Dreams Viſions ſtill.

Harrigo. How came you both to ſuffer me in the habit? I am an Engliſh-man too: How came you to comply with my Breeches?

Edwardo. Had we ſeen your Metamorphoſis, as we do his, we ſhould have ſtarted at that too; What Friend can ſee *Circe*'s cup given to another? 'Tis an Affliction *Ulyſſes* cannot bear, to hear his Friend grunt out of a *Gotillio*.

Exit the Taylor to fetch the Perriwigs.

Thomaſo. Fetch the black box with the Perriwigs, and let us not loſe our time, although the Gentlemen do their cenſure.

Harrigo. Prithee make haſte, for 'tis late; and the Church will be ſo full we ſhall get no place at the Muſick.

Thomaſo. Pray, will you perſwade *Edwardo* to go.

Ferdi. Whither, to Church? Take him in a Church again till he be carried thither by Torch-light, and I am deceiv'd.

Enter Cornelio, *looks on* Edwardo *and laughs.*

Edwardo. Do you hear, Captain? laugh your laugh and away; for it has been a Jeſt too much handled; What will you give for my Clothes inſted of *Thomaſo*'s, and be bound to fetch 'em.

Cornelio. Why that's not ſo impoſſible as you believe; what will you take for my loſſes laſt night? Be at a word now.

Edwardo. Why, I'll take a good Revenge and a ſudden one, if you will but tell me who has abus'd me.

Cornelio. I know the woman and the man you follow'd out of the Church yeſterday; and if you'll walk, I'll ſhew you their Door.

Thomaſo. Yes, and the very window you were thrown out at; he can, *Ned*; Con can do this without conjuring; See Don *Thomaſo* play ſuch a trick, and then I'll ſubſcribe to Monſieur *Edward*.

Edwardo. Captain, prithee let thee and I talk ſeriouſly: Doſt thou know their Names? They are damn'd hard ones; I have

have heard ſome like them in a Comedy.

Cornelio. Her Man is called *Sanco*, and her Name *Lucetta*; is it not ſo?

Edwardo. Yes, by theſe Bones; *Luc. Luc. Luc.*

Ferdi. How now, what doſt thou look for?

Edwardo. My black-lead; but now I think on't tis now in my Breeches; Prithee lend me thine. *Luc. Luc. Sanco, Sanco*; the ſtreet, good Captain, the ſtreet again. *He writes their Names.*

Cornelio. By the Jeſuits.

Edwardo. One Queſtion more, and I have done; Cannot your Taylor cut a pair of Chriſtian Breeches as well as a Catholick Doublet? I'de fain venture one ſute more in this unchriſtian Countrey. Thus would they uſe the Defender of the Faith were he here.

Cornelio. Yes, yes, he'll fit you in both kinds.

Edwardo. Farewel, Noble Gentlemen; you may hear News from *Dametas.* *Exit Edwardo, and Enter Taylor with a box of Perriwigs.*

Cornelio. Give me the box, I'll put the Perriwigs in order; Is not the ſute well made?

Ferdi. Your bargain was better that got his other.

Cornelio. What a Devil have we here? Theſe Perriwigs belong to the Tyring-houſe; they are all as black as the Devil is in a Comedy.

Thomaſ. Harr. and *Ferdin.* How! Black?

Ferdi. How came this miſtake?

Thomaſo. That dull Rogue, *Pogio*'s man; a pox upon his welch memory.

Ferdi. Is't poſſible he could miſtake thus? Why then there is three Crowns caſt away; I alwayes told you, you might cut him as often as you would of the ſimples, you could never cure him; Who is that he ſpeaks of?

Thomaſo. Even your Brothers wiſe man, a *Munmoth* Witch; *William ap Merlin ap Roger*, a tame Country-man of yours, that lives as innocently as Ale and fool can keep them; If there were no more Charity then Profit in't, a man would keep a Cough of the Lungs, rather then be troubled with ſuch a fool.

Ferdi. There's a couple of them, a *Richard* and a *William*; They have been at the Apes Academy theſe ſix moneths to breed them fine Gentlemen; and yet there's a Coblers dog in a Doublet, that lives in a cellar in the louvre, has out-revel'd them both, and paſſes for a finer Gentleman.

Thomaſo. Theſe are thoſe Perriwigs my Boy beſpoke for your Brother, who will be as far to ſeek with my white ones as I ſhall be with his black.

Ferdi. The miſtake is plain, but what's the remedy?

Thomaſo. 'Tis eaſie to wonder; But I would fain ſee all this College of wits now, to preſcribe a cure; Shew all your craft now, to make a black Perriwig white.

Harrigo. In this extremity the buſineſs may be eaſier reconcil'd, and you come forth a compleat Don; 'tis but dying your Beard and

and Eye-brows black, and a little mouth glew-to your whiſkers, and the buſineſs is done.

Thom. 'Tis but a but, But where's this means for this But, other then walk the ſtreets like a Magpy; elſe I am not ſo in love with white hair but I can ſleep in a black beard.

Ferd. By this hand do; and wee'll ſay 'tis your brother come from *Salamanca*, till you get a white one.

Cornel. Keep but your own Counſel, and no man can betray you; let not Don *Edwardo* know it till you have ſaluted him in Spaniſh; you may be reſolv'd by him whether your diſguiſe be perfect, or no.

Harr. If you reſolve, I'll fetch you the Water; Our old Secretary has of it; 'tis that he uſeth daily to his Beard, and you ſee it keeps him as Black as a Raven.

Thom. Never doubt my reſolution; Prithee fetch the water; ſilly Rogue, to put up the Box without looking into it; My firſt viſit ſhall be, to try whether the *Angellica* will know me; But we muſt be all Secret, and ſerious, till the Jeſt be over. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. I. SCEN. III.

Enter Saretta, Paulina, *and* Cornelio.

Paul. I See them follow us.

Cornel. We have ſuch a Revenge upon *Edwardo*; he knew nothing, neither the perſons, nor the place, till I told him; But then he flew like lightning to his Revenge.

Saret. Why, who was it? I am her Friend for ever for it.

Cornel. I gueſs'd right; 'twas *Lucetta*, and her two *Bravo*'s.

Paul. Lucetta? would ſhe be guilty of ſuch an Action? ſhe had a better Reputation in the world; I wonder ſhe is ſo fooliſh as to expoſe her ſelf to the power of a ſtranger that can fly the country when he has done her an affront? Beſides, ſhee's in danger of the Juſtice, and the Law.

Saret. The Law? She has ſmall friends y'faith, if he get Juſtice againſt her; I would it had been his Friend *Thomaſo*, ſo I had anſwer'd the throwing of him out at Window, and he has good luck if he Eſcape, for hee'll deſerve it richly; where are they now?

Cornel. I left them upon a deſign to viſit the *Calatravo*'s, 'tis Saint *Cecilia*'s Eve; *Thomaſo* is full of Money.

Paul. I am glad to hear it, a rich Lover makes his Miſtreſs ſmile; Captain, Farewell, wee'll to the Church. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT. I. SCEN. IV.

Enter Thomaſo, Harrigo, *and* Ferdinando.

Harrigo. AS you Love mirth, Gentlemen, be ſecret, till ſome body diſcover him; ſay only, 'tis his Brother Don *Jacomo*,

como, newly arrived from *Salamanca*, that we may be all found in one Tale.

Ferd. Content at the Church; we ſhall meet acquaintance.

Thom. Wee'll onely paſs, and ſo to the *Angellica*'s, and try if ſhe can know me, ſee who comes here. [*Enter* Saretta *and Paulina.*

Harr. I know not, pray be ſerious all, and carry it gravely; See, now they open; ſo, now we ſhall know them.

Ferd. 'Tis the two Siſters.

Harr. You have reaſon, let them paſs, ſee what they will do.

Paul. There's Don *Harrigo*, and the other Engliſhman, your new *Amoroſo*.

Saret. 'Tis ſo; but who's the third? 'tis a handſome Man and a ſtranger, but none of their Nation, his Meen is too grave.

Paul. Some Merchant, I believe, to whom they are recommended.

Har. That Eye has a Fellow; Why hid, Ladies? would you play the ſpy upon your Friends? What is it you are Curious to diſcover?

Saret. That ſtranger, what is he?

Harr. A Servant of yours, if you pleaſe; a brother of Don *Thomaſo*'s that arrived laſt night from *Salamanca*.

Sarr. A brother of his? The Hen had ſeveral Cocks, ſure; This looks as if he were worth a Womans kindneſs; 'tis a proper man, would he were leſs a kin to that wild humor.

Harr. This is a man of another Temper; but we hope to abuſe him out of it; *Thomaſo* ſwears hee's a Maid ſtill.

Paul. A maid! ſo is his brother, 'tis a proper black fellow; and I dare ſay 'has as much pride as *Thomaſo* has good nature; This looks as if he would be Courted before a woman had the honour of his Converſation; where's my Friend? ſee, he Eyes us.

Saret. Your Friend has more wit then to appear when his brother is in place, for fear of being deſpiſed; 'Twas the firſt modeſt action I e're ſaw in him; This letting him walk alone; has this as ready a tongue as t'other?

Harr. Come, I'll bring you acquainted. Don *Jago*, Here are Ladies, Friends of mine, deſire the Honour of your acquaintance.

Thom. 'Tis an honour, Sir, to me, and ſuch as a ſtranger ought to be proud of: eſpecially ſuch private perſons as we Students, that are not onely barren of Deſert, but fruſtrate of Occaſion how to merit the moſt diminutive favours of ſo fair a Lady.

Saret. Sir, I have had the happineſs to know your brother by my ſiſters Friendſhip with him; and though we Quarrel ſometimes, that ſhall not hinder your well-come to me, when your leiſure will beſtow a Viſit upon your Servant.

Thom. Truly, Madam, he has much more to do in the world then I pretend to, that has any buſineſs beyond receiving the honour of ſuch converſation; And therefore you are to Expect a ſudden trouble, by the importunity of your ſlave being conſcious, to my ſelf my Company may be troubleſome; Elſe I ſhould be

more.

more Ambitious to have the honour to be esteemed your Creature; For yours are the first Eyes that ever yet had power to pierce my heart; and without vanity let me say, your beauty is the first that ever threw chains upon your *Jago*.

Paul. 'Tis a fool, a formal Ass, he talks like a Mountebank, diminutive honour, *Glorious*, *Happiness*, ambitious of Friendship, Chains, and *Flames*, and *Slaves*; Sweet Lady, sure you cannot be so weak as to believe he has wit and means this for one of our Trade, at first sight too? Pox on him, hee's either an Ass, or thinks us so; this is but *a la Parakito*.

Saret. Thou art so vers'd in Rallery and Rayling, from thy Lovers tongue, Thou canst not savour any handsome serious reply; thou wilt come to talk baudy, drink and swear too, in time, If Huff Cap and Ale were but a little more Domestick here.

Harr. No more of this, now; wee'll come and see you at home, and satisfie all your Doubts.

Saret. Your Servant, Sir. [*Exeunt* Saretta *and* Paulina.

Ferd. Here's mirth, beyond expectation.

Harr. I would drive this Jest to the bedside, e're she knew it.

Thom. To the bedside, *Hall*? I, behind the bed, and upon the bed, in the Bed, or against the wall: if I do not nail this Jest to her Belly, let a Beadle scratch me with a Dog-whip.

Ferd. Fy, two Sisters?

Thom. I, Ten, if the Litter be kind and handsome, good Countrey Conscience; What Advantage do I get *by turning Catholick*, if a Saint cannot forgive such a sin? You think a man gets his own Children in this hot Countrey, as they do in *Essex*; Thou art an Ass, *There's not such a thing as two Sisters by Fathers and Mothers side, on this side the Hills.*

Harr. I'll leave you to pursue your Fortune, for I am resolv'd to have no hand in't more then the Jest; shee's too much my Friend to betray her.

Ferd. I'll go and see how hee'll look, when she discovers him; for 'tis not possible, when we are near, and Converse, but she must find him.

Thom. Well, I 'me resolv'd to hunt the mischief till she finds her Errour; there's Revenge, as well as Love in the pleasure.

ACT. I. SCEN. V.

Enter Angellica, *Don* Pedro, *and* Anna, *with a* Bravo, *and the Money.*

Angel. NOw I find Don *Pedro* Loves me, when hee'll give this Idol of the World for my Friendship; And you shall find me, Sir, as kind as you are bountiful, and your Arms out-vie her that sighs most for Love.

Pedro. 'Tis many Moneths since I offer'd you my Service, without limit; and that which I took ill, was, you doubted my complying with such a poor Summe, which now has o-

pen'd

pen'd your door, where Don *Pedro* was ſhut out.

Ang. That's a Quarrel all your Sex has againſt us, though moſt unreaſonable; *Thomaſo* urg'd it yeſterday; and he upbraided me with ſelling of our ſelves. 'Tis truth, and the ſame Anſwer ſerves you both, when either of you ſet a price upon your ſelves; If I have a mind to you I'll pay it, and purchaſe you; Ours were a fine trade, if we kept ſhop, and gave our Wares for Love; would it turn to account, think you, to dreſs and hire this Houſe, and venture our Bodies, and Souls, to receive all that would enter? Try the Trade ſome one of you.

Pedro. I urg'd not that, as a diſpleaſure, that took any Root, only an unkindneſs, which is blown over; though I wonder to hear you are a Lover, the Inſenſible being as vulgar, as the fair *Angellica.*

Angel. 'Tis but the wonder of a Day; A heart I have, Sir, like other Women too, though no man had wit to find the way to win it; He is dearer to me then all the Earth beſides; and if you love me you will not hate him, you cannot embrace me ſingle; My breſt is full of *Thomaſo*; 'tis his, and Loves Neſt.

Pedro. Can I give you a greater Argument of my Love then this patience, while you prefer my Enemy and my Rival before me, and avow it to my face?

Angel. Can you be an Enemy to my Friend, and Love me? No, Sir, he that loves me loves and hates as I do; My Friend will protect me, and revenge my wrongs; 'Tis not the purchaſe of my bed that tells me you love; that's your pleaſure; Mine is to ſee you ſmile when I ſmile, and embrace what I embrace; and I know there has paſs'd nothing between you and *Thomaſo* but what may with honour enough be forgotten; as if you were the firſt that love and anger had blinded; what is there ſo ordinary as to find thoſe Paſſions throw friends upon the ſwords of Friends?

Pedro. I confeſs as much; and when the heat was over my Reaſon did not condemn him; 'twas accidentall, and his back was toward me, and we were both angry e're we knew with whom; He has been ſince at my houſe; but I was not at home. (*One knocks.*)

Angel. See, *Anna*, who knocks.

Anna. 'Tis a ſtranger, I know him not; he inquires for Don *Thomaſo.*

Angel. Call him in. Would you ſpeak with Don *Thomaſo*, Sir? *Enter* Thomaſo *in his Spaniſh habit.*

Thom. Yes, Lady, from a Brother of his.

Angel. A Brother of his? --- 'Tis he, I know him --- Well, and what buſineſs have you to diſpatch from that Brother of his that might not have been done in Gray as well as Black? Good Don, let's know the reaſon of this Diſguiſe; have you any guilt, that you mourn for? *Aſide.*

Thom. None; but ſince I am diſcover'd give me leave, firſt, to ſalute this Gentleman, and then you ſhall know the Cauſe. Sir, I know Don *Pedro* has too much Honour to doubt it in his Servant, who if he were a Stranger would not make this Apology; But having

having had the honour to be known to you formerly, I venture upon the score of a Gentleman and a Souldier that once was commanded by you; to whom 'tis known, I left neither the service, nor the Country with blushes; which will be enough, I hope, to prevail with you to forget the accident of yesterday, in which I am only guilty of having so late call'd to mind a person whom I'll so much honour as I shall ever do Don *Pedro*.

Pedro. Sir, you have prevented me by your disguise; else I had been earlier in the confession of my fault; but your disguise, to day, must plead for me, as mine begot our mistake yesterday; and Don *Thomaso* may be secure nothing but mistakes can beget an unkindness from me, who have the same ready heart to serve him.

They embrace. She kisses Don Pedro, *and then* Thomaso.

Angel. Embrace then----so; now I am happy; and this is kinder, and far more welcome to me then all the price you can give---- That is yours, you bought it; this is mine, I have paid for it; I am yours, and this is my Mistress; and now our hearts are free from fear or anger; for wonder sake, unriddle, why this disguise? some roguery, upon my life.

Thom. No, in earnest; a meer chance: you know, yesterday I resolv'd to put my self into the habit of the place, and this morning when I was dress'd and call'd for my Perriwigs, there was none but black ones in the Box; my man mistook when we parted at *Paris*, and put up my Comrades Box for mine; and to make the chance a jest, *Harrigo* dy'd my Eye-brows and Beard, as you see; and our chief Plot was to try if you could find it out.

Angel. And doth Don *Harrigo*, or my friend, think, 'tis colours or habit can hide a Lover from a Lovers eye? No, *Thomaso*, neither the Hawk, nor Hound have any sense quicker or more sagacious, then a Lover; there's too much of the heart pierceth with every look to be deceiv'd by shadows.

Thom. Yet I have pass'd this jest upon one whose wit and malice is as great and curious as your Love; her hate too as full of poyson as your kindness can be of honey; yet she has been deceiv'd; and she that despis'd me when I was white dotes upon this shadow; and takes me for my Brother, whom I hourly expect from *Salamanca*; yesterday I was a fool, a better kind of *Bravo* only, neither wit nor person to deserve from any serious woman; but, to day, all the graces and excellencies of our sex scarce express her character; she invited me to dinner, but I sent my excuse; else I could, this day, have had that offer'd *gratis* that would not be purchas'd before.

Angel. And why did you refuse her? Fie, a cruel Knight deny a Lady that sighs for you! especially when such a jest may be follow'd.

Thom. Do you ask why I refus'd her? is not the *Angellica* reason enough? thinks my Love, I would quit my place here to sleep in any second bosom? no, I'll buy no jests at that rate as well as I love a piece of knavery.

Pedro. Who is't that is fallen into this snare?

Thom.

Thom. The *Saretta*, a humourſome Merchant as any Trades, one that has wit and beauty enough to anſwer all his bills.

Pedro. I know her, 'tis a friend of yours; ſhe'l grow lean when ſhe hears your Picture is down; ſhe hop'd no man would purchaſe your friendſhip at the rate propos'd.

Angel. I know ſhe hates me for praiſing her Siſter, who has much the better nature and the ſweeter voyce; I like *Paulina*'s humour, 'tis gay and ingenuous, you may read a real heart in her eyes; there is woman in her aſpect, her very looks are ſoft and kind, yet a Girle of a ſprightly Meen, and graceful in every motion; 'tis pleaſure to converſe with ſuch a humour; I could love her before a hundred of her Siſter; and I am reſolv'd, this buſineſs ſhall not dye thus if I have power.

Thom. I, I; hereafter we'l think on't when 'twill be a cheaper jeſt, that's a work will be done in an afternoon as well as in a night.

Angel. I ſwear you dine not here to day, as well as I love you; I'll ſtarve the Boy, or watch him tame, or delay love till he grow deſperate, rather then loſe the ſport of this jeſt. Let me alone to have it ſung in the *Cachery*; the two Foreſters abus'd the two wits of *Madrid* with a Perriwig; 'tis reſolv'd, no reply; but away to your buſineſs, and I'll teach you how to ſtrike two Birds with one ſtone; follow your deſign with *Saretta*, and oblige Don *Pedro*, in giving him your day here, and I'll give *Saretta* mine; be but kind when you are here, I ask no more; till night, we'l expect the ſucceſs.

Thom. Well, 'tis reſolv'd; and the willinglier, becauſe one of the Tribe has abus'd my Comrade; and if I ſucceed, her ſtory ſhall accompany *Edwardo* in the *Prado*.

Angal. Edwardo's ſtory! what is't, any new accident?

Thom. Have you not heard how he was beaten and robb'd, and turn'd out at mid-night by he knows not whom?

Pedro. 'Twas laſt night neer the Jeſuites; I paſs'd by when it was done; Don *Mathias* was beaten too and thrown out at a Window; he's out of his Wits to now who did it; 'twas in the *Lucetta*'s Houſe.

Thom. I know not Don *Mathias* his part; but, *Edwardo*, no thief taken and whipp'd had more ſhame, or worſe uſage; but if ſhe paſſes clearly with it I am deceiv'd in my man; ſhe might have had his heart for a kiſs.

Angel. Fye, 'twas baſe and ugly, but not ſtrange amongſt theſe Mulotto's; and leſt you believe all our Tribe ſuch, ſee here's my Argument to buy your faith of me, when I ſay I love,---If you love me you will not refuſe it, and with it buy thy pleaſure; follow thy *Capricha* with any woman in *Madrid*. *She gives him the money Don Pedro gave her.*

Thom. I ſhall not bluſh to receive any favour your kindneſs gives; 'tis the vain and the miſerable that make benefits heavy, and ſlaves the generous mind more then want; benefits when they are done with *Bon mine*; 'tis a pleaſure to become a debtor to ſuch a nature when they ſhower upon us. Fair and kind, farewel; and

if Love can pay my debts, I am certain I'll owe no ſcore amongſt women; and ſince you will have it ſo, let this Spaniſh wit look to her ſelf; if I do not lay the jeſt upon her belly, let her lay a cudgel upon my back. Sir, I am your ſervant, and hope to find ſome time more ſeaſonable to tell you ſo. Farewel, be kind to the kind; and 'tis but juſt to love where you a Lover finde.

[*Exit* Thomaſo.

Angel. You are ſad, I hate a melancholy Lover; one that muſt be kiſs'd ſtill out of his trance, elſe he'l neither pipe nor dance.

Pedro. No, I was only admiring what I ſee and hear; and wonder, why I could not maſter my nature as well as you; this *Thomaſo* loves as much as I, with his ſword he purchas'd you; and for your converſation neglects both the fortune and beauty of one that is not to be deſpis'd; and for your paſſion, I have the ſame Arguments to conclude it that I would uſe to prove mine own; for I ſee you pay the ſame rate for friendſhip; yet you two can both tame your hearts ſo, that they calmly conſent to let each other give and take the fruits of Love; as if his Tree on the Common grew, enclos'd by no vows.

Angel. So he doth not marry and impale the Tree, let him give the friut to any ſhe; Me he will not marry, nor ſhall not if he would; becauſe I love him he ſhall not for my ſake be guilty of any action he may bluſh for; nor will I ſtand the curſe of a chaſte bed, whoſe robb'd ſheets, when holy vows have ty'd him, wound as ſure and fatal as lightning.

Pedro. Why thus ſevere to your ſelf? I warrant he may marry you, and with honour and profit enough forget paſs'd faults.

Angel. No, Sir; though honour be that I think not of, becauſe the cuſtom of the world has plac'd it beyond our power; yet I can prize it in others, and deſpiſe that man that wants it. Kindneſs and faith to my Lover, good nature and charity are the height of our ambition; and 'tis one comfort, that heaven is eaſier ſatisfi'd then men; who think this fault of ours a gallantry in them, a ſin ſo light they ſing and dance under it all their days; a ſin ſo tam'd by cuſtom that few or none hide it, as if honour had no pretence below a mans Girdle; ſo his heart be right all is gallant; chaſte men ridiculous, neither believ'd, eſteem'd or truſted by either ſex, ſcarce held of honour if once branded with that ſtain; Nay, the contrary, both ſexes admires him who has the potent'ſt arms, and gives the frequent'ſt and mortal'ſt wounds in *Venus* wars; while women are ſo ſlav'd with cuſtom, that vertue, parts, nor fortune can heal the wound in us, though Nature, Love and Kindneſs give it; for which, but that I know we ſhall have other judges of that well natur'd ſin, and never a man of you all be of the jury, I would eat bran ere any he that breathes in breeches ſhould come between my ſheets.

Pedro. This quarrel would ſoon be reconcil'd, could you prevail with your own ſex to a reconciliation; 'tis the women, not the men deſpiſe; they cry, Fye, and frown, elſe we could digeſt it; for I obſerve your ſevereſt women that crie whore moſt, are the likelieſt Timber to cut a Cuckold in.

Angel.

Angel. Nay, on my conſcience, the diſſemblers of our ſex are more then the publick Whores, both for weight and number; but that will not excuſe your partial Idolatry of yours ſelves.

Pedro. Our guilt is not ſo general, we like and enjoy ſome one; you like nor refuſe none that will buy; which truth I would not urge but for Arguments ſake.

Angel. You muſt then confeſs, 'tis not vertue but nature makes you leſs guilty then women; for could you act as often as we can ſuffer, few of you would refrain for the ſin ſake; this I believe, becauſe you all boaſt not only how many women you have known, but how often too; and leſt the ſin ſhould want its weight to be currant amongſt you you will give him grains of oaths, and belye the number. What partial folly then is that governs the minds of men; and what fools are women to ſubmit to their Lunacy? I prize my ſelf as high for having enjoy'd a gallant man, as you would do for having won his ſword, or a gallant womans heart; deſpis'd becauſe enjoy'd by others! tell me, to morrow, if you find any paths or ſteps upon my body where former Lovers trod, or any print of paſs'd kiſſes cleaving to their lips; if you can miſs thoſe Graces, thoſe Roſes they gather'd, and find not as freſh and full handfulls for you to reap, as if he or they had not found their harveſt. [*Exit.*

Pedro. Yet 'tis the opinion, ſuch credit gives love more reputation then women; and thoſe bills the oftner drawn, and the oftner paid, make a woman a better Merchant then a Lover. [*Exit.*

ACT. II. SCEN. I.

Enter Serulina *and* Calis.

Serul. NOt find him?

Cal. No, Madam; yet I came twice juſt as he went out; I have hunted him both by the eye and queſtion through the Town, and cannot meet him.

Serul. Were you at the *Angellica*'s? I hear my Brother has ſent a thouſand crowns; I hope he will be ſo buſie with his new purchaſe he'l have no leiſure to think upon an old quarrel; elſe this delay may be fatal.

Cal. I was there, and ſaw Don *Pedro* at the Window, and a Brother of Don *Thomaſo*'s come out while I was there; I knew him not till he was paſt.

Serul. His Brother? which, he that was at *Salamanca?*

Cal. The ſame, he came laſt night to Town; I ſaw him ſince with Don *Harrigo*; 'tis a proper black man; and has as much of the Don as the other has of the Monſieur; I left him here hard by, under the *Portico.*

Serul. 'Tis ſtrange he ſhould be thus long in Town and neither come nor ſend; an injury from him would work more upon me then

Har. *knocks.* then all the Arguments his Enemies can urge.—— See who knocks.

Calis. 'Tis Don *Harrigo.*

Seru. What can his buſineſs be? Some Meſſage from *Thomaſo*; I'll ſeem as unconcern'd as he has been negligent.

Enter Harrigo *and* Ferdinando.

Harrigo. This is the Houſe, and there is the Lady.

Ferdi. What a dog 'tis to follow ſuch carrion upon every dung-hill, and leave ſuch Manna here?

Harrigo. Farewell; and tell him ſince he reſolves to be ſerious, I'll ſerve him faithfully, and I hope ſucceſsfully.

Seru. Don *Harrigo*, you are welcome as any man can be that from a familiar friend have made your ſelf a ſtranger; Since Don *Thomaſo* went I have onely ſeen you as the ſeaſons change; How came you to exceed in your favours? 'Tis not yet the fall of the leaf; And I remember you did me this Honour the laſt Spring.

Har. Faith, Madam, 'tis not for want of Reſpect or Affection that I pay my viſits ſo ſeldom here; 'Tis a time that makes all our Nation ſneak and hide themſelves; There is a National guilt that beats our Hearts, we are out of countenance as we walk the ſtreets; The Ages crime hangs upon us; 'tis not enough that I know my ſelf honeſt, unleſs I could make that knowledge general; All can ſay, there goes an Engliſh-man, though but few know what part he plaid.

Seru. This is a noble ſence to you, but I meant not to beget your trouble; 'twas onely a kind quarrel for your long abſence, which has not paid all that truſt your friend repos'd in you.

Harrigo. And I am now to beg your pardon, not onely for my ſelf, but a ſervant of yours; who dares not appear till he has made his way by this excuſe.

Seru. My ſervant, and you mediate for him? What will your Friend ſay when he hears it? But pray who can this ſervant be that ſends before?

Harrigo. 'Tis Don *Alphonſo*, Madam.

Seru. You are merry; but when I ſend you Gloves from his Wedding, they will not ſmell ſo ſweet as thoſe you expected from Don *Thomaſo*; But I would gladly know where Don *Alphonſo* gave you this Commiſſion.

Harrigo. I had it, Madam, from Don *John*; who told me your Brother and he had a private meeting this morning at the Capuchins; where they reſolved your Weddiug ſhould be ſuddain, and by your conſent, having declar'd you had no ſuch intentions for my Friend.

Aside. *Seru.* I will know the depth of this; 'Tis ſome new deſign to diſguſt *Thomaſo*.-----Why truly, Don *Harrigo*, my Brother, and my Friends, have given many Reaſons fit to be conſider'd ere I make my ſelf a ſlave to a ſtranger; One, that beſides his ruin'd Fortune,

Fortune, can (in the time of his pretention, after five years abſence) fall in Love with every face he ſees, and fight for a whore againſt my Brother; One that has had three Quarrels, three Ballads, and twenty Miſtriſſes in the *Prado*, ere he could find leiſure to pay one viſit to me; If I were that fooliſh Lover he believes, I ſee how fit for pity and ſcorn his Heart would leave me.

Harrigo. Madam, I am aſham'd to hear this; Nor can any ingenuous Nature deny what you have urg'd; and I ſhall be loath to deſtroy your Faith of thoſe Truths I come to deliver, by going about to juſtifie him, though he be my Friend; Onely I will confidently ſay, when you ſhall know how accidentally he came engag'd in all that has hapned to beget the diſcourſe of the Town, you will ſay, It has been a day of Chances; at which you will laugh your ſhare, and not condemn his part; Eſpecially your Ladiſhip being ſo well acquainted with his humour, which cannot be out at a Jeſt; But I am confident his ſerious thoughts and higheſt value, are confin'd to the happineſs you have promis'd him in your Friendſhip; Though the Condition that Fortune has now thrown him in, ſince his Princes troubles, makes him not ſo confident to appear before you, till I had ventur'd to ſay ſomething in his defence; Which, if you pleaſe to retire, I ſhall deliver; and I hope, with more ſucceſs then his fears expect.

Serulina. I ſhould be ſorry to find my ſelf ſo far concern'd in your Friend, as to be very angry with any Arrives of his; No, Sir, you will find 'tis all *Thomaſo* can do to find me, when he ſhall ſeek *Serulina*; And I hope you are too noble a Gentleman, either to wiſh or believe I ſhall ſeek him.

Harrigo. He ſcarce hopes to find ſuch a Virtue in your Sex: Yet allow him as ill as your fears, or his Enemies would preſent; I will prove you are as far out of the way of being happy with *Alphonſo*, as with my Friend with all his faults; Nor is *Alphonſo* chaſter or confidenter then he, onely duller and more niggard, one that fears his fleſh more, and loves his money better then *Thomaſo*; which are the hedges that keeps him in; 'tis neither Love nor Honour that binds him; only his Craft can diſſemble better to gain his own ends, the fair *Serulina* and her Dowry; Beſides, the Beauty of her perſon, and Honour of her Family, are Bleſſings any man would diſſemble to purchaſe.

Serulina. Yet he can pretend a Portion, for he can make a Joynture as honourable as my Dowry; And though he be not ſo fine a Gentleman as your friend, yet he may be as good a Huſband; he can keep a Wife too, he has a fortune will make her live ſplendidly like her ſelf; and diſcretion bids us conſider thoſe real goods, and not dote upon flowers; and give me a Huſband that can feed and cloath me as well as hug me. What Jewels will Don *Thomaſo* preſent his Wife with? thoſe of his eyes and heart; and hang his Arms in ſtead of Pearl about her neck? or in her ears fine Verſes in ſtead of Pendants? ſuppoſe this yet; 'tis a ſtout man whoſe ſword can defend his Wife from cold; and although Don *Thomaſo*'s wit be better then *Alphonſo*'s, yet his bond is worth twenty Colonels.

Har.

Serul. *walks to and again upon the Stage, and* Har. *follows her and ſays.*

Har. Faith, Madam, ſince you are in a good humour, I'll argue his Caſe with you.

Serul. Theſe Arguments you urg'd, Sir, are hazards which the virtuous mind muſt arm and reſolve againſt.

Har. I doubt not, Madam, but you have virtue enough to digeſt the worſt of theſe their homely pleaſures, which reach only to the body; but 'tis ſin to conſent to ſlave the mind; for how will ſhe rejoyce or exerciſe her nobler faculties when that comes in queſtion; all that have ingenuity muſt ſubſcribe; wherein can the ſoul buſie her ſelf in the Country; but in ſtudying of Simples, and preparing Medecines for naſty Surgery? and perhaps, kill more by errour and miſtake, then your charity can expiate; then to ſuffer the affliction of ſuch grounded ignorance, ſuch reſolute folly, ſuch natural dullneſs as moſt Country-families are haunted with.

Serul. Yet 'tis ſweet being in the Country with all this; and when I marry it ſhall be to become a Wife, not a Slave, Don *Harrigo.*

Har. That's reſolv'd as I could wiſh; and for the Country, 'tis no queſtion but 'tis as ſweet as Lavander or Roſe-mary can make it; but I think the Orange and Jeſſamine in a bottle, and the Trees all the year in your houſe at *Madrid*, as ſweet as thoſe in the hedges.

Serul. I, but to walk and gather theſe flowers, is there no pleaſure in that?

Har. When? by Moon-ſhine? I am ſure you dare not meet Signior *Sol* abroad, unleſs you'l come home, like Roſe-cakes from a Still, bak'd and ſweating; which though your dew be ſweet (as common civility will make us allow that) yet 'tis troubleſome and a new ſight to meet Ladies abroad, when the dogs cry as they paſs the ſtreets, when to walk in your Court but two turns is evidence for chaſtity, and out-does the old Law *Ordeal:* 'Tis enough for your *Alphonſo* and his Indian breeding to endure ſuch ſtabs as the Sun ſtrikes in the Dog-days; 'tis true, they ſay he will beat the hoof in his woollen-hoſe, till his feet ſweat and ſtink more then a hunted Bores, and are fain to be ſteep'd at night as long as the Beef, ere they be freſh again; this commonly out of freedom is done in my Wives Chamber; and if he be kind, and dares truſt you, perhaps he deſires you to cut his Corns and dreſs his Iſſue, ſigns of favour I can aſſure you; and ſuch as you muſt not hope, unleſs your woman be out of the way; and that honour being paſs'd, the Gyant ſtretches himſelf, yawns and ſighs a belch or two, ſtales in your pot, farts as loud as a Musket for a jeſt; and then throws himſelf under the Rug, and expects you in his foul ſheets, and aſpitting cloath, where hangs as much of his Lungs as remains in his body; and ere you can get into the bed he calls you with a ſnore or two; and are not theſe fine things in a Ladies bed? who would not rejoyce to meet his woollen-waſte-coat and knit-night-cap without a lining? a ſhirt ſo naſty a cleanly Ghoſt would ſcarce appear in at the latter day; for his linen is a kin to him ere he puts

puts it off; thus prepar'd for delight you Ladies meet your Country-husbands; the *Alphonſo*, high ſhooes; and there lye and ſuffer them to abuſe you as often as they pleaſe to uſe you, which you'l too late repent; and there you may lye and ſigh whole nights away, he'l ſnore and ſnore till it be day under the ſame covers, and in the ſame bed his forefathers liv'd and dy'd in, and ſome ſo lately you may ſmell the very earthineſs of the Corps ſtill; and 'tis a better ſavour then his arms or breath, a ſtink compos'd of vile Tobacco and dead Wine, ſtuffed noſe, rotten lungs, and hollow teeth, half whoſe number has been drawn with dry Cheeſe, and tuff lean beef; yet this man you muſt kiſs; nay, you muſt kiſs none but this, and muzzle through his beard to find his lips; and this you can ſubmit to for threeſcore year for a joynture; which you muſt purchaſe too; for he ſells you that and this Paradiſe, his bed, for the price of your portion only; and in ſtrict ſence you give him ſo much to lye with him as long as he lives; for unleſs he dies you have nothing but a place in his Family, and ſo has his dog, who ſhall have a penſion as well as you; for in theſe bargains of Wedlock the Wife is to the portion only the handful over meaſure; a Chattle that he takes to ſtock his Family, as other Cattle to ſtock his ground; nay, perhaps he's a blade too, and then you may ſpin at home, while he is abroad with *Phillis* in the field; by which you find, the *Alphonſo*'s are as ſubject to the ills you dread, as the *Thomaſo*'s; only, as I ſaid before their differences is, the *Alphonſo*'s are more naſty luſts, and cheaper Whores, and the ſin more dirty there then in the City.

Serul. Sir, By this I gather a kind of neceſſity of being miſerable; either way affords precipices enough to make a Maid tremble ere ſhe makes a choice.

Har. Therefore from frail men chuſe the leaſt or beſt ill; take ſuch a Gentleman as my friend, that you know has wit and honour, and a paſſion for you; one that you ſee has liv'd and maintain'd himſelf in ſpite of croſs fate; and though he has loſt his fortune, 'tis with honour enough; never burthening any with his wants, without cheating or tricks, one ſtain'd with no baſe action, his name and honour ſtill clear and fair both with his Prince and Comrades; and when your kindneſs has added a fortune to his experience, his grateful heart will be eternally oblig'd to you, and ſo buſie to ſerve you and juſtifie your choice to the world, ſo induſtrious to deſerve new favours as well as pay the old, that 'twill be a joy to your ſoul to ſee. What cares Don *Alphonſo* for you or your opinion? ſick or well, live or dye, he's prepar'd; the funeral cloke is bruſh'd and laid up for the good day; and if you dye, 'tis upon your own account, for he is ſure of your Portion; and your Joynture ſerves again, never the worſe for wearing; and will bait the hook for ſome other fool to bite at.

Serul. And none but fools are taken with ſuch baits, nor none but mad folks ſuffer ſuch chains; I am yet free, and will be, from all ſuch ſlavery.

Har. In ſerious earneſt, Madam, 'tis nobler far to buy a friend

whom you affect, though at price of your fortune, then to be chaffer'd or sold to slavery by friends, who only think upon joyning wealth to wealth; with my friend you command as much as you must obey there; Don *Thomaso* has seen the world, and gather'd from every Nation what is excellent, and can comply with times and natures, for he has been bred in Courts and Armies, those schools of the mind, where men learn to tame their wills and passons; for Princes are to be studied and obey'd, not disputed with; with him you'l know no cause of dispute; with the other you must expect perpetual civil war, a sullen, rude, louring, willful, scowling clown, from whom if you escape blows, 'tis well; an unhew'd rudeness, whose very kindness bruises; that when he but stroaks or flatters his dogs, they cry, This will seek and bring all that is pleasure home, either in humour or conversation, to divert you; the one will devoure this youth and beauty that flows with such grace in every form and feature in that lovely body and diviner face, like common food, for his dull appetite, without a thought or value of the feast you set before him; while Don *Thomaso* with awe and respect and faithful kindness from a ravish'd soul enjoys you. *Alphonso*, Don *Indian!* By this light, he thinks he's trading at *Gamba* still, and would sell you, himself, that Bell and Bauble for your youth and fortune; 'tis his last venture, and you'l make a voyage if he catch you.

Serul. I am not desperate; nor find no such disease in a single life, as to drink this poyson to become such a wife; when I find my self desperately sick, and nothing else can please, I'll send for a Priest and change the disease.

Har. Faith, Madam, and Marriage is one disease which women are necessitated to pass; for an old Maid is an evil without a remedy; an ill husband may be cur'd by a divorce, but there's no flying the other curse; a kind husband is the best cordial you can provide against infection of Marriage; and if you should be sick or sad (which heaven defend) *Thomaso* would so divide your griefs with a kind sense of what you suffer, so pity your pain, so feel all your griefs, that you will find sadness vanish, and sickness it self decay, while health, perfect health, by kindness charm'd, returns; and you'l find so much more pleasure to walk with such a friend in one of his descriptions of a Garden, then in twenty of *Dameta*'s Orchards; and read in his relations the Histories of persons, times and places; And such such minds, Madam, and such men, are fit for such Brides as the Gentle *Serulina*; and they only make happy Hymens; the rest but joyn the sex and beast together; and such sordid coupling is base and mean, and the herds afford as good Nuptials; this advantage Colonels (Madam) that have wit and breeding may pretend above those who have nothing good but their Bond and Joynture. Your servant, Lady; my hour is out, and so much shall serve for this time. [*Exit* Harrigo.

She stands still with her eyes fix'd on the ground, then walks a little, looks after him, shrugs and shakes her head, till Calis *pulls her by the sleeve.*

Cal.

Cal. Pray, Madam; where was father *Harrigo*'s text? I hope he will not find it in our family; after this counſel, it will be fool the firſt and the ſecond; and if he do's, pray conſider the Doctrine and uſe, how he cited his Saint without a Kalender, urging his *Thomaſo* ſtill to prove his text, and has ſo confuted Father *Alphonſo* for Schiſm.

Serul. If I had been diſpos'd to have liſtned to that clod in the Country, what a character he had given him to have ſhook a reſolution? but the truth is there was no fear of that puniſhment; and this ſhower of reaſon hath but given growth to a former averſion.

Cal. Marry *Alphonſo?* ſuch a wedlock would have more ſins to anſwer, with him, then adultery with another man; I had as live follow to the *Hoſtel de dieu*, to waſte your youth in vows there, a handmaid to Lazars and Cripples, as ſpend it in ſuch a Marriage.

Serul. There is no danger, *Calis*, of ſuch a folly; and I cannot but wonder why my Brother is ſo bent upon't, as to attempt the forcing of my conſent; ſure he knows whoſe Daughter I am; and I have ſo much of the Father in me, as but for modeſty ſake I ſhould be very ſenſible of his unkindneſs, though I love him with all the tenderneſs a Brother can expect from a Siſter; but I'me reſolv'd not to make my ſelf miſerable to pleaſe him; and for my honour I ſhall always be as much concern'd in that as he, and will dye ere throw the leaſt ſtain upon our Family.

Calis. And this he knows, though Don *John* ſtill ſollicites him to a ſuddain reſolution; *Diego* ſays, he preſſes him to ſee you married, or put into a Monaſtery, to avoid Don *Thomaſo*'s pretention, whoſe fortune he could never brook.

Serul. A Monaſtery! I am like to make a good Nun; this paſſion is an excellent ingredient for a Grate; no, *Calis*, I have a Saint of mine own to pray to; and we'l try whether our womens wit can be more ingenious, then his jealous, or my Brothers angry fit; get me your old Coat and Veil to put over me; I have a a deſign, if it take, will put all their kennel of ſpies to cold hunting.

Cal. I am glad to ſee you intend your ſafety; for I do believe women may do moſt of their own buſineſs upon earth themſelves, if they would but leave th[illegible]inning, and try; wit and handſome, in good clothe, will do our [illegible]neſs as well as the *Madona.* [*Exe.*

ACT. II. SCEN. II.

Enter Thomaſo, Cornelio *and* Harrigo. Thomaſo *dreſſing himſelf in his white Suite and white Perriwig.*

Har. DId ſhe not ſuſpect at all?

Thom. Mahomet as ſoon as me in her bed, I am confident; the Quean was ſo kind, and the fineſt armful of ſweet white ſin I have claſp'd in *Madrid*; I could wiſh I were black indeed, for

her ſake, I would have given her handſomely out of the *Angellica*'s preſent, and, By this light, ſhe refus'd it.

Har. Why do you put on theſe clothes then?

Thom. To meet *Paulina*, who will be here in a minute; but I muſt be gone firſt, and leave word I am upon the *Piazza*.

Corn. A pox upon her, I thought to have been ſo fine in theſe clothes to morrow.

Thom. 'Tis but a little patience till the jeſt be over, and then they are yours; this was a chance I could not foreſee, nor neglect when kind fortune preſents;-----But all this while, *Harrigo*, you give me no account of our ſerious buſineſs; what ſucceſs had your viſit to the party?

Aſide to Har.

Har. Come, dreſs you and walk, and you ſhall know all; I have been with her and found her in a good humour, and I believe I left her not in an ill one; but upon my word 'twas time, if not of the lateſt, for all your fooling; 'tis not enough to value her in your heart, but to let her ſee it in your actions too, unleſs you mean to quit the thought of it; women are not to divine a Lovers mind; 'tis well they will anſwer when Love queſtions their heart.

Thom. I am of your mind; and this day I'll find ſome occaſion to ſee her; I forgot to tell you, Don *Pedro* and I are friends; I met him this morning at *Angellica*'s; and ſhe made us embrace.

Har. Truſt not that friendſhip; for I am confident he brooks neither of your intereſts, either with his Siſter, or his Miſtreſs; and where he has an advantage you'l find it, I know Don *John* preſſes him hourly to a revenge; you know the man and his nature, a moſt implacable enemy, I ſpeak upon ſure grounds; and therefore diſpatch your buſineſs with *Serulina*; ſuch a jeſt, and two hundred thouſand crowns, will make one laugh and merry an age; thoſe you amuſe your ſelf with are only for the *Prado*, or to laugh an hour within a Comedy; where you'l ſee them better done too, and exceeded by the Mountebank; I am your friend, elſe I ſhould not take the priviledge to ſay this.

Thom. Dear *Harrigo*, 'tis kindly ſaid, and I am thine for it; and we'l find ſome hour, to day, that may be ſeaſonable and ſafe to viſit her; for I confeſs to my friend, my journey hither was to ſee what ſucceſs that amour could find; [illegible] whoſe kindneſs I am more concern'd then any man but your [illegible] ſhall know; nor can this miſt of rallery and mirth blind a friends eyes, to whom I ſhall ſay, 'tis no more my nature then my intereſt, though I chuſe rather to put it on then give any womans pride the *Guſto*, to think, becauſe I am poor 'twas in her power to deſpiſe me; but to my friend I ſhall ſtill be free and ſerious; come, we muſt be gone, to avoid *Paulina*'s viſit; I am too much out of caſh to accept her Bills of Love to be paid upon ſight; her Siſter has had all my ready money.

Har. When the trick is known all the load will be laid on me for keeping your counſel; and pray tell me, am I ſuch a dull fool as you believ'd for continuing kindneſs for this Girle? By my life, I would not change her friendſhip with any ſhe in *Madrid*, if

if her ſpirit were not ſo furiouſly raging ſometimes.

Thom. I love a froward Girle, a ſtorm for variety; and 'tis Comedy to kiſs them when they ſcratch, and ſee how quickly a calm will follow their tears and anger. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. II. SCEN. III.

Enter Scarramucha *and the Mountebanks People, preparing the Stage, as formerly, and divers Mutes, Men and Women, for Spectators.*

Scarr. COme, make haſte, you ſee the company begins to gather; is my Maſter return'd yet?

Serv. No, Sir; he is gone to prepare a pair of Bathes in ſome private place, and has left my Miſtreſs with the old Lady within, ſhe askes for you.

Scarr. 'Tis well, I'll attend her; ſalute the Gentlemen now that you may take leave of them and *Scarramucha* with a good grace. Now I love you; excuſe him, Gentlemen, pray now; for his mind doth ſo run upon a Lady, that he forgets his reſpect to me, his old Maſter. [*Exit* Scarramucha.

Enter Serulina *and her Maid; ſhe's dreſs'd in an old Coat and Scarfe of her Maids, and mingles her ſelf with the Croud.*

Serul. There's few or no company come, let's walk a turn towards the Church.----

Enter Thomaſo, Cornelio, Harrigo, *and meet her as ſhe goes off.*

Cal. See, there he is, and his friend with him.

Serul. 'Tis he, be ſure to ſpeak with him ere he goes off the place, and take ſome opportunity to give him that Letter.

[*As they paſs they gaze one upon another.*

Thom. There is one of our Tribe, *Hall*; and a man were in ſtock, what commodities he might take up of this kind, and at good rates too!----How now? another? By this light, I muſt get a ſwitch to keep them off; now, your buſineſs, fair one?

Calis *follows and pulls him by the ſleeve.*

Cal. I have ſome, Sir, and 'tis ſerious; which I would impart to you if you pleaſe but to follow me to yon Church.

Har. You had beſt retire betimes ere they pull thee in pieces; you ſee what 'tis to have the reputation of a ſufficient man among theſe Merchants; 'twill be long enough ere they come to offer their war to me thus.

Thom. Sweet Saint, or ſinner; I am now, and have lately been ſo buſie I have no leiſure to make a new friendſhip; 'tis all I can do to keep credit with my old friends; if I had but a little little corner of a heart to ſpare thou ſhould'ſt have it for kindneſs ſake; but ask this noble Gentlemen, a friend of mine, if there be not, at this minute, ſtaying in my Chamber one of *Venus* Creditors dunning my

my ſheets, for a promiſe, and I am now going to pay a debt I owe upon my honour; elſe I were your man, Courteous and kind; Another time command me.

Calis. Sir, my buſineſs is worth your ſerious thoughts; I have a letter for you.

Thom. Nay, if it be from a writing Lady, ſhee'll never find me at leiſure to read her two leav'd books; Thoſe humble Ladies that write firſt, their wits are beſt when their Faces are at worſt; 'tis fair, if the fair will anſwer us; and I dread to find a Lady that dedicates her ſelf, thus, by Epiſtles to a man; if it be haſte give it to one of my Friends, I'll try if I can perſwade one of them to know your buſineſs.

Cornel. Let's ſee your face Miſtreſs; come, ſhew a ſample of the goods you ſell; would you have us buy a Gooſe in the Feathers? a woman in a dream is worth a hundred of thoſe viſions; till this ſhell, this vail be off, who knows what Kernel your Nut holds?

Thom. Where ſhall I meet you, *Harrigo*, an hour hence?

Harr. Con and I muſt go about our buſineſs, for an hour; then I am for you; where you'll appoint.

Thom. I'll call you at home ---- [*Exeunt* Harrigo *and* Cornelio. Thomaſo *enters into the* Angellica's *houſe.*

Serul. What houſe is that he entred? follow, and give him the letter, or wait his coming out; I'le home, and Expect you; dear *Calis*, make haſte; tell him 'twas I that ſaluted him; and if he wonder why I was in this habit, ſatisfie him I am to make a private devotion to Saint *Cecilia*'s Altar this Night.

Calis. I'le obey you; but hee's ſo full of his wilde humours ſtill 'tis ten to one but he makes ſport with me again, before I can deliver it.

Serul. Prithee make haſte, leſt he paſs before you ſpeak with him; you know how much it concerns me; if it take, We ſhall be too hard for my Curious ill-natur'd Brother, and his furious friend. [*Exit* Calis.

As ſhe goes out ſhe meets her Brother, Don Pedro, *and* Carlo.

Pedro. Who was that? how ſhe ey'd us? See, ſhe looks back ſtill.

Serul. If he follows me I am undone for Ever. [*Exit* Serulina.

Carlo. Shee's right, I warrant her, and ſome one that knows you.

Pedro. 'Tis the *Angellica* by her *Tallea*; She told me to day ſhe would go abroad this afternoon; that Coat and Scarf betrays her, for thoſe ſhooes and feet are not of a piece; ſome knavery in deſign, who e're ſhe be, I warrant her.

Carlo. Let's follow her, and be certain who 'tis; See where ſhe Sails; We may fetch her up yet e're ſhe doubles yon Cape; ſhe looks back as if ſhe were willing to be chas'd, and boorded too, I warrant her Prize; If you will not chaſe with the Admiral, let your ſervant *Carlo* chace with his Frigat of *Cupids*; I'll make her ſpread

ſpread all her Canvas, but I'le ſpeak with her; 'Tis no matter for Commiſſion; Pirat is as good Title to theſe Carvels, as lawful men of War.

Pedro. See, ſhe ſtops, and looks back ſtill; follow aloof, *Carlo*; I'll ſee who 'tis. [*Exit* Pedro.

Carlo. What a task it were to make this Don Chaſte, or Conſtant? now is he as mad upon planting this new Iſland, as the *Angellica*'s continent; another thouſand Crowns I foreſee in Plantation; he is taken with the proſpect already; a good Eye, and a white hand, a ſtraight Inſtep, and a clean paſtern, a pair of good feet, the Rogue will follow them to a precipice; Now muſt I follow, and when he has ſet the Partridges, draw the Curtains about them; for I warrant her lie whilſt a man may draw a ſheet over her; and 'twere not ill ſport, in payring time, to hawke theſe mann'd whores, but that they are ſubject to be green-tayl'd too. [*Exit* Carlo.

Enter Serulina *and* Johanne, *at ſeveral doors.*

Scarr. within, What ho, down with our Banks, Excuſe our Patron to the Gentlemen; he is detain'd by urgent occaſion.

Serul. I am loſt, ſure he knows me, he follows ſo faſt; 'tis impoſſible to get home before him, other place I know none, nor where to retire, but to a Church, and there the liberty of being free with women will make him certainly diſcover me; Is there no door open, no houſe I could ſhelter my ſelf in, till he be paſs'd? ſee, he comes, ſomething I muſt reſolve. [*Exit* Serulina.

Juſt as ſhe goes out, Johanne *comes in at the ſame door, and* Pedro *at the other.*

Pedro. There ſhe goes again; 'tis the *Angellica*, I ſee by her ſtep; I'll follow her, for that look; ſhe has ſome Roguery in Chaſe. (Johanne *looks after her.*

Johan. If I were not buſie now, there were a Fortune, ſhe looks back; I, ſweet ſoul, I would follow thee with all my heart, but that I have buſineſs; is't not pity ſuch Love-Beggars ſhould want an Alms? if I were as able as Charitable, Not a poor whore in *Madrid* ſhould want a kindneſs; See, Don *Pedro* is leering after her; Now Sir, you are ſtalking, I ſee the Game before you; by this light, hee'l draw a whore dry foot.

Pedr. 'Tis a pretty wench, by the liſt; if the Cloath be as good, I am her Man too; 'Tis ſome of our Friends in diſguiſe; ſhe gave me the ſign thrice; prithee let me go, e're ſhe be out of ſight.

Johan. Never fear her; Shee'll ſtop at every Streets point; but to our buſineſs; 'tis certain *Harrigo* has been with your ſiſter, this morning, from Don *Thomaſo.*

Pedro. Prithee meet me at the *Caletravoes*, and wee'll talk at large of it; but I muſt needs ſee who this is. [*Exit* Pedro.

Johan. Would any man think he had pay'd a thouſands Crowns this Morning for a Womans Friendſhip that he dotes upon, that ſhould

ſhould ſee him ſtepping from his firſt viſit; thus hot in purſuit of a Freſh deſign, that ſhews a true-bred, Stanch, ſtout lover, *Cupids* Kennel love to change. [*Exit* Johanne.

Enter Serulina.

Serul. He purſues me ſtill; If he ſpeaks to me, in this diſguiſe, I am loſt, nothing leſs then certain death to be expected from his Fury; I know his jealouſie has contracted a hatred againſt me; 'tis neither my Innocence, nor Juſtice can protect me; There is no diſputing his rage when it is arm'd with power, and priviledge to deſtroy; which the baſe Cuſtome of this Nation aſſumes; and under, pretence of Honour Act all barbarous power, even to murder upon Women; And ſo they can but tell a ſpecious tale of honour, they are excus'd, & we condemn'd; See, fortune, kinder then I expected, offers a relief, here is a door Open; I'll enter, and ſhut it after me; why ſhould I diſpute it? what danger can I apprehend worſe then his fury? this will at leaſt ſhelter me from his purſuit; he will not be ſo impudent to aſk for one he knows not, however my neceſſity has no choice; Love be thou propitious; and let once oppreſs'd vertue find thee and Fortune kind; elſe, who will wonder if we ſtray, or loſe the way, when both our guides are blind. [*Exit* Serulina.

Enter Don Pedro, *gazing up and down to find* Serulina, *whom he has loſt; he looks up at the windows, and in all the doors about him.*

Pedro. To this place I followed her; ſhe is entred ſome of theſe houſes, or turn'd ſhort that damn'd Lane; a Pox of *Johanne*, his prating has loſt her; perhaps ſhees gone up the Lane to yonder Church, I'll ſee; if I retrive her, ſhee's mine. [*Exit* Pedro.

ACT. II. SCEN. IV.

Enter Edwardo *in his Drawers and Waſtcoat, a Sword and Belt, and a Book in his Hand.*

Edw. SO, now I am a little at peace; 'tis ſome conſolation to my minde, the hopes of a Revenge; would my Cloaths were come home, that I might quit my Freſco; yet this time I may waſte to my advantage, by contemplating and Philoſophying upon my own misfortunes; a young handſome Whore to uſe me thus! a young Diſſembler muſt be an old Witch; if I had got my Night for my money it would never have grieved me; how like a Boatſwain I am cloath'd, and I have a heart now as hard as any the Galley breeds; I grow malicious too, and am mad, to ſee *Thomaſo*'s fortune; The Rogue is ſo ſucceſful; All Trumps turn of his Suit ſtill; That black Periwig (a miſchance as we thought, and laugh'd at) has got as good Fiſh as any Hook he threw into the Sea,

Sea, this Voyage; Well, all I beg of Fortune is, but to ſend ſome one of the Sex into my power; Any thing in Petticoats, that may be at my mercy: By this light, a Cat at *Tower-wharf*, or a Cavalier at *Weſtminſter*, a Whore in *Bridewell*, or a Bear at Stake in *Whitſontide*, ſhall finde more mercy than I'll ſhew her: How many ways have I kill'd that *Sanco* and *Lucetta* over, in my minde, ſince laſt night? I'll ſend for a Bottle of Conſolation; what cordial comfort, I and counſel too, have I found in Sack! I ſhall be mad, if I ſtay at home, and think upon my injuries, without it; here's a damn'd Book too tells me how to avoid ſuch accidents now when 'tis too late; by which I finde, 'tis not amiſs ſometimes to read as well as hawk or hunt; and yet 'tis ſome comfort to finde ſome others have been ill us'd before me; and now I have nothing to do I'll paſs my time with other mens injuries, and learn all the cauſes I can to hate this damn'd Nation, and the falſe ſex.

[*He lies down and reads.*

Enter Serulina.

Serul. 'Tis a handſome houſe, and no body in it; yes, there is one, what is he doing? Arm'd in his Drawers, ſome Maſter of Defence, or elſe a Tumbler; what ere he be I muſt ſpeak to him---- Sir, if your ſtudy be not very importunate, pray let me divert you. *She goes to him.*

[Edwardo *looks upon her and frowns, and then looks round the Room.*

Edw. Ha! a woman, and alone! Fortune thou art kinde.------- What miſerable thing art thou? [*He riſes and takes hold of her.*

Serul. Your charity, Sir, gueſſes right: a moſt unfortunate perſon; a Virgin, Sir, in diſtreſs, that's forc'd to ſeek protection, though a ſtranger, from your roof; and if you favour not, ſhee's loſt for ever.

Edw. What ſtrange Curſe can threaten thee worſe than to be thrown thus into the dangers of this place? Doſt thou know, wretched thing, where thou art? Does not thy heart bode the ill, that's hanging over thy head? Doſt not obſerve me, and the poſture thou find'ſt me in?

Serul. Your words and poſture, both, beget my wonder: But alas, Sir, I had no choice of ſafety; either I muſt finde it in this houſe, or fall into the hand of a mortal Enemy, from whoſe rage and power I was to expect nothing leſs than a preſent death. But why you ſhould threaten my miſery with new fears, my innocence is yet ignorant of the cauſe, my heart being guilty of no one injury done you by this viſit.

Edw. From death you are pretty ſafe, my anger is not mortal; but for the reſt, if any of your ſex ever found a more implacable Enemy, let the Hangman ſhave my throat.

Serul. Sir, as you are a Gentleman, I conjure you, conſider, ere your paſſion tranſports you.---Why are you ſo barbarous to abuſe a Maid, fled to you for protection? [*He pulls her.*

Edw. Yes, yes, talk: I would fain ſee one of your ſex talk me

into a faith again; Innocent, quoth you! ſo was I; come, no reſiſting; By this light I'll bang your bones, if either you make a noiſe, or ſtruggle: What a pox are you grown ſo impudent as to follow me into my houſe? Is the fool ſo viſible in my forehead that you dare attach me here? Enrage the Boar, and purſue him to his den? Am I ſuch a *Du-pe*, as to be robb'd and coozen'd thrice in a day? Come, come, off with this Hood.

He pulls and tears it, and kiſſes her.

Serul. You are a barbarous perſon; and I doubt not but Heaven will protect me from you.

Edw. As barbarous as I can be; I'll aſſure you, I'll kiſs, and ſee thee; not that I care a rotten Orange for't; Nay, I will ly with thee too, and yet you are never the ſafer from my anger; nay, I'll ſhew one Whore how another has us'd me; I'll even treat you upſie-dock, for I can kiſs, and rob, and kiſs, and beat a Whore too, as well as ſhe did me, and ſtrip you too at noon-day, as I was at mid-night, and turn you into the ſtreet for Flies to ſting and boys to hoot; Come along, or by this light I ſhall flatter you with ſuch claps as will make your ears ring.

Serul. Hold Sir, why do you pull me? Though you be angry, yet hear me ſpeak; you know I am not guilty of the injuries you have receiv'd, and 'twill be moſt inhumane to revenge your ſelf upon me; this is ſuch a treachery, to ſet your doors open of purpoſe to betray the wretched that fly for ſanctuary to you; why this violence? your eyes and Reaſon may tell you, I am not acquainted with ſuch barbarous uſage: As you have honour, or any thing of gentle in you, conſider, ere you let your rage proceed to further injury: Do not miſtake me for one of thoſe vile women; For by all thoſe holy things, I vow, there is nothing innocenter than my ſelf; and this viſit onely a chance, and a ſad one too; Neceſſity, dire neceſſity, to ſave a life and honour, which were both at ſtake, made me enter your doors.

Edw. Perſwade me 'tis night, Tell me I dream, or my beard is gray; any thing ſhall finde faith aſſoon as the tears, prayers, or flattery of a Spaniſh woman; a race of young diſſemblers, falſe and bloudy, in their youth, to weep my Purſe out of my Pocket, and flatter me into a beating! young Devils, to abuſe a ſtranger for being kinde onely; And I be not reveng'd upon all your ſex, let me paſs for a tame fool-----Come, or by this Hilt I ſhall bang you with this Scabbard, good Devil. [*Enter* Ferdinando.

She ſtrives, and he pulls her.

Ferd. How now, what Scene's this?

Edw. Fred, thou art come in the nick. A prize y faith.

Ferd. What, ſhe's in love too? One of a great Family, that's fain to ſteal a viſit; ſome one whoſe paſſion has tranſported her beyond the bounds of modeſty and cuſtome? Is't not ſo, fair one? or ſome mighty concupiſcence which Petticoats cannot tame.

Edw. No, ſhe's one that's purſu'd by ſome near a kin, a Huſband or a Brother, and was fain to take ſanctuary here at Fools Haven; and this poor innocent ſimple young virgin had been murder'd, but that by miracle ſhe found the way to pick the Lock of our Door, where ſhe will finde ſuch a Sanctuary. Death, to me for pro-

protection? As if fine words and tales could delude the Fool again! No, young one, curse thy self, for the world shall not save thee, nor any thing in Spanish Petticoats finde mercy here, not a cloven Saint, no, not the Madona, unless she were disguis'd.

Ferd. Now Lady fair, is this the story?

Serul. Yes Sir, and a most sad and serious truth.

Fred. She sighs; Take heed, *Ned*; this is in love with thy skin, she will flay thee; if thou trust her, there are of her Tribe about the Town such excellent Thieves they'll geld a man ere he feels them: I have heard of one that robb'd a mans mouth, while he slept, of a row of teeth; another stole *Jack Smith*'s Eye out of his Head at noon-day, and he never miss'd it till he felt the cold; Nay, she made him buy it again; This is true, Dame, as nice as you make it.

Serul. Sir, some such ill women, void of honour and shame, there may be; but why you should be so hasty to condemn me for one of them is most uncharitable, till you have cause for your fears; have I ask'd ought of you, or injur'd the place more than by putting my unfortunate foot in your house; nor that, but to have sav'd a life that was pursu'd.

Ferd. Come, come, be real and confess, for this Trick will not pass upon us: why here? why in this house? inhabited by strangers onely, that neither knew nor practis'd with any of you till yesterday, and see how we are us'd! Behold that wrack, a tall ship well rigg'd, and a good fraught when he put out of Port, and see how a she-Pyrat of this Isle of Rogues has us'd him, but for sailing one Tide in your Streights; all to be beaten and plunder'd, and set a shore for Dutchmen; but if he will be rul'd by me, you shall curse the story: By this hand we'll both ly with her, one will be enough to beat her.

Edw. That I promis'd her before you came; Little one 'tis resolv'd you must pay this score: Honour, Revenge, and Pleasure, all three condemn you to the Couch within.

Ferd. Else we shall be alone the sport of the Prado; and the blinde Fidler, who would else have roasted none but the Englishmens names upon his Lanteer, now the spit shall turn with a new tune; I would *Thomaso* were here to see us towse this Quarry, in revenge of our affront-----Come Sweeting, cry, I, I, poor virgin in distress; rude fellows to pull thee thus, and please thee against thy will. Cog, cog. *They both pull her.*

Serul. Do you know *Don Thomaso* the English Colonel?

Edw. Know him? yes: I would he were here, he would have a leg or a wing of thee, Chicken; but 'tis as well, we'll leave him some of the Carcass till he come home, he's not so nice-stomack'd, but he may make a Collation upon a cold Whore and a Sallad.

Serul. For his sake, I conjure you, if you be Friends, use me civilly; and I am confident he'll take it kindlier than if you should pursue this barbarous humour,; what is pass'd I can forget, because I have heard something of your story; and if you be that

Engliſhman that was abus'd, I confeſs I do not wonder to finde you thus enrag'd; 'twould make a better nature than you profeſs think of their revenge; and when he comes, if you repent your delay of Juſtice upon me, I am ſtill in your power to be us'd as barbarouſly as he or you ſhall decree.

Edw. She ſpeaks ſence, but 'tis out of time, and I am deaf to all but revenge; I care not to be juſt or gallant; I'll be reveng'd on all the ſex, Angels in face and voice, but Devils in their hearts; I thought I had made a friendſhip with a Saint, ſo young, ſo innocent; when the diſſembling Whore would have coozen'd a Jeſuit, falſe and bloudy as the common Stews.

Serul. Be you my Judges, my innocence dares appeal to your rage, for the worſt that that and malice can ſay; when you have liſtn'd to all that anger can prompt you to, ſuppoſe me the worſt of women, ſent upon the blackeſt Errands, you muſt confeſs my journey was either to proſtitute my ſelf for mone yor luſt; one of theſe baſe cauſes is the worſt your heart can think me guilty of; Now to clear my ſelf from thoſe crimes, and to aſſure you I am fallen by chance into this miſery, take this Diamond, 'tis of no common price, I freely give it as a Pledge of my Innocency, and a price to purchaſe onely your delay of revenge till *Thomaſo* comes; and if he doth not allow of my protection, let me ſuffer all your diſpleaſure threatens; you ſee I am ſo confident of my innocency, I refer my ſelf to be judg'd by your Friend.

Edw. 'Tis a Diamond. Hum, *Fred*, This mollifies a little; 'tis ſtrange how much more ſence this Diamond ſpeaks than her tears or prayers.

Ferd. This Ring makes her ſence plain, which was hard before; and do you hear, *Ned*, 'twould vex us to be hang'd for raviſhing an honeſt woman, when we think we onely towſe a Drab; and but a ſcurvy Why-not, to overſee a Gallows ſo.

Edw. A pox upon her, I cannot believe ſhe is real; what if this Ring be falſe? They are all diſſemblers; the other talked as parlouſly as this, and gave me a chain too; as falſe metall as her ſelf, Gipſey

Ferd. However, there is nothing loſt but time in this venture.

Edw. Well, I'll once break a reſolution, and delay my revenge, for an hour; come, I'll ſee you ſafe in my Chamber till your Friend comes; but I'll make bold to keep you Company, leſt you play another Cats Trick, and leap the window.

Serul. And if I ſcape this ſtorm I'll no more to Sea, blind Love in thy Idol Name, To hazard Honour; Life and Fame.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT.

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

Enter Thomaſo *and* Harrigo, *and meet* Johanne *with Don* Pedro.

Thom. DOn *Pedro*, What occaſion ſtops you here, Sir? will you do us the favour to ſee our houſe? 'tis the poor habitation of ſtrangers; We boaſt nothing Extraordinary; and for Furniture, ſo the Kitchin and the Cellar be well, if the Bottles be good, the Bed cannot be ill.

Pedr. 'Tis more then you know, Don *Thomaſo*, what furniture you have in your houſe; for if I miſtake not there is a moveable more then you imagine, and now I am confident ſhe is entred here; We followed a pretty woman, and (as neer as I can gueſs) to your door, before I loſt ſight of her; ſhe gave the ſign at every Turning.

Thom. Upon my life 'tis the ſame I ſaw in the Piazza; If you pleaſe to go in, wee'll inform our ſelves better. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT. III. SCEN. II.

Enter Edwardo, Serulina, *and* Ferdinando.

Edw. QUick *Fred.* look out, I heard ſome body open the Street-door.

Ferd. 'Tis *Thomaſo*, and ſtrangers with him, ſome of the ſame Crew we had the Quarrel with; Don *Pedro* what do you call his Name? he is one of them.

Serul. Don *Pedro*? As you have Honour, By all that is deareſt unto you, let him not ſee me; I conjure you, be not Calmly barbarous; though your Rage has wrong'd me yet now you are collected, be not ſo inhumane as to Expoſe me to miſery, for your ſport onely.

Ferd. By this light, ſhe is really Concern'd, I ſee now, by her Paleneſs; poor Girl, Come be not afflicted; by my life, he ſhall neither ſee thee nor Injure thee here; come be confident: poor Rogue how ſhe ſhakes!

Serul. Sir, I'll take your word, and if I live I'll deſerve this Favour from you; And now I conſider your Friend better, it calls to mind a former injury, ſo freſhly acted that I cannot but wonder what Star makes me thus ſubject to him? and though I take no delight in Revenge, yet I would not have him urge me too farre. [*Exit* Serulina.

Ferd. What was it ſhe ſaid?

Edw. I neither know nor care.

Enter Thomaſo, *Don* Pedro, *Don* Johanne.

Thom. *Ned*, ſee here are friends of yours come to give you a viſit; They heard you kept your Chamber.

Pedro. Sir, I am both ſorry and aſham'd for your injury; But ſince

since you know who did it I shall gladly have the Honour to joyn in your Revenge.

Edw. Why faith, 'tis Lovers luck: but I should not have seen you so confidently as I do, in this Garb, But that I am upon better terms with the Sex then I hoped this morning; for here is one of the foolishest, or else unlucky'st wenches fallen into my mercy, that ever was hid under the Curse of a Petty-coat; By this light she found me and set upon me alone, and brav'd me here in my Chamber; an Impudent tear-sheet; and if I had not been arm'd she would have ravish'd me; she knows you both, and pretends some interest in Don *Thomaso*; but, for your part, she will not see you; her cover is none of the best, but she is fine and clean underneath.

Thom. 'Tis the same.

Edw. I have taken out Letters of Mart for repriſal againſt her; and vow'd to make a voyage upon her, e're she go out again; yet she eats nothing but Bread and Water till she pay it, nor shall she lie alone neither.

Ferd. He had boarded her e're I came up; so she ransom'd her self with this Diamond; but she is onely Repriv'd till you come, she says you'll be her Bail.

Pedro. Hang her poor whore, some common Carryon; she would never haunt your house else; 'tis some hungry Kite you see, she flies at all; your ring is likely to be a good one, when she had rather give it then lie with you.

Thom. Ned, take my counsel; hide your Ring and deny this story as you love your Credit; Two such affronts in one day! for the Nations sake hide them before the Boys come to know it; rob'd and beaten by one Whore, and another rather pay then have you do her work; where is she, *Ferd?*

Ferd. In *Neds* Chamber, will you go and see her? I have engag'd my self you must not; But you may peep, or so.

Thom. Give me the key.

Pedro. If I but see a Glimpse of her Face, I can tell whether she be a Wench of any Garb or no.

Thom. Follow me, Sir; and when I go in I'll plant my self so, that when she discovers her face to me you may see her. *Exit* Thomaso, *and* Pedro *peeps after him.*

Pedro. A pox on her for a crafty Quean; she has turn'd her back to the door; there is no knowing her.

Ferd. 'Tis no great loss if you lose the sight; she has been here this hour, yet I was not so curious to lift up her veil; Come, Don *Harrigo*, We have a Bottle or two in Fresco, let's waste the time with that; and when *Thomaso* comes we shall hear all the story; if she prove prize, *Harrigo* shall receive his Majesties tenths and fifteens.

Harr. No, Sir, I am not for that Game; I hate such hawking at the Bush with those Bob-tails; Give me a long-wing'd Hawke, a high flying whore, 'tis sport to see her stoop. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT.

ACT. III. SCEN. III.

Enter Serulina *and* Thomaſo.

Serul. NO more excuſes, Sir; I am ſatisfi'd, 'twas all full of chance; no intention of any injury to me, this habit and the licenſe of the place was only guilty; and 'tis all forgot, though my part had like to have been ſad; and thoſe clouds and fears that darkned my mind this morning, this joy, to find you the ſame we parted, has quite diſpers'd; nor will I fear the frowns or ſtorms that any man can threaten, ſince you are ſatisfi'd; whoſe protection and opinion is all I would ſeek or find amongſt men; yet, in kindneſs and civility to my Brother, I would not have him ſee me here; 'tis not handſome ſo to declare againſt a Brother; and though his anger be an uſurp'd power, it will be more modeſty to ſuffer ſuch a tyranny then to war againſt it.

Thom. I am yet ſo confounded and ſurpriz'd with my joys, ſo amaz'd to meet you here, I can ſcarce ſettle my heart into a faith of what I ſee. The Sea works ſtill, though the ſtorm be paſt; and my heart trembles to think what a danger you have eſcap'd, knowing the nature and the rage that now poſſeſſes both my friends; to which is added the accident of your Brothers being within, my ſoul feels the horrour ſtill; what ſtrange misfortune directed your feet, in that hour of miſchief, into this danger; yet if ſelf intereſt could govern me, I have cauſe to rejoyce; this ſtorm having wrought through a thouſand impoſſibilities, and procur'd a bleſſing for which I, in vain, have labour'd many years, and now poſſeſs with fears and doubts; for I was never ſo vain as to believe I deſerv'd this honour from you, nor never had a thought ſo inſolent as durſt aſſure me I ſhould be happy; yet, 'tis truth, I always ador'd you above your ſex, and ſtill gaz'd upon the vertuous *Serulina*, as that divine perſon from whom I was to believe and expect all that kindneſs honour and juſtice could prompt her heart to; and ſee how thoſe vows and that faith, have not only paid but exceeded all my hopes, and, heaven knows, ſurpriz'd my very wiſhes; for which goodneſs, at your feet thus I throw your ſervant, bound by gratitude with eternal vows of faith, to adore the vertuous and fair *Serulina*; but we muſt be ſhort, and ſilent, Madam; leſt the dangers from within by ſome new miſchief interrupt our joys: for I'me of your opinion, your Brother ſhould not know you are here; nor dare I any longer delay the incens'd mind of *Edwardo*, whoſe late injury has made him a beaſt, and ready to act all inhumane things upon your ſex; which danger I muſt prevent. Thomaſo *kneels.*

Serul. I confeſs, when *Edwardo* was alone, I had ſome apprehenſion, becauſe I had formerly known him by that accident that befell in my garden, where he ſhew'd a moſt untam'd nature, whom neither danger, reaſon, nor tears could ſoften; but when *Ferdinando* came in I then took courage; for you ſeldom read of two men

ſo

ſo wicked by chance, as to act or conſent to ſuch crimes as Murder, or Rape, where the looker on grows as guilty as the actor.

Thom. I beſeech you, Madam, let me interrupt your diſcourſe; leſt while we talk of paſs'd dangers, thoſe that are upon the way and drawing neer ſurprize us; your Brother is without, and expects me; pray be pleas'd to hide your ſelf in your veil, and ſhut the door till I return, who will with all poſſible diligence diſperſe the company within and wait upon you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. III. SCEN. IV.

Enter Don Pedro, Edwardo, Johanne *and* Ferdinando.

Pedro. WEll, Gentlemen, I'll take my leave of you; I ſee Don *Thomaſo* is pleas'd with his viſit; and 'twill be but an ill complement to ſpeak in his draught; upon the *Piazza* this evening, I'll meet you and hear his adventure.

Ferd. Nay, faith, never part till he comes; we'l have only one bottle more, and then I'll call him; Pox on her, 'tis ſome crafty Whore, and hopes to flatter and mollifie him; for he's ſuch a good natur'd fool ſhe'l perſwade him to any thing.

Edw. Let them both uſe their beſt Oratory, try if they can prevent her walking in *Freſco* this evening, with a moſt large Paper on her back full of cauſes why.

Pedro. We'l expect your prize in *Spaſſo*, I'll ſeek out one of your Ballads againſt you come; you'l have leiſure to write the ſecond part your ſelf; I'll warrant you 'twill ſell.

Edw. Would there were no worſe in the buſineſs; but I believe I ſhall ſcarce get a thouſand crowns by my Ballad; though I'me ſure I paid little leſs for the ſubject. [*Exe.* Pedro *and* Johan.

Ferd. What a pox can he be doing all this while with that poor Devil?

Edw. Come, let's beat up's Quarters; what if ſhe have cut his throat, and leap'd out at the window? I imagine all miſchiefs from all women; yet this is a fine ſtraight tree, I long to be gathering ſome of her fruit, I could claſp her Bool, and clime her with a good will yet for all my anger.----See, here he comes. Well, Sir, how goes matters? what, you are charm'd, I ſee; wounded as a man may ſay, or ſtroak'd into a calm; not one wrathful billow appears.

Enter Thomaſo.

Ferd. He looks ſo ſerious as if we were to beſeech him to let us take our turns; come, the ſtory; be quick, for we muſt have our hour too.

Thom. Where are the reſt of the company?

Ferd. Harrigo left us as ſoon as you. Don *Pedro* ſtaid the ſhare of two bottles; we laugh'd a ſpell with old *Ned*, and parted; he'l meet us on the *Piazza*; I believe 'tis a good fellow enough, if his mind were quiet; but I perceive by his diſcourſe he is jealous you have too much intereſt with *Angellica*, which he can ſcarce digeſt.

Edw. He drank her health, and pledg'd for you; he took it kindly,

kindly, your leaving him there to day; but this is from my buſineſs; what a pox have you done with our ſmall ſinner all this while? her time of execution draws neer; if you did but ſee the Paper within which *Ferdinando* has writ, and I mean to nail upon her ſhoulders with ſome Lath-nails when I turn her out, 'twould make you laugh to read the cauſes; prethee ſay, has ſhe clean linen? doſt thou think ſhe is ſound? if I ſhould go now to revenge one miſchief, and get another, I ſhould curſe my ſelf.

Thom. Stay here, and I'll ſatisfie your Queſtion. *Exit* Thom.

Edw. What do's he mean to be thus ſerious? By this light, I'll have my revenge in ſpite of his heart; let him frown to the Devil.

Enter Thomaſo *with* Serulina, *ſhe hath put off her old Coat and Veil.*

Thom. Do you know this Lady?---nor you, *Edwardo?* *They look upon her, and then upon each other.*

Ferd. I have ſeen that face, but where I cannot call to mind.

Edw. Nor I; yet there are dark lines in my memory that lead me to her face; 'tis not *Lucetta* I am certain.

Thom. I ſhall remove this wonder with another; have you never heard me mention the name of *Serulina.* Horrid beaſts! are you not both ſtruck with the judgement of this viſion?---Do's not your black breaſts accuſe you of all the villany moſt barbarous men can be guilty of? what miſery can this oppreſs'd innocence inflict, that your own ſouls will not ſay you ought to ſuffer? what mercy can you hope from this provok'd vertue, whoſe barbarous breaſts, even forgetting her ſex, could proceed to threaten blows, which ſhe could have ſuffer'd too with leſs affliction then thoſe wounds your rage and luſt impos'd? *Fred.* you ſaw her this morning in Don *Harrigo*'s company; could you ſo ſoon forget her and your ſelf? I ſhould be loath to find you guilty of any malice; 'tis as much as your ignorance can do to plead that we are friends; for him, he was a beaſt in his wine, before, as much as in his rage, now; and both his injuries crimes to the law, not to our friendſhip; elſe I ſhould have found ſome other way to have expreſs'd my ſence of them. *Both of them --Serulina-- aſide.*

Ferd. Sir, we are your friends, and reaſon may do much; but you muſt not think to threaten us into a repentance; you know us both too well; yet I confeſs this is a cauſe you may beat us in ſafe enough, though my part of the injury may find excuſe from her Veil, and the place I found her in; for, to be ingenuous who would have look'd for a perſon of honour in thoſe clothes and your Chamber? nor was her veil off; but when her fears and tears were on, which was ſuch a diſguiſe I am aſham'd to plead.

Edw. Madam, I am not yet ſo ill as to defend my faults; and though I cannot be innocent I can repent my crimes; and I have now as much ſhame and ſorrow as there was wine or anger in my injury; and when I can ſerve you, you ſhall ſee that ſorrow expreſs it ſelf as highly your ſervant, as thoſe crimes declar'd me beaſt and

mad-man. And if the fair *Serulina* will ſtill be like the great character Don *Thomaſo* gave us of her, here we ſtand an object fit for ſuch a goodneſs; whoſe crimes are fit for ſuch a mercy to exerciſe it ſelf upon; and for my part, I'll never riſe from your feet till you forgive me, and command me ſomething to expiate my faults.

Serul. Pray, Sir, riſe; for I am not now to be reconcil'd; your friend knows my anger fell with my fears; nor can any man wrong me by chance; and I am certain Don *Thomaſo* could not make ſo ill a choice of friends, or converſe with men ſo wicked as would injure me when they knew me; and my faith is as confident in my innocency as you can be in your carriage: and you ſee That innocency has been, this day, ſucceſsful, and overcome all the dangers blind fortune threatned in this accident.

Ferd. Now am I ſuch an Aſs I cannot ſpeak a word for my ſelf: By this light, Madam, I was never heartily aſham'd before; the guilt of this action makes me dumb; I ſhall never look upwards again till I have redeem'd this fault.

Serul. If you will have me believe this ſorrow real, I conjure you be ſtill kind to your friend; and to confirm you that I am reconcil'd, he ſhall tell you what we have reſolv'd on, in which you muſt both bear your parts; and when 'tis paſt, if you will give me a viſit at my houſe, I'll uſe you better then you have done me for intruding into yours, though I will not promiſe to kiſs you ſo often.

Ferd. Nay faith, Lady, have mercy; we onely pretend to that.

Serul. Why, and I hope a kiſs will hurt neither of you.

Thom. Faith, they know not, for I believe they never kiſs'd an honeſt woman before; and for *Fred*, he is ſo little concern'd in the ſex, if he had been in Paradiſe we had ſtaid there.

Ferd. Becauſe I do not talk ſo much as you do.

Thom. No, but becauſe thou doſt nothing but talk; and I dare ſay, if thou wert as free from the ſin of the Vine, as thou art from the Apple, thou might'ſt ſafely return and claim the old Gardners place yet.

Edw. Prithee, let this ſubject paſs; and give her this Ring again. By this light, I dare not come ſo neer as to do it my ſelf.

Thom. No, no; give it her your ſelf; you could towſe her even now, and uſe her like a poor Whore; tear her veil, kiſs and threaten to beat her without any awe or reverence to the majeſty or divinity in that face or form; alas, 'tis the ſame woman ſtill, there is not a Ponyard more in thoſe eyes then when you ſaw them weep, without remorſe.

Edward. Though ſhe be the ſame Excellency ſtill, yet I am not the ſame Beaſt I was; Prithee take it, and leave fooling; 'tis not friendly to urge a folly thus, nor purſue a friend too far.

Thomaſo. Nay, never hang a tail, but follow like your ſelves; See, Madam, the later part of Rogues Reſtitution: This Ring, do you know it?

Serul.

Serul. Yes, but I have no pretence to it now; Nor can I claim it, unleſs I could pay back the price I received for it; 'Tis ſold, Sir, and at a rate I repent not.

Thomaſo. Nay, Madam, now I am of their ſide; and hope you will not believe them ſo little Gentlemen, as to keep any ſuch mark of their crime to upbraid them; This Ring will brand them worſe then the Law in ſuch a caſe; And I'll ſay that for *Ned*, (and a pox take him) I know the Rogue will as ſoon wear the T and the F in his hand, as this Ring on his finger; And I am ſo much his Friend, as to deſire you will receive it.

Serul. In earneſt, I dare not, 'twill be an ill Omen to me; Should I take back in ſafety what I gave with joy in Fears and Dangers, 'twere to repent my vows when I have reap'd the bleſſing; I am too ſuperſtitious to touch it, when I eall to mind 'twas the price of my deliverance when both our Honours were at ſtake.

Thomaſo. Do you hear this? Well, Madam, what ſhall be done with it? Gentlemen, you hear what the Lady ſayes, which of you claims it? I'll onely write his name in Hebrew and reſtore it.

Edwardo. Madam, if you have any Charity left, pray take it for him; we muſt flie the Countrey elſe, to avoid his bloody Jeſts.

Thomaſo. Nay, faith; If neither of you will have it, what think you, Madam, of giving me leave to offer it to St. *Cecilia*'s ſhrine to morrow, in remembrance of this deliverance upon her Eve, from two Engliſh Gentlemen, which ſhall be hanged up in wax in her Chappel, with an *Ex voto*; A Spaniſh Miracle wrought by the Saint upon an *Eſſex* Calf with two legs, poſſeſs'd with a Colliar of *Croyden*.

Ferd. This is the Mercy we expect from ſuch a Nature; Yet if I were better acquainted with this Lady, I would aſk her how ſhe comes to forgive you ſo eaſily, that are indeed the cauſe of the miſchief? And in a Lover your crime is greater then ours; and the neglect you have ſhewn her a higher offence then what we kneel for; our Inſolence was a chance, and proceeded from Ignorance and paſſion; for had we known her, we would have ſacrific'd our lives for her, rather then have acted or ſuffer'd the leaſt of thoſe Crimes. But you that have the Honour not onely to be known, but eſteem'd by her, to be thus long in Town, and never pay your own duty, nor inform us how we might pay ours, it makes it our faults your guilt; You ſhew'd us all the Whores in Town, and were mad till you had ſeen them your ſelf; But, for this noble Lady, I never heard her mention'd in *Madrid*; Had you paid that reſpect your Heart knows due to her, we might have had, by ſuch a viſit, the Honour of being known to this Lady; which would have given her Protection, and ſecur'd our Innocence. Do you bluſh? 'Tis time; and if you had any grace, this Truth would be a Ring in your Noſe, as well as the other in ours. Good ſevere, ſmall Friend, am I with you?

Edwardo. All bleſſings upon thee, for ſtinging him on that ſide; By this light, my guilt has pick'd all the Guts out of my brains,

Thomaſo. Shew you this Lady? Prithee look upon her again, do you think your ſelves fit converſation for her? No, Gentlemen, though I afford you my Company, yet this is of another form; I ſhewed you all my Whores, they were fit converſation and acquaintance for you; Meat according to your palat, Souls and Minds of the ſame ſize; This Virtuous Lady, what would you do with her? She'll neither drink, nor ſwear; I dare ſay, *Ned* is the firſt that ever belch'd before her, though ſhe might have heard many men ſigh; They are no ſuch Dutch ſowre ones, as your Beer breaks.

Edwardo. 'Tis well, Sir; you have the ſtaff in your hand, and you uſe it.

Serul. Nay, now you are too ſevere, and I muſt take their parts; But 'tis no matter, Gentlemen, what he ſayes now; His firſt Character ſhall ſtand with me; and for what is paſt, I aſſure you, it flies and dyes with the hour it was acted in.

Ferd. Your goodneſs, Madam, makes us bluſh, and ought to ſhame him too; But he is ſo hardned, nothing can diſorder him.

Thomaſo. No more mutiny, leſt I produce the Ring; This Diamond, Madam, will work upon them like *Meduſa*'s Aſs; And the Rogues are eaſily turn'd to ſtone; For their Hearts are Marble already, though your goodneſs hath forgiven it. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. III. SCEN. V.

Enter Calis.

Calis. NOt come home yet? Where can ſhe be? I dare not ſee her neither, till I have deliver'd this Letter; All things run croſs to day, I would they were honeſtly loſt in the great bed at home; We ſhall never have quiet hour till the Prieſt have knit a knot upon them, and thrown them into a pair of ſheets. There he is; I'll hold him with my teeth ere he ſcapes me.

Enter Ferdinando *and* Thomaſo.

Thomaſo. Why I, *Pout*; I would not ſup now, were I *Fred.* Nor ſpeak theſe two dayes; I would cry too, and not be ſtil'd with plumms; What a pox would you have done to come off? Been grave and ſerious? There is nothing you could have ſaid would have made her ſo ſoon calm as ſeeing me ſtorm; And when you have read Women better, you'll find it eaſier to make them forgive ten faults committed againſt 'em, then forget one fault which they commit.------How now Child, at whoſe ſuit? what have we here, a cloven *Alguazile?*

Calis *runs and catches hold on* Thomaſo.

Calis. Leave fooling, and read that, you know the hand; A miſchief take me but I'll burn it elſe; I have hunted Moon-ſhine in the water for you all this day, till my feet are ſo in Love, they are ſcarce ſweet or ſound.

Thomaſo. Dear *Calis*, what news?

Calis. You are a kind man, you a Lover! A Woman has a fine time

time that affects any Souldier of you all, with your Iron Minds, and tough Buff Hearts; You have all got the Boyes wings, feather'd Lovers all; The Devil clip them for *Calis*.

Thomaſo. Come, no more Anger; Dear *Calis*, your Letter is anſwer'd; at home you will find your Lady, to whom you muſt make haſte, ſhe has buſineſſe for you.

Calis. Have you ſeen her then?

Thomaſo. Yes, and by a chance, which ſhe'll tell you; Here, *Calis*, wear this Ring, you know whoſe 'twas; Your Lady will not be diſpleas'd to ſee it thus diſpos'd; there is a Story belongs to it, which you ſhall know hereafter; Farewel, Dear *Calis*; be faithfull ſtill, and reap the Harveſt of all thoſe Afflictions thou haſt ſowed.

Calis. This was my Ladies Ring, I'll home and take my ſhare of the Jubilee; Farewel to you and your friend; methinks, you might have kiſſed me after five years; you had wont to do it when you ſhould not, and tell me 'twas the Engliſh faſhion; but I find we both grow old; Nay, now you ſhall not; there's neither Grace nor ſavour in a kiſs when a woman begs it. [*Exit* Calis.

Enter Carlo *and peeps after her.*

Carlo. 'Twas *Calis*, and ſhe gave him a Letter but from whom; I can gueſs, though I do not know; What woman was that he parted with at our door? 'Twas the ſame ſhooes and ſcarf we dog'd from the *Piazza*; I'll find Don *Pedro*, there is ſomething in this worth his fears and cares, if I gueſs aright. Carlo *retires.*

Thomaſo. Come, let us haſte to *Harrigo*'s, and reſolve with him what is beſt to be done in our buſineſs: This Letter ſhould have been given in the Morning; 'tis Don *Pedro*'s Reſolution ſuddenly to put her into a Monaſtery, till ſhe conſents to marry Don *Alphonſo*.

Ferd. You are both fairly warn'd; and if you have not wit to prevent threatned miſchiefs, you will fall unpitied; Come, pray loſe no time, but make uſe of her kindneſs, before he doth of his Power, to both your prejudices.

Thomaſo. 'Tis reſolved already, and with *Harrigo* you ſhall know all; We muſt onely get things ready for her deſign, 'tis ſhe muſt Act; We muſt onely be diligent to attend her ſummons.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. III. SCEN. VI.

Enter Angellica, Carlo, *and* Anna.

Angel. NO more, Dear *Carlo*, 'tis but too true; Don *Pedro*'s diſcourſe confirms it, and I am miſerable; 'Twas he that ſaved her in the ſack of *Pampelune*, and 'tis my puniſhment to love one that cannot be obliged; Yet I can bear his ſcorn, any thing but marry; though I know he will never be mine, yet I cannot ſuffer the thought he ſhould be anothers.

Carlo.

Carlo. If you expect Don *Pedro*, I'll ſtay; elſe, I muſt be gone and ſeek him; for this is not a buſineſſe to be delay'd or ſleighted; 'Tis moſt certain, ſhe has a Paſſion for him; and the intelligence they hold, if not prevented, will produce ſome ſuddain miſchief.

Angel. Pray ſtay, I know he will not be long abſent, unleſs this news meet and divert him; As you love me be urgent in it; I'll tell him how much his Honour is concern'd, and how he is bound, in care and kindneſs to his Siſter, to provide againſt this danger as the greateſt curſe can threaten her life; You ſee his Nature is unconſtant, wild and raſh, as common *Bravoes*.

Carlo. I ſhall be faithful and diligent in my part; but who can prejudice him when you contribute ſuch ſumms againſt your own Intereſt? But for theſe chances he had ſneak'd long ſince; Leave him to his Fortune, and Poverty will quickly deject him below the ſawcy thought of ſuch a Woman.

Angel. I cannot repent any kindneſs I have done him; My fear is rather, that Fortune will not have it in my power to oblige him.------See here comes the man you aſk for.

Enter Don Pedro.

Pedro. Carlo, how now? the news.

Angel. That which you have not a little apprehended: within you ſhall know all. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. III. SCEN. VII.

Enter Saretta, Paulina, *and* Lucetta, *with her face bound up, cut by* Edwardo's *Bravo*'s.

Saretta. *Thomaſo* in a Perriwig? 'tis not poſſible; Hatred and Averſion have Eyes as curions as Love; and the Antipathy betwixt us muſt have diſcover'd him.

Paulina. I am amaz'd too, it cannot be ſo ſleight a diſguiſe ſhould hide him from the Love of one, and hatred of the other; 'tis but ſome diſcourſe to vex us.

Lucetta. 'Tis a Truth great as his Villany, as publick, and as baſe, as injurious and as wicked a Villain, to hunt the Bed of two Siſters; and if you ſuffer it, may you be us'd as I am, and deſpis'd by all Men of Honour.

Saretta. If it be a Truth, I'll find ſome way to be reveng'd as he has been curious in his Injury.

Lucetta. If it be a Truth? Are you *Saretta*, ſo true he is a Villain; There is no Brother arrived from *Salamanca*, Don *John* knows him, (he's a little black fellow) who told me the whole deſign; onely two Perriwiggs, and two ſutes of clothes; which when he comes next, you may eaſily diſcover: And if you find not that damn'd *Thomaſo* under that black Perriwig cut my throat, as the dog has done my face, juſt as I had pack'd up his friends things to ſend them

them back; for his injury, By heaven was a chance, in which I was as innocent as he; here comes one can resolve you all. [*Ent.* Philip.

Philip. To cure your doubts, veil your selves and walk to the *Piazza*, and hear whose names, and what stories fill the crouds with laughter; while they glory in their mischief in vindication of the affront was done to one of their Comrades; nay, they threaten new revenge; the *Angellica* is of their counsel, and I hear the design was laid at her house.

Saret. I will not brag, nor threaten; but if I have any friends, or credit in *Madrid*, I'll make it a black day with some of them.

Lucet. And a black mischief light on me, if I joyn not in any revenge at the rate of life and fortune; and if ever *Philippo* will deserve from me, let him now shew himself a friend; be bold and kind in our revenge, and command me ever.

Saret. Kill him, and name the price; here's my earnest, be quick and secret. [*She gives him a purse.*

Lucet. Here, take this key, and make thy own price; for 'twas he that set *Edwardo* on, and hir'd the *Bravo*'s to my ruine.

Philip. And the same men shall cut his throat if you will forgive them.

Lucet. Let them but revenge me upon him, and I'll not only forgive, but reward them too.

Philip. Well, I'll undertake this business so you will be secret, and dissemble your hatred for a day or two; perhaps to morrow being a feast may present the occasion; your best way is not to seem to know you are injur'd, or known; seem to sleight it, and laugh too.

Saret. Death, I could tear my very flesh to think that Rascal has touch'd my; me blood rises to think how kind I was to the thing I hate; I scarce remember I ere enjoy'd a man with more *Gusto*; sure *Harrigo* was in the plot, and that hungry Captain too; I'll be reveng'd upon the whole tribe.

Philip. Pray retire, I'll abroad to inform my self of them all; and, perhaps, this night find those that shall dispatch 'em.

Saret. I never hated any man before; and see the Devil should give me a passion for him only to plague me; how I hate these eyes that betray'd me! these arms that embrac'd him; these lips that prais'd and kiss'd the dog! methinks, all mankind like my self should despise this body stain'd with that wretch; sure my flesh is turn'd carrion since he touch'd it. [*Exeunt omnes, manet* Paulina.

Paul. These are pure womens passions that neither know what nor why they love, or hate; the accident vexes me too, but not to that height as to engage my self in the murther of a friend; for the two Sisters, that part of the story she knows I can unriddle; though for my interest, I'll let it pass, in the opinion of the world; nor shall her mischief prevail if I can prevent it; 'tis the folly of anger to threaten still, which but alarms an enemy, and gives time to arm; their anger makes their hearts cold and cruel; and love makes mine kind and warm, and resolv'd to save him from the storm. [*Ex.*

ACT.

Carlo. If you expect Don *Pedro*, I'll ſtay; elſe, I muſt be gone and ſeek him; for this is not a buſineſſe to be delay'd or ſleighted; 'Tis moſt certain, ſhe has a Paſſion for him; and the intelligence they hold, if not prevented, will produce ſome ſuddain miſchief.

Angel. Pray ſtay, I know he will not be long abſent, unleſs this news meet and divert him; As you love me be urgent in it; I'll tell him how much his Honour is concern'd, and how he is bound, in care and kindneſs to his Siſter, to provide againſt this danger as the greateſt curſe can threaten her life; You ſee his Nature is unconſtant, wild and raſh, as common *Bravoes*.

Carlo. I ſhall be faithful and diligent in my part; but who can prejudice him when you contribute ſuch ſumms againſt your own Intereſt? But for theſe chances he had ſneak'd long ſince; Leave him to his Fortune, and Poverty will quickly deject him below the ſawcy thought of ſuch a Woman.

Angel. I cannot repent any kindneſs I have done him; My fear is rather, that Fortune will not have it in my power to oblige him.------See here comes the man you aſk for.

Enter Don Pedro.

Pedro. Carlo, how now? the news.

Angel. That which you have not a little apprehended: within you ſhall know all. [*Exeunt om*

ACT. III. SCEN. VII.

Enter Saretta, Paulina, *and* Lucetta, *with her face bound up, cut by* Edwardo's *Bravo*'s.

Saretta. *Thomaſo* in a Perriwig? 'tis not poſſible; Hatred and Averſion have Eyes as curions as Love; and the Antipathy betwixt us muſt have diſcover'd him.

Paulina. I am amaz'd too, it cannot be ſo ſleight a diſguiſe ſhould hide him from the Love of one, and hatred of the other; 'tis but ſome diſcourſe to vex us.

Lucetta. 'Tis a Truth great as his Villany, as publick, and as baſe, as injurious and as wicked a Villain, to hunt the Bed of two Siſters; and if you ſuffer it, may you be us'd as I am, and deſpis'd by all Men of Honour.

Saretta. If it be a Truth, I'll find ſome way to be reveng'd as he has been curious in his Injury.

Lucetta. If it be a Truth? Are you *Saretta*, ſo true he is a Villain; There is no Brother arrived from *Salamanca*, Don *John* knows him, (he's a little black fellow) who told me the whole deſign; onely two Perriwiggs, and two ſutes of clothes; which when he comes next, you may eaſily diſcover: And if you find not that damn'd *Thomaſo* under that black Perriwig cut my throat, as the dog has done my face, juſt as I had pack'd up his friends things to ſend them

them back; for his injury, By heaven was a chance, in which I was as innocent as he; here comes one can resolve you all. [*Ent.* Philip.

Philip. To cure your doubts, veil your selves and walk to the *Piazza*, and hear whose names, and what stories fill the crouds with laughter; while they glory in their mischief in vindication of the affront was done to one of their Comrades; nay, they threaten new revenge; the *Angellica* is of their counsel, and I hear the design was laid at her house.

Saret. I will not brag, nor threaten; but if I have any friends, or credit in *Madrid*, I'll make it a black day with some of them.

Lucet. And a black mischief light on me, if I joyn not in any revenge at the rate of life and fortune; and if ever *Philippo* will deserve from me, let him now shew himself a friend; be bold and kind in our revenge, and command me ever.

Saret. Kill him, and name the price; here's my earnest, be quick and secret. [*She gives him a purse.*

Lucet. Here, take this key, and make thy own price; for 'twas he that set *Edwardo* on, and hir'd the *Bravo*'s to my ruine.

Philip. And the same men shall cut his throat if you will forgive them.

Lucet. Let them but revenge me upon him, and I'll not only forgive, but reward them too.

Philip. Well, I'll undertake this business so you will be secret, ...d dissemble your hatred for a day or two; perhaps to morrow ...g a feast may present the occasion; your best way is not to ... to know you are injur'd, or known; seem to sleight it, and ... too.

...et. Death, I could tear my very flesh to think that Rascal has ...'d my; me blood rises to think how kind I was to the thing ...e; I scarce remember I ere enjoy'd a man with more *Gusto*; ... *Harrigo* was in the plot, and that hungry Captain too; I'll be ...eveng'd upon the whole tribe.

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ACT.

ACT. III. SCEN. VIII.

Enter Thomaſo, Harrigo, *and* Rogero.

Thom. NOt ſeen ſince I went out?

Rog. The Mountebank and the Captain have been with 'em all day.

Har. Let them alone, they have ſome new deſign to redeem themſelves; we ſhall have the ſtory time enough, I'll warrant you; but when you ſee *Edwardo* tell him he has play'd the fool to cut *Lucetta*'s face; for, believe it, ſhe'l be reveng'd; I know the humour of theſe people; and I could have wiſh'd you had not made your ſelf ſo merry, to day, with the *Saretta*'s character; there were thoſe by, who though they laugh'd at what you ſaid, yet I know they love not your humour, and will be the firſt that whet you on to ſuch an errour, and afterwards both do you a miſchief and deſpiſe you for't; and, believe it, ſhe is a wench that wants neither friends nor malice, and as like to do you a miſchief as any ſhe in *Madrid*.

Thom. I laugh at her, and them; their opinion and their anger too; alas, we are none of them that fear, we are of the number that fright others; I know the trick of a Ponyard as well as they, a dead wall, a dark night and a falſe light, I know the advantages too of ſtriking firſt; and wear a ſword that will bite as deep upon ſuch occaſion as any he's in *Caſtile*; and if they will play at tricks, let them expect them. But I wonder more what 'tis theſe fine Gentlemen, our Comrades, have in chaſe, juſt now when our buſineſs requires their preſence, which you know admits no delay; we are both undone if we diſappoint her to morrow; the *Angellica* is jealous too, I find it; and how I ſhall bear my ſelf with her to night, there is another trouble; one buſineſs more will make me take my Bow and Arrows, and then lye down to ſleep, with the Proverb. Do you hear, *Rogero*, when they come, tell them I am gone with *Harrigo* to his Chamber. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. III. SCEN. IX.

Enter Cornelino, Edwardo, Ferdinando, *and the Mountebank.*

Corn. NO words, there is the money; it muſt be a ſecret for a day or two: what muſt we do when they wake?

Mount. Rub their Temples with that oyl, and give them ſome of the Vial to drink, and they will come to themſelves again.

Edw. I hope the loving fit will be over: By this hand, I would not for all her Eſtate mine ſhould embrace me two hours more: I crack'd like Wickar in her Arms when ſhe laugh'd and grew gay: did you never ſee a Cow pretend to be merry? even with ſuch ungraceful motions ſhe expreſs'd her ſelf.

Ferd. When will the Baths be ready? I long for the good hour,

if

if that ſucceed as well as the powder, we are made for Ever'; and wee'll ſet up thy Statue in *Eſſex*.

Mount. Never doubt it, Sir; my life for yours it takes effect. [*Exit* Mountebank.

Edw. Let's loſe no time then, but In, and vow a Pottle or two to good Luck; and the Joy of the Jeſt is, all will be done e're *Thomaſo* knows of it.

Ferd. Their Guardian is a Jew; how the Rogue ſwell'd at the Ceremonies! yet he was as glad to be diſcharg'd of them, as we were to have them.

Cornel. You will not wonder at that when you conſider what a ſum he reaps by the bargain; But there was no remedy, you muſt not have hop'd his conſent but upon ſuch advantages; The beſt is, you are ſure to have no noiſe, nor ſute; All parties are contented. (*They give him a purſe.*)

Ferd. Hold Captain, there is your ſhare; come, no Nicety; All men muſt live; and when profit runs round the Mill grinds merrily.

Cornel. Well Gentlemen, ſince you think I deſerve this favour, I am not in a Condition to refuſe it; But I muſt deſire you will get *Thomaſo* to let our Bargain ſtand for the Clothes; to morrow is Holy-day, and he wears them ſtill.

Edw. To day onely, for Evidence in our Plot; you ſhall have them at Night, now the Jeſt is over.

Cornel. Then I ſhall be fitted for this Campania; Clothes and money too! Well, I will purſue my buſineſs, to get you the Baths ready; I'll provide a good Dinner, choice wine, and the beſt Muſick in the Town.

Edwardo. Prithee be-ſpeak Ten Wheel-barrows of Tripes, for *Jugg* the Gyant; I cannot but laugh at our Fortunes; How many will envy us, and how many abuſe us for theſe wives! a Pox on the Captain he wink'd upon you; elſe I had got the longeſt Straw; would thou had'ſt had the Gyant; thine is the fineſt ſmall Divel I ever ſaw.

Ferd. See how hard 'tis to pleaſe you; Come, what boot yet between 'em? Yet I know as well as you the Advantage of my ſmall ſinner, and what charges yours will bring, both in Food and Cloathing; beſides ſome new Engine, with twelve yoke of Oxen, to draw her into the Countrey, or take the Air after Dinner. Do you mark? after Dinner; which Meal would victual a Kings Ship; Think of this, and propoſe.

Edw. The Rogue is confident; elſe I know he would not treat this bargain, his is one of the convenient'ſt Wives; Of ſuch a fine Diamond cut; her Back and Breaſt are crooked, in Table and Faucet.

Ferd. Where will you lodge her? there is no going above ſtairs; nothing but a ground-room will bear her; Some old Engliſh Hall, for a Bed-chamber; And now I think on't, purchaſe Pauls, old, Idle, and unuſefull Pauls; Separate the Iſles, and there is a Partment for her; and there ſhe may walk up-

right, the Gates too are big enough for her to come in at; Then there are ſome of the Marble Tombs left ſtill, which will ſerve inſtead of Benches, to ſit upon; There are ſtone Ciſterns too, at the Porch, will ſerve her to piſs in; Do you remember, when ſhe went out of the way to Stale? I thought the Spouts had run when ſhe open'd her Sluce.

Edw. I forgot to bid the Captain bring a Ladder; that the Taylor might take her meaſure.

Ferd. The Taylor! fye, fool, 'tis no Taylors work; let thoſe that uſe to furniſh Churches do it; they are us'd to ſuch heights; By this hand, 'twill turn a Womans Taylors head, to look down from her ſhoulder; Beſides, the others, when they have but pac'd her about, will gueſs how many pieces of Tapeſtry will ſerve to furniſh her; Think not upon Velvet, or Satten, thoſe paper wares, ſhee'll take up more then furniſheth Saint *Jago*'s Chappel; They can furniſh her with Frutages, and Feſtunes, for head dreſs; Neck-lace and Chains, Bobs and Bracelets, they have always in readineſs, as much as will furniſh a Church; Thou muſt get a Grate in the Bed, ſhee'll overlay thee elſe; what a time her husband has, if he be bound to act that part! he may aſſoon feed Whales with Worms.

Edw. If the Baths fail, all my refuge is, I can run away from her; Her portion is big enough to pay the Poſt.

Ferd. Since you will not reſolve upon this change, let's finde *Thomaſo*; But not a word of what's paſt; wee'll onely ring theſe Bells in his Ears; We can Dance to our own Muſick now. [*Exeunt.*

He ſhakes his Pocket.

ACT. III. SCEN. X.

Enter Johanne *and Don* Pedro.

Johan. UPon my life, 'twas ſhe, my Author ſaw her, and the confuſion ſhe was in for fear you ſhould know it; 'twill be a fine diſhonour, when the Town ſhall take notice of ſuch a viſit; Sir, ſhe is your ſiſter, and all her Actions will reflect upon you; But which is moſt Impudent, *Carlo* ſaw him bring her to your door, and was preſent when *Calis* gave him a Letter in the walks; Be not abus'd, Sir, Two hundred thouſand Crowns, and a ſiſter of her merit, are not toys to be loſt; they'll expect a better Joynture then a Scarf and a Buff-coat, and will be much better Ornaments in your Family, then a Colonel and his Commiſſion; Take my Counſel; ſee her in a Nunnery, and I'll make him either fly the Country, or make him a Neſt in the Church-yard.

Pedro. 'Tis clear, and I am ſatisfied; But we muſt be wary in what we do; They have both too much wit and reſolution to be ſurpriz'd; We muſt diſſemble our Intention, leſt this Paſſion betray us; and, for ought we know, the work may be done to our hands: For I am told, the *Lucetta* and the two Siſters are highly incenſed, and have ſome deſign to be reveng'd upon him; I left the *Angelica* too full of jealouſie and rage: There we may inform

Inform Our ſelves; and if We can blow that Coal with her, wee'll reſolve what's to be done: Women, when Rage and Jealouſie poſſeſs them, are as good Counſel as Miſchief can inquire of; and what ſhe Reſolves wee'll Execute; who is your Author?

Johan. The *Lucetta*, and ſhe had it from *Cornelio*, who is himſelf unſatisfied with *Thomaſo*. [*Exeunt*

ACT. III. SCEN. II.

Enter Edwardo, *and* Ferdinando.

Ferd. NOt a word, *Ned*, till to morrow, of what is paſt; wee'll conſummate to night, and then defie the foul Fiend.

Edw. I am chain'd, See where they come. --- See the loſt ſheep; We thought you had been ſunk or ſtollen: *Fred* has ſpent three Groats in Cryers to day. *Enter* Thomaſo, Harrigo, *and* Rogero.

Thomaſo. 'Tis well, I'me glad to ſee you are not flayed again; Beware of the *She-ſhambles*, *Ned*: There are now ſnares ſet, I can aſſure you, and the whole *Piazza* curſe you for debauching the Mountebank, who was abſent all day, and Excus'd himſelf that he was employed by two ſtrangers: Great wonders are expected to morrow from his ſkill; 'tis thought he will make you two wiſe.

Edwardo. Well, Sir, Fool on; We may live to ſhew the world ſome *Eſſex* men have ſome Wit, though the Calf lie at the Door.

Ferd. No more, let time ſpeak for us; Prithee what is't a Clock? This noiſe in my Pocket drowns mine ear ſo I cannot hear him ſtrike.

Thom. A cheerful ſound, if no hue and cry purſue it.

Harr. What? there is ſome ſecret, I perceive, which we muſt not partake.

Thom. As thou loveſt me, do not aſk them; They will never tell, if they but imagine We deſire it; to get a ſecret out of theſe men, you muſt neither liſten nor conſider what they ſay: But ſleight their diſcourſe, and them, till they hunt and hold thee to tell all they know.

Ferdinando. Yes, yes, Truſt to that; To morrow if you behave your ſelves well, 'tis Reſolved you ſhall ſhare the Bleſſing.

Thom. Did not I tell you ſo? now is he as ſick, till he has told it, as one that holds a Glyſter too long, 'twill out, *Fred.* Room, *Hall.* let the ſecret come.

Edw. Not a word, onely this ſound to afflict you.

Harr. Yet, in midſt of your mirth 'twill be fit for you to know, you have rais'd a Waſps Neſt that may ſting you; the *Lucetta* has vow'd a Revenge.

Edw. Her Revenge? By this day I'll have her throat Cut now;

I can ſpare as much as will do it by the Law, whether it be right or wrong.

Ferd. Well, the Buſineſs we were ſent for? pray diſpatch; For we have affairs of Our own that attend us.

Thom. Well, content; and let the Secret lie till Nature works; you muſt be in diſguiſe to morrow, and ready to ſerve the Lady you wot of; you muſt get you fighting ſwords too, leſt you be beaten; ſhe expects you ſhould pay her the debt; I have promiſed her you will be as bold in her cauſe as you were in her injury.

Edw. If you be ſerious, we will not deceive your Expectation; but why diſguis'd? you do not mean drunk?

Harr. Be well arm'd, and 'tis no matter for diſguiſes; I'll have the Embaſſadors Coach and Footmen ready to receive us, and then wee'll defie their Anger.

Thom. This is the buſineſs; and within *Harrigo* will inform you both of the time and place; pray be early to morrow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. I.

Enter Angellica, *and* Anna.

Angel. I Have no Patience till ſhe be in a Monaſtery; my heart can find no peace; Fool that I was not to try my Fortune before; Why ſhould I believe my ſelf the onely Woman not fit for a man of Honour to marry, when thouſands have married Women of as ill life and Fame as mine, and yet find Swords and Friends to defend them? His Poverty too would have pleaded for me, which his pride now will oppoſe, his heart being ſwel'd with the hopes of this Fortune; and 'twill be in vain to attempt him till ſhe be removed from a poſſibility of his hopes; He will not ſee me neither, though thrice invited; That baſe ingratitude in the Sex makes me hate him, to find, he that three days ſince fought for my door, and would have ſold himſelf to the Galleys but to purchaſe my Bed, will not now be bought or courted to a viſit.

Anna. Don *Harrigo* and he are at the door.

Enter Thomaſo, *and* Harrigo; Angellica *walks up and down the Room, out of humor.*

Thom. How now? turn'd ſhadow? fly when I purſue, and follow when I fly? *Anna*, do's your Lady uſe to walk in her ſleep? There is no danger in queſtioning this Noctambule; I have heard of them would walk upon Ridges of houſes, guided by the Fiend, without danger, unleſs you awake them; Therefore we muſt ſpeak ſoftly; Stay, gentle ſhadow of my Love, and ſee how I will prove thy fears vain, and anger light, and thus catch thee in thy flight, by falling on thee in the Night; is't not ſo? Oh! there's a ſmile ſtill,

ſtill; I thought we had been arrived at the Court of ſorrow, where Jealouſie and deſpair, with ſnaky-hair, will not let us kiſs away our Care. (*He kiſſes her.*)

Angel. 'Tis well, Sir; your joys are full, and fortune ſmiles, purſu'd by choice of Beauties, oppreſs'd with thoſe bleſſings which others ſacrifice for in vain; All the *Cupids* that break looſe, and fly from the Cages in others breaſts, pearch, and build in yours; which is become their Neſts; while we poor famiſh'd Lovers are glad to feed upon ſuch broken bread as your heart will yield; ſuch wretches as your deſpis'd *Angellica*. Yet know, fond man, Love poyſon'd with a Juſt Anger; for perjur'd vows make the mortall'ſt hatred man can fall under; Nor doth thy heart know what dangers the fury of a Woman, rob'd of her hopes, and couzend of her Joys, threatens even againſt her Love.

Thom. Her blood was as black as any Inke, for ſhe did nought but think and think; If I were apt to fear what I love, how this would fright a man? There are thoſe would ſcarce recover their humor again to night; and there are ſome that ſuch a ſhort ſpeech, next their hearts, would make as Chaſt as Camphire; Prithee what Melancholly Planet hath rais'd this duſty ſtorm? *Harrigo* and I came to be merry, and laugh at other Lovers, whoſe neſts are on fire; and for ought I ſee, we ſhall have enough to do to quench our own; This is ſuch a Hymne you may ſing it to a Drum; I did not think you could have ſpoke ſuch a Raw-head and bloody-bones-ſpeech; What, is your anger ſo high, a man cannot have credit for a kiſs, or two?

Angel. A kiſs; who denies you a kiſs? (*He kiſſes her.*)

Thom. Now prithee, Sot, tell me, what difference can you find betwixt theſe and thoſe of yeſterday? What fond idle thoughts jealouſie would put into our heads! Why this fury on a ſudden? What, Don *Pedro* is jealous you will uſe me too well, and would have you believe I love the *Saretta*.

Angel. No, Sir, the *Saretta* cannot be my Fear; I know you ſcorn to marry her.

Thom. Scorn? why ſcorn? ſhee's a handſome woman.

Angel. I deny not her beauty; yet I am vain enough to believe neither Beauty nor Fortune ſhall have power to buy you from me; No, Sir, not the *Serulina's*; Do you ſtart? If her honour did not weigh the Scale more then they, *Angellica* could be proud, and confident as ſhe; 'tis honour, that Bubble, ſo priz'd by men, which all Covet, though none catch the ſhadow.

Harr. Come, you are melancholly; and when your paſſion is over, you will find this is but ſome plot of a jealous Rival. *Serulina?* That's an old ſtory, reviv'd only to Alarm your heart, and leſſen your kindneſs.

Angel. Yes, by thoſe that invented the bringing her to his houſe in diſguiſe too day; I do not know 'twas ſhe Don *Pedro* followed from the *Piazza*; nor how *Edwardo* tows'd her; and how ſhe refus'd to ſee her brother; Yes, Sir, I do know it; and he knows it too, and I believe will prevent your deſign.

Harr.

Harr. Upon my life you tell me wonders, and I think 'tis news to him; What say you? Is this true, or no?

Thom. Prithee leave fooling, Art thou mad too? *Serulina* come to my Chamber! I was not at hers these five years; Yes, she and the *Infanta* came together, Was it not so? and we play'd a Match at Foot-ball and a Set at Balloon there, and then went and rubb'd all three in a bed; the *Infanta* and I drank half a score Beer-glasses and parted: What a devil will not malicious men say, and jealous women believe? Pray feel, Have not I Horns, and you a Beard? next time *Don Pedro* comes I expect he should perswade you 'tis so; I thought you had had more wit and pride than to credit a Rival, or doubt your own power.

Ang. Again I tell you Sir, I want neither Pride nor Reason; but being guilty I have lost that flower which begets esteem as well as kindness, whose airy wealth you have kiss'd and blown away from these lips.

Tho. Honour! what is it? who ever got it from a woman? who knows his wife wants it? or who can say he got it let him produce it; For though we are bound, by faith, as Christians, to believe in things above Reason, yet I know no Law can make a Cuckold but by ocular proof, though your Christian Cuckolds will receive the opinion they have Horns like any Infidel; and what Saints have I heard those imaginary Beasts call Whores in my time: And what Whores have I seen the world adore for Saints! I thought you had known my humour better. Prithee what should I do in a chaste womans company, unless she were mine own? A chaste woman what is she good for? A sullen Fool, that makes it her business and her pride to vex Nature, and war with her Tail; A chast woman is Fish, and may be eaten in *Lent*, and never break a Fast: Cold bloud distinguishes the Creature; and if it be natural in her 'tis a Disease and not a Virtue; if otherwise, 'tis onely humour, and she but thinks she's chaste: I have had a woman my self that has lain with me, and all the while rail'd against Whores: Alas, 'tis but a kinde of Hypocondriack in the brain; And as some have thought they were Iron, so other men have thought themselves Glass: And some women, perhaps, think themselves chaste. *Bedlam*, O dear *Bedlam!* how full wouldst thou be if all mad folks were put in, though jealous Lovers were chain'd in their own houses. Come Sot, clear thy brow, and calm thy breast, and let these idle fears vanish; for I am of the old Race of men, and believe with the wiser part of the world; And where men had the highest fame, you know *Faustina* had a Temple, and *Bona dea* her Priests: The *Sybills* had their Altars too, and we their Oracles; but where are those that smoak in honour of that pale Disease, which some fools would dispute into fashion? a womans virtue child with a hard name.

Ang. All this blows the fire, which no Reason can quench, till you give me your faith not to marry: I ask no other ty upon you: Be as free as fish that glide through the deep, Be as wanton and unconstant as the fowl of the air; Fly, pearch, bill, nay, roost

any

any where; to this Bed when you will you ſhall be free and welcome as your home, and to you alone; Nor will I bid you marry me, becauſe I know your heart will ſtill upbraid me with want of honour.

Thom. Again that Herb *John* in the Porrage? I tell thee, Honour is as troubleſom to me as a ſmoaky houſe; and thoſe few women that have it are as impertinent as Bees at their Hives mouth, and will break nine Commandments to patch one; and to remove your doubts, know, if ever I marry, I pray for a kinde, ſweet, rich, young Whore that has wit: How civil I have ſeen ſuch a Wife to her Husband, ſo kinde, ſo tender of him when he comes home, ſo careful to pleaſe him, always in a good humour, and ſtill ſomething to give, or tell him, that agrees with his nature! but do not miſtake me, I would not have a tearing, ranting Whore, no *Doll Common*, no Tear-ſheet, a little whoriſh onely, one that good nature and opportunity might perſwade to liſten to a man that could beg a curteſie handſomly, or could buy a kindneſs diſcreetly, though he does not tell his Tale ſo feelingly as the other; ſuch a nature gets a man friends in Court and Countrey, and does more than all the pretence of virtue, old ſervice, or paſs'd actions. Give me a Petticoat can ſpeak againſt the power of Peace or War; Merit and Virtue may have their fits of Power with the powerful; but Beauty, kinde Beauty, if we guide her well, ſtill reigns in the hearts and mindes of men; ſuch an Advocate aws the Judge, and pleads before ſhe ſpeaks, and commands even them ſhe denies; What then will Beauty do when ſhe grants what we beg, or will her ſelf the Beggar prove? Beſides, ſuch a kinde nature onely ſeaſon'd with this guilt, ſo civillizeth a Woman, it awes her, and keeps her in bounds; a little guilt in that kinde is ſuch a Ring in a kinde natur'd heart, it leads them through fire to make ſatisfaction; eſpecially when they ſee a man has ſo much love as to make a Why-not, and overſee thoſe faults.

Harr. Yet we ſee what faults and humours men conform to, becauſe they are honeſt.

Thom. Come, no muſing; if women could be wiſe with thinking, I had as live be a horſe as a man; but thanks to kinde Nature, their mindes are not deep enough for Reaſon to ſink in, onely preſent accidents that ſwim above buſie their thoughts; they think, and think onely how often they have been coozen'd, never how to prevent it; Is it not ſo, Sweet-heart? Elſe *Don Pedro* would never have found your faith, that I am to marry *Serulina* to morrow, and came to whet my Knife upon *Angelica* to night; What ſay you, will you ſet an edge upon't? It will cut the Bride the better; Come *Harrigo*; ſhe's even as ſerious as we are hungry.

Ang. Not ſo ſerious as I was; yet I confeſs I would be glad to have as much reaſon for my hopes as I had for my fears.

Thom. Come, come, let's ſup and to bed, and take both thy arms-full of Reaſon, Sot.

Harr. Diſſembling Rogue. [*Exeunt.*

ACT.

ACT. IV. SCEN. II.

Enter Lucetta, Saretta, Paulina, *veil'd, and three* Bravo's *following them.*

Bravo. Which was he?

Sarr. That which went first, in the gray clothes with silver lace.

Bravo. 'Tis enough, leave the rest to us. [*Exeunt all but* Paulina.

Paul. Their mischief is bent against his life, which is too precious, in my esteem, to sell for a black revenge; and though she abuses the world with the opinion of our being Sisters, I that know the secret and my interest in that opinion will not so far wed her folly as to countenance a Ly with the price of his bloud whom I love; That Villain *Cornelio*, to eat his bread and betray him!---Here 'twas he entred, I'll knock and speak with him. [*She knocks.*

Anna. Who knocks? [*From above.*

Paul. A Friend, that must needs speak one word with *Don Thomaso*; 'tis business that concerns him.

Anna. Be gone in an evil hour; What do you haunt him in other womens houses? This is fine Impudence; Be gone, or I shall empty an Oleo or two that was eaten three days since upon your reverend Baudships head. My Mistris must not onely pray and pay for his company, but she must have Knights to defend her from Ladies Lovers Errands. Where is your Squire with his shield to defend this Chamber-pot, or his Wisp to cleanse you when I have done? See, here it comes; by S. *Jago*, if you stay but a pissing-while I'll throw it.

Paul. I must finde some way to tell him, he is lost else; there is is no disputing now; this Bawd will do me some affront if I stay---- *Don Harrigo* you are met in a happy hour.

She meets Harrigo *as he came out.*

Harr. Hah! *Paulina*, what, spying! jealous, upon my life; Why you see what frail things men are, especially young healthy men; Not a true Lover, Childe, in a hundred, that is to say, a constant Lover, but true to love Ninety nine. What, you hunt now? Why faith he's within, all to be-hugg'd and kiss'd as if thou hadst him in thine own arms.

Paul. You are merry Sir, and I am pleas'd to see it; but when you shall know 'tis no curious jealousie, but serious business, that brings me hither, such as concerns the life of your Friend, I doubt not but you'll assist in his preservation; but you must conceal me, because my Sister is engag'd; if you will walk you shall know the Design.

Harr. Since you are serious, let us retire; this comes of fooling; this Climate is too hot to suffer these severe Jests, which will pass in our thick Air. [*Exeunt.*

ACT.

ACT. IV. SCEN. III.

Enter Angellica, *and* Anna.

Anna. I Know not what ſhe was; ſome impudent thing that playes the ſpy upon him, and would fain have ſpoke with him; but I ſent her away without a reply.

Angel. I would I had ſeen her, for my jealous Heart ſtarts at every ſhadow now; I am afraid 'twas ſome one from *Serulina*, ſome Letter, or ſome Meſſage. See who knocks.

Enter Rogero, *with* Thomaſo's *black Cloathes.*

Anna. 'Tis *Rogero* with a bundle.

Angel. Bid him paſs into the next Room, and if ſhe returns call me, and be ſure to let her in; I am afraid ſhe has ſome notice of Don *Pedro*'s deſign, my Heart will have perpetual Alarms till ſhe be in a Nunnery; I fear nothing but his Marriage; I would he were as fit for my Hate, as he is for my Love; Or would I were as fit for his value, as I am for his deſire; Then I might hope to impale his wandring Mind as he has mine: My Heart was once as unlimitted, my Breaſt as untam'd, and as much common as his; Yet his Eyes have inclos'd it, which makes me blaſpheme Love that has deſtin'd me a ſlave to him that will not be my Lord.------See, he comes, I muſt retire, he'll be angry to ſee me ſad ſtill; And I confeſs he has Reaſon; for 'tis moſt unpleaſing to meet ſtorms where we ſeek our Pleaſure. [*Exit* Angellica. *Enter* Thomaſo.

Enter Thomaſo *in a Night-gown, and* Rogero *with him.*

Thomaſo. Prithee give thy Maſter that note, and diſpoſe of the Cloaths as we reſolv'd; You muſt be certain to deliver them to night, though it be late.

Rogero. I ſhall, Sir. [*Exit* Rogero.

Thomaſo. Villain, to betray us! Now I am certain, 'twas he diſcover'd *Serulina*'s being at my Houſe; The difficulty will be to follow our buſineſs to morrow, and yet avoid their Malice, unleſs this deſign take; The ſlave took my money, to hire the men to cut *Lucetta*'s face, and for ſo much more, told who ſet him on; But if I cry not quit to morrow, and ſtick a feather for his Gooſe, let him laugh at the change as well as at the Robbery. [*Exit* Thom.

Rogero *as he goes out with the cloathes drops a Letter out of* Thomaſo's *pockets, unſeen of either. Enter* Anna *and takes it up.*

Anna. He's a Bed, and I muſt call my Child, he'll be froward elſe. What have we here? A Letter, 'tis a womans hand, and directed to Don *Thomaſo*; 'Tis none of my Miſtriſſes, 'tis ſome of his other fools that complains; Some one whoſe Beauty he has reap'd; the Rogue payes not a ſigh of Rent for all his Love; I could afford to

poyſon the *Stallion*; would he were lapp'd in both our ſheets, ſo he were laid in his Grave; What a life have I had ſince I ſaw him! There has been a perpetual ſtorm in our Mindes; Reaſon, Love, and Intereſt, ſo diſorder'd, ſo ſhuffled together; 'twill waſte a year of happy hours to place our thoughts aright again. [*Enter* Angellica.

Angel. Where is he, in bed?

Anna. Yes, but here's a Letter cannot ſleep; I found it alone walking about the Chamber; the paper is guilty, and full of a foul Conſcience ſure; Pray will you ſhrive her.

She opens it and reads it to her ſelf, then ſtamps and tears her hair. Anna *runs to hold her.*

Angel. A Letter, give it me.----'Tis from her, that curſed name of *Serulina* is ſubſcrib'd, and confirmes all my fears; That name has ripen'd all my miſeries.

Anna. What ayles you? For loves ſake be quiet; Wretch that I was to give her the Letter.

Angel. 'Tis reſolv'd; Get me a pen and ink and put on your veil, while I write two lines to Don *Pedro* to encloſe this Letter; There's Malice for Malice; and I ſhall be Reveng'd at laſt, though my fears could not obtain his Love. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. IV.

Enter Harrigo, *and* Rogero.

Harrigo. 'TIs late; but you muſt be ſure to find *Edwardo* and *Ferdinando*, and give them this paper ere they ſleep; and conjure them as they love their lives to obſerve my directions early to morrow. Treacherous Villain, who could have fear'd ſuch a miſchief from one that breathes by our Charity? And had not this fooliſh girl exceeded in kindneſs as much as he has done in Villainy, he had inevitably fallen; But ſince we are advis'd, we ſhall find ſome way to prevent their Malice; I onely dread it may hinder our deſign, and diſappoint the fair *Serulina*; I muſt find ſome way to give her notice. [*Exit.*

Exit Rogero

ACT. IV. SCEN. V.

Serulina *and* Calis *appear above in her window.*

Serul. MY Heart dreads ſome miſchief; Their ſtay thus late makes me apprehend they will this night attempt us; Where are the keyes of the Garden?

Calis. Here, Madam.

Serul. Is my Cabinet and Jewels put up, and ſuch money as you found in the great box?

Calis. All is done as you ordered.

Serul. Then let us ſit quiet and hide the light; if they intend any force, thus diſguis'd and thus provided we may by the back door make our eſcape through the Garden to the Embaſſadours houſe; I have conſulted both Nature and Reaſon, and from neither find

find that right of Empire Brothers claim over Sisters; and since he resolves to arm himself with those advantages strength and custome gives him over our Sex, 'tis both Justice and Wisedom to provide for our safety; My desires have neither shame nor dishonour belonging to them; Justice and Gratitude both guide my Heart to serve him, that saved both Life and Honour.

Calis. I have a Dagger, and by my Life, the proudest He that dares lay hand upon you, a black mischief find me if I leave it not in his Breast; They have all such a care and kindness for your Portion; But were I you, I would build an Hospital with it ere they should have it.

Serul. See who knocks.----

Anna *knocks at the door.*

Calis. 'Tis too dark.

Serul. Listen then.

Porter within. Who knocks there?

Anna. A Friend, Master *Porter*; one that hath earnest business with Don *Pedro*; and a Letter for him that concerns him to see it to night.

Porter. He is not at home; but if you leave it he shall be sure of it when he comes in.

Anna. Are none of his Gentlemen up?

Porter. All the House, except my self, are a bed.

Anna. Pray do you take it, and give it when he comes.

Enter the Porter *with a Light.*

Calis. 'Tis *Anna*, the *Angellica*'s Nurse. Some mischief upon my Life.

Porter. Signora Anna, Caro Vecho, come in and pass an hour; I have *Esquiuris* and a Bisket; Come, we'll squeeze a Botto till he comes: Ha! you old Conjurer, how long is't since the Devil danc'd last in thy bawdy circle? Come into the Lodge, and let me brush the Cobwebs from thy corner.

Anna. You have *Bell Tiempo*, Master *Porter*; but I am now in haste, my Mistris stayes for me, and 'tis late; What a dumb House is here? Is this the Eve to such a Feast as a young Ladies Wedding? No spits going, no Cooks chopping, no pots seething, nor ovens heating? What, 'twill be a stolne Wedding.---Farewel, Master *Porter*. [*Exit* Anna.

Porter. What a pox ayles her to talk thus? I hope they will not offer to marry my young Lady without telling me of it.

Serul. 'Tis clear; we are betray'd, I find by her discourse, and they are now upon some design to prevent us.

Calis. Let's be gone before they come; 'tis better to prevent such a mischief, and easier then to resist it.

Serul. I would fain see that Letter first; There may be some light in our business, something may guide our Resolutions; Dear *Calis*, no trick to catch it?

Calis. I'll warrant you the Letter, Madam. [*Exit* Calis.

Por. These flesh flies how they haunt the shambles! pox take her, she would not see him two days since; and now a Mid-wife will not be so

He sticks the Letter in the window. haunted as he.---So, stick thou there, that I may find thee when he comes in; some great concern, no question.

Enter Calis, *and peeps after him.*

Calis. So, he's earth'd in his lodge; now for my design, if I can find the window, 'tis done; See, here 'tis; now for a piece of the Chamber-maids virtue, tread lightly; the hundred Arts that we must learn, speak softly, see quickly, hear half sounds, read looks, keep her secrets, and betray all others; smile when she smiles; frown, hate, and love, as she doth; lie with her, for her, either under, or upon her; and (unless a Nunns) on my Conscience ours is the wickedst kind of Innocent Life women can practise. *Exit* Calis.

Serul. She stays long.

She opens it, and finds her own Letter inclos'd in one of the Angellica's, *and starts at it.* *Calis.* The Rogue stood entertaining himself with his own shadow till now: But here 'tis.

Serul. Give it me.------What a chance is this? We had been all undone if this accident had not hapned. By this you'll find mine were no idle fears; 'tis well we are in a readiness, for we have no time to spare; Early in the Morning we must pursue our design.

She gives Calis *the Letter to read.* *Calis.* What a false Quean is this, to take advantage and abuse his Trust! Malicious and jealous Devil! what mischief must this have bred had it come to Don *Pedro*'s hands?

Serulina. Yet I find by this, they are not in a readiness to execute any plot against us; And they shall find, though I stoop to the God that bears the bow, yet I will not hold the plough; My Heart and Mind shall become his Priest; no stooping Hind.

ACT. IV. SCEN. VI.

Enter Ferdinando, Edwardo, Cornelio: Edwardo *is undressing himself.*

Cornelio. COme now, this is but singing a long Psalm, better resolve and leap into her Bed; When you are there, I must leave you; Don *Thomaso* has sent me the Clothes, and I'll be as fine as any of you to morrow.

Edwardo. Now do I tremble to go to hed, lest she should roll me betwixt her fingers, or crack me like vermin against her bedpost: But since it must be, come Captain, let's part like Friends; and if we do live to meet again, this danger will be mirth; Pray Captain get witnesse ready against the Morning, for I'll not lie with her another night without a grate betwixt us: This night will make my plea good in Law, else nothing but Honour should engage me to charge her breach again.

Ferd. And mine is such a small kitt, I fear I shall make no musick upon her; The little fool sits so quiet, and pearches upon my Breast like a bird; I onely chirrip to her when I call her, and she peeps me an answer like a Chicken. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT.

ACT. IV. SCEN. VII.

Enter Don Pedro, Johanne, *and* Carlo.

Pedro. HOw merry he was when he heard the design was not made to abuse him! only a trap to catch the Englishman.

Johan. Yes, but I observ'd him; and he is angry still for all his mirth, and not displeas'd when he heard her face was cut.

Carlo. His fall from the window was a worse bruise to his body then *Edwardo*'s to his purse, and will be longer in recovering; to morrow we shall hear what her friends will do to revenge her; I am told the two Sisters and she are upon a design; *Cornelio* has confest *Thomaso* set them on.

Johan. I would 'twere done, it might be some advantage to my business.

Port. Sir, there's a Letter for you in the Window.

Pedro. From whom?

Port. That I know not, Sir; 'twas a woman brought it, some Caterpillar.

Pedro. Send it in; is my Sister a bed?

Port. A bed! 'tis almost day, Sir.

Pedro. Was any body here to speak with her to night?

Port. Not any body.

Pedro. If there be any body inquires for her, give me notice; we must be early up, ho, to morrow; and, pray, send to invite Don *Alphonso* to dine with us, and resolve upon our business.

Johan. You must be sudden, you know she has a high spirit, and wants neither wit nor resolution to deliver her self from your power, if once she imagine your intention.

Pedro. 'Tis resolv'd, and I have already mov'd it to the Abbess, in case she should refuse; but I hope better, for she knows *Thomaso* lyes this night with *Angellica*; which humour will take off the edge of a womans kindness, what ere they pretend, when she sees a man in the height of his wooing haunt the beds and conversations of common Whores; what can a discreet woman hope from him when he is surfeited upon her youth and beauty, that can now when a fancy and imagination labours in his longing mind, throw himself into the arms of every prostitute? but of this to morrow, 'tis late. Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. VIII.

Enter Calis *and* Harrigo, *she delivers him a Cabinet and a Letter.*

Har. YOu are early; is your Lady stirring?

Cal. Yes, Sir; she is early up, for she went not to bed; her Brothers stay, having notice of his intention, made us expect to

to see the success, still resolv'd by the Garden gate to make our escape hither; nor will you wonder, Sir, at our trouble when you consider that Letter.

Calis *gives* Harrigo *the Letters* Angellica *sent to Don* Pedro.

Har. 'Tis enough, I'll take care for all; and desire your Lady to be confident in her resolution, and she shall find all safety here, and in us a readiness such as our enemies dare not dispute.---Give this key to your Lady, and observe the door; when the Porter sees this, she may pass without unveiling her self; I have given him his instructions.--- The Devils sure are in the breasts of these women; what will their malice do, if they express their love thus dangerously? had this Letter come to Don *Pedro*'s hand she had certainly dy'd for't: and *Thomaso* is a beast not to burn Papers of such consequence: this is Wine, and those Women are accurs'd that have a friendship where 'tis lov'd: for though it has a thousand friendships made, all women know how many secrets it hath betray'd. [*Exit.*

He gives her a key.

Exit Calis.

ACT. IV. SCEN. IX.

Enter Thomaso *and* Rogero: Thomaso *is in his Spanish habit and white Perriwig.*

Thom. 'TIs well, thank your Master; tell him I will not fail to observe his directions, and find him at his Chamber.-----I found her chang'd in my arms, she had not craft enough to hide her anger; what a Dog was I not to burn the Letter? but see the difference betwixt a vertuous passion and a lustful flame; *Serulina*, busie to prevent my mischief, her noble mind forgot all my crimes to her; while the others, malicious and bloody, design'd nothing less then the ruine of us all. But Love and Fortune, kinder then either my merit or hopes could promise, has blown over the storm; and now I know their malice, if I prevent it not, I ought to fall unpitied; it vexes me she should be guilty of so mean an action, because I thought her of a gallant temper, but she's a common Whore; and this life of mine, that which some men may pass some moneths in for humour, but no trade for men of honour; Wisdom and Conscience bids us seek a Nest ere Age and Diseases find us; and where we spend our youth with Faith and Love, there man ought to expect patience for the impertinency of Age: 'tis sad to be out of doors in the Winter of our Age. A gray Wanderer is but a bad Tragedy to himself, though an old Beggar may be a Comedy to others: These thoughts, and the noble nature of this vertuous Maid, have made me resolve to abjure this humour; and having bid farewel to all the follies of my youth vow my whole thoughts to the friendship of the fair *Serulina*; a maid, whose Dower and Beauty may satisfie an avaritious heart and a wandring eye; yet those are

Exit Rogero.

are bleſſings may be found in other women; but her mind is a ſingle virtue, and to me conſtant kind, her love a chaſte full ſtream, which no out-lets of friendſhip, or likings, has exhauſted or leſſen'd. The ſtream always bent on one object; and my heart ſhall faithfully meet her, and the Wanderer ſhall in this friendſhip prove he has in all his paſt flames but practis'd how to love. Yet *Paulina*'s kindneſs is as remarkable as the malice and treachery of the reſt; poor *Paulina*, for whom I have ſtill regret; whoſe kind heart has endur'd the teſt, and is of all ill women that I have known the beſt. [*Exit.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. X.

Enter Philippo, *and three* Bravoes, Lucetta *her face bound up.* Saretta *and* Paulina.

Saret. MArried!

Lucet. Yes, married.

Philip. Two days ſince, to the Monſters; and ſo privately, 'tis yet a ſecret to Don *Thomaſo*; only *Cornelio* and the Mountebank were of the plot, by vertue of whoſe Powder they were won; their Guardian too conſented, and has his ſhare in the Portions; and the Brides are now at *Thomaſo*'s houſe, where they have prepar'd a publick dinner.

Saret. Hell upon their luck, they are as rich as *Peru*; and thoſe Vagabonds will only remit their money home, and leave them.

Paul. 'Tis but juſtice; the Jews their Parents couzen'd the poor of a Nation to give it to theſe Monſters; and 'tis but equal the Jew their Guardian ſhould revenge their truſt.

Lucet. Come, we have no time left to loſe in talking; our deſign expects us; and if all hit right we may light other Torches then Hymens yet ere night.

Philip. Their feaſt will advance our buſineſs, and make them leſs curious to obſerve or ſuſpect our motions; *Sanco* the Rogue has fail'd us, I met him this morning as gay and fine as the Sun, and flowers in *June*, going in all haſte to Court; and promiſes himſelf ſome fortune by my Powder: but he ſhall find I have malice too, ſuch as ſhall to the Guard betray the impoſtor, and make him in the Galley find my *Quondam* Father Boat-ſwain, fit for ſuch a Rogue a Foiſter.

Saret. At the corner of the *Piazza* we'l expect you, where from the *Carmelites* we may ſtand and ſee which way he takes; and when 'tis done 'tis but ſtepping in and we are ſafe, or paſs through the Venetian Embaſſadours which is but three doors off.

Philip. Take no care for us; be but ſecret and ſilent, and leave us to our fortune. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT.

ACT. IV. SCEN. XI.

Enter Thomaſo, Harrigo, *and* Rogero.

Har. THe news; where are they? will they come?

Rog. Yes, Sir; they will follow immediately; but I found them and the houſe in ſuch a confuſion, 'tis a Jubilee at home; there is a whole Kitchin full of Cooks at work all over the yard, and ſuch loads of Meat and Wine.

Thom. What cauſe, prithee, for all this joy, or rather madneſs? this is *Freds* fooling, a piece of country wit, always out of ſeaſon; you ſhall find him play M. Juſtice *Over-do* to day in ſpite of counſel, I perceive the Plot; now do they intend to ſurprize us with a Wedding dinner, which may, perhaps, give ſuch an alarm to her Brothers jealouſie as will beget ſome more miſchief, or haſten the old; A pox upon them and their Grand Jury jeſts; they are as unſeaſonable here as long Graces at their feaſt.

Rog. Your worſhip is miſtaken, Sir, in the cauſe; they are both married, and have been theſe two days.

Thom. Married!

Rog. Yes, Sir, to the two monſters the Captain us'd to ſpeak of; I ſaw them both, one ſits in the yard, for the houſe will not hold her; ſhe's as big as the Saint *Chriſtopher* in *Noſtre Dame*, and the other looks like the *Chriſto* upon his ſhoulders.

Thom. Did'ſt thou ſee them?

Rog. I ſaw them, Sir, and the Mountebank with 'em, whoſe Powder got them; they'l be here immediately, and reſolve you themſelves.

Thom. This is what I have always propheſi'd; marry two Monſters! what chicken-hearted Rogues are theſe to be cow'd with one misfortune!

Har. What work this ſtory will make in Town! By this light, there will be no living in *Madrid* for and Engliſh-man; the very name will entitle us to Green Hats; ſee where they come.

Enter Edwardo *and* Ferdinando *ſhaking their pockets, and ſhewing Rings upon their fingers.*

Ferd. Save thee, ſweet ſoul, and thy friend; what, how goes buſineſs? is this the day thou vow'ſt to Hymen? 'twill be a national Wedding I ſee.

Thom. But is it for certain you two have done this horrible thing?

Edw. Yes, By this light, we have done it, By this fire, By this ſound, By theſe clothes, 'tis done and done, a bargain y'faith, wedded and bedded, which we believe no ſmall action; and 'twas I that encounter'd with the Gyant.

Thom. This is the common trick of Rogues; when they have done an ill act to ſtand in it; and theſe are grown as impudent as carted Bauds.

Edw.

Edwardo. As Friends we ask your mercy in this caſe; and if you be good men you will have mercy upon our beaſts too.

Thom. But 'tis a Monſter, an ugly Monſter.

Edwardo. Not ſo, ſhe has Beauties, divers and ſundry Beauties, which I can really enjoy, and ſhall laſt Ages; a Houſe and Family, fed and furniſhed, me thinks a pleaſing Beauty: her Hand has another grace, for the Beauty of her mark onely findes credit, and her Bills are honour'd through the World; Come *Thomaſo*, he that has Money has all; Money ſpeaks ſence, 'Tis Beauty, 'tis Honour; and he that has it not ſhall finde the reſt but idle nothings: What care I to keep any Mans Opinion, or any Womans friendſhip: when the old will not I'll buy new; Money will make a Lyar ſpeak true; you ſee the virtue of a Wager, the new Philoſophical Argument lately found out to decide all hard Queſtions.

Ferdinando. Theſe Trappings are the Beauties of our Brides, they give no Ribbands nor Braids of Hair; when I would wear her Favours ſhe can fell a thouſand Acres of Wood, Excremental Beauties which their Eſtate can better ſpare, and 'twill grow ſooner again than a Lock of Hair; from thoſe Lillies with the white Faces which you believ'd had ſo ty'd up our hearts; No, Childe, we have learn'd to chooſe better; for beſides theſe Beauties of the Houſe and Field, you ſhall ſee ſtanding at the Door four Foot-men and a Velvet Coach, with ſix *Flanders* Graces more, which wait ready to hurry us to thoſe Pleaſures that expect us; for theſe Keys open all Doors.

Thomaſo. And what becomes of all our Vows in *Croyden?* the bowed Two-pence and the Garter which was given with tears becauſe the Preſent ſpoil'd the Pair; that Garter ſo bekiſs'd and worn till 'twas a louſie Relique? All is forgot I ſee; the Cream and Sugar is digeſted too, and all the memory of Sack-Poſſets, though eaten with the ſame Spoon, that dainty way of expreſſing a Countrey paſſion, ſo to eat each others Slaver, quite aboliſh'd, all; neither that nor the Charms of *Valentine*, pluck'd Daſies, nor Yarrow, St. *Ann's* Viſion, nor her Faſt, nor Ground-Willow under her Lovers Head, charms now: All theſe Magick Rites, believ'd as oft as try'd, and confirm'd by a Pea with nine, when in ſtepp'd *Ned* and *Fred*, whoſe Names had been the Night before nine times choſen out of the Aſhes; and what crowns all, the ſacred Tomes of *Ptolomy*, who with In and In ſent us to *Haly* the firſt and ſecond for that Fortune which ſhe and you then believ'd next (if not before) the Holy Writ; but all theſe ſteps of Love a Monſter has trod out with her *Herculean* foot.

Edw. Yes, that monſter is my Wife, and at worſt but my Trade; and good ſevere Sir, will you not allow a man an honeſt Calling to get a Living by? You'll ſail a ſtorm at Sea in a ſtink-

ing ſhip and be louſie, ſtarv'd and roaſted under ſeveral Climes for the gain of ſo much *per cent.* or flatter a faithleſs Tradeſman, or a leſs faithfull Court, and wait upon Preferment till a Dropſie ſwell your Legs; Why, this Monſter is my Place at Court, my Ship at Sea, my Vocation; and when Honour calls me here I charge, and Cuſtome will reconcile all; and the danger grows ſo common I ſhall not fear it; and for a little patience here I purchaſe all my pleaſure.

Ferd. You or he will let the Dog that loves you kiſs you, and cheriſh every beaſt that's kinde to you; Is our caſe worſe, what, for their money live with theſe tame beaſts? and is it not better to ſuffer for a time the Worlds nine days Wonder, than an Ages ſcorn, for being a perpetual Cuckold, as thouſands are, who vow to that faithleſs thing call'd Beauty? Our houſes may be haunted with Wonderers; but we are ſure to finde no Lovers there; for my ſmall Bird is ſo lean ſhe's neither good in the Field nor Bed, which makes me ſecure none of *Cupid*'s Falkoners will fly at her; And for *Ned*'s, I would fain ſee him that dares attempt her Honour either by force or flattery.

Thom. And when young *Aſcupat* ſhall be born wilt thou make him a Chriſtian Giant, or no? Sir *Bevis* of *Croyden*, by this hand *Ned*, if it were mine it ſhould never be chriſtned; a baptiz'd Giant ſounds ſneakingly; the laſt holy one you ſee ſhrunk from *Chriſtophoro* to S. *Kit.* Prithee let thine be an *Ethnick* Knight and run wilde in the *Wilde* of *Kent*, a Pagan of the *Pagans* in *Surry*, and breed ſome new *Romances*; onely breed him a Cavalier, that he may fight with the *Palmerines*, *Olivers*, and the *Rolands* of the Age, for the Legiſlative Lady, and I promiſe thee a Patent to ſhew him thy ſelf; a favour, but that you are a Friend to the Maſter of the Revels, you ſhould not eaſily obtain, the ſhewing your own Monſter; and 'twill be worth your care, betimes, leſt ſome Committee be appointed to do it; Thou art undone if thou doſt not prevent it, they will ſo imbezel thy Monſter.

Rogero. Sir, *Calis* is at door.

Harrigo. Tell her we are all ready, and will follow her immediately ------ Come, we are expected; *Calis* has given the ſign.

Ferdinando. And what is it we are to do, beſides being laugh'd at? if that be all we'll return; for there are two Pots boyling, in whoſe Porrage we are concern'd two hundred thouſand deep.

Thom. We muſt be all in a readineſs to attend the Deſign wherein *Serulina* is concern'd; if it thrive we ſhall have a home too; but that's not all, for *Harrigo* tells me that *Cornelio* has betray'd us to *Lucetta*; and ſhe knows 'twas we that ſet the *Bravo's* to cut her face; that and the *Serulina's* being at my houſe, *Harrigo's* meſſage

to

to her, All, all is betray'd; and we have onely this morning to prevent their mischief; which now we are warn'd of if we fall into we deserve no pity.

Edw. Come, let's away; be you sure to strike first, let that be the sign; and if we do not make some of them stand off we'll fall by them; What a pox, abuse me, and think I dare not be angry?

Thom. The Embassadour's Coach and Servants attend us, but we must not let them appear in the *Piazza*, for giving jealousie; the onely thing I conjure you as friends is, not to let your passion transport you if any accident happen, so as to pursue your revenge rather than our Design; but keep together, and that woman you see me take by the hand, do what lies in friends to protect her from those that shall attempt us.

Har. The Porter will be ready at the Gate to receive all those that retire thither.

Ferd. 'Tis enough, we are instructed.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. XII.

Enter Angellica *and* Anna.

Ang. 'Tis late, I wonder *Don Pedro* comes not; *Thomaso* I fear suspected my being displeas'd, he was so serious and so silent when we parted; Are you sure my Letter was delivered to *Don Pedro* last night?

Anna. Either last night, or early this morning.

Ang. Then I hope, he is now about the Design; Come get our old veils, and hide close; if you see *Don Pedro* as we pass, speak to him that he meet me at the *Carmelites*; my heart will finde no peace till she be dispos'd of.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

Enter Don Pedro, Carlo, *and* Johanne, *and meet* Lucetta, Saretta, *and* Paulina.

Pedro. There they are; Come Ladies, this Disguise is so thin we see through it.

Sar. Pray Sir, let us go; we wonder you are not in disguise too, 'tis a strange confidence; considering your injuries, that you dare be seen; 'tis so poor and so mean an impudence as makes us scorn to

converſe with ſuch white *Spaniards*: you *Caſtilians*! and ſuffer your ſwords, Siſter, and Miſtris, to be taken from you by a flock of *Dutch-men*, a Band of Gipſies, a Troop of vagabond wandring ſtrangers, an old caſhier'd Corporal and his Squadron.

Pedro. *Switzers* with two-colour'd Coats, Knaves of divers colours, black and white Knaves, ſuch *Proteans* a Lady knows not when to love or hate them; diſſembling Knaves that make women kiſs them when they ſhould beat them; froward Rogues that ſcratch Ladies faces; Fie upon them, go, go, naughty men; come give me a ſtroke, I'll beat them.

Luc. 'Tis well Sir, and an eaſie thing to wound a naked woman; but though I bear his mark, if we ſtrike not as deep in our revenge let them deſpiſe us, as we do you for being ſuch tame *Dons*, ſuch muzled Knights that dare onely be furious when women diſpleaſe you, and yet let theſe wandring ſtrangers put Bits in your mouths, command and ride you, ſpur your ſides till your hearts are galled, and yet you neither kick nor ſtumble before them; See if we prove ſuch Jadey ſlaves as to ſuffer this—— [*Ex. the women.*

Joh. Pray let's follow them; 'twill be good ſport to ſee them tear his hair and ſcratch his eyes.

Carlo. I have no great expectation nor apprehenſion from their anger; I know their humour too well; but believe it, the *Angelicaes* is a reſolv'd hatred, and likely to make a miſchief; for he has us'd her ſo courſely that ſhe rages without all bounds.

Pedro. I am glad to ſee him pay my ſcores there, for ſhe uſeth me as ill as he uſeth her, but I ſhall ſpoil his great deſign, and put him in worſe company, and fill his minde with lower thoughts.

Joh. Were that once paſt, and ſhe in the Monaſtery, you would quickly ſee his fire of ſtraw burnt out. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCEN. II.

Enter the Bravo's, *then enter* Thomaſo *and his Company looking after them.*

Saretta. FOllow cloſe, I ſaw him croſs the *Piazza*, we'll ſtep into this Church, at the corner you'll be ſure to meet him.

Bravo. Walk not ſo faſt, people obſerve it.

[*Exeunt Bravo's and Wenches at two ſeveral Doors.*

Thom. There they go; and thoſe Souldiers are they *Bravo's*; mark them and be ready, leſt they attempt us.

Ferd. Attempt us! why they are fewer than we; Prithee let's beat them firſt; I'll pick his meſſage out of his mouth with my Dagger; What a pox, it ſhall never be ſaid, Three Rogues made four of us walk muffled in *Madrid*.

Harr. Prithee be quiet, the Game plays it ſelf, onely keep an eye upon them. [*Enter* Angellica *and* Anna.

Thom. See the *Angellica* and *Anna*; let us ſtep into the Church till they are paſt. *Exeunt* Thomaſo *and his company.*

Ang.

Angel. I saw Don *Pedro* follow us; stay at the Corner and deliver your message. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Serulina *and* Calis.

Serul. Did you see him, *Calis?*

Calis. Yes, Madam, they are before; and We shall overtake them at the Church.

Serul. Be diligent, dear *Calis*, for all is at stake, my whole peace lay'd down; 'Tis our first, and last venture, if Fortune frown.

Calis. Walk softly, Madam, 'tis he, I'll turn, and speak to him.

Serul. Who are these that stand at the Church door?

Calis. By my life Don *Pedro* is one of them; step off, and stand close, for I see Don *Thomaso* coming. [*Exeunt both to the door.*

Enter Cornelio, *in* Thomaso's *Lac'd Suit.*

Cornel. So, now I have my Ends too, and perhaps those wits will be catch'd, and their scores pay'd by some as malicious as themselves. *Con* is a fool, yes, yes; But the fool has money and Clothes too.

The Bravoes *peep, and Shoot* Cornelio, *he Staggers, and falls upon his face;* Serulina *and* Calis *Shreek,* Serulina *falls in a swound as she comes in.*

Calis. Lost, undone, for ever ruin'd.

[*Enter* Saretta, Lucetta, *and* Paulina, *at the other door.*

Paul. So may all Treacherous Villains be rewarded.

(Saretta *and* Lucetta *Spurn* Cornelio *as he lies.*)

Saret. There lie, insolent, and false; now boast the Affronts you have done us.

Bravo. Come away, Ladies, there is no staying here.

Enter Thomaso *and his Friends, they draw, and set upon the* Bravoes, *they wound and beat them off the Stage.* Saretta, Lucetta, *and* Paulina, *run off the Stage when they Fight, and as he pursues them finds* Serulina *and* Calis *upon the ground.*

Thom. Bloody Villains; ha! what's here; by my life, 'tis she; I know the Ribband, there is the sign; *Harrigo, Edwardo, Ferdinando,* hold, as you love me, here's our business.

Calis. Don *Harrigo?*

Harr. Calis? 'tis she, struck with the mistake of the Clothes.

Thom. Do you follow, let me alone to carry her off.

Thomaso *takes up* Serulina *in his arms, carries her, and the rest follows.* [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT,

ACT. V. SCEN. III.

Enter Pedro, Johanne, *and* Carlo.

Pedro. SHot?

Johan. Si, Shot dead they say, and see where he lies.

Pedro. Bloody Devils; see where they stand at the Church-door, and brave the Act. [*Enter* Harrigo, Edwardo *and* Ferdinando.

Harr. So, that work is well over; Now let's see what is become of that unlucky fool; who have we here? Don *Pedro* and his Company, have they a hand in it? Sir, this is an Action both unworthy your birth, & Profession, to set a Murderer to revenge your quarrel.

Ferd. Death, why do you talk with him, have they not Swords by their sides? beat them till they draw.

Edw. Let's fight for our Lives, 'tis better then be shot like birds sitting; is this your Spanish Gallantry? draw your sword, Sir.

Harr. Hold, what needs this fury?

Pedro. Be not rash in your passion; Our innocence makes us pass by your trouble, which we know ought to be concern'd in a friends Murther, though we scorn the guilt of so base an action; and though there were some reasons to make me unsatisfied with your friend, yet I scorn such a Revenge; and there stand those that will not deny the Act; 'tis true, I heard they had some design upon him; But, by my life and honour, I could not imagine it had been bloody, only some mirth to return his Jest; else it had been easie to have prevented this mischief, which I should have gladly done; for by my life, I not only lov'd, but valued him.

Harr. This Lazy Villain stays so long with the Surgeon too. Sir, We beg your pardon; For finding you upon the Place, and having notice of your displeasure, it look'd as if you would have avow'd the action; and I am glad with all my soul to find Don *Pedro* Innocent.

Pedro. Sir, I love my Sister, and shall with all honour endeavour the making of her happy; but if there be no way to compass it without a Murder, 'tis a rate at which I shall neither purchase hers nor mine own happiness; Nor did I ever urge any thing injurious against *Thomaso*, for I always esteem'd him a Gentleman, and a Souldier; One, to whom (I confess) she owes her life and honour; an Obligation I would gladly have pay'd at a cheaper price then a Sister.

Harr. See, he stirs, Help *Fred.*

(*They turn him, and shew his face, and discover 'tis* Cornelio.)

Paul. So, now they will find their Errour, and my malicious Friends repent their Folly.

Johan. Ha! *Cornelio*!

Edw. Yes, Gentlemen, 'tis *Cornelio.*

Saret. Ha, the Captain!

Lucet. What Devil put this Ass in the Lyons skin? We are all undone, and forfeit to his scorn, and the Justice too; lost and destroy'd by a mistake, and shall perish without Revenge; who went for the Surgeon? *Pedro.*

Pedro. I am glad 'tis no worſe; though this be a ſad accident, yet the ſafety of the other will allay the grief, and this miſchief but juſt, for I am confident he was guilty of the deſign, and has through all the day play'd the ſpy among us. [*They carry off the body of* Cornelio.

Lucet. Saretta, how came this wretched fool in theſe Clothes?

Har. I'll inform you; Do you ſee this Lady? how do's her goodneſs upbray'd thy malice, that could'ſt, for the Revenge of a Jeſt, deſign the murder of her Friend? Eſpecially knowing how falſe the pretence of Siſter is; which though ſhe was content to hide, for Intereſt, yet 'twas folly to believe ſhe would with a lie, and a Murder, ſatisfie thy malice; fear not, *Paulina*; Thy good nature ſhall finde friends, when juſtice and ſhame has made *Saretta* hide her head. And in ſhort, Know, we heard your Bravoes had no other mark to diſtinguiſh *Thomaſo* by; then thoſe Clothes which made us fit them to a perſon, who, you ſee, is taken in his own Plot.

Edw. And, for you, Lady bright, that thought to have had me cold meat in your Kitchin; By this light, I will have that Noſe, and flay thee here at the Church door; do not think 'tis your ſcratch'd face ſhall excuſe you. ---- And but that I fear the whores blood is ſo invenom'd it would ſpoil a good ſword, the earth ſhould not ſave thee now. *He has hold of* Lucetta *all this while.*

Ferd. Hold, prithee, 'tis the Hangmans Office; he bleeds them twice a year with a whip.

Lucet. 'Tis well nature has arm'd you againſt us; But if I had thought our Revenge would have been thus ſlow, I would not have been within the danger of your threats now.

Pedro. Sir, this is no time to give you the particulars; elſe I am confident I could remove all your diſpleaſure againſt this poor girl.

Enter Angellica *and* Anna. Angellica *runs to Don* Pedro.

Angel. What do you amuſe your ſelf at in this miſtake? haſte, and ſave your ſiſter; Your modeſt Maiden ſiſter; I ſaw her fall in a ſwound at the ſhot, while *Thomaſo* and another put her into the Embaſſadours Coach; She, you, and I, are all loſt, if not immediately prevented.

Pedro. My Siſter? This Rape ſhall be dearly pay'd for; Cannot a Virgin pay her devotions to the Church without violence? Sure there is Law and Power enough to revenge this.

[*Exit* Pedro *and his Company.*

Edw. Yes faith, the Gentlewoman is gone; and that damn'd Souldier has all to be married her by this time; What a fool 'tis, to neglect the *Angellica* for *Serulina*? There's not above two hundred thouſand Crowns to boot; Nay, nay, be no angry ſweet heart, nor do not frown, wee'll find thee another man.

Angel. Fools cannot Anger me, eſpecially Stript, beaten, couzen'd fools; I deſpiſe their Anger and their praiſe; and 'twas all my Quarrel with *Thomaſo*, for keeping ſuch mouthes company, ſuch Monſter-Mongers; and he was in the right in his anſwer; Alas, what can one expect from Hobynoles, that are cut out of Fools Tymber? Prithee enquire

enquire out Fairs and Feasts, and joyn betimes with some motion men, and go halfs in your Monsters; If your Comrade had not been another kind of man you might have drawn like a Team, in your Trots, e're any Jade of you all had found a Stable in my house; who now, I fear, is gone for ever.

Saret. No matter, would thy heart were burst with Envy, or with Grief; and may thy Love turn to as great a mischief to thy self, as it has been a Curse to us.

Edw. No, no, shee's wise, a shrew'd crafty One, a witch of *Lombardy*; she Couzen'd? not she; her thousand Crowns is but put to use; *Thomaso*, you know, is turn'd Banker; Faith I would you had some more Bags to spare, here is a poor Cozen'd fool would so love you for them, so sigh out all your Praises; I can flatter too, and you know what a pleasure 'tis to be couzen'd in good Language.

Saret. 'Twas your vanity and Madness set him up; His starv'd soul was tame and lean before, till your folly cherish'd the Frozen Viper, who now has bit us all; What do we stay here for? to Invite and Tempt the Justice? Let's away and preserve Our selves; Who knows but we may yet gain a Revenge; 'twas *Paulina*'s falshood betray'd us all.

Angel. I can resolve of nothing, my mind is so divided. [*Exe. Omn.*

ACT. V. SCEN. IV.

Enter Thomaso, Serulina, *and* Calis.

Thoma. PRay be at Peace with your self, and all other storms will cease; *Harrigo* has sent word there is no danger of Death, the shot having struck no mortal part. I confess, This mischief had like to have spoil'd all, had not my Trick been better then theirs; For the Bravo had no other mark to know me by; with which I pay'd two debts, his Treachery, and my Promise; But I must acknowledge my life and safety to poor *Paulina*.

Serul. Where are your Friends? are they in safety?

Thom. From all but their Monsters.

Serul. Pray be serious, are they married?

Thom. 'Tis most certain; why do you Tremble now? when by a Miracle all is safe, and your self, the chief part of our Care, in a Place where no Injury can touch you?

Serul. I am not troubled now; But you cannot expect to finde the mind quiet assoon as the Reason; The Alarm my fears took cannot be so soon compos'd; you must allow some time to place again what the storm disorder'd; 'Tis but a Minute since I found my self miserable; and this change of happy Fortune had like to have finish'd with Joy the dangers which despair begun; Nor shall I find a perfect peace till my Brother and you are friends; and here I make it my first suit to you, that you will for my sake bear with his Passion; And as he by an Extravagant Anger may express the value of a Sister he conceives lost; so you will shew your Esteem of me, by bearing patiently his Injury.

Thom.

Thomaſo. I were moſt unworthy of your Commands, if they did not bind me above all Intereſt or Paſſion; But this is a Command ſo agreeable to my own wiſh, that I am obliged to it by mine Inclination as well as Obedience, which ſhall alwayes ſpeak me a faithful and an humble Servant.

Serul. Were this ſtorm over, how happy ſhould we be!

Thomaſo. 'Tis over; onely the fear remains which thus raiſes theſe billows in your Heart.

ACT. V. SCEN. V.

Enter Edwardo.

Edw. UNdone, undone; Fool that I was, covetous, unthankful Fool, undone, for ever undone.

Enter Ferdinando, *pulling in the* Mountebank *all beaten and torne.*

Ferd. Slave, Cheat, Villain, Thief; thou ſhalt die no other death but boyling in thine own broth to a damn'd jelly, ſpoon-meat for the Devil thy Maſter, ſlave.

Edw. Ferd!

Ferd. Ned!

They look upon each other and ſhrugg.

Edw. O Curſed Rogue, two hundred thouſand Crowns in porrage! Let's fley the Rogue ere we boyl him, he'll be the tenderer for the old Devils tooth; A Crooked Rogue with a wry Soul too; he'll lie in the diſh like a ſtarv'd Hen with two breaſt-bones; a carrion ſlave, how he looks!

Ferd. This was your doings, *Ned*; I am bound to curſe thee; he has ſpoyl'd the fineſt little tidy Jewel of a wife, juſt a wife and no more; Fool, that I was, I muſt be trying concluſions, and make a Monſter of a miracle.

Edw. And I, that had all things in plenty; Fool, dull Fool, fortune and wife enough for a Pariſh, to loſe all in a Cullice! I have ſought and ſkumm'd the pot, and cannot find a bit of her; I am afraid the Devil and the Cook were agreed to rob the pot of the whole fleſh; what a meſs of Eve and pudding will the Letcher have to his Supper! [*The* Mountebank *as he lies on the ground.*

Mount. Alaſs Gentlemen, I am not too blame; your wine and kindneſs made me forget ſome Rules; I ſhall never love Mace, nor tope again; I told you then my brain was weak, nor am I faulty; I did my part, and prepar'd your Baths fit for my experiment; A nobler work had never been done, nor prouder Subject of my Art will never be ſhewn, had not that curſed Wine made us forget to limit the operation and proportion in the charm, to ſuch or ſuch a form; you ſhould have nam'd ſome body for ſimilitude or ſhape; you ſhould have ſeen what miracle our ſkill would have perform'd; But I too late, remember your diſpute, (which was handſomeſt) held you ſo long in reſolving, drinking to this, and admiring that Beauty, till you forgot to reſolve on one whoſe name but call'd on in the Charm had ſtood the form or mould to have caſt your wives in. And now when Wine and delay, (your own Crimes) have undone us all, unjuſtly you puniſh the chance on me, though your nwo Heart knows the Charm was of high force, and wrought but too effectually.

Ferdin. And is there no remedy then? muſt mine continue in this horrid form?

Edwardo. Nor no retriving my wife, is ſhe abſolutely loſt in *fumo?* Is't poſſible to fix the broth again and recover her? No Art to ſave ſo much as is uſeful of her? Onely ſo much, good Sir, as will make a wife but to ſtand good in Law; I deſire no more, pray will you uſe your Intereſt with his Highneſs the Devil, to ſpare me ſo much of my wife; there will be enough to make him merry beſides.

Mount. Alaſs, 'tis neither in Art nor Nature to relieve you; For I confeſs, the parings, or chips, as we call them, which the Charm has hewn from the Gyant, are the Devils fees by contract; for which he is bound in exchange to furniſh ſo much of his own ſtore as wanted to build your Dwarf; And your Worſhip knows, how impoſſible 'twill be to get a pound of ſweet womans fleſh out of his hungry kitching.

Ferdin. Why then, mine is more then three parts Devil.

Mount. Not ſo, Sir! the ſtock is onely Devil, the graft was your own little wife inoculated.

Edwardo. Now, haſt thou found my wife? [*Enter* Rogero.

Rogero. Yes, Sir; We have found her at laſt, but we were fain to ſtrain the broth from her firſt, and then we found her lying in the Herbs; 'Tis a fine little Gentlewoman, and ſhe ſleeps ſtill.

Ferdin. And mine, *Rogero*, prithee how does ſhe bear her burthen?

Rogero. Yours, Sir, is luſty, and walks about the houſe, ſtarts, and wonders at her ſelf; ſeems angry with her own ſhadow, then frowns, and liſtens as if ſhe were frighted; ſhe will not believe ſhe is her ſelf; yet ſhe knows me, and wonders why I call her by her name; ſhe aſks for you, then pinches and pricks her ſelf till ſhe ſqueeks again, ere ſhe would believe that load at her back and belly belong'd to her; in earneſt, Sir, 'tis a ſad ſin to wrong them thus. [*Enter the* Guardian.

Guard. Gentlemen, is the Report true? have you murther'd your wives? The Town is full of ſuch a miſchief.

Ferdin. Fie, no Sir; murther'd them? my wife's gone out juſt before you; we onely try'd the fooliſh experiment of the Baths, which the famous man profeſſes that ſold us the admirable powder.

Guard. What Baths?

Edwardo. Thoſe of excellent virtue, which make a Dwarf a Gyant, or Gyantize a Dwarf; rendring any perſon bath'd therein, great or little, as you deſire; And we, to expreſs our Affections to our dear wives, willing to ſpare no coſt, forſooth, when their good was concern'd, employed this Artiſt to prepare two privately; which, by a miſtake, or rather omiſſion of ſome Ceremonies, the unlimited remedies have wrought a little beyond our deſires, and have boyl'd away ſo much of my wife, as I fear the remainder will be of no uſe; But ſhe is very well in health, and the heartieſt little thing, as much Soul as ever; what was a Marble Rock before is contracted into a Diamond; if you'll pleaſe to go in; you ſhall ſee her, ſhe lies ſo fine and quiet in her cradle; but ſhe'll grow every day now the Spring comes on.

Ferdin.

Ferdin. And mine had a miſchance to be caſt into an evil mould, and is come out like a wry bullet; But we'll mend all theſe miſfortunes, by being the beſt Huſbands; and you muſt ſpeak a good word for us to reconcile the buſineſs, and we will yet be more grateful to you for paſt kindneſſe; Come, *Ned*, let's wait on our noble Kinſman to dinner, and drink down this ſorrow.

Guard. Gentlemen, this is no drinking nor jeſting matter; I muſt deſire you'll reſtore the money and Jewels you have received; Beſides an Accompt, before the Juſtice of both my wards; where your unlawful uſing of witchcraft to win them, and now to murther them, ſhall be preſented to the Inquiſition; who, I hope, will not ſee a couple of lewd Hereticks to murther their Wives, and rob the true Heires of the Eſtate; I'll find the Juſtice for you, and he ſhall ſing your *Epithalamium.* [*Exit* Guardian.

Ferdin. Witchcraft and Murther? Fine points for a Member of the Engliſh Church to anſwer in a Spaniſh Inquiſition! Now do I ſmell the faggots and the fire, or a rope, for fooling.

Edwardo. Not onely loſe our fortunes, but come to make a Holly-day for idle folks! For my part, I am ſo angry at my luck I care not if I be hangd; 'tis all the remedy that's left us; Pox on't, 'tis but an ill quarter of an hour; and when 'tis paſt, let Fortune kiſs me where I ſat a Saturday; I'll even go hang my ſelf, and be reveng'd of a *Croyden* fool.

Ferdin. I and *Thomaſo* how he'll Triumph upon this ſecond chance! His Tongue will ſting worſe then the *Boatſwaines* piſtle, if our ſentence do find ſo much grace as the Galley.

Edwardo. But firſt we'll ſpoyle your Quacking, Sirrah, you dog; Help *Fred*, by this fleſh, you go into your own porrage; and let me alone to call upon your proportion, as high as my wife, and four times as big, with a ſtomack equal; I'll ſecure you from the Gallies, Sirrah.

They take hold of the Mountebank, *and pull him off the ſtage.*

Mount. Oh noble Gentlemen, have mercy upon me, let my Art plead; You know who dies with me, the age is wounded, Nations will periſh with my ſecrets; No mercy! no pity! Spare me and I'll redeem all yet.

They pull him and throw him off the ſtage.

Edwardo. So, there's one Rogue fitted.

Ferdin. There are three in already, who are they?

Edwardo. No matter who, I have taken an order for their ſize; We'll have ſuch a neſt of Gyants to revenge my quarrel againſt the Country; I hope they'll plant again the race of true *Moors* and *Saracens* in this damn'd Nation; four ſuch Gyants will deſtroy them with two of the three Curſes, Sword, and Famine; I am ſure *Caſtile* cannot feed them, nor fight with them without Auxiliaries; I am reſolv'd I'll flie this unlucky clime. [*Enter* Rogero.

Rog. There are ſome Gentlemen without deſire to ſpeak with you

Edwardo. Prithee call them in.

[*Enter Don* Pedro, Carlo, *and* Johanne.

Ferdin. More miſchief yet! what fart blew them hither?

Pedro. Gentlemen, I come to inquire for a Siſter; I am told

ſhe knows the way to this Houſe, and ſo ſhall I if not reſtor'd.

Edwardo. Have you loſt a Siſter, is it a great or little Siſter?

Johanne. She was no Monſter, Sir.

Ferdin. 'Twas ſtrange, conſidering who claims her.

Pedro. This Injury will not paſs thus; we ſhall find a way to take a ſerious and a ſtrict account from ſome of you.

Edwardo. Sir, there are none here but what are in the pot; We have no leiſure to think of you nor your loſſes; We have buſineſs and loſſes of our own; Our Wives and two hundred thouſand Crowns boyl'd to nothing, couzen'd and cheated by a damn'd Mountebauk; but the ſlave is in pickle for it.

Ferdin. Yes, Sir; 'tis we that are couzen'd the ſecond and third time, fools in grain, and ſtand fair to burnt or hang'd too; Judge then whether we are in ſtealing caſe; A pox on Bathing, I ſhall never love broth nor ſpoon-meat again; Would any man have thought liquor would have been our Enemy?

Johanne. Come, Sir; let's loſe no time, you ſee ſhe is not here, and haſte to the Embaſſadours; you may ſtay ſhort, while I can inform my ſelf. [*Exit* Pedro, Johanne, *and* Carlo.

Ferdin. Where is the Guardian?

Rogero. Gone, Sir, long ſince.

Edwardo. Gone? Heark, *Fred*; There is no dallying nor fooling in this caſe; therefore let us haſte, and pack up the money, and ſave our ſelves in the Embaſſadours Houſe, before the Juſtice ſeize us; we ſhall never be Innocent if they know we have that guilt about us; and let *Rogero* ſhut up all the doors, and follow us when he has done. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCEN. VI.

Enter Angellica, *and* Paulina.

Angel. MY Heart's at eaſe ſince I ſaw the miſtake; and 'twas but Juſtice to let that ſeditious fool fall into that miſchief he deſign'd for others; 'Twas he that embroyl'd us all; the neceſſitous fool, to get a fleece from every mans flock, plaid the woolf one day, and the Shep-herd another.

Paulina. I was amaz'd at nothing more then to hear them brag that you would joyn in the Murther of one you lov'd.

Angel. And I wonder at your Siſters Hatred.

Paulina. Siſter? That's a ſtory I ſhall clear ſome other time.

Angel. You have reaſon, and we ought to conſider our ſafety; for though we are both innocent from the blood of that fool, yet we know how buſie the Juſtice will be to ſqueeze as many into the guilt as he can, either as Acceſſories, or Actors in the crime; Therefore I'll take my leave of you, and retire to the Venetian Embaſſadour's; where my people will, by this, expect me with what they can ſave of value in my Houſe.

Paulina. I believe I ſhall be ſafe under the Engliſh Armes, from whence (ſince we have made this Friendſhip) you ſhall conſtantly hear from me.

Angel.

Angel. Pray let me; and be ſo juſt to let him know how innocent I have been in this deſign; and all my crimes were but ſo many loves of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCEN. VII.

Enter Harrigo, Thomaſo, Ferdinando, *and* Edwardo.

Thom. ARe you ſerious?

Edw. I, by this unlucky day, undone for ever; not only loſt the Birds but our ſelves too; unleſs with theſe feathers we can make us wings to fly to our ſafety, if you will not protect us from the Juſtice and their Guardian.

Har. That Guardian is a Jew, a Rogue, I know him, and he'l undo you all; a Bath ſay you, loſt in a Bath!

Edw. You know what the Mountebank profeſt the other day; ſee, here are his Papers, this is his Powder, and a ſovereign one; I'de not give this Doſe for the beſt Diamond in *Europe:* now the ſecrets gone, do not taſte it, unleſs you mean to run mad for love of me; and I have vexations enough without the addition of ſuch a miſchief. Travel, Quoth you? a moneth of ſuch days as I have paſt will give a man experience enough to be a Witch, if he be ſo unlucky as to ſcape hanging.

Har. And what wilt thou do with that Powder?

Edw. I'll travel till I find ſome ſmall Princeſs that pleaſeth me, and give it her; with a doſe of this I can chuſe my woman through the world; and 'twere not for that ſatisfaction this loſs would kill me.

Ferd. Nay, By this hand, I'll betray him; he has a Plot upon the *Angellica* with it; ſhe's handſome and rich; and I heard him ſwear, even now, he thought he ſhould never thrive till he had married one of your ſeaſon'd Graſs-widows.

Edw. By my troth, I had as live take her as a Cag'd Nymph, a mew'd Maid from a Grate in a Nunnery that acts what ſhe can, and wiſhes the reſt; whoſe Maiden-head is a priſoner at the beſt: all this and more I am arm'd againſt; and foreſaw your mirth and ſcorn when I got her, and the joy now when you ſhould hear I had loſt her: but I am reſolv'd, if my Powder do not thrive, to put half my ſtock in a venture, and away for the Indies, and live where theſe ſtories were never heard of.

Thom. The Indies!

Edw. Yes, the Indies; where we are promis'd ſix black wives apiece, ſmooth and comely beauties, naked truths, *Eves*, in the ſtate of innocence, Girles that will neigh and fight for my bed.

Thom. Bleſs the man! three couple of Moores in thy bed! they'l hunt thee to death.

Ferd. Hunt their hunt, we are reſolv'd, Sir; ſix plump, ſmooth, pregnant Girles a piece is the bargain, with flat-noſes all, for conveniency of kiſſing, with brave ſwell'd lips, *Cupids* Cuſhions; ſo ſoft and ſweet, the Rogues dew is ſweet in the *Dog-days*; their very

ſweat

ſweat Aromatique and Balſam'all; upon theſe we reſolve to plant a *Croyden* Juſtice, and an *Eſſex* Captain of the tame bands; and I warrant thee the ſeed will thrive.

Edw. Your *Fourbiſher*, your *Magellan*, your *Drake* and *Rawley*; all conſent your Moors woman has no fellow in nature; ſhe's your black Garden-mould, the ſame rich earth *Adam* digg'd in, ſo full of nature and ſtrength the Sun dwells in her; and will ſend forth ſuch Cluſters of Boys and Girles, ſuch ſtraw, and ſuch an ear, ſo full, ſo clean, the Cradles will not hold the Barnes: our barren cold red and white clay knows no ſuch harveſt; all the ſtreams the Sun ſucks from the parch'd earth you will find in the woman there, as full and luſcious as the Greek Vine; and 'tis true pleaſure to pluck a Girle there, ſo full of juyce ſhe'l fill the Preſs; and there women ſhew their true virtue and their uſe.

Har. Methinks *Edwardo* is an apt Scholar; and now you are leaving the world, given over by Matrimony to a wedded Bed, even make your will, and entail your Batchelors opinion on him; I would ſee this Teſtament ſign'd, for I perceive he's reſolv'd to ſucceed you in the Wanderer; and 'twill not be an ill journey, Sir, though I'm afraid it will be a long one if you travel till you loſe the Juſtice of Peace: conſider upon the buſineſs till I return; I muſt be gone for fear my ſtay may bring ſome misfortune to poor *Paulina*, who will ſuffer if I provide not for her ſafety; and her kindneſs deſerves all our care.

Thom. Dear *Harrigo*, find her, and uſe all poſſible means to bring her here.

Har. Leave that to me; but you muſt not fail to give her a preſent for old kindneſs ſake, ſince you reſolve to ſee her no more.

Thom. I ſhall not need, there is one within will do it for me, who reſolv'd it as ſoon as I told her 'twas ſhe that ſav'd my life: and ſhe now is as kind to *Paulina* as I have been, and loves her for loving me; ſhe longs to ſee her, and hopes to perſwade her into a Monaſtery.

Har. I'll be gone; but pray be you two private here till I inform my ſelf how your buſineſs ſtands with the Juſtice; and 'twill not be amiſs to accuſe the Guardian of conſpiracy, and try if you can fright him from the purſuit; I'll ask counſel in the buſineſs.

[*Exit* Harrigo.

Ferd. Well, Sir; how goes your buſineſs? better I hope then ours.

Thom. I am married too, and ſetled, I believe, for a hundred years, or ſo; if I fall not into a kettle.

Edw. Well, Sir; let the Kettle boil; and know her Brother is in purſuit of you; he came to our houſe to inquire, Pox upon the ſad hour, 'tis full of unbidden gueſts I fear by this time; we durſt not ſtay to eat our dinner; and if you give us not ſome food and remedy for care, a bottle or two apiece to chide ſorrow, we are loſt; all the foes of man arm againſt us.

Thom. I warrant you for meat; thoſe days of affliction are over ſure; a Wife and no meat! 'twere ſin as well as folly to beg ſingle,

and

and double too; no, *Ned*; I always told you when ever I married I would be happy and honeſt.---See who comes here; Sweet heart, prithee, let me preſent my widow'd friends to you. *Enter* Serulina *and* Calis.

Serul. They are moſt welcome, and ſo are all that bear that title. [*They ſalute her.*

Ferd. What a delicate taſte an honeſt womans lips have above a ſmall ſinners? I ſhall never relliſh a Whores again, I fear; I wonder what Country my good fortune is fled to; I have neither Powder, Wife nor Whore, to build upon; was ever Gentleman-traveller ſo out of Caſh and Converſation as I am? would I were at *Paris*, or the *Hague*, again; did I leave thoſe places of pleaſure and quiet civil life to come to this where miſchiefs only ſwarm; whoſe very air is lowſie, and that curſe would deſtroy the Country but for another curſe that wars with it, that of the duſt which flies ſo hot it would fire powder as it paſſes; ev'ry ſand is ſo many ſparks in the air: yet here we walk in this furnace without a miracle.

Thom. Nay, then I deſpair of thee; can one affliction make thee compare *Holland* to *Spain*? Oh the Fiſh-pots and Butter of that *Egypt* without a River; whoſe Miſt of ignorance hangs upon them ſtill, and though the Engliſh *Olivers* rod be over them, yet their hearts are hardned againſt poor Cavaliers; I thought this heat would have ſweat out all the kindneſs thou ſuck'dſt in with *Roterdam* Beer: but I'me afraid 'twill ſtay as long as the gravel in the Kidneys; the fruits of Hop's, Turneps, and Pickl'd-herrings which paves the back.

Ferd. For all this Satyre, the Fleſh and Fiſh is ſuch as your *Madrid* has not ſhewn us the like in her lean Shambles and ſtarv'd Markets, where the Prieſts are fain to conjure for Fiſh, by throwing Tubfuls of Tripes into the water; and then by vertue of a Bull by *Ignatius*'s name, command that they be fiſh; and they have faith enough to eat it afterward, and ſwear there is bones in it too, tranſubſtantiated Tripes: a true Papiſt Catholick would diſtinguiſh what fiſh he eats with bread of yeſterday; for there is nothing but the Wafer bak'd in the City, and 'tis well they have this trick of fiſhing by miracle; for that which comes naturally to the Market, thoſe in the Zodiack are as freſh and ſweet, and lay leſs in the Sun then the Salmon we eat laſt; it walk'd like a viſion before us for twenty days upon a Mule; and yet paſt for freſh, even at the Catholick Kings own board. You us'd to eat ſuch at *Woods* in the *Hague*?

Thom. Who will deny *Holland* has Fiſh, or who can ſay they have Fleſh? By this light, their Fleſh is Fiſh, and their Fowl fly-Turf; their Birds but feather'd Fiſh; and their Fiſh finn'd Mud: all you ſee, ſmell or taſte, is Fiſh; 'tis indeed ſo many Provinces of Fiſh-ſtreet.

Ferd. Yet I have ſeen you ſigh and dye for one of theſe diſhes of Milk; *Madamoiſelle*, what do you call her, *Ned*?

Thom. Skel-fiſh.

Ferd. Piſh, *Madamoiſelle.*

Thom. Van Knowles, Van Cates.

Ferd.

Ferd. Prithee leave fooling; Lord, *Ned*, you know her; 'tis the *Vfrow Van*----

Thom. Stoff, or *Cabillio?*

Ferd. The *Heer Van*-----

Thom. Forman, Skipper, Crves and Buord?

Ferd. Nay, then you are resolv'd.

Thom. By this hand, I have nam'd all the great Names and Families in the Country, except the Royal *Orange*; which they have so squeez'd with a clinch, they shall be sure to have my curse.

Ferd. Yet last year they were so fair, so white, so smooth, so proper; I have seen you frown and sigh at the sight; the grand Mistress shall know what a Knight she has of you.

Thom. One Swallow makes no Summer; though 'tis confess'd the flesh is white, and such as if I would eat a Girle it should be a Dutch-girle, a North *Holland* child, 'tis pure *Vitello*, *Mungany*, or *Capon de Lecho*, as white and sweet as either; and when 'tis wean'd, the Pigs, her Foster Brothers, that suck'd with her, are as good as she; In earnest, Madam, a *Rotterdams* Pig, taken from my Hostesses own breast; dost remember, *Ned*, when we stole the Sowes-baby out of the Cradle where the kind Nurse had hid it? 'twas cruel *Ned* that kill'd it: the Neighbours ran together at the cry; and as if we had kill'd her first born, it put all the house in mourning, till Sack and Sugar allay'd the grief.

Edw. I remember 'twas at the Saint *John*'s head, and it prov'd the purest Babe of grace; it would have tempted a Jew as it lay in the dish; old Satan of the *Disser*, and a Scot his Host, in spite of *Moses* fell to the Rost.

Disser, *which is* Will Murrey, *L.* Disser. Will Crofts, T. Killig. Jack Denham.

Ferd. 'Twas where we met Embassadour *Will*, and Resident *Tom*, with M. Sheriffs Secretary, *John* the Poet with the Nose; all *Gondiberts* dire Foes; from *Poland* laden with the spoils of what do you lack, Sir; and all the Scotch Pedlars Packs on their backs, Sir.

Serul. I am pleas'd to find you all in so good humour; and would bear my part were my Brother and you friends in your heart.

Thom. The Embassadour sent a civil Message to him; and had an Answer both kind and serious, and is now gone himself to speak with him; and I believe all will end in Comedy, since *Cornelio*'s mischief is not mortal; this story of the Baths will make fit mirth for a Wedding.----*Harrigo*, haste thou found her? [*Enter* Har.

Har. Yes, she's without, but asham'd, and afraid both; to see your Lady; shall I fetch her in?

Serul. Yes, pray Don *Harrigo*, I long to see her.

Thom. No, I'll do't my self; for there is nothing of shame belongs to the kindness of yesterday; the obligations of to day bear their own date; and faults hereafter are crimes to you; what's past is upon mine own score.

Enter

Enter Harrigo, *and* Paulina; Thomaſo *meets her, and leads her to* Serulina; *ſhe bows to her,* Serulina *kiſſes her, and holds her in her arms.*

Serul. Come, no more tears; I would not have you ſtain my wedding day with your griefs; 'tis ominous to weep on Hymens Altar; pray be not ſad.

Paul. There is a guilt and ſhame, as well as ſadneſs in theſe tears; and I muſt hope for nothing but certain miſery from your joys; your vertue may ſmile, you have all the cauſes joy can bring you; in birth happy, in love and fortune bleſt, and in innocence, which crowns the reſt. Yet heaven witneſs, I envy not your youth her peace; for though I cannot be innocent my ſelf, I am not ſo wicked but I can adore both her and vertue in the breaſts of others; nor do I lament a grief that has ſurpriz'd me; 'tis long ſince my heart diſcover'd his; and they are fond women, who ſtain'd with our crimes can hope to weep gallant men into ſuch madneſs as to leave the bleſſings the fair and vertuous *Serulina* brings, to bluſh their lives with us.

Serul. Pray ceaſe this grief, and know my heart has no ſevere thoughts; I can ſee your good and overſee your error, which I know has many arguments to plead; and if heartily repented leaves your heart as innocent as if it had never been acted.

Paul. Cuſtom, impious cuſtom, is guilty of all my ſins, by being the original of all my crimes; whoſe deprav'd liberty not only tolerates, but encourages thoſe follies whoſe guilt I bluſh before ſuch a vertue as the fair and innocent *Serulina*; who has not only honour, but mercy too. Other women may be chaſte, but they are ſo rigid and ſo cruel to our faults; and their counſels ſo full of whips and ſtings, it rather incenſes and hardens then reclaims a heart; nor doth their ill nature care to make a convert amongſt us, ſo they may have the vanity to make a Satyr upon us; but here I find the Balſam of true innocence; which is not ſo proud, or vain in her own bleſt condition, as ſollicitous to preſerve and redeem others: and here I ſee the true ſtock of honour, which in your generous breaſt has diviner forms and fruits then we can know or imagine in our ſick ſtate; yet I dare boaſt never to have broke the Laws ſhe preſcrib'd to our ſex, faithful, kind, conſtant and obedient to our Lovers, concern'd only in their good, never betraying or abandoning their truſt.

Serul. I ſwear there are charms in her tongue, her very griefs are bewitching; what would her mirth and kindneſs do? how graceful, how delightful, when her ſadneſs is thus lovely, thus catching; infectious grief has made me ſad in ſpite of this days joy.

Thom. Though this fault be folly in ſtrict ſence; yet you ſee we have ſometimes ſome reaſon to love theſe Girles; and I am confident I'll never want that excuſe; you ſhall always find a handſome witty cauſe of my ſin at leaſt.

Serul. Have you no thoughts of retiring, now? methinks, in this handſome ſorrow you ſhould have a ſenſe of your condition, ſuch

as might prompt you to the abandoning this world; and liſten to all thoſe Angels that ſummon the heart: hark how they call; ſee where vertue ſtands, and beckens thee to come! prithee, dear *Paulina*, go, and ſpend ſome of that youth and beauty with her, try but the difference; what a peace and calm thy mind will feel, there is no thorns nor dangers; thy quiet mind fortune and death it ſelf deſpiſing: Oh, that thou couldſt be ſo early wiſe; what Jewel would I not give to ſee thee become my penitent! and once in the *Magdalenes*, what joy it would be to me to converſe with ſuch beauty, and ſuch goodneſs, in the glory of a repentance! your friend too ſhall viſit you; dear *Paulina*, conſider what I ſay, and look back upon thoſe dangers both of rocks and ſeas thou daily ventureſt in this little barque, how ill guided, and worſe man'd, thy youth muſt be to ſtruggle with thoſe ſtorms and tempeſts which the world threatens thy beauty having no compaſs nor ſtar to ſteer by.

Paul. The *Magdalenes*, Madam; though I bow to your goodneſs, yet I perceive your Ladiſhip knows not the place: I was bred ſometime amongſt 'em, and from my knowledge of their cuſtoms take leave to ſay it; when I retire from the world it ſhall not be into a Nunnery, for I am reſolv'd to be honeſt when ever I profeſs it; a Nunnery will only add a diſſimulation and ſacriledge to my fault; and 'tis leſs ſin and ſhame to yield to the flatteries of young men then the luſt and force of old women; I ſpeak a known truth of their too common crimes; young ſtrange women there ſhall ſuffer more pollution and rapes then in ſack'd Cities.

Thom. The *Magdalenes*, my heart! why, if I would breed a *Thais* or another *Lais*, or put *Ovid* again to School to learn a new art of love, I would ſend him to ſtudy at the grate of the Convertines, where *Aretine* ſhould be made an aſs, and bluſh the publiſhing his dull poſtures, compar'd to the ingenious luſt that's practis'd in their cells.

Paul. My own houſe is far from chaſte, but 'tis a Church, compar'd to theirs; whoſe crimes have ſuch blackneſs in them perſons of your honour can neither imagine, nor believe.

Thom. How can the world expect better from ſuch multipli'd devils in a neſt aſſembled by want, or condemn'd by the Law for ſome horrid crime? the moſt innocent enter in paſſion, or drove by the deſpair of ſome diſcontent; and though divers cauſes bring them, all are forc'd; no one whom reaſon, honour, or conſcience guides, which makes them when they have recover'd the anger, fear and deſpair that threw them in, their minds turn to the old vomit; for their hearts are ſlaves ſtill to the ſame luſts, and burn with the ſame deſires, whoſe fires are increas'd with the thoughts of paſt faults, which they are ſo far from repenting, as with double ſin they act them o're again, while the ſpirit of luſt plays two parts alone, the lover and the loved, till what was fornication in their houſe becomes Sodomy in their Cell; two or three pill'd ſins Nunns wear, 'tis not honour, nor conſcience binds; double grates can only keep them from breaking of their vows; and were not the hangman of more terror then the Confeſſor, you ſhould ſee what ſwarms their hives would ſend forth.

Edw. I would you would leave this ſubject, and think of dinner, and take your convert with you. *Servl.*

Serul. I would ſhe were my convert, I would not only dine with her, but faſt for her, in hopes of ſuch a bleſſing.

Paul. Truly, Madam; I'me reſolv'd, at leaſt to change the place, if not my life, to avoid all occaſions of being a further trouble to you and your fortune; for ſince we are both ſtruck with one Dart, the *Angellica* and my ſelf are deſign'd for *Italy*, to ſeek a remedy by abſence; ſhe only begs you will forgive her ſending your Letter to Don *Pedro*, it being the only crime you can accuſe her of; and by this journey avoid the trouble of ſeeing what can only be our afflictions.

Thom. There is nothing of anger, but much of kindneſs due to both: and ſince you reſolve upon that journey, I am confident you will find them both a kind and civil Nation; and here is a Lover begs you will wear this Ring in memory of her and your kindneſs yeſterday. The *Angellica* ſhall have her thouſand crowns again, 'twas the firſt money I ever got by the ſex; and I cannot but wonder at their narrow minds, as well as their fortunes that can be ſo poorly ſpirited as to deſign farther then the kindneſs of a woman. I have bought many in my time, but never yet either ask'd or got more of a woman then her fleſh. What you'll do, Madam, I know not.

Serul. Where I give my faith and friendſhip I ſhall never refuſe my fortune; and I wonder as much at them who can give their perſons and deny their goods, as you do at thoſe who proſtitute themſelves for money.

Paul. Madam, I ſhall wear this favour to my grave; for I perceive 'tis a debt I owe your goodneſs; and if your husband doth not change his nature you will not repent your kindneſs: for Don *Thomaſo* had always a heart greater then his fortune; and his preſents ſtill held proportion with his love, rather then with his money.

Serul. I will not afflict you farther, but wiſh you a happy journey; and will ſtill hope better reſolutions then you promiſe; for 'tis impoſſible good nature ſhould be wilfully and reſolvedly wicked: 'tis true, Nature has her weakneſs, and vanity or want may ſometimes counſel us againſt our hearts; and therefore, when ever you can reſolve, here am I that will remove thoſe difficulties; and as long as I have any fortune you ſhall not have that excuſe, to become as fit for my love as the kind *Paulina* is for my my pity: Come, you muſt dine with us.

Paul. I ſhould gladly receive the honour, Madam, if I durſt avow my being here.

Thom. Come, no fears; thy innocency ſhall be as publick as thy kindneſs; and as long as I have friends, or fortune, they ſhall both protect thee. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. V. SCEN. VIII.

Enter Don Pedro, *and* Carlo.

Pedro. DId you ſee my Siſter?

Carlo. No, Sir; ſhe deſir'd to be excus'd till the Embaſſadour had ſpoken with you.

Ped. What anſwer had you from him?

Carlo. He confeſs'd they were married, and was highly ſatisfied with the civility of your Meſſage; and bid me aſſure you all the ſatisfaction you could expect in honour; and that he would immediately wait upon you himſelf; his Coach was ready when I came out; and I ſaw him paſs the *Piazza* now; it would not be amiſs you were in readineſs to receive him.

Pedro. Call *Johanne*, and get the people in readineſs.

Carlo. There is no ſtrugling in this caſe, Sir; ſhe being of years to chuſe; 'twas a miſchief might have been prevented; but 'tis not to be redeem'd. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCEN. IX.

Enter Harrigo, Edwardo, Ferdinando, *and* Paulina.

Har. YOu muſt excuſe us, we cannot ſtay, but we'l be with you in a minute; we expect the Embaſſadours return; Don *Pedro* is coming with him to make a peace between him and *Thomaſo*; when that buſineſs is over, we'l find you; in the mean time, dear *Paulina*, I'll leave you Miſtriſs of my Chamber; and Gentlemen, look you be civil to this Lady. [*Exit* Harrigo.

Edw. Faith, *Paulina*, I am thinking 'tis but a folly for us to part, being of one mind; for this is no place for the *Edwardos* neither; the air doth not agree with me; eſpecially now they have got the trick of beating and couzening me, I ſhall never be ſafe; and home I'me reſolv'd not to go, for I have ſeen the new Catechiſm; and though I can lay hold of ſin by as lively a reſolution as any, yet wickedneſs is ſo ill dreſt, ſo ſtoln, and ſo oppreſt; ſin doth not ſavour in that cold air as in this hot climate; the Cooks and Sauce are better here, though the ſin and fleſh be the ſame; and now they have ſpoil'd Wed-lock too; for unleſs a Wench can ſteal a man, and run away with him, ſhe muſt lye alone.

Ferd. Faith, Child, having heard your reſolutions we are reſolv'd (if you and the *Angellica* like our humours) to bear you company into *Italy*; look you *Paulina*, we have not loſt all; though the Birds be flown, there are ſome thouſands of Piſtols yet, and Jewels, to a ſum large enough (I warrant you) to maintain a Souldiers life, which in honour muſt not be long, for fear of the Proverb: A gray Souldier.

Edw. Is it a match? ſhall we remove the Scene to *Italy*, and ſwear Comrades? *Fred* and I have a mind to wander with ſuch Planets: young and kind Conſtellations cannot chuſe but have good influence upon mirth: dare you venture your ſelf in our Sphears! I'll undertake to prevail with the *Angellica*.

Paul. If ſhe conſent, I'll agree, elſe I cannot; for I am already oblig'd to her and her company.

Ferd. If it be a bargain, *Ned* ſhall give us a Supper at parting; I long to ſee *Italy*, and taſte the deſcription the Rogue uſeth to make of it, ſuch Wine, ſuch Women, ſuch Muſick; and then his heart fires a volley of ſighs to their memory; and then a Carnival, ſuch

ſuch as would make a man curſe his lot that fell on this ſide the Hills, as if 'twere out of the bounds of Gods bleſſings: at thy ſupper, *Ned*, he ſhall repeat our leſſon; put him but in the humour, and 'twill be both counſel and comfort.

Edw. My ſupper! no *Fred*, no more ſuppers; I prithee do not ſo much as mention meat in *Madrid*, there is a curſe follows it; I'll not eat again upon mine own ſcore while I am in it; 'twould make a man ſwear a faſt, to think upon the ill luck has follow'd my feaſts; and makes me reſolve to commit that kind of fault no more; if ever I fill a womans belly at that end again, let them play *Lucetta*'s part; I find feaſts and banquets are follies of a high rate, *Fred:* and when a man has laid out his money that way, what return doth it yield? Fah, it ſtinks to name it; and woe be to that bottle of Sack I lay my hands on firſt; he ſhall pay for all theſe griefs.

Ferd. And my ſorrows are as ready to do you reaſon as any thirſty ſinner in *Madrid*; Come child, be merry, and learn of us to deſpiſe ſorrow; we'l make thy journey ſhort, and ſo laugh over theſe old ſtories.

Paul. I ſhall not be the ſaddeſt in the company, Sir, ſince I find others have their croſſes too: Fellows in miſery make the burthen light; 'tis the ſingle loan grief in jolly troops that to all is heavy ſtill, and wounds both the ſeer and the ſeen. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCEN. X.

Enter Pedro, Thomaſo, *and* Carlo.

Pedro. 'TIs paſt, Sir, and forgot; the name of Brother hath wip'd all other titles from my heart but that of friend, which ſhall be faithfully preſerv'd for you; I know you have honour, and that will make you uſe her like your ſelf; and ſtill remember how ſhe has preferr'd your friendſhip before either her Family or her Fortune; pray let me ſee her, Sir.

Thom. Prithee, *Harrigo*, wait upon her in, and deſire the company to follow, 'tis late; and we'll to dinner; this had been a merry day if my friends had not loſt their Brides; is there no poſſibility to get them deliver'd to the protection of their Husbands? 'tis the State, not they are guilty to permit ſuch witchcraft to be practis'd in the City.

Pedro. That will reſt in the breſt of the inquiſidor, who muſt be dealt with for a ſum of money; who, elſe, I fear will make their portions as great a crime as the Bathes have been.-----Siſter, I wiſh you all clear and perfect joy, ſuch as your kindeſt thoughts have promis'd; and, dear *Serulina*, I conjure you not to miſtake my paſt ſeverity; 'twas neither want of value or kindneſs for either, but a deſire to have ſeen you married into a Family which you know might have given us both advantage: but ſince 'tis your fortune to fix upon this Gentleman, with all my ſoul I wiſh there may be no change in your fortune, but live and dye happy in one anothers

Enter Serulina *and all the company,* Don Pedro *goes and ſalutes his Siſter.*

thers Friendſhip; And I hope ſhe will not be the leſs welcome to you when a Brother and a ſervant thus preſents her, the Reward of your firſt Generous Action: The Portion I ſhall ſee with all diligence paid; and 'tis now the ſeaſon and Q for mirth, that I may have ſome ſhare in your Joyes, 'twill, I hope, be neither unſeaſonable nor unreaſonable to expect you ſhould relinquiſh to me *Angellica*, who, upon my credit, had no hand nor intereſt in the Murther deſignd this day.

Thomaſo. I am confident ſhe had not; and though her kindneſs may want diſcretion, yet ſhe wants not good Nature; and I ſhall not onely relinquiſh, but uſe all my power with her to admit Don *Pedro*, and onely him; for by *Serulina*'s Faith I vow to be as faithful to her Friendſhip now, as ever I was to my humour before.

Paulina. Your deſires will come too late; for I know the *Angellica*'s Reſolutions are fixt upon a return to *Venice*; and I am reſolv'd to bear her company.

Ferdin. Yes faith, and we are all of a Troop if we can eſcape the Juſtice; Nothing but Witchcraft and Murther ſtayes us; would *Rogero* were return'd, that we might know our doom.

Pedro. Is this ſerious? Or does the *Angellica* ſay this to Alarm my Heart with her departure?

Edwardo. Yes faith, Sir; We are all for *Italy* if the Hang-man do not lie in the way; and merrily we will ſpend the chippings of the Monſters; here's as much left of Sir *Mammons* hopes as would cure the Itch in a hot Countrey.

Pedro. And what ſhall I do alone in an empty houſe? How ſay you, *Carlo*, ſhall you and I make up the Covey? Shall we be welcome, *Paulina?*

Paulina. I am certain, Sir, you will be moſt welcome to all the Company; and a year or two well ſpent abroad will bury all the wild ſtories we leave behind; which is the chief cauſe makes me reſolve upon the Journey.

Pedro. Siſter, you were yeſterday all my care, and now Don *Thomaſo* has blown that fear over; Faith take the houſe into your Protection too; for *Carlo* and I am reſolved to ſpend a year or two in *Italy* upon this occaſion; The General once offer'd me a command in *Millain*; if I like the people and the place, I'll take it; if not, 'tis a Journey of Pleaſure; the ſeaſon is good, and the Company better.

Thomaſo. Sir, I am now ally'd to you; and there are many reaſons, beſides the kindneſs to your perſon, would make me wiſh your ſtay; yet all intereſt laid aſide, 'tis not onely my opinion, but my deſire you ſhould take this Reſolution; and if you be not as highly ſatisfied with the journey, the people, and the place, as any you have yet ſeen, I'll forfeit the charge.

Pedro. I am reſolv'd; and now, *Serulina*, all cauſe of Jealouſie being paſt betwixt us, be freely and clearly kind to your Brother, who here vows to my dear Siſter all that her Heart can expect from one that loves and values her; and to give you one

Argument

Argument to believe it, look you chooſe me a wife againſt I come howe.

Enter Rogero.

Thomaſo. How now, *Rogero*, what news?

Rogero. All is well, Sir; The Juſtices came immediately as you went out, and have ſeiz'd all the goods they found. But thoſe Prodigies in the Baths has made them flie the Houſe; Four ſuch Gyants, Sir *Amadis*, nor the *Palmerins* ever encountred; The German guards are now in Arms to ſeize them, *Scarramucha* is come out a Lady, as big again as Don *Edwardo*'s; And there is a Lady come forth *Scarramucha*, a Gyant amongſt Gyants; She doth ſo wonder at her Beard and Breeches, for ſhe has *Helena*'s old Whores Soul in a mans Body; 'twas ſport to ſee the wonder, and what a ſtart ſhe gave at the Ammunition of her own Breeches. The Mountebank keeps his own Features, but in a horrid form; and threatens black deſtruction to you all: His wife too is one of the lovelieſt forms and perfect ſymmetry that ſuch a Monſter can preſent to the judging eye; *Celia* in Youth and Beauty, ſuch as when her charming Hand and Voice led *Rome* in Chains; Yet ſhe is ſtill frighted with the power of that Charm that firſt enſlav'd her, and would hide or flie the Anger and the Love of him who now with frowns and ſevere looks threatens all; They quickly made the Inquiſidors leave the Houſe; which gave me occaſion to tell them you were Travellers, guilty onely in the trying a publick experiment; Men that had not a ſold to loſe, poor caſhier'd Cavalliers; whom their Guardian had couzen'd of their Portions, and I'de undertake, for a piece of money, ſhould quit your Intereſt to them; upon which they ſeiz'd the Guardian, and expect Don *Harrigo* to treat your Intereſt; You are ſure he's in the Gallies for his Life, and his Eſtate confiſcate to the Church; Your wives will be Priſoners during Life; for to lie with them is held Copulation with the Devil.

Ferdin. The ſumm in hand, did not the Guardian tell of that, nor require Reſtitution?

Rogero. Not a word; he durſt not mention that for fear of confeſſing my accuſation; which has nam'd him as a party that conſpir'd with the Witch.

Edwardo. Ha! not onely free, but hopes of more money; Prithee let *Harrigo* treat the Conſolation; I will not have above a hundred thouſand Crowns; 'tis more then a Souldier of our party ought to poſſeſs, unleſs he will eat alone; for where a Devil ſhall we find two more to make up our meſs?

Ferdin. While we feed upon this Ayre, I have a Mind to a reall dinner; for I am a thirſty and a hungry ſinner.

Thomaſo. Love hath his Famine too and Thirſt, that drinks the Blood, while the ſighing Heart becomes his Food. But we a more

more propitious Deity have found; which with ſmiling Fates, and full Joyes, our Loves has crown'd; And now, Madam, all Fears and Tyranny of the Boy muſt be remembred onely as the ſalt and ſeaſoning of this Joy; Whil'ſt chearful *Hymens* Nuptial Treaſures invites to new and ſurprizing pleaſures; Such, as I in all my curious ſearch could never find; Embraces that are as chaſte as kind: And I conjure you all, where ere you go, proclaim what I ſhall ſtill adore; The Virtue of this Star, bright *Serulina*, whoſe Friendſhip thus has fixt the Wanderer. [*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

THE FIRST PART OF Bellamira her Dream: OR, THE Love of Shadows. A TRAGI-COMEDY,

The Scene *NAPLES* and *SICILY.*

Written in *VENICE,*
BY
THOMAS KILLIGREW.

DEDICATED
TO THE
Lady *MARY VILLIERS*
DUCHESSE
OF
RICHMOND and *LENOX.*

LONDON:
Printed by *J. M.* for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be sold at his Shop at the sign of the *Blew Anchor*, in the lower Walk of the *New-Exchange*. 1663.

The Names of the Actors:

The King of *Naples* and *Sicily*.
Ortho, Brother of the King, slain in a Battel.
Leopoldo, Prince of *Sicily* and *Naples*.
Almanzor, Prince of *Spain*.
Roderigo, His Lieutenant General.
Bellamira, Sister to *Leopoldo*.
Fidelia, A Lady of the Court.
Pollidor, *Phillora* his Sister, } Two Foresters.
Ravack, A banished Lord, of dead *Ortho*'s party.
Nigro, *Clytus*, *Cleon*, } Three Lords of *Ortho*'s party, in Arms in *Gaietta*.
Palantus, General of the Horse to the King of *Sicily* and *Naples*.
Philemon, An old Lord at Court.
A Satyr, In Love with *Phillora*.
Arens, A Moor, Slave to *Leopoldo*.
Juba, A Moor, Friend to *Arcus*, *Cadess*, his Sister. } Both Prisoners.
Souldiers and *Servants*, such as the Scene Requires.

Bellamira's *habit, when disguis'd, some Antick handsome Property.*

Pollidor, Phillora, *and* Ravack, *must be habited like Foresters, part Hunters, part Shepherds habit; neither Rich nor Plain, but proper all, of different Colours; For the two young ones, gray and blue, hair Colour, white and some silver;* Phillora *must have a piece of the Lyons Skin in her habit;* Ravack *must have a very white Curl'd head and Beard of* Hair.

The Satyr *must have a Call of Silk and Silver, and the Wooll of* Phelice *made into a kind of scrip on one side, and the Horns of* Phelice *gilt tyed to the ends of it.*

Arcus *must be in a Noble habit, Rich, and his Person black, being a Moor.*

THE FIRST PART OF Bellamira her Dream: OR, THE Love of Shadows.

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

Enter Nigro, Ravack, Cleon, *and Attendants.*

Nigro. 'TIs for certain, the people at last have found a head, to whom *Clytus* is joyned; and I fear will follow the Revenge with as little mercy as the King shew'd his brother, our dead Master, the Royal *Ortho*; whose invasion though we neither counsell'd, nor assisted, yet such is the fate of Courts, when the People Arm against their Princes; which we have sadly proved, who now suffer that punishment which was meant to the Authors of that unnatural War.

Rav. Is the Spanish Prince arriv'd at *Naples*? is there a ground for that report?

Nig. Most certain; led on by *Clytus*, Their descent in *Sicily* found no resistance; the people were so generally disaffected with the present Government they willingly consented to put themselves under the prince's protection; This news has awaked the King, till then lost in security; and now too late he finds the fire he despis'd has taken hold of his Palace. The prince *Leopoldo* is absent too; A person of that Piety and Virtue, but that he is the cloud that shadows our young King, and unjustly possesses his right, I could joyn with the world in worship of him; and it was indeed his Interest, joyned with his noble Sisters, which these late years has kept the people quiet;

But the prince and *Palantus* being abſent in theſe late diſorders, our Friends have taken hold of the occaſion, and prevalled ſo far, that the people are now Armed in the Name of our long loſt prince; which hope, joyned with their hatred of the preſent Government, has begot a danger. The King cannot reſiſt, but 'tis thought he will be forc'd to leave *Naples*, and ſeek a ſafety in *Capua*, that place in my Opinion being fitteſt to make his general Rendevouz. This news was the cauſe of my ſending for you, that you might avoy'd the preſent danger which the prince *Leopoldo* and *Palantus* his Army may bring, who are now upon their march towards *Naples*, and muſt paſs through your Foreſt, where your abode, during theſe troubles, will be moſt unſafe; and to prevent a miſchief, pray let me counſel your ſelf, and the Children, to retire hither this Evening. Where did you leave them?

Rav. A hunting, in which they both delight; Books, and that, are their great diverſion; and I am glad to find their Affections ſo Innocent, and minds ſo ready ſtill to take fire at any great Example they meet in Story: I left them this morning in chaſe of a wild Bore; nor is *Phillora* leſs maſculine in her Spirit then *Pallidor*, but far from cruell, or Barbarous; I have wondred to ſee her give ſuch wounds, and then lament them; ſhe has indeed overcome all the Niceties of her Sex, and yet retains the ſoftneſs of her Nature; and though ſhe loves to be one ſtill in all our Sports, yet a modeſt, innocent, and moſt gentle aſſuredneſs attends all her Actions.

Nig. Nature and Sex are but materials that cuſtome works upon; and both Sexes are Effeminate, or Warlike, as they are bred; ----- but no more of this: time is too precious; Now or Never we muſt regain our Countrey, Prince and Liberty; *Clytus*, our Friend, is already joyned with the Spaniſh Prince, and Commands in *Naples*; The Caſtles are in his hands, declared for the ſurvying heirs of the dead *Ortho*, and with his our Forces ſhall this day joyn; and if the gods have enough reveng'd that raſh Act of our unfortunate Maſter, We, the remnant of his friends, that this ſixteen years have ſuffered all kinds of Calamities for his fault, may yet hope to return to our Countrey. In the mean time, *Cleon*, let ſome diligent ſpy follow the Princes Army, and learn (if it be poſſible) his intentions, and obſerve his motions, numbers, and Affections of his Souldiers.

Rav. That my tame Satyr ſhall do; he is crafty, and ſeems ſimple, armed with his Club he ſhall mingle with them; hee's acquainted too with all the Faſts of the Foreſt, ſecret paths and Caves, and can, in ſpight of their ſwifteſt horſes, make a retreat; the poor wretch dotes upon my Girl; and if ſhee'll but promiſe to ſing, or play to him, there is no danger, for her ſake, he will not attempt; but I muſt return e're they miſs me.

Nig. Farewel, the Gods guide our honeſt intents; 'tis not for Revenge, but juſtice, that we ſtrike. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT.

ACT. I. SCEN. II.

Enter the King, Phillemon, *and Attendants.*

King. PHillemon, are thoſe returned we ſent to mingle themſelves with the multitude, to try, if 'twere poſſible to learn the cauſe of their taking Arms ſo ſuddenly.

Phill. Some, Sir, are return'd, all report the ſame ſubſtance in different language, great oppreſſion, no Juſtice done upon complaint; But the great cauſe is, the pretended pity they ought to have upon their Countrymen, whoſe long miſeries they publickly lament, whil'ſt others proclaim the joyful news, that their young prince *Genorio* lives, who long ſince was mourned, as part of his Fathers ruine, whoſe Injuries to your Majeſtie, though they were of the higheſt nature, yet being a Brother, I could have wiſh'd they had not found ſo ſevere a Juſtice.

King. He fell not by any Act of Cruelty that we ought to bluſh for. —— War, that War which he moſt unjuſtly waged, as 'twas his crime, proved his puniſhment too. *Sicily* was the Conqueſt of our Father; In which I ſerved him, and with my Blood entituled my ſelf to that Crown which, at his death, was by my Fathers will conferred upon me; *Naples* was my Brothers birth-right; yet the gods witneſs with me, neither my wiſhes nor commands were guilty of his or his Childrens death, which to this hour my ſoul laments; And if the kinder fates have preſerved them, as they pretend; May all miſeries find me, and purſue me to my Poſterity, if I ſhall not with joy carry theſe gray hairs to *Sicily*, and deliver *Naples* into their hands, being the undoubted right of their Father.

Phill. This Piety, Sir, I am confident had long ſince produced a happy Peace, could their Party have given faith to it; but their guilt, and doubt of ſuch a goodneſs has now bred this Civil War; which the deſperate condition of their baniſh'd Nobility I fear will make uſe of. *Clytus* is certainly with them, and now Commands the Caſtles where he hath declared the young King *Genorio*, and his Siſter, the Princeſs, *Phidamira* living, with which Joy the people are poſſeſt; and your Majeſty muſt look upon that Joy as your Enemy; For I cannot believe the report true, though I confeſs I wiſh it; 'tis but a pretence, to ſet the people againſt your Majeſtie, and gain a power to work your ruine; to prevent which, my Counſel is, that your Majeſtie immediately proclaim *Genorio* King, and pardon to all if they can produce him, and require a ceſſation of Arms till the people be ſatisfied, whether your Majeſtie or their Intentions be moſt Ingenuous, in reſtoring the young King to his Right.

Enter

Enter Arcus *with a Paper which he gives the King.*

King. Arcus, what news? Thy looks are full of trouble; How doſt thou find the people inclin'd?

Arcus. To the ruine, Sir, of your ſelf and Family; they call the Prince and Princeſs Diſſemblers, and Betrayers of their Truſt, your Majeſty Uſurper, Tyrant, and Murderer of your Brother and his Children. Pardon, Sir, this blunt relation; my gratitude for the freedom I have found makes me unwilling to flatter your Majeſty into a Ruine.

King. How does this agree with *Clytus* his proclaiming their Prince *Genorio* King?

Arcus. Alas, Sir, Reaſon, Juſtice, nor Honour, you muſt not look for in this Beaſt the Multitude; 'tis all Back and Belly, no Breaſt, no room for a Heart; All Slave when commanded; All Luſt when they have power; they are full of Rage and Wine; Treaſon and Novelty are the things they worwip: A Slave of the ſame Gally where I was Priſoner gave me this Paper; 'tis a Declaration the *Spaniards* and Confederates have diſpers'd, wherein the Cauſe and Reſolution of this War is moſt maliciouſly ſet down, and I fear findes too much faith among the people; they have intelligence too abroad; ſome (when I was there) came from *Capua*, that aſſured them they had no time to loſe, for the Prince *Leopoldo* was upon his March, and would within two days be in ſight of the City, upon which they purpos'd immediately to attempt the Palace; In ſhort, my fear for your Majeſty apprehends the worſt that Malice and Treaſon can act upon your ſelf and royal Family.

Phil. Therefore conſider, Sir, whether your ſtrength either in the place or number of your Friends, be able to reſiſt this Torrent till the Prince can come to give you aid; and if not, take counſel with your ſafety, and make retreat to *Averſa*, 'tis in the way to *Capua*, whither your friends ſhall have private order to repair; 'tis in the Princes way too, whoſe coming is much ſooner than they feared.

Arcus. Your Majeſties ſafety has no time to ſpare; this night you muſt prepare for Flight or Defence; I have thoſe in readineſs ſhall deliver your Orders for either as it ſhall be reſolved.

King. What to reſolve I know not; My heart ſcorns to apprehend theſe Villains; yet when I conſider what Stakes they throw for, how little they can loſe, and what they may win, who knows how Fortune may aſſiſt the daring of ſuch Villains? My dear *Bellamira*, and *Leopoldo* too, their Fates are woven in this Thred of mine, elſe they ſhould finde, old as I am I have not loſt one grain of that courage that gave me conqueſt in my youth. Prithee finde my *Bellamira*, ſhe muſt this night prepare to depart with me. I dare not venture to leave her here; All her Guards of Beauty, Greatneſs, or Virtue, are but idle nothings when they meet the barbarous

barous force of Treaſon in a raging Multitude: Have you ſeen her lately, *Philemon?*

Phil. Yes Sir, but ſo afflicted ſince the Invaſion of the *Spaniard*, and Revolt of *Sicily*, ſhe hath ſcarce eat or ſlept, and with pain endures the converſation of her Friends; her minde and fears are ſtill bent upon her Dream, the thought of which ſhe now trembles at, and apprehends it as a prophetick Viſion ſent by the Gods to us to denounce theſe miſeries.

King. 'Twas odd, but my innocency makes me ſecure; and yet I dare neither believe nor deſpiſe it; for though Dreams be the common Iſſue of Sleep, and are in relation to the thoughts we have been moſt affected with the day before, or take their Births from the Humours that are moſt predominant in our Conſtitutions, yet men may reaſonably and piouſly believe the Gods both do and have by thoſe ſtrange ways ſometimes darkly foretold their Deſigns; which makes me neither believe nor contemn all Dreams. ----But no more of this, the night and *Bellamira*, if habited like her ſex, will be unſafe and incommode; therefore deſire her to make uſe of a Diſguiſe, and for my ſake chearfully to endure this firſt difficulty of our adverſe fortune; her Jewels may be uſeful too, if ſhe can convey them with her: this and my bleſſing, good *Philemon*. Come *Arcus*, you muſt to my Son this night, and acquaint him with our Reſolutions, and that the Rendezvouz will be at *Averſa*; whoſe ſtrength and proviſions I dare rely upon as well as the faith of him that commands.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. I. SCEN. III.

Enter Bellamira, *and* Fidelia *in her Chamber.*

Bellam. WHat thinks *Fidelia*, were my fears vain or no? Is it not viſible the Gods in their care foretold our ills? Is not the Stranger landed, and doth not the Duſt fly in our faces? 'Twas too true an Expoſition the good Hermit made of my Dream, who told us, that kicking the Sand at us would prove a dangerous Rebellion in the People. O *Fidelia*, my ſoul is full of horrour, yet all mine own miſeries do not at all deject me; but for my Father, his loſs, I muſt confeſs, brings a weight of ſadneſs I cannot bear.

Fidelia. To deny your cauſe of grief will but make your anger joyn, and give new wounds to your minde; that fatal Dream I have not dar'd to read, my nature is too ſuperſtitious; yet my curioſity would fain know what Stars rule your Highneſs fortune, to which mine is ty'd, and by a nearer intereſt, Madam, than your goodneſs yet imagines.

Bell. No, *Fidelia*, though (I confeſs) thy modeſt hiding of a Paſſion has been very diſcreet, yet all the ſhadows thou couldſt interpoſe have not obſcur'd it ſo, but my grief and kindneſs have both ſeen it; and though I cannot be happy my ſelf, yet tis my joy in the midſt

midſt of theſe afflictions I have a power left to give thee ſome peace of minde; turn not away, I will not put thee to bluſh the reſt; onely thus much, live aſſur'd, if I can ſerve thee, thou ſhalt be happy in the wiſh'd friendſhip of thy *Palantus*; and that thou maiſt give faith to what I ſay, at thy leaſure read this Paper-----'Tis my Dream expounded; in that thou wilt finde my Fate; and I confeſs with a clear ſoul, and as much innocency as the ſleeps of Children, I love that fatal figure, that ſomething without a name, that kinde nothing is all the buſineſs of my minde; In my ſleep he reſcu'd me, me thoughts he ſav'd my honour in a time of danger when my heart was deſperate; and though a Dream the fear has ſtill dwelt here, and a kindneſs for him, which makes me preſer him before all but honour; ceaſe to wonder, for that ſhadow is all my converſation, all my joy, and all my miſery; Is it not a ſtrange Paſſion that the Gods have ſent me for one I never ſaw but in my Dream, the ſimilitude of nothing? yet this advantage we have of others, we are ſecured from jealouſie; for as Fate has hid him from my eye, ſo a kinde power has ſet me free from the envy or fear his love may bring; by night he makes his viſits ſtill; like the *Egyptian Apis* in a Dream he comes; the ſoft-foot'd God of Sleep is onely Witneſs to our Love.

Bellamira *gives her a Paper.*

Fid. Since your Highneſs has been pleas'd to break this ſilence, giving thouſand joys I never hop'd for, take the ſecret of my heart; 'tis Love, Madam, ſo much more than I can maſter, 'tis more than I can tell, and that makes me fear ſuch a Preſent as *Palantus* his Love, when he ſhall finde onely a Shadow for his Rival, may gain an eaſier Victory than your Highneſs fears; nor do I blame *Palantus* for loving your Highneſs, 'tis his greateſt virtue to do it; and my crime to tell you ſo; becauſe I know though 'tis an honour to have you there, yet 'tis the buſineſs of his heart to hide it; and ere I can have his friendſhip, his faith muſt be blaſted; for Inconſtancy is the firſt ſtep to any poſſibility of my being happy; yet he has ever paid me a Civility; and though I cannot boaſt his love, yet he has made me believe he was not diſpleas'd that I love him.

Bell. Come, dry thy eyes, and calm thy breaſt; for though he ſhould prove unkinde I'll be faithful ſtill; and if *Palantus* will hope to act any thing pleaſing in my eye, he muſt purſue his friendſhip to *Fidelia*; for I believe, with the moſt excellent *Belleſſa*, that Faith and Conſtancy are ſo much lovelier in both Sexes, than any other Beauty that I ſhould expect from a gallant Woman; ſhe ſhould ſooner ſpoil her face, than break her faith; and this I ſhall tell him; who if he be the gallant *Palantus*: the world eſteems him, he knows all that Beauty can hope for; nay, all it aſpires to is but to create a faith, and binde the heart it loves; and when Beauty and Love have done their beſt they make but one conſtant Friendſhip. Nay, *Fidelia*, how many fair faces do ſtories mention that could not make one conſtant Love, though it has been ſtill the buſineſs of Youth and Beauty?

Fid. Thoſe Ages, Madam, wanted the divine *Bellamira's* minde

to

to finiſh that great work, whoſe Friendſhip will be the envy of the whole world, and may it never want the pity you have ſhew'd me; & as your Scholar I ſhall purſue *Palantus* with a modeſt heart,& teach him the virtue of a faithful Lover,a myſtery known but to few men.

Bellam. Faith is ſuch a ſtrange good, 'tis neither valuable nor communicable beyond two; I mean the Faith of Love; a gallant man cannot be twice faithful; who would be twice, was never once a Lover.

Fid. Why are ſo many Women pleaſed, then, to gain a ſervant that was anothers?

Bellam. Such women are fit for the Friendſhip of ſuch of men, and knows not what a nothing they have won; for inſtead of a Friendſhip ſhe onely gaines a dead carkaſs of one that might have been a Lover; And ſuch women, *Fidelia*, are guiltier then the men, who muſt be either fooliſh or wicked; For Honour is deaf to their prayers, and blind to their tears; who can ſay nothing that ought to prevail where there is Virtue.

Fid. Unleſs it be to plead the power of her Beauty that has made him break his faith to another; quitting Empire there for chains elſe where.

Bellam. I tell thee, *Fidelia*, ſuch a wretch that durſt hope a reward from me for ſuch a crime, I ſhould look upon him as one that threw dirt upon my Fame, and my ſcorn ſhould tell him ſo; for he who has impudence enough to plead that guilt for merit, I ſhall believe, will never care to be innocent.

Fid. Oh, Madam, let me kneel to you; And though I cannot accuſe *Palantus* of broken Faith, yet his diſſembled pity makes me beg when he bows before this ſhrine, and pleads rewards from your Breaſt, for ſcarrs received in others ſervice: O let your Juſtice revenge me upon him and in the afflictions of your frowns, teach him to feel thoſe pains he inflicts upon others.

Bellam. Riſe, *Fidelia*, and believe *Palantus* can never deſerve this; he knows me too well to venture his Paſſions beyond his thoughts; and I will rather be unjuſt to him, then prove unkind to thee; and when thy griefs have let thee collect thy thoughts, this ſecret I gave thee even now, muſt remove all thy feats; for know, I have a gueſt here lodged by Fate, and ſo proud he will dwell alone and reign ſole Monarch of this Breaſt; And truſt me,gentle *Fidelia*, I am proud too, and ſcorn a part or corner of a Heart; and he, who ere he be that will be mine, muſt bring an entire Friendſhip no divided breſt, a Province will not ſatiſfie me; 'Tis a ſolitary Heart that affects crowds of Lovers; In love alone is beſt company, abſolute or nothing in a Heart, if I be one.

Fid. Thoſe that err having ſuch a guide muſt fall unpitied; O Madam,did I hope this ſad day ſuch joy as this? No,no,this change of my condition confirmes me in the uncertainty they build upon that truſt to Fortune, who afraid to be thought ſhe loves any one thing long, made me fear ſhe had now deſignd my Ruine; whom ſhe ſo long indulged with the Friendſhip of two ſuch perſons as your Highneſſe and *Palantus*, to ſhew 'twas ſhe;

not Virtue raiſed me ; I cannot yet pretend to the leaſt of your Highneſs favours, being but the youngeſt child of Love and Fortune ; and can plead but from your pity no intereſt, nor no inheritance in eithers bleſſings.

Bellam. Fortune nor Love ſhall make me forſake thee ; and for Love, though I find his venome in my Mind, yet this truth I dare proclaim, that god hath no partial cuſtomes to difference his Children by. Love has not elder Rights, all are his Heirs that Love with Faith and Honour : This ſtrange madneſs that afflicts my Mind, call it what you will, Love or madneſs, to dote upon a ſhadow, though it hath depth and ſtream enough to bear me with it ; Yet all this Tempeſt in my Mind has raiſed no Billowes there ; no faulty deſires, nor dangerous vanity waits upon my Love : This ſhadow of one, is all men to me ; like wealth contracted into Jewels, ſo I bear the precious load here.------See who knocks.-------What news, my Lord, from my Brother ? His abſence at this time was moſt unfortunate ; He hath intereſt with the people ; But Fate rules all ; are the people in a Body ſtill?

One knocks. Enter Philemon.

Phil. Yes, Madam, and I can give little hope of better dayes, till the ſword decide the difference ; The Prince and *Palantus* are upon their March this way, but the diſſorders are ſuch we dare not attend his coming ; for the King is inform'd that the people will this night force the Palace, how eaſie it will be to do it I will not counſell the King to make a tryall eſpecially when we conſider the conſequence ; His guards, though faithfull, are too few to conquer, and too many to ſacrifice ; Therefore the King has reſolved with them to make his retreat this Evening to *Averſa*, whoſe ſtrength and affections he dares rely upon, 'tis in the way the Prince muſt march ; to whom notice is already gone, and private inſtructions to thoſe that are faithful in this Calamity, to make that their Rendezvouz.

Bellam. The Gods are ſtill with us ; and to diſpute their Actions ; were to incenſe them, our obedience prevailes more then complaints. What are his Majeſties Commands to me ? How ſhall I diſpoſe of my ſelf in theſe diſorders ?

Phil. The King, whoſe chief fear and trouble is your Highneſs ſafety, deſires your Company this night with him in ſome diſguiſe, to prevent any accident ; to which your Perſon (as your ſelf) may be ſubject ; habited like a boy, he thinks will be beſt he knows ; it will ſeem ſtrange to your Highneſs to change your Sex ; but his command and neceſſity will be excuſe for both.

Bellam. My obedience ſhall in all things poſſible ſerve his will ; A mans habit ! I have none, you muſt provide it, who ſhall go with me ? Has the King appointed any ?

Fidel. In this, and all difficulties, my Life and Fortune ſhall be proud to bear a part ; And though I know I ſhall bluſh to ſee my ſelf in that habit ; yet to bear a ſhare in your Highneſſes Fortune is an Honour I ſhall alwayes covet.

Bellam. Welcome, Dear *Fidelia* ; may thy kindneſs to me be as ſucceſful, as I propheſie thy Love will be ; We now begin to tread

that

that path, which though it be full of thorns and horrour, yet it leads *Fidelia* to Love and Honour.

ACT. I. SCEN. IV.

Enter Pollidor *from hunting, and ſome part of the Quarry in his hand; The Scene muſt be a fine Land-skip, and a* Cave *muſt be in the Scene.*

Pollidor. THe Woods are full of armed men; Troops of gallant youths paſs by me without regard; Me-thoughts a ſcorn flew from every generous Heart and ſparkling Eye, to ſee ſuch ſloth and degenerate youth lie hid in this peaceful ſhape of mine, when all the world is in Arms; And my Heart tells me, it were as eaſie to circumvent them, as a Lyon; and as little danger to kill their Tyrant Prince, as to ſtrike a Boar with this truſty ſpear; *Leopoldo*, he is their Generall; They ſay his Father kill'd our king, murther'd our Princes, and baniſh'd my Father, who has often bid me hate him; And now 'twere eaſie with a well aimed Arrow to lay his Pride upon the earth in the height of all his glories; ſuch a quarry would make a Huntſ-man proud, and find matter fit for ſtory; But down, down all thoughts of my Revenge till he bids ſtrike who knows why and when 'tis fit; till then, be quiet, all the troubles of my Heart be gone; and here let *Pollidor* reſt contented in this Cave, where thou wert bred and born; Here we live unknown, un-envied, and as free from danger as the glory of this world; This Cave none will fight for ſure; 'twas the Habitation of a Satyre, and he has given us leave to poſſeſs it; 'tis the Charity of a kind of Beaſt, whoſe Love to my Siſter is beyond the faith of men, and ſtrange as any accident in our Fortune; She ſent him home from hunting with the Veniſon we kill'd; and under the notion of ſerving her the poor Beaſt is to all of us a Servant.

He goes into the Cave *to ſeek his Siſter, and Father, and Satyre, finds none, and returns preſently.* [The Scene muſt repreſent a Cave] *Enters as from the Cave.*

There's no body within, yet all things are in order, and all abſent; I cannot but wonder where they ſhould be thus late.------Oh, here comes one can reſolve me. How now, where is my Siſter, and your Maſter? *Enter* Satyre

Satyre. For the bright Maid, ſhe is gazing, like one that were planet-ſtruck, upon thoſe new kind of men that fill the Woods; I never ſaw a Mind ſo ſoon reconcil'd to her fears; at firſt ſight ſhe ſhrunk, and lean'd to me till ſhe bluſh'd, and then bent her brows and bow too, and then gaz'd again; They laugh'd to ſee her in this diſorder, but ſhe purſues them ſtill, without regard to my cries or prayers; and walks as if her Mind were grown greater from the ſight: And though my buſineſs calls me hither, I was loath to leave her, for fear they ſhould hurt her; Prithee, good Maſter, ſeek

her, and chide her home, you will find her by the great plaines ſide; where the ſacred Oak with the Trophies ſtands.

Pol. Well, I'll ſeek her; and if my Father returns and aſk for me, tell him whither I am gone *Exit* Pollidor.

Satyre. I love them not, yet I dare not hurt them; for my Love ſayes, ſhe ſhall die if they be hurt, elſe I would poyſon them, I know a root will do it; But I love the Maid, ſo ſweet a Flower never deck'd *Pan*'s Garland; her Voice charmes the wildeſt Breaſt, and her touch cures all wounds but thoſe of the Mind. This Cave was mine, by Birth mine, Ages we have lived in it; 'Twas *Pan*'s gift of old, yet I gave it to my Love but to ſmile upon me; My Sire was worſhipped in theſe woods, and lies buried under yon *Altar*; I cry ſometimes when I miſs him; ſeven tedious winters have I waited, in hope they would give me the Maid; ſo long though a child ſhe has ſeduced my Mind: There is a hidden power in her Eyes, that makes me fear and love to ſee her; I cannot live out of her ſight; and yet Famine is not ſo inſupportable as to ſee and not enjoy her. This bottle they drink of, 'tis a precious liquor; and when I converſe with it it makes me bold, and therefore 'tis forbidden me; I'll taſte it though, and fill it up at the Brook; I can ſleep too in ſpight of Love, when my Mind is charm'd with this.

That Altar *muſt be expreſs'd in the Scene.*

ACT. II. SCEN. I.

Enter Almanzor, Roderigo, Clytus, *and* Souldiers *to fill the Scene.*

Almonzor. FRom *Gaietta* we are aſſured of a conſiderable force to Joyn with us to morrow; And 'tis believd we ſhall find the King about the Foreſt; for the Prince and he are met; and what number, *Clytus*, do you judge their Army to be now they are united?

Clytus. The Scouts ſpeak of many thouſands more then the King expected, or I believ'd would follow his Fortune; but all makes not two thirds of our preſent Army, beſides thoſe of *Gaietta*, which will this night lodge in the Foreſt.

Almanzor. Was it for certain, the Princeſs *Bellamira* fled in Boyes Habit, as was reported?

Clytus. For certain; and I confeſs I cannot but lament her part in this Calamity; for ſhe hath ever born a Mind full of Honour, and upon all occaſions been ready to aſſiſt them that misfortunes made fit for her Charity.

Roderigo. But ſhe gave an unhandſome anſwer to my Prince, whoſe Love in a profer'd Marriage (mention'd by chance by a friend, as a means to compoſe the preſent troubles, in Policy as well well as Civility) might have found a handſomer denial then the upbraids of Traytor and Uſurper.

Almanzor.

Almanzor ſpeaks aſide. Obſerve him, *Roderigo.*

Clytus. Ha! does your mind run that way? is that the fair pretence of reſtoring our loſt Princes? this I doubted before, but it was too late to prevent it.

Alman. Her pride may fall into my power, and then I ſhall give an anſwer like her meſſage; till then let us intend our buſineſs, which a woman ſhall never be with *Almanzor.*

Aſide to Roderigo. Roderigo, a word.--- Now you find the Declaration was well deſign'd, and before they ſhall find a power to diſprove the truth whether their Prince be in our power or no, I will make theſe Traytors cut themſelves. This *Clytus* is a villain, and begins to grow cold, he likes not the marriage with the Princeſs; therefore ſtrike that ſtring no more.----*Clytus,* how do the people take the news of their young Kings ſafety?

Clytus. With joy, Sir; and with impatient longing they expect the ſight; and 'tis my opinion 'twill be the beſt way to produce him this day, and preſent him to the Army; if we ſhould delay their expectations, perhaps we may loſe their affections and their faith too; and then we have only arm'd and drawn together a multitude that may, for their revenge, joyn with the enemy; who when he ſhall hear of their diſcontents will not neglect to play the beſt of his Game; 'tis therefore again my counſel to loſe no time, but produce the King.

Alman. It is his own deſire not to be diſcover'd till things be ſetled, at leaſt till the Caſtles and ſtrong places be ſurrendred, for the better ſecurity of his perſon.

Roder. Beſides, 'tis now moſt dangerous to produce him; his enemies and Fathers murtherers being in arms, and ready to diſpute his title by a day of Battle; in which if he miſcarry he is not only loſt in this, but in all future hopes of a revenge: but if *Gaietta* will receive him, and a Gariſon for his ſafety, or you *Clytus* give up the Caſtles in *Naples* for his uſe; then the Prince ſhall upon his word and honour produce your King; elſe, till the Battle be over, without breach of faith, he cannot expoſe his friend to ſuch a viſible ruine.

Clyt. If the people will be ſatisfi'd with this, I am; Sir, you know by the contract, *Naples* was to be in my command, which I poſſeſs'd in right of my Maſter; *Sicily* (as 'twas agreed) was reſign'd to you; and if I refuſe, now, to deliver the Caſtles of *Naples,* 'tis not to keep out my King that makes me do it, but to be ſure who ſhall be my King when I have done it; for 'tis no queſtion, Sir, when you have the ſtrength of the Kingdom in your hands, and an Army maſter of the Field, 'tis moſt eaſie to ſhew who ſhall be King of the Countrey; but if you are a Prince in ſoul as well as fortune, you will ſcorn to deceive our truſt; and if there be foul play in your heart, ſmall and deſpicable as our Force are, we ſhall yet with that venture to call you Enemy.

Enter

Enter a Souldier.

Alman. How now? what's the news?

Sould. The party that purſu'd the King laſt night are beaten in, and the commanded men that were ſent to the Paſs at *Capua* are cut off by a party of the Kings, who now appears upon the hills, where he poſſeſſes the places to his moſt advantage; and the Officers expect your Highneſs Orders.

Alman. Come *Clytus*, let no jealouſie nor fear afflict thee; but take the word of a Prince, I ſhall be fair and real in all things. Every man to his command; and (if it be poſſible) joyn with thoſe of *Gaietta*; I confeſs I did not expect to be call'd to the Battle, 'twas my fear they would fly us; and, but that I believe their deſpair rather then courage makes them ſeek us, 'twould ſtartle me; but here let us part like fellows in arms, and men of one intereſt, faithfully act our parts. (*Genorio* King) that's the word; and if a misfortune find us, let *Mola* be the Rendevouz, from whence we may retreat to *Gaietta*. [*Exit* Almanzor.

Roder. I never fear'd an enemy before, nor till now doubted a day of Battle: theſe traytors that are joyn'd to us, methinks I ſee a curſe even in their looks; how can the gods fight for treaſon? would they were all ſunk.

Clytus. This I fear'd; but to prevent it was not poſſible; that the young King lives may be truth, but that he is either in his power or knowledge, I fear is as falſe as he is; but I am now too far engag'd; elſe he ſhould find *Clytus* drew his ſword upon another account then to make *Almanzor* King.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. II. SCEN. II.

Enter Phillora *alone, ſhe looks upon the grownd, and then ſtarts into ſpeech.*

Phil. AN Army!----- I never ſaw ſo glorious a ſight before.----- There is a beauteous horrour in't, Their very looks command fate; where dares there be any thing ſo bold, as to declare it ſelf an enemy to ſuch a body, if the ſoul be anſwerable to the limbs? ſure, Armies are the pride of nature, and her enemies too. There is a ſtrange ſweetneſs in their Muſick; yet their Trumpets curdles my blood, and my heart's grown too great for my breaſt; this Cottage grows too narrow for my mind.

Enter Ravack *and* Pollidor.

Rav. See where ſhe is.

Phil. Oh Father, I have ſeen the Army; 'tis the moſt bewitching ſight the Sun e're ſhew'd my eyes; there is at once a beauty and

and a terrour in't, and makes me love and envy thoſe that command ſuch things; how came you to leave being a Souldier? methinks death only ſhould have made a ſeparation 'twixt you and ſuch a body; it moves with ſuch a Majeſty I was afraid at firſt; but now the awe is not unpleaſing, my fear is turn'd into wonder and admiration; did *Pollidor* imagine it ſuch a thing? this is the firſt my Brother ever ſaw.

Pollid. 'Tis ſo, *Phillora*; but I have read of many.

Phil. So have I, dully and coldly deſcribed; of their Battles too ill fought and worſe painted in ſtory, preſented ſtill by their fears, or partiality of ſome weak Hiſtorian, who delivers them ſtill in their crimes and miſeries, like love known onely by the ſears, while the crafty happy ones (as they ſay) jealous of their wealth and envyed bleſſings, conceal their coveted happineſs; and methinks we might do ſomething worth ſtory in this approaching day, that foretells ſo much honour to them that dare meet this ſtorm; and I know not what 'tis that prompts me, but my heart longs to ſee what fate attends this Army; will my Brother go?

Rav. When thou ſhalt know, gentle *Phillora*, who commands this Army; what Tyranny, Oppreſſion, Uſurpation it protects; and that no hand there but wars againſt the gods, thou wilt then hate and loathe them which thou now admireſt, who guard that great ill man that deſtroy'd his Brother, kill'd his Children, and now uſurps his throne, to revenge which the people are arm'd, and now has forc'd him to defend his ill-got greatneſs; to ſide with whom is no leſs then to war with heaven: but theſe as too diſtant and general ills I will not oppoſe. But when thou ſhalt call to mind thy Fathers baniſhment, withering here under his oppreſſion; thy ſelf and *Pollidor* buried in theſe obſcure Woods, that owe to the world a better account of their days then this ſollitude can pay, you will then find other thoughts; yet I am pleas'd to ſee this impatiency in thy mind; but the time is not yet ripe, in which upon a juſt and honeſt cauſe, your ſwords and minds will have uſe of your beſt reſolutions to bear your parts. The buſineſs is laid, and in *Gaietta* our Scene lyes; but till theſe troops are paſt pray, let us retire and lye cloſe till our friends, which are their enemies, appear; and then we'll joyn, to their deſtruction. The Prince *Leopold* I hear commands the Army.

Phil. Is it not our King, and the Prince, you ſpeak of, Sir?

Ravack. Yes, but Murther and Uſurpation hath made him ſo.

Phil. And may we fight againſt him? ſure 'tis a ſtrange juſtice you would ſeem to put in execution; ſure ſuch crimes were not appointed to puniſh crimes; do you believe it ſuch a fault in him to defend himſelf againſt a Brother, then turn'd enemy? and no ſin in us to arm againſt our King, whoſe ſucceſſion is undoubted now his Brother is dead, ſlain under a ruine he made himſelf; for I have heard you ſay, he was ſlain in Battle; why did you then defend him no better? 'tis vain to think what heaven thought not

juſt

juſt then in the perſon of the King (who you would have me believe thus wicked) ſhould puniſh their own act in the perſon of the innocent Prince : but ſuppoſe the King as guilty as you would make him; what has the Prince done, then a Child ? why do you war with him? whoſe virtue neither your rage nor hatred can deny; for to my ſelf you have often given him divine honour; Oh, Sir, your ſilence is more noble then your hate; and leſt I may be ſeduced to loſe my loyalty, or my duty, in this diſpute, I'll retire.

Rav. This is a language I cannot but wonder at, from *Phillora*; have the injuries of a Father no greater place ? is all my care and love paid with this unjuſt ſence of my miſery ?

Phillora. Sir, thoſe grounds you laid of truth and piety in my heart when I was young, that ſeed bears this fruit; would you have me to obey your paſſion, hate my King, and prefer your anger before all the gods you made me bow too? and not only wiſh, but joyn in the ruine of the Prince, who your ſoul knows has no guilty ſhare in the leaſt of our misfortunes? you know, Sir, there can be no intereſt but honour that moves me to ſay this, for the Prince is one I never ſaw.

Pollid. What crimes muſt he act ere you believe him guilty ? go, court with your youth and beauty thoſe armed troops which you thus dote upon, follow till your diſhonour hath made you a quarrel; there are thoſe will not ask twice the pleaſures they can force.

Phil. This from *Pollidor*, for deſiring to be worth his love! I rather expected to have found that fire which age hath quench'd in our father, ſhould have inflam'd thy generous breaſt to have joyn'd with me in the ſearch of honour; methinks thou ſhouldſt be aſhamed to look on, and ſee theſe Armies bleed, and wiſh a revenge thou dareſt not take.

Pollid. You are angry, *Phillora*; you would not thus miſtake my kindneſs elſe.

Phil. My anger is to ſee *Pollidor* can conſent, with ſhame, to lye hid in this glorious day of danger, and endure this private life, and thus ſleep away thy days, when honour is upon the wing, and Armies ſtriving to catch her; who hovers over the world, ſearching only ſome glorious front to light upon; do's fear or pale envy hold thee back? if thou think'ſt thy ſelf a gallanter man then the Prince, prove thy fate upon him; 'tis womaniſh to ſhoot at him with wiſhes, or hope to blaſt his youth with curſes; if my words wrong thee lead the way, give me the lye in that motion; or bluſhing follow me; while a Girle leads *Pollidor* to arms and honour.

Pollid. Needs *Phillora* more Arguments that I love her! if ſhe do's, let her read this patience.

Rav. What means this fury? will you expoſe your ſelf to dangers, only to be talk'd of? what honour can you hope in this attempt? come *Phillora*, let us retreat, and upon our knees make our war; an old man and a maid muſt finde their ends in prayer.

Phil. I find other thoughts fire my mind; Fortune thy coy Deity I will worſhip; and if thou ſmileſt I'll build thee Altars; if not, when I am old, and my mind grown heavy, then I'll liſten to thoſe

thoſe dull Cuſtoms that our thoughtleſs Sex obey, which perhaps will lead me to the quiet privacy of this place; but I have yet too much fire, Sir, to be incloſed by Cuſtome, or Pale fears. Woman, and all thoſe nice follies, and ſhaking heart, that uſe to poſſeſs our ſoft Sex, as things unknown and unpractiſed, I put off with my Coats; and thus, as I was wont to ſearch the Game, ſo will I hunt my fortune; The ſpoilers of thy herds I have often made my prey: A Bore or a Lyon I ſtart not at, you have taught me know they were created my Inferiours; and with theſe ſpears we have not only made them our ſport, but our food too; That I am a woman is no fault of mine, which Cuſtom (a ſecond and better Nature) has, (I thank you) redeemed, by giving me great thoughts, and weeding out, by your philoſophy, all the little low affections that would choak our minds, and learn'd me to deſpiſe all the fond falſe Doctrine that cunning men would inſinuate into us, deſigning all our Sex their Slaves.

Pol. Your anger, *Phillora*, comes in ſtill, to juſtifie all your errours; yet give me leave to ſay your Anger's more naked then any other paſſion; for angry women, like drunken men, are neither to be valued, nor puniſh'd; which priviledge e're I would plead, I'll ſuffer the penalty of any crime both thoſe faults are ſubject to.

Phil. No, *Pollidor*, 'tis not anger, but my reaſon that ſpeaks this; my eyes and heart are open, and the things I ſee thoſe I ſpeak; Intereſt nor hope of any flattery ſhall bind my tongue; Tell not me our Sex cannot modeſtly be angry, and that a maid enraged is an uncomely ſight; that wounds add not to her beauty either given or received, We muſt onely frown, forſooth, or lament our Injuries. Hence with all thoſe Impoſtures, and ſuch whoſe folly or faint ſouls will be ſubject to this Doctrine; while the ſeveral paſſions of your Rage or Luſt impoſe upon us, who like your chained ſlaves muſt not only ſubmit our ſelves and honours, but our Reaſon too, referring all our griefs and Injuries to the juſtice of the gods; which when *Pollidor* ſees *Phillora* ſuffer, let him and all mankind deſpiſe me, and ſtamp ſlave upon my forehead. --- Honour, thou Diety of both Sexes, Thou male and female virtue, let thy power look friendly on my youth; Guide my feet this day to follow my heart in the paths thou leadeſt, and I will have ---- A glorious life, or elſe a handſome grave.

Pol. Will you leave us then, and thus throw behind you all the kindneſs of a Father and a Brother? has the place no tie upon your grateful Nature? has my love and converſation (beſides a Brothers Intereſt in your blood) gained no place in *Phillora*'s heart?

Phil. Yes, yes, ever dear *Pollidor*, they have, they have; and know, I leave not this place, becauſe my fond will affects a change, nor am I ungrateful to this place in which thou taught'ſt me thoſe rules of Love and Honour, whoſe great Examples (though yet no Lover) I now begin to imitate; and *Pollidor* ſhall find me ready to pay all thoſe debts when Love and Honour calls; and for this dear Cave, this beloved Cell, thus I take a ſad and kind Farewell; with tears I part from thee; and for the bleſt protection we have found in thy

peaceful ſhades, may all that ſhall inhabit thee, when we are gone, find the ſame quiet and full content my youth enjoyed here; May no treaſon deſign thee for her place, nor traytor find thy ſhelter, may no impious deſigns defile thy ſolitude, nor any oppreſt Innocence like ours ſeek thee in vain; may this my prayer dwell with thee.

Rav. And will *Phillora*, thus upon the ſudden then, forſake theſe gray hairs? is ſhe gone, never to return? Is all my love forgot and paſt as yeſterday? will ſhe abandon her Father, beſieg'd with Age and Enemies?

Phillora *ſtands, and then lifts up her hands, and goes to the door, and ſtops.*

Pol. ſpeaks aſide, This paſſion muſt not be ſo ſeverely oppos'd; her Nature, Sir, you know, is too fierce to endure a harſh reproof; ſomething of the Novelty of the ſight has poſſeſt her, let her follow her Fancy a little, my love ſhall wait upon her; bid her farewell, and retire.

Rav. Farewell, *Phillora*; my bleſſing, and the gods protect thee, till thy return. [*Exit* Ravack.

Phil. What ſhall I do? my divided heart can take no reſolution; ſomething, whoſe power I never felt before, calls me this way; Nature & kindnes bid me follow that good old man; why this day more then all my life ſhould my heart deſire to abandon this peaceful place? ſure, *Pollidor*, there is ſome hidden fate in this deſire, and a kind of impiety to oppoſe it; ſhall we go, and obey this ſummons, or ſtay and wither here? --- There is no diſpute; the Gods becken me, and I muſt come; Farewell *Pollidor*; virtue will be virtue in all places, and prithee do not doubt thy ſiſter, for thou ſhalt find me as chaſte and pious in an Army, as ſome bold ones have dar'd be wicked in the Temple; and tell thee, either by living or dying handſomely, how much leſs my ſtars are then my heart, born with a mind far excelling my fortune, or thy faith. [*Exit* Phillora.

Ravack *ſtands and liſtens, at the mouth of the Cave, to their diſcourſe.*

Pol. This ſtream will not be reſiſted, and heaven knows with what difficulty I appear ſevere, who with greater pain denies her paſſion then ſhe ſeems to liſten to my reaſon; my joy is, I have practis'd her mind and know, ſhe has as much modeſty as kind nature, and my ſoul loves her. [*Exit* Pollidor.

Enter Ravack.

Rav. That I love you both is as certain, as the cauſe unknown; This accident diſtracts me; the general buſineſs calls me to *Gaietta*, and this particular pulls me back: *Nigro*, I fear, will doubt ſome ill accident hath ſtop'd my journey; and though there be yet no ill befallen me, yet this path ſhe treads leads to a certain Ruine, either of her, or our Deſign; ye gods that know why we do this, bleſs the ſucceſs.

ACT.

ACT. II. SCEN. III.

Enter Satyr *alone.*

Satyr. MY Miſtreſs is gone alone into the Woods; diſpleaſure and ſcorn are both in her Eyes; ſhe bid me fetch her Bow, I never ſaw her thus troubled before; ſhe walks and ſees no body, but talks to her ſelf, like men in dreams; her Brother and Father have their fits too. Theſe mortalls are ſo humourſome, you would think they had the Bots; ſometime they are ſullen, cry, and kick, and faſt; otherwhiles laugh, ſing, and kiſs, and gaze in each others Eyes, then the juice of the Grape flies, thus they live by fits, merry by chance, ſad by Fortune; Reaſon has no power amongſt 'em, but given up to Intereſt, Ambition, Love, or Revenge; never clothed nor fed but by fancy, either brave till the weight tyres them, or elſe ſo thin and light, they ſtarve. ---- Ye Gods, that gave us all ſkins of our own, to clothe us, why ſuffer ye theſe fond mortalls to kill your creatures, and rob even the worms of their Sepulchres, and Vermin of their Furs, to be proud in? Nay, from the Excrements of beaſts they imagine odours, and perfume themſelves with their dung. In faſhion is all their buſineſs; loaden with Garlands, and bound with Ribbands, and gilt like the Bulls for Sacrifice; till, led by their Luſt, they offer themſelves, in thouſand dangers, to Love and Vanity; But Death, the lean Slave, ſometimes plays the prieſts part; Then I laugh, for he leaves them naked, and cold, as the *Satyr* whom their pride deſpiſed; But I muſt away, ſhee'll chide me if I ſtay. [*Exit* Satyr.

ACT. II. SCEN. IV.

Enter Leopoldo, Palantus, *and* Arcus, *with Letters from the King.*

Leop. STand, ſtand *Palantus*, give order for thoſe Horſe to draw into a Body, they lie too looſe; Theſe Pickeerings only diſorder the Battle, let them lie ſtill, and expect what the Enemy will do; The King was not eaſily perſwaded, *Arcus*, to believe our number ſo great as he found them; my Siſter and *Fidelia* diſguis'd, ſurpriſe me, but I hope the gods will turn all things to the beſt, for the enemy has not advanc'd laſt night as we apprehended.

Arcus. The repulſe, Sir, we gave their Troops laſt night has given a great blow to the credit of their Force, and has begot that change in *Naples* thoſe Letters mention; the Omen's good, and I hope your Highneſs ſhall not find a greater danger in the War then theſe firſt apprehenſions.

Palan. Sir, 'tis viſible, occaſion offers it ſelf much for our Advantage; and ſince the Kings Army has reſted, we muſt think upon ſome ſpeedy way to force them to a tryal of Fortune with us;

our retreat to this hill, from whence we fled yesterday, must breed some doubt of the cause; for it must seem strange to finde themselves sought by those men to day which fled them last night; Besides, your Highness knows, Their Army is compos'd of divers Interests, which will make them jealous of each other; and reasonably enough apprehend we have some intelligence in their Army, which time can onely satisfie, and may joyn to them the doubtful part, which expect but the fortune of a day, to declare for the Conqueror; We can hope no more then we are; every day will increase them, both in number and repute; therefore my counsel is, to offer them Battle, while we are in lust, and hope of victory; delay will but abate the Souldiers hearts, and then 'tis easie to master the Limbs.

Leop. I confess, you have reason; and *Arcus* shall return my sence of it to the King, and desire him to send my Sister, and the Baggage to *Capua*, there to attend our success.

Palan. What says your Letters?

Leop. They mention some disorders among the Rebels in *Naples*; But this fatall Paper makes their Army dangerous; 'tis my Sisters dream expounded by the old Hermit, 'tis sent me by *Fidelia*; there read her letter, thou wilt find something that concerns thee, whilst I rest me here.

(Palantus *reads the Dream, the prince lies down.)*

The Dream.

Palan. *Your Highness walk by the Sea-side in a quiet Evening.*
Signifies, the peace and security drawing to an end will be Interrupted by the unconstancy of the People; For the Evening Signifies the conclusion of a happiness.
And the cloud that landed a Knight in Forreign habit, who Kick'd up the sand in your Faces, in a dangerous proportion;
Signifies a forreign Invasion, which discontents will Countenance; for *Raising the dust* is raising the people, whose Hieroglyphique Sand and dust are, *Flying in your Faces*, is Rebellion, which knows no bound, nor respect;
Your being angry, and not able to revenge the injuries,
Foretells this Rebellion will be powerful.
The flying from the Dust, and loss of the King, in it;
My fears apprehend his loss in this Rebellion;
Your succour in a wood, where shepherds beat down the dust, with boughes.
Signifies a happy relief in the faith and loyalty of the Countrey People. *Trees*, being the Hieroglyphique of Loyalty.
And the extravagant desires of the Shepherds, who importune the Prince and your Highness to the marrying of two Trees, affirming Else that the dust and danger would return again,
Signifies, that by some Miraculous manner your Highness Must fix the peoples hearts.

Enter

Enter the Satyr *wounded, an Arrow ſticking in his Arm, he is amazed when he ſees them, and looks with fear upon* Arcus.

Leop. How now! what doſt thou ſeek! who gave thee this wound? why this fear and wonder? [*He kneels and holds the prince.*

Satyr. Seed of gods, or the god of War himſelf, what e're thou bee'ſt, Thus I adore thee, thus I implore thy aid; tell me but where thy Altars ſtand, I'll haſte and fetch a Lamb, and ſacrifice him to thee, my great deliverer.

Leop. Riſe poor wretch, and ceaſe to fear, or worſhip; there's neither due here; We are mortal as thou art; yet if any Injury threaten thee, we will protect thee; how the poor wretch trembles! prithee, *Palantus*, help to draw the Arrow; how came you by this Shot?

Satyr. From a fair and cruel Foe, Divineſt, A maid of heavenly Form, brighter then the Evening Star, lovely as the *Syrinx* our great gods Paramour, ſtraight as young hazel wands, or the Cornel Darts by *Diana* thrown; and far the Nymph out-ſhines all her train.

Leop. Well, and what of her? The poor thing loves.

Satyr. Love? yes, yes, love, ſo they call my pain; 'tis a grief grows here ---- Beloved of ---- gods, here, I ſuck'd the Venom at my Eyes; and my old Maſter ſays 'twill never be cured.

Leop. And is it troubleſome, your pain?

Satyr. Troubleſome? The Plague or Famine, or the wilde Wolfs tooth, wounds not like it; My mind is all afire. ---- Great, and bleſt, did thy happy ſoul never feel the thirſt that beauty breeds?

Leop. Never; and I wonder how thou comeſt thus miſerable; by my life, *Palantus*, he tells me more of Love and his power then ſome Poets feign.

Satyr. Never Love? Why what do you do all day? how do you ſpend your thoughts? My very Dreams are Love, my Sinews ſhrink when ſhe frowns; ſure ſhee's a Witch, there's ſuch Magick in her Eyes; My flock I'll pawn againſt a Dog, you will like and love her too, 'tis ſuch a Divine form; 'tis not thy Army, nor thy Arms can guard thee from her.

Leop. Doſt thou know her? what is ſhe?

Sat. Yes, yes, in this wood ſhe lives, and hath done from her mothers breaſt; her father and her brother are my maſters (but I ſerve none but her,) My Sire gave them his Cave to live in, we were bred together, and yet unkind ſhe ſeeks to deſtroy me.

Leop. Who are her Father and her brother?

Satyr. Strange men, and hold ſtrange Opinions, of Names and Places, of pains for ever, Divineſt, and talk of Gods, and their rods, above *Pan* and his puniſhments; which wilde things too they threaten, of being nothing, Maſter, and yet laſt ever, and call all that I deſire, by nature taught, a fault.

Leop.

Leop. What urged her to wound you thus?

Satyr. I found her ſleeping in yonder Grove, and would have ſtollen a kiſs; ſeven Summers here have I worn this waſtful fire in my ſuffring breaſt without a hope of reſt, and yet ſhe threw me from her, call'd me Beaſt, and bent her Bowe; yet I have ſeen her kiſs her Brother's Dog a thouſand times.

Pal. I ſwear ſhe's very unreaſonable to deſpiſe thee, and be ſo kinde to a Dog.

Satyr. But I hang'd him for't.

Pal. 'Twas wiſely done to remove your Rival; but you forget your wound, does it not ſmart?

Satyr. The unkindneſs does, and ſhe's ungrateful too; for would I have ſought a Maid amongſt our own kinde, ſhe that has the curledſt Horns and crooked'ſt Thighs would have been proud of me; for, deſpiſed as I am, there is no ſubject of our Maſter *Pan* can hunt, climb, or out-run me, none ſurer with his Bowe or Dart, none feller with his Club, or bolder in his heart, ally'd to *Pan*; my breaſt too is broad, ſmoother hoofs, nor wealthier fleece clothes no Satyr's thighs; theſe unſhorn Curls from my birth I wear, they cut theirs (Maſter) that are poor; theſe gilded Horns were hers too, the firſt fruits of her brow, an earlier Muſen none caſts than ſhe, and thouſands wait upon her ſmile; but ſhe'll have none but me, that pine for this cruel ſcorn.

Leop. Has ſhe a Father and a Brother, ſay you?

Satyr. Yes, great Maſter, and here they live, converſe with none; ſure ſome ſad misfortune or great guilt hangs upon them, for they are always ſad.

Leop. How do they ſpend their time?

Satyr. They read and hunt, I taught them: we have this day ſlain a Bore and a Lion, divine *Phillora* wears the Spoil: Their Father too is old, and gray as Winter, but ſtout as young Lions, wiſe as Oracles, pious too as *Pan*'s Prieſt; he has been injur'd, he ſays, by a King of men; I hear him talk of mighty things ----- But hark, I hear her Horn, with that ſhe calls her Brother; I dare not ſee her eyes, I can charm all rage but hers: Fool that I was, I taught her to reſiſt my Philtres; and now if you protect not I am loſt, her heart threatens deſtruction.

A Horn winds.

Leop. Step behinde, let me meet your danger.

Enter Phillora *with her Bowe bent purſuing the Satyr.*

Phil. This way I'm ſure he took, he cannot fly far, my Arrow found him; for by his luſtful bloud I have track'd him to this place-----I ſee the Villain.

She levels her Bowe at the Satyr, but ſpying Leopoldo *gazes upon him, and ſtands in the poſture, and all the Company ſeems amazed, the Satyr creeps out from behinde* Leopoldo, *and looks in the face of one, and then of the other.*

Satyr. How they gaze upon each other! thus did I look, thus wonder, and then grew sick in my minde; her eyes are fix'd, she mindes me not; I'll seek my safety first, and then dispute my Crime. [*He cuts her Bowe-string, which makes her collect her self.*

Phil. Ha! do you glory in this wile? but know, 'tis onely deferring of thy doom.

Leop. Gentle Maid, may we know the reason of this War?

Satyr. Nought, great Master, but my loving her.

Leop. If that be a Crime, where have you seen that dull thing that either could or would be innocent? By all the divers troubles of my minde, one sight of that divine form has surpriz'd a strength here that never fear'd a womans power till now------Here fair one, where never power of beauty dwelt before. *Points to his heart.*

Phil. Ha! Why do I gaze thus?-----What have I seen?----- Is it a God or a Man?-----Such a Figure my eyes never saw before ----- How far he out-shines my Brother! -----The Pride and Opinion of my self too, those wither'd Leaves I feel fall from my heart----- There's no such Glass as perfect Excellency in others for Pride to see and hate her self in-----O that I had been born blinde, or could tear these Traitors out that thus have robb'd me of my content and peace of minde, to both which Farewell for ever----- What is it that stops me? Something calls me back, my fond heart would gaze again. Do, do, and be fit for pity, drink deep of that delicious Poyson, so are you past remedy; yet if you bet ler me fly and inflame the world; Love and Desire, your winged fire here I feel, yet glory not in my ruine; for 'tis but a poor Shepherdess breast, and no wonder if a God oppress it. *Exit* Phillora. *She offers to go out and stops at the Door, and then proceeds.*

Leop. She is gone, and all joys go with her.

Satyr. And all my fears; yet I love even that anger in her eyes.

Pal. 'Twas a strange accident, who can this Maid be? 'tis some delusion sure.

Arcus. The Prince is troubled; pray Sir, leave your wonder, and strive to divert your thoughts: This figure calls to minde the Shepherd in the Princesses Dream, the Sex onely differs.

Pal. There's more than ordinary accident in this; See how his eyes are fix'd. I'll speak to him; Sir, Sir, your Highnesses minde is so intent upon this Girl you do not hear the Trumpet, Sir, whose call tells us, Something like Danger threatens; something worthy your presence, and your thought calls away.

Leop. Didst thou see her *Palantus?* The *Arcadian* Nymphs that boast their sable eyes, white-wristed *Juno*, *Venus*, or the Goddess that Woods affects, no nor the Virgin-Deity, she that bears both Shield and Spear, and has eyes that farther wound, yet all their united Graces (though we bow to them) out-shine not this Flower of the Wood; And thou God of hearts stop this Fate, either call back or bless thy flying Dart; cure mine, or touch her heart.------ Come hither, dost thou know this Maid, and the place of her abode?

Satyr. Yes, yes, I know thy pain too, fear'd of men; there's a Feaver in thy breast, a fire that all the Herbs in the Wood can-

cannot cure, nor Streames of theſe Meadows quench.

Leop. I muſt finde this Maid though thouſand Difficulties oppoſe; 'tis the very Figure in my Siſters Dream.-----O *Bellamira*, thy prophetick ſoul has foreſeen all our Troubles both of minde and body.

Pal. Pray, Sir, forget not the buſineſs that now ſtays for us, two Armies in *Battalia*, two Kingdoms in diſpute, your Fathers ſafety, your Life and Honour, all at ſtake; will you throw all theſe by to follow a phantaſie, the ſhadow of a ſhadow, one like to nothing, ſeen in anothers Dream? Me thinks theſe Dangers and Dutie which are at hand ſhould remove all thoſe light thoughts from your heart; Pardon this freedom, Sir, 'tis my affection ſpeaks.

Leop. Prithee Peace, Father and Siſter are empty names, Virtue and Honour, and all the Gods muſt fly *Leopoldo*, or make my way fit to the enjoying this lovely Maid: My ſoul is ſick, I know not of what Diſeaſe, but ſudden and deadly as the Plague; The Infection ſtruck me, Honour and Virtue be ſtill *Leopoldo*'s Guides, and ceaſe to take pleaſure in oppoſing his happineſs with your difficulties; 'tis not the diſtance elſe between a Crown and a Shepherd ſhall divide us.

Satyr. Art thou a Prince?

Leop. Yes, and one, if thou canſt ſerve in my love, will make thee happy; my ſoul longs to enjoy the friendſhip of this lovely Maid.

Satyr. Enjoy her? She will not be touch'd, Heavens, Fire, and Time, will be touch'd and ſtay'd as ſoon as ſhe, if ſhe thought you imagin'd ſuch a hope.

Leop. Thou miſtak'ſt me, I dare as ſoon attempt my Fathers life as ſtain her chaſte boſome with any faulty deſires.

Satyr. Away Diſſembler, I ſee thy aim; thou a Prince? 'Tis falſe; Where's the virtue that ſet thee above a world of men? Thou art the Satyre, ſure; though thou haſt caſt thy Horns and Hoofs thou art more a Beaſt than I. Fool that I was, did I kneel to thee, Abuſer of the Gods; Moſt ingrate, did they give thee this form and power to betray men, and pollute Virgins? Defend me! thou Wretch, wouldſt thou make me acceſſary to the abuſing of the thing I love better than my ſoul, or thou lov'ſt thy ſelf?

Pal. Hold, fond Beaſt, hold, and be gone; your honeſt ignorance, Sirra, defends you.

Satyr. And ſo it ſhall do ſtill againſt ſuch impious Greatneſs; if I durſt but ſee my Love I'd home, and tell her what a Villain a Prince may be.

Arcus ſtops him as he departs. The Satyr looks upon Arcus the Moor as amazed at him, and gives him no anſwer.

Arcus. Why in ſuch haſte? I'll eaſe you of your Club; Have you found a remedy for your arm yet? ----- This ſtrange Accident amazes all my thoughts; This Wretch too, to finde ſuch a noble anger upon a thought of force being offer'd to his Love: There's nothing in this day but miracle; ſomething, ſure, great and high as the perſons deſign'd in this Tragedy, the Gods are buſie to deliver to the world; for 'tis no common birth that Nature and Nations thus labours with, which makes me with patience bear thoſe throws

that

that afflict my heart, whoſe deſperate love, though a lo ſer of all thoſe hopes I had at ſtake, makes me reſolved ſilently to look on, and ſee this Game plaid.

Leop. Prithee, *Arcus*, let our Rival go; and when thou ſeeſt the maid tell her, if I out-live this day I'll find her, and doubt not my love ſhall be leſs commanded then I would my ſelf be obeyed; here, bind his arm in this Scarfe, *Arcus*; and then haſte to my Siſter, tell her ſhe muſt inſtantly for *Capua*; and aſſure the King I will not fail to make good this hill.——Love and arms that have ſo often met, ſmile on your Prieſt that has ſeen what my ſoul can ne're forget. [*Exeunt* Leopoldo *and* Arcus.

He gives him a ſcarf to bind upon the Satyr's *arms.*

Satyr. If my heart can judge ſhe loves this Gay Man, then ſhe'l be glad of this Scarfe, I'll give it her and ſhe ſhall forgive me; when I can pleaſe her my heart rejoyces; but ſhe ne're thinks of poor little me but to grieve my heart. [*Exit.*

As he ſpeaks and goes out he licks his arm.

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

Enter Bellamira *alone.*

Bellam. THis ſtrange chance that *Arcus* relates makes me fear ſome ſudden iſſue of my Dream; he deſcribes a Maid, whoſe beauty took my Brother in an hour when his heart was moſt oppoſite to love; and by the habit and the place only her ſex differs; for his deſcription moſt lively paints that ſhadow which my Dream has thus long enjoy'd; ye gods, if it be your will in Riddles ſtill to wrap your ſecrets, we mortals can only ſay Amen. But why do I let this leſſer thought fill my breaſt; when Countries ruine and the death of my dear Father (the great part of my fear, or ought to be) paſt by unmourn'd? ſure there is a reaſon for this fault; this weakneſs has its cauſe; ſomething that my mind does yield to, prevails; yet I find not my Reaſon overcome, though there's ſomething in this gentle fear I know not what to call it: I never yet felt love by what I obſerve of him in others; yet I begin to fear he's knocking at my breaſt, and would fain get in; ſure 'tis he, for I was never till now ſo neer being a Lover as the fear of it. But I muſt ſtill theſe noiſes in my thoughts; for a Virgins innocency is ſo coy, ſo jealous, and ſo gentle too, ſhe need not take the pains to beat it from her heart; ſhe may think that and her peace away. Therefore, *Bellamira*, wiſely in time correct thy thoughts, and ſuffer them not to play with this dangerous god, leſt the ſport prove earneſt, leſt the child thou play'ſt with grows too ſtrong for Reaſon; and from innocent thoughts becomes unruly paſſions. *Fidelia*, though ſhe knows all but my fears, yet I now begin to bluſh, becauſe there is ſomething like my Love, whil'ſt 'twas in ſhadowes onely; I was confident, there being nothing in Nature to accuſe me but this, though a Virgin like my

Enter Fidelia.

ſelf, yet 'tis ſomething now that my paſſion builds upon; and that newneſs, though no fault, is yet unconquer'd in my mind; and I cannot yet tell her this new ſtranger thought, though ſhe know all the other ſecrets of my heart.

Fid. Arcus ſays, ſince he left the Prince he ſaw a Shepherd in age and clothes ſo like the Maid, that he believes it muſt be her Brother; and from this ſight concludes your ſafeties neer; for why ſhould we find the evil part, and not the good prove true, of that fatal Dream?

Bellamira. Ha! what coldneſs is this?----- What trembling?---- What paleneſs? this confuſion of mind, what means it?-----This joy and fear, this mingled nameleſs paſſion, of all paſſions compoſed.------What art thou, or what would'ſt thou be?——Why this violence on a Maids heart?—— Be but honour, and wear what danger, what form, thou wilt command, and I'll obey thee.

Fid. She's ſtrangely troubled; I never ſaw her thus before: Madam, has my news diſpleaſed you?

Bellamira, No, no, *Fidelia*; my heart has troubles which thy joys to find ſome eaſe for me has overſeen, whilſt the greateſt and ſaddeſt part of that fatal Dream; the King, *Fidelia*, the good, the kind, the valiant old King, my friend and Father, muſt in this duſt be loſt; remember that; what joy then can a ſafety bring when we cannot hope our victory at a leſs rate then his precious life?

Fid. Your pardon, Madam; the Princes love, and ſtrange paſſage of the Satyr, your intereſt, and hope of future good, made me forget that piety and pity was due to the King.

Bellam. Prithee, *Fidelia*, love, but do not pity us; for my part, though their ruine threaten, yet I deſpiſe a pity; nor is it due to my fortune; for I am not miſerable ſo ordinary a way, as to be relieved with ſo cheap a remedy; and were the King ſafe thou ſhouldſt find me reſolved, though not contented; and other joy then that reſolution I cannot promiſe to my ſelf; yet if I could be ſatisfi'd with ſuch joys as affect others, I might eſteem my ſelf bleſt; But my mind, *Fidelia*, is too ſevere to be taken with ſuch ſhallow happineſs as I ſee moſt women purſue, who affect the noiſe and vanity of the world, whoſe bubbles deceive and ſlave the moſt of women. [*Enter* Arcus.

Fidelia. See, Madam, here's *Arcus*; let him now deſcribe the Maid, whoſe beauty he ſaid was equal to all that ever his eye ſaw.

Arcus. Pardon me, Madam; my heart and reaſon make one exception.

Bellam. Arcus is kind to beauty, and where ere he meets admires it; but what do's the noble *Arcus* think is beauty? if his eyes chuſe what is valued in his Country, there's nothing amongſt us he can approve of.

Arcus. 'Twas our curſe to be born in that Countrey, Madam; and that ſlavery, which at firſt I lamented, I now rejoyce in

in as the means to make me able to distinguish between good and bad; for beauty, 'tis my contrary, what is not like me is beautiful; this is the shame and brand of nature; the curse of an incens'd deity lives in our black.

Bellam. Y'are cruel to the colour; and I rather think, like divine *Belleſſa*, beauty, afraid of injuries, or in revenge of that inconstancy she has found in men, hath thrown off red and white; and to live safe from the vanity and perjury of both sexes hath made this retreat into black for her security.

Arcus. Madam, the story of our change is common; and the Poet tells whose curse we bear in our faces; no such reason as your Highness in your goodness imagines, whose charity would perswade us we might yet find acceptance when we lov'd; but 'tis too sad a truth, that for the sin of one coy *Daphne* all our Nation mourns; that froward Girle incensed *Apollo*'s rage, and in revenge of her scorn thus he brands us all, lest our Countrey should again boast a face, that he might love; yet this good I finde from my black; all people boldly praise me; and 'tis such an impossibility to believe any body can love it, that even your Highness will venture to defend it, and safely may; for 'twill beget no mans jealousie nor womans envy.

Fidelia. But if *Arcus* will find the Prince, and tell him how fain his Sister would see him before the Battle, and certainly inform himself whether these two Shepherds are really in nature, or only walking Dreams.

Bellamira. *Bellamira* will owe him more then praise, or thanks can pay.

Arcus. 'Twas his Highness Order I should expect him here, yet I shall not fail to obey your command, though betwixt this and the Prince the enemy has placed a Guard which I must pass through; for to go about I fear will be too long for your Highness to expect my return.

Bellamira. No, 'tis enough, we'l expect his coming; I did not know there was a danger in the Pass; nor will we venture *Arcus*, whose faith shall be reserv'd for greater trusts then to be thrown away upon this common one; if I doubted his heart or love to my Brother, he should go; and I'de prefer my curiosity before him; but to let *Arcus* see I value his faith, I shall still preserve him as he has done it.

Arcus. Madam, now I beg upon my knees your commands; and either you doubt my heart or faith, whose readiness to serve you you shall find as constant as my colour; my life and freedom I value only as the gift of your generous Brother; and your goodness has made me such a continued happiness, and so far above my merit, I am fain to trust to the report of others ere I can believe I was ever miserable; my birth in my Country I am not asham'd of, though I am of my fortune; to redeem which, if your Highness shall fear to command or expose me, I shall rather think you doubt, me then that you have any fears for me. For know, Madam, I cannot be satisfi'd, nor

count my ſelf a grateful receiver of this freedom, but when I expoſe that and my ſelf to ſerve you.

Bellam. When I have a danger worthy of him he ſhall be ſure to find the truſt, and my prayers with it: but ſince my Brother deſires it, whoſe love has ſent him about me, pray expect him here; for this Letter ſays, you and old *Philemon* muſt accompany us to *Capua*; and ſhould you miſcarry, our ſex and ignorance of the place may throw us into many dangers.----Sure there is more in this man then his humble heart yet ſhews: ſuch gueſts as honour, faith and courage would not lodge in ſo mean a Cottage as a private ſlave, unleſs benighted, or to avoid ſtorms. Good heaven, what fortune do we ſee dealt to ſome men, as if juſtice had no power nor voice in heaven!----Well, *Arcus*, if we live to ſee this ſtorm blown over, I ſhall very unwillingly be denyed a better knowledge of your fortune; for 'tis not this cloud, nor this night that hangs upon thy forehead; nor thoſe chains thou lately putt'ſt off can hide thy mind; it ſtill ſhews ſomething too great for thoſe misfortunes to pretend to.

Arcus. Heaven hide his mercies when I hide a thought from the divine *Bellamira*; my ſtory, Madam, when your Highneſs has leiſure to wonder at the averſeneſs of fortune, and would allay your own joys, then you ſhall know it: for that is a ſtory has taſted of all kind of changes; and my miſeries ſhall ſerve for your diverſion, Madam; in which nothing lies heavier upon my heart then the loſs of a friend; which ſince my being a ſlave in *Cyprus* I could never hear of; and by me you may learn what cuſtom can; do for my heart has of late been ſo beaten with afflictions they are grown natural to me. [*Enter* Leopoldo *and* Palantus *to them.*

Bellam. See, ſee; *Arcus*, who is come to decide the difference? Oh, my Brother! what new ſtrange miſery is this! *Arcus* has fill'd my heart with fear and wonder; the truth of my dream makes me tremble too, with the apprehenſion of the Kings danger.

Leop. O *Bellamira*, my diſtracted ſoul is grown weary of this habitation; the new and many ſtrokes that fortune has given of late makes me even turn coward, and yield to her malice; methinks all ſhe can do, or vertue hope for, is not worth the diſpute; I would I had loſt all ſhe aims at ſo I were dead, or in ſome place forgotten and unknown to any but the gods.

Bellam. I will not compare my griefs with my Brother's; but ſure if I did you'ld pity me, and not add your troubles to them; I hear you have ſeen a Maid in the Woods, and ſuch a beauty as the Court never ſhew'd you; and I have got a Lover too, I was ſending now to acquaint you with the perſon, and his propoſitions. I can conclude this war without a ſtroke, at leaſt the Spaniſh Prince tells me ſo: 'tis only marrying him, and quitting my Father; and dear *Leopoldo*; this is all I am to do, and I ſhall prove how much he loves me even in this my deſperate eſtate.

Leop. This from the falſe uſurper? what anſwer ſent you back?

Bellam. I bad the Meſſenger return him, I never ſaw that man I would marry, nor any one whoſe company I prefer'd before my Brother's;

Brothers; but if there were a neceſſity, and my choice free, the meaneſt Gentleman in all his Army that wore a ſword, and had not loſt his honour, my ſoul would prefer before him, even in this height of all his pride and power, that could believe my heart ſo degenerate to let it ſelf be embraced by the deſtroyer of my Country, and murtherer of my Family.

Leop. Spoke like my Siſter, I never hated an enemy before; had love or ambition fairly arm'd his men, or deſire to have got fame upon us, ſuch a choice honour would have pleaded for; and I could have fought with him, and lov'd him too: but this treacherous pride and covetouſneſs are too low things and too mean inſtruments for the gods to uſe, even when they have decreed a Monarchs ruine. Thunder, Famine, Sword or Peſtilence, are nobler far; ſure we ſhall bluſh at our fall from this mean hand.----- See, *Fidelia*'s engaged, let us leave her; I have ſomething to tell thee ere I part; 'tis a new ſecret, *Bellamira*; but the richeſt of my heart. [*Exeunt* Leopoldo *and* Bellamira.

Fidelia. You'll finde nothing but truth in what I have ſaid; that ſhe loves, or at leaſt fears ſo, is as certain as that ſhe cannot love you, which Love and Fortune both has ſent to afflict you in revenge of that ſcorn you have paid my friendſhip.

Palan. The figure of ſomething ſeen in a Dream! the ſhadow of a ſhadow! this is a fate as aiery as mine own, as hopeleſs, Nobody, or a Shepherd! as impoſſible are her deſires as mine; this being as much below her merit, as ſhe's above mine.

Fidelia, aſide. Who knows their fate? their deſperate paſſions make mine poſſible; I know 'tis not common nor ſcarce honourable in Maids to wooe; yet, methinks, I may tell him that I love, if there be no more ill in the word then my deſires or thoughts aim at; I am ſure I may with innocency enough, and when I have told him ſo, if I loſe a grain, or grow leſs in any one good, if I pluck one beauty from a Virgins mind, let howlings find me, and may my crimes in ſad repentance unpitied fall in ſhowers upon my cheeks; therefore arm'd with my innocence I am reſolv'd to prove fate further; for to the vertuous and the fairly daring Fortune ſtill holds out unlook'd for ſucceſs; and if mine be like my love, it muſt prove better then my hopes.

Palan. You are ſad, *Fidelia*; is the Prince ready to depart?

Fidel. Will you not go in and reſolve your ſelf? I know there is one from whom you will take a moſt unwilling leave.

Palan. Alas, *Fidelia*, there needs no circumvention to know all the ſecrets of my heart; ask and take them, for the gentle *Fidelia* miſtakes her friend, if ſhe thinks I have any wiſh that has a bluſh attending it; nor did I ever hide my deſires from her, but in kindneſſe, being loth to let her ſee a ſight might trouble her. [*He turns about.*

Fidel. I cannot ſpeak to him, my heart's too big to beg for love. ---Farewel, *Palantus*; live and love all, but---('twill not out.) *She offers to go away, he calls her back.*

Palan. Stay, gentle maid; 'tis true I love, I will not lye to thee, nor dare I tell her whom I love; that truth, yet my wiſhes

are

as no leſs innocent, then my hopes deſperate; and I wear the fire here, *Fidelia*, without a fault, and ſhall do till I am earth; Yet my own deſpaires wound me not ſo much as *Fidelia*'s, when I conſider her and Fate; and if thou wilt have patience thou ſhalt ſee me revenge thee on my ſelf, decreed to ſuch a miſery as will not let me take the pleaſure of making thee happy, nor my ſelf; Yet I conjure thee, *Fidelia*, ſtrive with thy Paſſion; and now thou knoweſt my Heart, let us ſmile ſome time when we meet each other; a ſullen ſad Love looks as if it mourn'd ſome paſt ſin, or ſtruggl'd yet to conquer ſome ill deſign.

Fid. Malice and jealous Lovers make more ſerious ſearch then death; and what I told you even now was my fears rather then my wiſhes in thy Fortune; for know, my Heart is too full of Friendſhip for *Palantus* to wiſh againſt him: And farther, though I know all his deſires are deſigned rewards for another, and thou wouldſt ſee thy wiſhes enjoy'd by one thou canſt not queſtion, (being Rival'd by a ſhadow,) yet I cannot blame thy Love; For *Bellamira* is an Excellence fit for Heaven to covet: Nor doe's *Palantus* rejoyce in thoſe Excellencies more then I, though her graces are to me as ſo many Enemies. Thus *Fidelia*, though deſpis'd, will preſerve her ſelf fit for better Fortunes, by bearing this with Honour.

Palantus. Sure there cannot be ſuch a puniſhment in ſtore for loving *Bellamira* as thy kind fears apprehend; And ſince we have touch'd this ſtring, whoſe harſh ſound I have long avoided for thy ſake; Yet give me leave to ſay, Heaven and my Friend can witneſs, I never made any vows to *Fidelia*; what I have done for her, let the gods prove propitious to them and make us happy yet. And therefore, in Juſtice, you cannot call me unconſtant, or abuſer of your Love. Gratitude (if it were not too like vanity to ſay ſo) is all I ever could pay to thee; Not that I would not have given more, but 'twas all I had left; This fatal fire ſent for my puniſhment, I fear, is either Child or Parent of that little god; for till then, I never knew or ſcarce believed there was ſuch a power; nor did your own Heart deſire a return of Love more then I have longed to give it you; For I know, Honour in all the heights of excellency produces nothing more glorious then a handſome Friendſhip: Other Virtues have him in pieces, but intire Honour is in the perfect Love of two; which ſince we cannot enjoy as we wiſh, yet you cannot accuſe me of a crime which you have confeſs'd your ſelf; Gentle *Fidelia*, though not at the ſame Altar, yet I bow to the ſame power that leads thee in chains; nor will I be ſo barbarous as to imploy thy Love to advance my wiſhes with *Bellamira*, nor fear from thee ſuch injuſtice as to do ill Offices: Let our Friendſhip pity each other, and while we love with Honour leave the reſt to Fate; and thou ſhalt find, though Love be binld, ſince he has brought us to this precipice, (I prophecy) he will lend us his wings to ſave us.

Fid. See, ſee, my Friend, how pleaſing Truth is; when thou diſſembleſt

diſſembleſt even now, and hid'ſt thy Love; Thy words came out unwillingly, and their harſh ſounds were forc'd through thy teeth, as if thy Tongue had hal'd them to ſuffer for ſome crime they had commited: But now there's Muſick in them; and though the Tune be ſad, yet 'tis well ſet; and our Souls ſometimes affects the ſerious and the grave, as well as the jolly triumphant noyſe of victory; And ſince *Palantus* values my Friendſhip, and looks with pity upon my ſufferings, my Soul is at peace; for can he do this and not love? What is that but Love? Give me this, and take all the world beſides: My Soul has not another wiſh in ſtore, but that my Friend may find his, and I a pardon for a fault he ſhall not know until I have redeemed it; The Princeſs *Bellamira* too ſhall beg it for me.

Palantus. What fault can you be guilty of to me that needs a Mediator? Is there a power beyond our Faith with each other? Come, *Fidelia*, though our parts be hard, yet we have a fair field to act in, and if friends looking on; and I miſs my part, prompt me Love, and *Fidelia*'s Heart. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. I.

Enter Pollidor, Ravack, *and the* Satyr *wounded*; Pollidor *and* Ravack *ſeem to be full of troubles, the* Satyr *fawnes upon the old man and ſpeaks.*

Satyr. I'Ll drink no more of this poyſon'd Juice; 'tis full of madneſs, Rage, and Luſt; I loſt my Reaſon and my leggs too, and but darkly; yet remember what I did; good Maſter, calm her Mind, and make my peace, I dare not ſee her elſe.

Ravack. 'Twas the Prince *Leopoldo*, ſure; he ſayes they call'd him Prince, the accident is full of myſtery; The gods laugh ſtill at the wiſeſt actions men deſign without them.

Satyr. Yes, yes, *Leopoldo*, and Prince, ſo they call'd him; I thought he would have wrong'd my Love; if he had, lame as I am, my club ſhould have paſh'd his ſkull.

Pollidor. The Prince, men ſay, is gallant; My Father that hates them all for's Maſters ſake, yet calls him the juſt *Leopoldo*: And valiant all the world delivers him; ſure he cannot then do a baſe Action; Yet his ſuddain paſſion may want reaſon to counſel him; and liſtning to his blood and power, who knows how that may prompt him to ſeek his end upon a Shep-herds Daughter? I'll find *Phillora*, and from her know all the Truth; Her wonder and ſilence makes me fear ſhe loves.

Ravack. She gaz'd, he ſayes, and ſtood dumb; then changed colour, and with fixt eyes loſt her ſelf in thoughts, till he cut her bow-ſtring undiſcern'd. Come let us find her.

Polidlor. Sir, my thoughts upon this accident have been working long, but what to wiſh or fear, I know not; They have both Honour,

Honour, and that ſecures me from the apprehenſion of a great misfortune; though my Reaſon cannot hope the leaſt happineſs from their paſſion.

Ravack. Let's loſe no time in finding her, nor take notice, when ſhe comes, that we have heard of this accident; get her things made up, and we will away to *Gaietta*; ſhe's too modeſt to ſay ſhe loves him; and we muſt be ſo diſcreet as not to ſee ſhe's troubled, when ſhe's once in *Gaietta*, the object being removed; ſhe will not forget him; 'tis the firſt gay ſight ſhe has ſeen, and that works upon her phanſie: But ſhe has youth enough to outgrow greater blows then this; Yet I confeſs, my Heart, ſince my Maſter dyed, never felt ſuch divided thoughts as this paſſage has begot; let us haſte and find them.

Satyr. I'll ſtand the forked lightning ſooner then meet her now ſhe's diſpleas'd; my fleſh trembles to remember ſhe was angry; either let her forgive me, or I'll be gone; I'll ſerve you no more if ſhe frowns; 'Tis for her ſake I am a ſlave, my Soul has pleaſure in obeying her.-----See where ſhe comes, hide me, earth, from that anger that fills her Mind; I'll not let you go till ſhe forgives me.

Enter Phillora.

Phillora ſad. They bowed to him and call'd him Prince; Ye gods, what need has he of ſuch Additions? But Fortune will be Fortune ſtill, laviſh to ſome, and niggard to others, diſpoſing her bleſſings like her blind ſelf; What need had that Perſon (his moderation and his parts) of Titles, as if thoſe vertues were not enough to give him rule over the world.

Ravak. Phillora, come, diſpatch; we have ſtaid here till it is late; for you know we have a long walk to *Gaietta*.

Pollidor. How came you ſo incens'd againſt your poor Lover? Fie, *Phillora*, could you be ſo diſpleas'd with a poor creature who knows no better then to be happy when he can? One not born ſubject to the Laws of Honour as we are. Nature was his Parent and his Miſtriſs, ſhe teaches no other Leſſons; and yet, for your ſake, he has bound in ſtrict chains his blood and deſires, and a thouſand times hazarded his Life to meet your dangers; And could you be ſo cruel to intend his death for one fault? Orecome with wine too? Come, pray let me make his peace.-----Come hither.

He calls him.

Satyr. I dare not till ſhe forgives me, and calls me hers again.

Phillora. Forgive thee? yes, with all my Soul I forgive thee, and beg thy pardon, poor thing; How full of fear he is of me that had forgot him?

Pollidor. I pray dreſs his arm.

Phillora. I ſhall, Dear *Pollidor*, and then I have other wounds to cure; Firſt, let me ſee this, ſo.----Go fetch me ſome of the pot of Balſam thy Father taught us to make; Here, prithee take this Bow and Quiver; I'll give them thee for being ſo ready to execute my Anger upon my poor Lover, and burn them if thou wilt.

She looks upon his Arm

Satyr.

Satyr. Do, and I'le give thee this Scarf, the Prince gave it me.

Phil. The Princes Scarf? did he give it thee?

Satyr. Yes, Divineſt. But what care I for him, or it, but to pleaſe thee? take it, and forgive me —— All the gods bleſs thee, fair and gentle; may all that wrong thee bleed like me, In heart too, and find my wounded mind; Shall we go, this night, for *Gaietta*, Maſter, I'll put up the Pyes we made; But I'll deſtroy the bag that holds my enemy, that baneful Liquor; I'll ſpend all my Arrows on that damn'd ſkin, and let his blood out as faſt as he did mine. *Gives her the Scarf.*

Pol. And when you have done haſte to yonder hill, and diligently obſerve which way thoſe Troops bend their march that paſs the wood; aſſoon as you return wee'll be gone; come *Phillora*; you are ſad, he is not dangerouſly hurt.

Phil. I am glad I miſt my aim; And I would there were no more danger in my wounds, then I wiſh, or fear, in his.

Pol. Your wounds, Siſter, where are you wounded?

Phil. Come nearer, *Pollidor*, thou art my brother, my dear brother, until this hour, the only ſharer with this good old man, in all the wiſhes and joys of my heart; this morning I had no wiſh, no hope, no joy, beyond us three; Your good was all I pray'd for then. But -- *She ſighs and weeps. Aſide.*

Pol. But? What dear *Phillora?* ------ Ye gods! 'tis too true, I fear what the poor *Satyr* ſaid, he knew by himſelf She was in Love, and having felt the ſickneſs confidently deſcribes the diſeaſe; how Nature and Honour ſtrive in her wounded Breaſt! but I muſt not ſeem to indulge her paſſion, there being no poſſibility ſhe ſhould be happy; Nor can I, if I would be angry with her; My Counſel I'll give her gently, and uſe a Brothers Intereſt to prevail. ----- Let not *Phillora* wonder at my ſilence when ſhe weeps; Tears and Sighs, in thy Fortune, cannot paſs by me, but with pain and amazement, what ayles my Siſter, why do's ſhe hide her Eyes?

Phil. Oh that I had been blind this day, then I had not ſeen that god walking amongſt mortal men; his Eyes, *Pollidor*, wound like the Peſtilence; here, here it ſtruck me, I cannot bear the pain, nor would not willingly be cured. -- 'Tis either Love, or death, or both; For both bear darts, and ſometimes death has (they ſay) uſed loves Bowe; if ever, now he has borrowed it; for I find a ſtrange ſadneſs here, ſadneſs even to death, *Pollidor.*

Pol. Oh poor *Phillora*, this news flew before thee, but we hop'd thy wounds were not ſo dangerous, nor their pains ſo great, as to make thee cry out for help; doſt thou know, who 'tis whoſe eyes have poyſon'd all thy peace?

Phil. The man I know not, But excellent, ſure, above the reſt; his looks appear'd as if he had ſome great place in General Fame; Prince they call'd him too, and like *Mars* he mov'd. ---- In his looks you might have read him a King of men.

Pol. But when *Phillora* knows this is that Prince *Leopoldo* ſhe has heard my Father ſo often mention, ſhe will then remember what hatred is due to him, and not heap ſorrow upon her Fathers head by loving his Enemy.

Phillora. Leopoldo? was it the Prince *Leopoldo?* then I am miserable not that he deserves our hate, for my soul tells me; he has no guilty share in our misfortunes; Did my Father know him when he revil'd him? could *Pollidor* know and curse *Leopoldo?* sure you never saw him, did you?

Pol. Never I, nor wish not, but to take my Revenge upon him.

Phil. That's not kindly answer'd, and I dare swear now thou never saw'st him, else his looks would have reconcil'd thee; 'tis not possible such a Noble Countenance should have an Enemy in thy breast; 'tis it self too generous; If this be the Prince *Leopoldo* believe the choice my heart has made; 'tis my first Election, find him out, make acquaintance with him; if then thou canst find in thy soul to hate him I'll never see him more, But rather die then not comply with my Brothers wishes. Oh *Pollidor*, see and know him, and thou wilt find a prodigal Star reigned at his birth; prince and power are Crutches fit for wicked men to lean upon, whose lame souls will fall without such helps; his very looks Command; Thou wilt find great things writ in his Eyes, and hee must bee a Prince wheresoever hee will but deign to Reign.

Phil. I find your weakness has yielded too far for me to have a power over your passion: yet if you do love him, you ought not to hate me, nor expose my Honour rashly; But no more now, 'tis late, and we must haste to *Gaietta.*

Phil. To *Gaietta?*

Pol. Yes, to *Gaietta*, our safety and our business calls us thither, change of Faces too, may make you forget him.

Phil. No, *Pollidor*, I have no such waxen heart; I confess I am wounded, the Venom of a Lovers Eye has stung my heart; I know too, 'tis the common remedy, to decline the Object; but I scorn to be heal'd that Common way; let the Scorpion cure the Scorpions poison; had I never seen the Prince, Not to see him were good counsel; but having seen him, who can behold any other object? my mind carries his figure here; I must blind my reason too, e're I can lose the sight of that bright Star of Honour who now beckens us to come. ---- Hark, now he calls, now flie to him and Honour, they have but one habitation; Follow me, dear *Pollidor*, Follow, and learn by him how to conquer with perfect honour, and from me to be overcome by *Leopoldo*, with no less glory. To stay here, and have our Virtues chain'd up in Solitude, shews but a passive virtue, onely the Courage of Slaves and Beasts; and they will exceed us too in such a tame Courage that glories onely in what they can endure. The great tryal of great hearts is seen in both Fortunes; who stoops to either Fate of Prince or Slave is not perfect; come, and see the Prince labouring himself like the god of War through these dangers; opposing their Treason with surprizing glories; see every look speaks; whose every motion has more grace and Beauty, and binds me more then his Face; Yet his words were ful of Love; and though I will not say I deserve it, Yet I am confident I have all

The Trumpet sounds.

that

that honour could give, in ſo ſhort a warning; and I will not doubt but my Love has credit with his Heart, for greater ſums then *Phillora* deſires of Fate, to make her happy. Follow, and be witneſs of this Truth; ſee him only, if you then condemn me, I'll yield.

Pollidor. Stay Siſter, *Phillora*, I am paſt my reaſon; whither will you go? will you thruſt your youth into the dangers of the licentious Souldiers? retire, only for this day, into our peaceful Cave, where we will, with my Fathers Counſel, reſolve what is to be done in this Extremity. *She offers to go out.*

Phil. Have I not been buried all my life here, and beg but one day to live? give me but this day, and here interr me again.

Rav. Phillora, I have with grief and amazement heard thee; and now ſhall ceaſe to wonder that our counſell cannot prevail, ſince you have thus thrown off the modeſty of your Sex; For this confident avowing of your Love is ſo immodeſt, that I fear your *Phillora* will give ſooner then he aſks; That I love thee Heaven witneſs; and that I am not deaf to Love Thy Mother (whoſe Ghoſt will ſcorn thee,) witneſs for me; nor do's thy youth know that God. 'Tis true Love, of it ſelf, is innocent, and the gods have given it for a tye amongſt men, and 'tis the greateſt Bleſſing, even to the happy'ſt Fortunes; A Beauty in the beſt minds, if not corrupted. Elſe That, as all good things in Exceſs, are ill. Conſider then what 'tis you attempt. A Prince, and your Fathers Enemy; One By the Stars ſet out of your reach; If Honour then be your guide, what can you expect to be (but what I abhor to name?) Are you not born private iſſue? A Shepherds Daughter? can that condition hope any thing but to become ſome vile thing, deſpis'd by him, before enjoy'd, and by all, after? Have you a reaſon to urge againſt this? if not, let my truth find place.

Phillora. Scorn me? The Gods we both bow to will revenge me then. A Shepherds daughter? A Herdſ-mans Childe? the baniſh'd Iſſue of a poor Foreſter? What if this be ſo? Yet we bow to the ſame Altars, Worſhip the ſame gods, and draw the ſame free Air; do's he ſcorn all his Subjects? if not, why me? I aſk him nothing; is it a fault to love my Prince? If it be, it is no general Crime; Witneſs the ſad Cauſe of theſe Wars; and if my Father did not lend a more Partiall ear to his Anger then to my Love he would not now Command me to hate my Prince, nor longer cheriſh that only crime that ſtains his Story; That low paſſion makes us miſerable; or can you doubt me ſo fall'n from virtue, ſo abandon'd by all the gods, as to forſake all their Sacred Rules, to become a proſtitute, or ſuch a Child as to give up all their rights to the firſt Temptations of my heart? Oh, Sir, reſerve your cenſure till I have play'd my Part in this unfiniſh'd Story, and you ſhall find I build not my happineſs on any other grounds but thoſe of honour; And if the Prince prove Maſter

of all thoſe Excellencies I believe in him, they ſhall be no Argument to make me wicked; but if he prove ſhort of thoſe virtues, you ſhall finde me ſcorn him, and pity my ſelf; and if his virtues have no power to tempt me, I am certain his vices ſhall not; 'Tis the Diety in the Prince, not the Man, *Phillora* ſtoops to; and when my Father, or dear *Pollidor*, can bring ſuch an Argument againſt my Love, as to ſhew me Prince *Leopoldo* acting one thought leſs then his part, leſs then a Prince, you ſhall ſee *Phillora* prompt him, and Act ſomething more then woman.

Pollidor. Could I be confirmed he loves, my fears, I confeſs, would vaniſh for there's no ſuch guard to honour; as perfect Love.

Phil. I am ſure I love, and that ſhall ſave me; and I hope he loves; for why ſhould he flatter me? By your own ill rule, if his heart were as wicked, as you would have me believe him, ſure he had power enough, he needed no ſuch darkneſs, as a pretended Love to act a miſchief in.

Pol. Poor girl, If all that had ſaid, or ſwore it, had been Lovers, or the half of thoſe that have ſeal'd it with their Oathes, tears, or bloods, our Stories, *Phillora*, would not have been ſo full of the miſchiefs of that God whoſe barbarous fires have thrown ruine and deſtruction into that peace that inhabits amongſt the gods themſelves.

Rav. Nay, of all the herd, The talking Lover, Sir, ſhould find leaſt Faith; the angry and the jealous Lover are to be prefer'd before him; and 'twas a great truth of him that ſaid, 'tis with Lovers as with thoſe that work in Tapeſtry; they ſee not the piece until it be done; ſo he that can deſcribe his paſſion, and tell how much, the why, the where, and the when he loved, and what throws and pains his heart felt, is awak'd from his Dream, he could not elſe make a deſcription of a way he never travell'd; and he that has trod loves paths once exactly, may be a good guide to anothers Paſſion, but never good Lover himſelf; after ſuch a Journey.

Pollidor. When I ſhall love, give me a Maid with a Virgin paſſion, and ignorance in Love; that ſets out at the Eye, and reſts in the heart; Your talking Lover, that ſtrives to gain Love by the Ear, aims at low pleaſures, impatient of deſerving great ones, and loſes his Arrows; Where there is Honour, Love needs no ſuch guide as the tongue, to find out Love; nor company, to tell his ſtory to; Love and a Lover are to each other all the world; they cannot be alone, their thoughts are able to people the world.

Phillora. Oh, gentle *Pollidor*, talk on, chide me thus, and I'll be ſilent; how came you to know this great myſtery of Love?

Pollidor. For thee, *Phillora*, I have felt a paſſion, equall to all that Poets feign, and yet never felt one uneaſie thought till this hour.

Phil.

Phil. O my Brother! dearer yet than my ſelf; this kindneſs has ty'd thee to my ſoul, preferr'd before all but the Prince, ſecond to none but *Leopoldo*. O turn not away from me, but hear the truth I ſpeak: If what I utter be not Reaſon, yet 'tis Love: a Virgins firſt and chaſte paſſion for a moſt excellent object now in danger, purſu'd by treaſon, and bleeding for the faults of others: O let me do ſomething to help him. I ſee that ſmile, now your heart laughs at me; 'tis true, I draw a weak Bowe, but Love will guide the Arrow: I know I hunt all this while impoſſible things, yet for my peace of minde let me beg, *Pollidor* will be ſo kinde as to follow me this day; what though I loſe my ſelf in ſome handſom high Attempts, ſhould thy Siſter dy, there would be Fame, though no Victory; and if I live there will be time enough to return hither, and in this private life lament my ambitious paſſion, and here learn to level my thoughts at ſomething low as my fortune.

Pol. 'Tis then too late to counſel; Reaſon I ſee has loſt his force; All I have to ſay is, Have you any kindneſs left, by which I conjure thee, for my ſake, defer this buſineſs but this day.

Phil. No more, for Charity no more; I grant you have reaſon, but I am mad; Alas, you ſue to me as if I had power over my ſelf; Finde the Reaſon I have loſt, and reſtore it, and *Pollidor* ſhall finde me the ſame governable tame *Phillora* I was yeſterday. But as it is, you may as ſoon expect I ſhould ſleep when I am bidden, or leave to remember *Pollidor*. I know I am mad, and muſt plead that Madneſs, which now muſt inſtead of Reaſon prevail with thee: In deſperate Diſeaſes, and with mortal wounds, where nothing can do good, nothing can do hurt: I am that perſon, ſo ſick, ſo wounded. Thy Siſter hath at her eyes drank mortal Poyſon: Here in my heart I bear the wounds *Apollo* himſelf complain'd he could not cure; ſince then in Art and Nature there reſts no hope, I conjure thee in kindneſs let me again drink the pleaſing Venome in, and refuſe not to thy unfortunate Siſter (ſince ſhe cannot live happily) the ſatisfaction onely of chooſing this way to dy. [*He embraces him.*

Pol. Dry thy eyes, and far, far away be that ſad hour; Look up *Phillora*, thou haſt overcome me; Reaſon, Safety, and Revenge, all but Honour, I freely give to thy Paſſion, and with a Brothers tender heart I'll ſerve thee. Ye Gods, what Fruit this fatal bitter Root will bring I know not; I'm ſure 'tis planted in our richeſt ground. Come, lead the way, and ſince Love thus lays violent hands upon our hearts, and will force us in this publick day to play our parts, let us obey his Meſſengers, and thou ſhalt finde how dear *Phillora* is to me, whoſe Peace I'll hunt through the world with faith and truth to Fame or Death.

Phil. And if thou find'ſt thy Siſter made like the common frame of women, in whom a ſickly weak honour inhabits, ſuch as want the counſel of Friends, or the poor remedy of Spies, to preſerve fit for thy love, let my Brother deſpiſe me for ever.

Pol. I am confirm'd, and thus will ſeek our fortunes in this day with

with mindes prepared for all kinde of chances. And you Monarchs of the World, Fame and Honour, what though we bring no Troops of armed men to court you, yet look down with justice upon our actions, and ye shall finde we have not lost one grain of that virtue the Gods were pleas'd to give us.

Phil. My soul takes fire at thy words; and though *Pollidor* be no Prince, but a kinde of Plant bred and nourish'd in the Woods, yet I have seen him act what the best of Princes need not blush to imitate; and I propheſie, though he now begins to build without materials, Fortune will supply him; and Princes looking on shall wonder why *Pollidor* was a Shepherd, and their People wish him a Prince seeing him act such things as we sacrifice to in others; then shall the story of kinde *Pollidor* out-last his Marble, and dy onely with the world. [*Exeunt* Pollidor *and* Phillora.

Rav. 'Tis in vain to resist this Passion; yet if the Prince's love prove noble, greater and weightier interest than they imagine may yet hang upon this day; but the time is so distracted, and so short, I cannot listen to the call of those things that concern us most; for they are gone, and I must follow; Love and Innocency protect them.

ACT. IV. SCEN. II.

Enter Nigro, Cleon, *and their Company of Souldiers in* Gaietta.

Nigro. *Ravack's* stay makes me apprehend some danger, the Armies are both in the Woods, and my fears are more for him and those dear Pledges of Fortune; should they miscarry, all our faith would finde but a sad conclusion; *Clytus* too confirms my jealousies of the *Spanish* Prince, that he means some foul play, by his desiring to marry with the Princess *Bellamira*; his first confidence to promise the People to produce their long lost and supposed dead Prince begot my fears; but 'twas no time then to discover the falshood of that Promise, because it did our business; for it armed the People,, and shall finish our work too; for before they can be undeceived, or question the truth of that Promise, we'll have play'd our Game; for if we overcome *Leopoldo* their anger's nothing; if *Leopoldo* overcome us, that nor all the world shall win me to survive that day. *Cleon*, we must keep a strong Guard this night; and leave order, if *Ravack* comes, though it be late, that he be let into the Ports, let the Gallies ly loose; and feed your men well, that we may be ready upon all occasions that are presented; I fear the *Spaniard*, but we must not seem to mistrust him; yet let all the Officers know *Clytus* is the person they are to follow, if he and the Prince of *Spain* dispute; give this intelligence your self, it is not safe to trust it to a common Messenger, lest our fears wrong the Prince.

Cleon. I shall obey, our Forces are this Evening joyn'd with *Clytus*, 'tis a brave Body; and trust me, the King's looks with a minde not less daring; 'tis true, their number is not so great as ours,

ours, yet their virtues may be equal; for the Gentry fills his Troops, and such whose Fortunes depend upon the Court; in that lies their odds; and 'twas in my opinion no policy to to take away their Retreat to *Capua*, 'twill but beget a desperate Charge; for now their flight can promise no safety; many will do more in such a necessity than Honour would have prompted them to.

Nigro. 'Tis too late to give that Counsel now, but let us be ready to do our parts when Fortune calls; our Rests are up too, and to Justice I yield my part who knows my heart is honest.

ACT. IV. SCEN. III.

Enter Almanzor, *and* Roderigo, Clytus *meets them at the other Door.*

Alman. Clytus, welcome; Are your Troops joyn'd with those of *Gaietta?*

Clytus. Yes, Sir, and we have already receiv'd a Visit from the Enemy, we have taken some Prisoners that assure us that the King, Prince, and Princess, are all in the Army.

Alm. Why then we shall do all our work at once; I hate delays, let Fortune give me my Answer quickly, whether a Monarch or a Slave;----If my Stars have in this Fate this Crown, This day 'tis mine; if not, there's a hope lost. *Aside.*

Clytus. If you could produce the person of our King, my prophetick soul tells me the day were ours; such a signal Victory would make all their hearts turn Coward; the justice and vengeance they must expect from his injuries would wound farther and deeper than either Sword or Spear.

Alm. Make it safe by Conquest for him, and my life to gage I'll bring him to you; but if his Friends will not give one blow for his safety, I fear he will not be perswaded to trust their jealousie; but this is wide of our business-----*Roderigo!* [*He whispers.*

Clytus. 'Tis so, do, whisper, the Gods hear you, still I have acquainted *Nigro* with my fears, and he, I'm certain, will not be circumvented; 'tis for our own interest we fight as well as yours, ere we see the King, else you should stand alone for *Clytus.*

Rod. This though it be policy, Sir, is neither honest nor gallant; besides, I cannot be such a Fool as to believe *Clytus* durst say these things, but that he is sure of his Army, who you see has possest yon Hill, and stand in a manner divided from us: Take heed how you anger him lest you tempt him to be wise and honest; 'tis easily done; but standing still, or joyning with the King, or if he will look on, he's secure in the advantage of the place, and may laugh at us that must labour for him; and when we have destroyed each other, how easie 'twill be for him to give Laws to both we shall quickly finde. 'Tis my counsel to dissemble still; 'tis true, one blow with this Dagger does it; but what good can you derive from that mischief? when the Battel's over; if you can strike him securely it may signifie something, but till then let us bear

bear him fairly: 'tis late, and the King's men are advanc'd already, and we must not let them take such courage as 'twill give them to finde us unwilling to fight.

Alm. Come, *Clytus*, every one to his charge.

Clytus. I fear no Enemies; if my Friends be true, I'll look to my Enemy my self; and I'll have a care of false Friends too; *Roderigo*, I shall, and yet I'll fight well to day. [*Exit* Clytus.

Rod. See, Sir, my fears are true, upon my life he's jealous; something and quickly must be thought upon, and wisely too, either to confirm him, or remove him hence; but Fortune, if that Trumpet sounds what I believe, it will perhaps take the work into her own hands, and we may see the Traitor fall in his own snare ——Hark, Sir, 'tis a Charge. [*The Trumpet sounds.*

Alm. Away then, Give the Word round, Command all to march. *Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

Enter Leopoldo, Palantus, *and* Arcus.

Leop. FArewell *Palantus:* this day is set to decide our hopes or fears; Love be thou propitious, and I shall not fear the rest; the King has his ancient virtue still, his courage, and will command the Battel himself; my Charge lies this way, let us embrace and part, and this day strike, to be always free from such a danger as this false pretence which now hath arm'd these Traitors.

Pal. Pray Sir, let *Arcus* attend the Princess in her journey to *Capua*, *Philemon* is old; and though his courage be great 'tis but ill guarded; if I might attend that service he should not have that envied Office. [*Aside.*

Arcus. Nor wouldst thou grant it me, if thou knew'st my minde, *Aside.* ——I shall not fail to wait upon her Highness; but I believe till those Troops of *Clytus* be forc'd from yonder Hill, it will not be safe for us to pass, for we are still subject to his parties; and we must expect he will not let us pass free unspoke with; and if once we be taken 'tis a great blow to your Highness affairs, as appears by the *Spaniards* Propositions of Mariage; for though he promise to give a King, his business is to get a Queen, and by that Interest of Bloud ally his success unto the Crown; which Curse Heaven with thy Fires forbid, or give *Arcus* leave with his Dagger to remove.

Leop. Hark, they receive the Charge; Away, our Place and Interest is first this day, and Honour tells us it ought to be so in danger too. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT.

ACT. V. SCEN. II.

Enter Almanzor, *and* Roderigo, *both wounded, and their Swords drawn.*

Alman. URge them: how *Roderigo?* the aged King acts wonders above man; how the ſtubborn rock broke our charge; he has many wounds, and in revenge of them his men fight, ſuch reſolution I never ſaw among ſo few men.

Roder. How I abhor that traytor *Clytus*, that could ſo barbarouſly charge his King!

Alman. He is a villain, but his hand's uſeful in this work; haſte to him and ſecond him in his charge; I'll once more prove the Princes temper; he has a name in Arms, and I long to grapple with him. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. V. SCEN. III.

Enter the old King wounded, leaning upon Palantus, *with their Swords drawn.*

King. NO, no more, *Palantus*, 'tis enough, Fate has run his circle; here my greatneſs begun, and here it ends; in a Battle, I ſet out King, and in a Battle end; the ſword gave me my honour, and to the ſword I have again ſurrendred it: and I prithee tell my Son, if he ſurvive the day, and fortune ſmile, which yet I deſpair not, (for his virtue muſt meet greater dangers then theſe) command him to ſearch out the truth of the Spaniards declarations; and if he can find my Nephew, let him reſtore the Crown; it had been my voluntary act, had not that traytor *Clytus* cruſh'd all our intentions; the reſt were beaten, I ſaw them ſtagger; their Officers and Prince retreated, till *Clytus* falſe and ſtout with wicked troops of our own Countrymen charged us, fools and wicked that could not in ſuch an act believe how great a ſin their valour was.

Palan. Oh, Sir, do not take ſuch haſty leave from your poor and miſerable friends; what ſhall we do when you are gone?

King. Thy faith, *Palantus*, will redeem to ſtory the long loſt gratitude of Favorites; and 'tis one joy to me I never was deceived where I truſted; I find a blindneſs that foretels the way I am to go: farewell, be happy for thy kindneſs to thy old Maſter, who without trouble dyes, embraced by the arms of him whom he loved; thy faith was always welcome, but in death moſt pretious; and I prithee fail not to give my bleſſing to my dear *Bellamira*, whoſe dream is made good in this my fall; and to let thee ſee all thy care did not hide from my eyes thy modeſt paſſion for *Bellamira*, here from my dying hands take this Legacy; I have worn it as a relick many a day, love it as well as I did, and death can only part ye; could I have loved her leſs, or conſented to ſee her acting of a

deed I could not justifie, long since thou hadst had my consent to have been happy; but she was ever my dear *Bellamira*; and I know *Palantus* though he loved, yet his mind had honour too, and would not see her go less to satisfie his passion. But it grows late, and I find my blood waste apace.—— Hark, we are pursu'd; save thy self, leave me, faithful *Palantus*. [*A noise of follow, follow.*

The King faints and lyes down.

Palan. Oh, Sir! do not bid me believe you love me, and command me this, at least not wish I should obey you: this treasure of my life I keep as my soul, and but this shadow have no friend: could you refuse to drink of this fatal cup that treason and murther have prepared, at the rate of my life I'de buy your place. But see, while I talk, death is making his pale unwelcome visit in my Masters noble heart, the seat of a thousand vertues.——Oh! he is gone, set for ever in this cloud; this object and this loneness how dismal 'tis! none but death and I at a Kings Tragedy; but 'tis just, I had his trust alone, alone his love, his favour, without a Rival, but not without a Nations envy; here I'll stay, here the Conqueror shall find his victory had not power to make me fly to save a short loath'd life, and lose my place in story.----Ye gods, that see these wounds, arm all your vengeful hands, and strike the traytors quick into the earth that thus have brought his sacred head with violence to the grave; may their torn Carcasles never find a grave; see, see this reverend head that you have spared; the double tye of King, and old, found no reverence, nor his gray hairs protection; no friends had they here that had in heaven no enemies; such was his piety that treason and murther were fain to arm against him, to second time, that great enemy of man and nature, who could not alone destroy this sacred Pile, whose ruines I shall not have power to mourn, unless I can save these reliques from the malice of those traytors that pursue us; I'll take off his robe and mine own too; and if I can pass for some private Souldier I'll scape with my load.

The King swoons.

He lyes down and weeps upon the King, and embraces him.

He strips off the Kings and his own upper garments and throws them into the Wood, and covers the body with Souldiers coats, and is pursued by the enemy; he bestrides the dead body of the King, untill Almanzor *and* Roderigo *come in and take him.*

Alman. Who are you? disarm, and bind him.

Palan. We must ask that of you; the day has given you power to appoint us fates.

Alman. What is he you defended?

Lyes down by the King.

Palan. One that an hour since would have fought with thee, or any man alive; 'twas my Father; may thine again never bless his eyes with a sight of thee, whose ambition has set his in blood.

Alman. Thy faith shall plead for thee, though thy curses has struck me more then any danger I ere saw. *Roderigo*, behold a great example of faith and fortune; how pious that young man

man looks in his wounds, and how lovely in his sorrow!

Roder. And how black we look that caus'd them! my soul abhors my part of this conquest, I never pitied an enemy before: indeed we never met a gallant one till now; and had not their own swords fought against them, we had not stood here now to mourn their sufferings; how I hate that traytor *Clytus!* he call'd me in the Battle, and bad me witness what he did for his young King. Villain, some old curse will find thee for't.

Alman. Well, what's next to be done? the Prince stands still, and *Palantus*'s Troops are rallied.

Roder. 'Twas a gallant fellow their Chief; I saw him charge to second the King, when *Clytus* broke him, but since he was not seen.

Enter a Souldier.

Sould. Sir, the Officers expect you; *Clytus* is press'd by the Prince, and calls for horse to second him.

Alman. Away with him to my Quarter, let him receive no injury. *Points to* Palantus. [*Exeunt* Almanzor *and* Roderigo.

Sould. Come, friend, shall we be jogging? you have a kind enemy you see.

Palan. His humanity has won me strangely; if I live to see the Princess she shall know how handsomely he gave his character, both of the King and Prince. His general too is a brave fellow; with what scorn and hatred he mention'd that traytor *Clytus*, the cause of all these miseries; that villain laid this Scene of war and death.

Sould. Come dispatch, dispatch.

Palan. Witness heaven, how unwillingly I part from this dear load; and friend, if thou wilt return and give this old man a grave, and but tell me where you lay his body, poor as I am in fortune, I shall find something to reward such piety.

1 *Sould.* When you are safe we'll talk of that.

2. Let's go through the wood upon the left hand, and there we shall have time to examine his Pockets. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. V. SCEN. IV.

Enter Phillora, Pollidor, Ravack, *and* Satyr, *all wounded.*

Phil. This way, this way, *Pollidor*, I see the storm bends; all their wicked force is bent to destroy the best of men. *She offers to go out.*

Rav. Hold, *Phillora.*

Pollid. Will you yet retreat, and not with idle passion fondly pursue a lost man? you see the day is lost, you see the gods the juster side have taken, the enemy has all in chase; and if we stay we must expect the same fate that follows their impiety; 'tis ridiculous, this love, that thus with madness you pursue; can you imagine it possible that these swords can redeem the day? you see in kindness to your grief we have given up our Reason, and our revenge; and, for your sake, struck even against our hearts, and all that kindness begets but a wilfulness in you.

Phil. I find my Brother has but diſſembled then, and *Pollidor* has no ſenſe of the pain he never felt, nor kindneſs for *Phillora*; he could not elſe thus harſhly rub her wounded mind: but take heed this deſpiſed power thou now contemneſt, do's not in vengeance arm ſome unequal dart againſt thee; this mornings Sun found my breaſt as free as thine, proud too as my Brother, both of my form and liberty, and at as high a rate I prize my freedom; yet one ſight of his eyes has burnt them all to aſhes; and I propheſie thoſe ſeveral virtues that now lye idle in your breaſt, ſhall but make love a triumph when thoſe torches of thy eyes ſhall take fire from that ſtar, to whoſe beauty fate and love have decreed thy pain.

Ravack. Alas, *Phillora*, here's none that chides thy paſſion; counſel we may; we only tell thee, Love and Honour were born twins, and will endure neither ſeparation nor competitors; you muſt not divide thoſe friends, together they act great and glorious things; the mind that poſſeſſeth them is ſcarce mortal, but if you ſeparate that cordial, you'll find too late, Love is but the poyſon; excellent in medicine when prepared and allayed with honour, and but prepares the way; 'tis good, *Phillora*, at opening the door to let the Treacle in; ſo much of the venom Love is good as ſerves to fire the mind with great thoughts; but honour (child) muſt direct his feet; he will neither find elſe, nor know his home.

Phil. Oh, be not thus cruel, Sir, to wound me with your reaſon; my ſick eyes cannot ſee the light; have mercy upon me, and let me go.

Pollid. You muſt not go; 'tis kindneſs to be cruel: your paſſion grows to madneſs; and 'tis folly, not friendſhip, to liſten to your prayers; you muſt not paſs.

Phil. I ſhall force my way either through thine, or my own heart.

Pollid. Come, paſs here; make thy way through my heart, or find it made by grief, ungrateful and unkind *Phillora*, to ſee all my love and care thrown behind thee, like the deſpiſed things of the world; go, *Phillora*, follow thy paſſion, give to a ſtranger, offer to the pride of one that perhaps will not accept thy preſent, that love, for nothing which thou wouldſt not pay unto a Brother: but when thou returneſt here thou ſhalt find me dead; for know I will not out-live thy honour: go wretched Maid, give that innocence which thou ſhalt never find again; that innocency for which, this day, thou ſtood'ſt the envy of thy time, and wilt hereafter fall below a common pity, cruel, blind, ungrateful and unkind *Phillora*.

Phil. Oh *Pollidor*, *Pollidor*, thou haſt ſtruck me to the ſoul; ungrateful, and unkind! any thing but that, that was cruelly urg'd, witneſs my broken heart, to which thy unkind kindneſs has given its mortal wounds: farewel, *Pollidor*; be thou happy though I might not.— [*She ſwoons and falls down: the Satyr ſeems much troubled.*

Rav. She is not well, ſhe looks pale; *Phillora*, dear *Phillora*, look up; ſee thy Brother in tears, beg thy pardon; 'tis the heavens

fights

fights in this paſſion, and their wills muſt not be diſputed; ſpeak kindly to her and heal her mind.

Pollid. Alas, Sir, how eaſie 'tis for me to ſpeak kindly, heaven knows that ſees my heart; *Phillora*, Siſter, unlucky Maid, once more pardon the harſh expreſſions of a Brothers grief, whoſe love and kindneſs miſtook the way to expreſs it ſelf; all my deſign was to have recommended reaſon as a companion for thy love, for love alone is but a paſſion, and a blind one; Dear *Phillora*, much care and pains goes to make him a virtue, and then honour muſt be his parent, and his iſſue too; this is all I had to ſay, and this I would fain ſhould have been reaſon; but thy love ſhall prevail hereafter; and dear *Phillora* ceaſe now to be ſad, and angry with thy Brother, or to believe me ſo barbarous as to diſpute againſt that god of paſſion, but as I fear him thy enemy:---Or think me ſuch a ſtranger to thy heart as to doubt *Phillora*'s honour; what I have ſaid was only to prompt thy mind, which I found this day ſo buſie obeying of thy love, I was afraid, during this civil war in thy mind, ſome watchful enemy paſſion might ſurprize that ſtrength which I am confident no aſſault, or ſiege can win.

Phil. Ever lov'd, but never dearer to my heart then now! Oh, let me reſt upon thy breſt, and hide my bluſhes there! yet my ſoul covets no faulty thing; 'tis no whiſphers, nor midnights darkneſs that I ſeek; no corner to tell my ſtory in; no guilt hangs upon my heart, my mind and deſires are as bright as the days guide, as publick as *Leopoldo*'s name, I dare avow my love of him; ſhall we becauſe the gods frown add miſery to thoſe which they afflict, who, we know, ſuffer for others crimes? and joyn with treaſon to wound the man my ſoul admires? no Brother, he is my Prince; and let heaven ſpeak to him in thunder, while I obey and follow him to his Grave, or throne; whiles my heart weeps over the one, but never envy him the leaſt glory of the other.

Enter the Satyr.

Satyr. There are armed men entred the Wood; haſte, dear Miſtreſs, and follow me, or we are loſt. The Princes party flies in every place; the enemy purſues us cloſe.

Phillora. The gods protect the Prince.

[*Exeunt* Pollidor *and* Phillora.

Enter Ravack, *with a Helmet full of water.*

Rav. Here I left her, there's the *Satyr*; where's my Daughter?

Satyr. Now gone into the Woods.

Rav. What makes you ſtay behind, what is't you gaze on?

Satyr. A man lyes a dying here in the buſh, he groans and ſtirs ſtill.

Rav. A man, where? [Ravack *looks upon him very earneſtly.*

Satyr. Come, leave him, prithee Maſter, he's but ill company now, and going a worſe journey; and if we ſtay, perhaps, we may be ſent upon the ſame errand.

Rav.

He looks upon his hand, and finds his signet.

Rav. Is there any life? help, hold up his head, he breathes and stirs; 'tis long since I saw this face, yet there are lines in it my memory retains, 'tis he.----This confirms me, Heaven I accept this offer; sure some great work is design'd in this chance; I'll bear him to our Cave, but first I'll take off his Ring for fear the enemy meet us; come, help to take him up.-----Little hast thou deserv'd this charity from me; but I'll not upbraid thy ashes; if I can recover him of his wounds we'l find a way to make him useful to us, at least secure him for hindring our designs.

Satyr. Carry him to the Cave; and if he be a friend let me alone to cure him. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. V. SCEN. V.

Enter Palantus *bound in the Wood, with two Souldiers whispering together.*

Palan. I Do not like these villains whispering, they have made me leave the road; sure they design some mischief in this wood; should I seem to fear, that might encourage them in their villany.-----How now, What whisp'ring's this?

1. *Sould.* What we have done already is more than we can answer; let us search his pockets, and deliver him to the guard at the foot of the Hill.

They lay hold upon him and pull out his purse.

Palantus. Villaines, this violence shall cost you dear.

2. *Sould.* Ha! This is no small bird, such feathers few of your kind wear.

1. *Sould.* Search farther; Here's a Jewel too, and papers, those we shall not use.

Palantus. If they find my picture too I'me lost, my Soul cannot indure that separation; What would you have more, have you not taken all already?-----Hell take your loathed Souls.

He resists, and they throw him down.--They search his breast and find the picture, he kicks and bites all the while.

2. *Sould.* Oh, this is it; A picture, what have we here? Golden Houses for shadows?

Palantus. 'Tis so, a picture onely, after all the rest of your Injuries, restore but that and I'll freely forgive you; take the case too, onely the picture again; if you have any humanity you will not deny it; 'tis to you of no use, but to me the dearest jewel of my life; 'Tis of a friend, whose Memory I adore; set any rate upon it and I'll purchase it; it is your own Interest I propose.

1. *Sould.* Keep our counsel and you shall have it, upon our words we'll restore it; But if you tell any Tales, or complain to the General of this visitation of your pockets, then down goes *Dagon*, nothing saves your Saint; here she shall lie safe till we find you a man of your word; till then, take a civil leave of her, and let's be gone.

Palantus. Without you will restore it I'll not stir one step.

2. *Sould.* Come, come; if you consent to go in all together, we'll afford you the cutting into quarters, and do it at four.

Palantus.

Palantus. Villaines, you'll dearly repent this Insolence.----Pray, (and heartily) I get not my hands loose; 'twill be sad to some of you ever if I be free.

1. *Sould.* Come, fret and curse at home, till we repent.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. V. SCEN. VI.

Enter Leopold, *and* Arcus, *wounded.*

Leopoldo. OH *Arcus*, 'twas she, there's nothing like her; She is an original, I saw her and the poor *Satyr* too; labouring in our cause, she acts above a mortal power; My Hearts a fire till I know her Fortune; she had the scarf on I gave the *Satyr*; My Father and *Palantus* are both wounded, and both missing; Haste and try, if possible, in this general mischief, to save some remnant of our family: Find my Sister, conjure her to haste to *Capua*, and there ship for *Rome*; whither (if I can reach my ends) I'll with diligence repair.

Arcus. Alas, Sir, I fear she's lost, and so will you be too if you thus pursue your passion; Consider, Sir, how many thousand lives and fortunes hang upon your precious dayes.

Leop. Lost! Heaven sleeps not sure, nor will so negligently part with such a Jewel; And Nature, kind Nature, that has care even of Plants, and waits so diligently upon every Season, think'st thou, *Arcus*, she would mind a Bird or Tree and neglect these? No, no, she'd sooner spare the Sun, the Pride of her workmanship, then suffer such a blow; 'twould wound her deeper then her oppolites of Sword, Plague, and Famine, though waited on by death; Hark, we are pursu'd; some brave Enemy that would bring a gallant Revenge, or a handsome death, would make me smile upon my Fortune; But I talk, and thou art here still, my Sister will be lost; Flie, *Arcus*, fly, ere it be too late to counsel her.

Arcus. Alas, Sir, what sullen Starr rules you? Why would you have me leave you? Why do you choose to fall alone? Do you think I am of so low a spirit, or so base as to leave my Prince in danger, and seek my own safety? Go, and I'll follow you throughout all the world; but if I leave you, Heaven curse me.

Leop. We are all lost then; for I am resolved to find this Maid ere I think of safety; I saw her enter this wood. Oh, *Arcus*, 'tis a strange wonder of her Sex; 'Tis a gallant Mind dwells in that private Breast, and blest is he shall find a Friendship there, yet my Love shall out-vie his; For he that is her equal, is mercenary, and proposes to himself her for his reward, which I cannot without injuring her or *Leopoldo*; which ere I will do, thou shalt see me fly where my despaires will carry me, and converse with Beasts or Trees, envying the life of Plants, whil'st I despise my own.

Arcus.

Arcus. Oh Sir, let me beg once in my dayes to be believed; and leſt my fears prove fatal, by her whoſe fair eyes you love beſt I beg you'll at leſt quit this habit and your order, and for a time ſtrike ſail to fortune in this ſtorm; you'll ſink a brave veſſel elſe, and loſe a noble fraught.

Leop. How? And fall a private man? Pluck from my ſelf my Honour? No, *Arcus*, thou ſhalt ſee me frown, and meet the worſt of Fortunes; For I dare die, as well as live a Prince; And here, with all the *Triurnio*, and glorious diſtinctions of a Prince, thou ſhalt ſee me fall a crowned ſacrifice to Love and Fortune.

Arcus. Sir, Wiſedom as well as Courage is allowed us in all our accidents of this life; and to be wilful in our miſeries upbraids the gods, and looks as if we would glorifie our ſelves: Beſides, if you deſire to be capable of enjoying her own wiſhes in this habit, and like your ſelf, it is impoſſible. *Leopoldo*, This day was your happineſs; But *Leopoldo* now can promiſe nothing but misfortunes; your miſery is the deſire of all men. The buſie Ambition of the Enemy hunts nothing but the greatneſs of the Prince; In which time a private man may eſcape; Beſides, the the Maid will ſooner liſten to your words when you ſtand in a level with her, then when ſhe ſees ſuch a deſperate height as is betwixt her and her Princes Love.

Leop. Ha! What haſt thou ſaid? 'Tis Truth he urges, and I ſubmit to thy Reaſon in hopes to find it ſucceſſull;-------Thus I conſent to a diſguiſe, which this publick Character cannot wear.---- Here, *Arcus*, take this envied Character from my afflicted Breaſt; This ſhewes how dangerous theſe diſtinctions of Honour are, and how vain men are that ſeek them.-----Poor and ſafe; could greatneſs believe that truth! how happy might we be whoſe ſad experience I now muſt prove? Would I could loſe my ſelf to all the world, but thee *Bellamira*, and this Maid.

Pulls off his Order.

Arcus. Come, Sir; who knows but this ſtooping a little to Fortune may make her kind, and take it for ſatisfaction for all the ſcornes your Virtue has thrown upon her; truſting ſtill to Juſtice, and aſpiring to that title rather then the fortunate *Leopoldo*: Hark, Sir, the noiſe draws this way; in this woods thickneſs we may hide our ſelves, and let the danger paſs.

Leop. Lead the way, but with how ill a will I yield to Fortune, the gods witneſs; Love, 'tis thy power more then any argument of fear or hope prevails with me. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. V. SCEN. VII.

Enter Ravack *and* Phillora.

Ravack. 'TIs ſure a party of the Enemy that purſues us, but theſe woods are thick, and we are now near home.

Phil. 'Twas the Prince, I know his clothes; His royal ſlave was with him too, a mark not to be miſtaken.

Ravack.

Rav. If the *Satyr* overtook him he is then retir'd to our Cave, to enjoy the welcome news of the Kings ſafety, which if his age denies not, I can promiſe.

Phil. How fain I would believe the Prince ſafe too in this time of penurious hope! that he lived, were all I would ask: Alas, I ſaw him fall amongſt his enemies; and ſince that ſad hour can give my heart no news of his ſafety; I would fain ſpeak with him, and tell him only how innocent and faithful a paſſion my heart labours with. Could he then be ſo barbarous as to ſcorn me?

Enter from the Wood Arcus *and* Leopoldo.

Leop. No, no, gentle Maid; Heaven (if thy rage have a curſe yet left in ſtore) throw it upon me if I ſcorn thee.

Phil. 'Tis the Prince; and thus upon my knees I fall to him, in vertue, courage and all that's excellent, a Prince; all but theſe miſeries are his own: Oh Sir, that you are ſafe is all my joy; and let not the Prince be angry to find a fond Girle hunt his greatneſs, who begins to fear her ſelf his evil Angel; you were never happy ſince I ſaw you.

Leop. Fair and dear; what intereſt in this days chance engaged your virgin hand? why doſt thou not fly before our misfortunes cruſh thee?

Phil. Oh Sir; gods and men will fight your cauſe, and all that have heard of *Leopoldo* (but this band of wicked ones) would dye for you; and if my life could ſave a hair of that generous head, I'de dye as quietly as little birds in their Neſts; for I ſhall never find a joy but in ſerving you; and 'tis one great bleſſing we have ſaved the King.

Leop. The King!

Rav. By the appointment of the gods, I hope, he fell into my hands, faint and full of wounds, known by this ſignet upon his finger; for 'tis long ſince my age left wandring in the ſplendid paths of Courts; he is now in our Cave, where he is ſafe and private; and I hope a bleſſing in his cure; and if your Highneſs will vouchſafe to put your royal head under that humble roof till this ſtorm be over, we ſhall think our ſelves bleſt in the occaſion.

Leop. No more, no more; my life and all that ever was precious I value leſs then this news; in ſpight of miſchief I grow happy, ſince I have found a faith here; for I heard your diſcourſe even now, the joy it gave me may your ſoul never wiſh in vain; may I not know your name?

Phil. Phillora, Sir, I am called; Daughter to this good old man; here in theſe woods I had my birth and abode; I have a Brother too, dear as mine eyes; he's now bleeding in your Highneſs cauſe, ambitious to be in wounds, ally'd to your miſeries; heaven bleſs him when he fights your Battles, and curſe them that fight againſt you.

Arcus. 'Tis the prettieſt and the gallanteſt innocence that ever

my eyes saw; ye gods, such another excellency but my bright Mistress sure the earth shews not; how my heart pities the disparity of her birth, that forbids them to equal the gods in happiness!

Leop. Gentle *Phillora*, is there no hope to find your love has charity for my passion, as well as value for some other object?

Phil. Find the means, Sir, to satisfie that question; let the Prince and honour search it, and if I deny, at the rate of my life, to purchase it, let no mercy find me.

Leop. Oh *Phillora*, name not those tyrants, honour and opinion, that still persecutes mankind, and impose their severe laws upon our hearts; what have Lovers to do with them, or they with us? we will love beyond their Rules, and suffer beyond their examples, till there be nothing left for us to imitate; and then we will our selves become examples; and to love like us shall be the next ages rule; and *Phillora*, all ages wonder.---- Yet, methinks, in midst of my despairs honour holds out a light, which though it be afar off, it guides me to something that I may hope.

Phil. Hope, Sir! why not? all that is honourable; and your vertue will overcome the rest of fate; there's nothing lays such violent hands upon generous minds as to see a Lover despair of being happy: and this doubtful looking upon your wishes, whatever they be, shall make me give sooner then the greatest Argument your vanity can propose; there is a kind of Magick in the eye of a languishing despair, that good nature cannot see without pity, and yields sooner to it then presumptuous confidence, or force.

Leop. Yet force has been successful, and many have out-liv'd it.

Phil. None, where there was honour.

Leop. Will you then deny the fame of those maids that lust and force have injur'd?

Phil. If they out-live it unmindful of a just revenge, I shall.

Leop. Would you be so cruel to kill the man should thus speak his passion, when this Idol, honour, you adore, has stop'd all other possible ways to his desire?

Arcus. Ha! 'twas not well urg'd. [*Aside.*

Aside. *Rav.* If this be serious, I have yet a power to save her honour.

Phil. Do you doubt it, Sir? would I live fam'd here, or dye to become a star in heaven? so sure I would kill all that's mortal, if this spear could reach him.

Leop. Why, 'tis not for fear of the gods then that you are honest? for, sure, murther is worse then rape, and in this you declare there is something you prefer to them. Suppose I should now by the advantage I could find abuse this opportunity, would you kill me?

Phil. The gods forbid; no, Sir, when I find the Prince start back from virtue, and so far quit his own Rules of goodness, that have gain'd him the firname of Just, and for my sake become a Ravisher, I shall quickly let him see how I hate such a tempter; for when I find my innocence too weak to defend my honour I shall at least find honour enough to defend my innocence; and I will always dye worthy your love, Sir, when you shall refuse to let me live so,

ſo; nor is death faulty then, but like a friend to vertue, finding oppreſt arms in her defence; and ſtrikes, not to deſtroy *Phillora*, but to reſcue her honour.

Leop. Upon my ſoul thou wouldſt, thou excellent and ſingle in thy goodneſs; come neer old man, and record my vows, that if thy Daughter be but gently born, here I'l fix my heart; either hers or never womans, ſo heaven and earth aſſiſt me.

Phil. Oh hold, Sir, call back that vow; be ſtill my Prince, while I follow and admire you as far as fame finds faith, or paſſage; but to be yours will make me bluſh for ever, and the guilt will always deject me.

Leop. By my love, by beauty, innocency, and all that's fair, by truth it ſelf, or *Phillora* (which is all theſe) I ſwear, thy honour and my vow I'll moſt religiouſly preſerve; and if my life be bleſt by thy embraces, thou ſhalt command more in that day then I would beg now; do not doubt my faith nor your power, which nothing but your fears can leſſen.

Rav. The gods ſay, Amen.

Phil. Rather all the gods forbid ſuch Hymens ſhould attend your bleſſed day; let me firſt ſink forgotten into my little grave, ere I become the ſubject of ſuch a curſe.

Leop. Is this *Phillora*'s friendſhip?

Phil. Do I refuſe this for want of love? no, Sir, when that comes in queſtion my life is ready to clear the doubt; I know I have nor birth, nor parts to pretend a fellowſhip to Crowns; the ſin and guilt of ſuch an act would ſink me lower then your paſſion has done you; let me be ſtill your ſubject with my innocence; let your Reaſon love me as well as your paſſion, leſt I loſe your love and your value both; for in unequal Hymens beauty will find but a ſhort reign. For Princes grow aſham'd of their faults; and the gods protect me from ſuch miſery as your depos'd love.

Leop. Will *Phillora* thus cruelly puniſh my love? thus, for fear of a poſſible ill, to make me certainly miſerable?

Phil. Alas, Sir; my love in all its kindneſs ſpeaks to you; and when you forget your ſelf you ought to be puniſh'd for that act more then for your crimes to others. I am ſure I ſhall be ſeverer far when you offend ſo then when you injure me; for witneſs heaven, *Leopoldo* is ſtill moſt precious in my eyes. Oh, Sir; rather haſte to repair the ruines of this day; you were never overcome, till now, and ſink faſter amongſt your friends then in the Battle; and I that would dye to ſerve you, in this command you would make me the deſtroyer of my Prince.

Leop. 'Tis reſolv'd, I will be thine, or elſe a ſingle life fate ſhall not deny me.

Rav. Ye gods, what do I hear and ſee? my glad heart is big with joy.

Arcus. I hear a noiſe of weapons. [*A noiſe in the Wood.*

Phil. Alas, Sir, we have talk'd away our ſafety; I fear new dangers, or ſeparation, worſe then death.

Rav. Yet if we can regain the wood, I'll guide you to my Cave.

Leopoldo. Oh *Phillora*, 'tis in vain, they are upon us.

Enter three or four Souldiers, and ſet upon them, and after the Souldiers the Spaniſh Prince : the Spaniſh party drives the reſt off the Stage.

Enter Almanzor. Leopoldo *looks about. They fight,* Almanzor *is wounded.* Leopoldo *wounds him, and in the cloſe diſarms and throws him.*

Alman. Yield thee, wretch, or this bold attempt ſhall coſt thee dear; thy ſafety is in yielding.

Leop. 'Tis he, and we are alone; heaven, thou art kind.

Alman. The villain has wounded me again; ſuch a courage in a wretch, and of a beaten party, I never found.

Leop. There, take your length on that earth your ambition thought to enſlave; ſee how one handful of it has check'd that in all thy glory; my heart has not malice nor baſeneſs enough to ſtrike thee upon thee ground, nor leiſure to conſider thy fate, until I have found my dear *Phillora*; ſure theſe woods have paid his debt. [*Exit* Leopoldo.

Enter Roderigo, *and* Souldiers.

Roder. Theſe woods are ſo thick, and the Rogues fly like deer in them; 'tis in vain to purſue 'em, where left you the Prince?

1. *Sould.* I ſaw him not, Sir.

2. *Sould.* Nor I.

Roder. Nor you? ye dogs, where did you leave him?

Sould. We ſaw him not, Sir, ſince we left the party.

Alman. Roderigo, here, thy hand, prithee.

Roder. Ha! wounded, and upon the ground!

Alman. My hurts are ſleight, by chance of war only; and it was a gallant fellow, who ere he be, that gave them.

Rod. Beat all the woods and plains, he cannot eſcape; what was he?

Alman. Seek him, but upon your lives wrong him not; 'tis but a private perſon; but I dare ſay, a bolder ſoul tri'd not his fate this day.

Enter Souldiers, *bringing the Prince* Leopoldo *bound.*

Sould. This is he, Sir; we knew him by your Highneſs ſword.

Alman. 'Tis ſo, uſe him kindly, and carry him to my quarters. If thy Prince had fought thus well this day he had not been miſſing now in Battle.

Leop. My Prince fought better then the proudeſt of you; my Prince ſtood the laſt danger of the field, and ſcorns to fly; he's either dead, or worſe, in chains; nor can you boaſt your victory, which you ow to our own ſwords; 'twas *Clytus*, not *Almanzor*, beat *Leopoldo.*

Roder. Away with him to the Quarters.

Sould. We'll through the woods again, and try what ballaſt he bears in his breeches.

Roder. Make haſte, and meet us at the hill by the wood ſide.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Partis primæ Finis.

THE SECOND PART
OF
Bellamira her Dream:
OR, THE
Love of Shadows.
A
TRAGI-COMEDY,
The Scene *NAPLES* and *SICILY.*

Written in *VENICE,*
BY
THOMAS KILLIGREW.

DEDICATED
TO THE
Lady *ANN VILLIERS*
COUNTESSE
OF
SUSSEX.

LONDON:
Printed by *J. M.* for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be sold at his Shop at the sign of the *Blew Anchor*, in the lower Walk of the *New-Exchange*. 1663.

The Names of the Actors:

The King of *Naples* and *Sicily*.
Ortho, Brother of the King, slain in a Battel.
Leopoldo, Prince of *Sicily* and *Naples*.
Almanzor, Prince of *Spain*.
Roderigo, His Lieutenant General.
Bellamira, Sister to *Leopoldo*.
Fidelia, A Lady of the Court.
Pollidor, } Two Forresters.
Phillora his Sister, }
Ravack, A banished Lord, of dead *Ortho*'s party.
Nigro, }
Clytus, } Three Lords of *Ortho*'s party, in Arms in *Gaietta*.
Cleon, }
Palantus, General of the Horse to the King of *Sicily* and *Naples*.
Philemon, An old Lord at Court.
A Satyr, In Love with *Phillora*.
Arcus, A Moor, Slave to *Leopoldo*.
Juba, A Moor, Friend to *Arcus*, } Both Prisoners.
Cadess, his Sister. }
Souldiers and *Servants*, such as the Scene Requires.

THE SECOND PART OF Bellamira her Dream: OR, THE Love of Shadows.

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

Enter two Souldiers, *with* Leopoldo *bound.*

1. *Sould.* NO Mutiny Friend, the Day being ours, our Swords have given us Title to all you have.

2. *Sould.* Your Throat is mine too, and be ſtill while he geld your Pocket, or I ſhall ſpoil your Drinking.

Leop. Can you anſwer this to your Officer? He commanded you to ſee me ſafe to his Tent, elſe no ſuch baſe hands as yours ſhould have had power to have bound me.

1. *Sould.* Come Sir; theſe hands are as proper to pick your Pocket as the beſt in the Army, What's here? A Chain, by my faith, and Gold too. *The Souldiers plucks a chain out of his pocket, and puts it about his neck.*

2. *Sould.* D'ye hear, Brother, no pocketing; lay all down, fair play, and when we have done, divide.

1. *Sould.* Yes, yes, what's that? A Jewel? Is't right?

2. *Sould.* If it prove falſe we'll have his--------in the room; this was no ſmall Fool.

1. And his Ranſom will be no Bauble, and let me alone to uſe him ill enough to make him haſten it.

Leop. Let me go, and I'll pay it, to either, and by all the Gods ſwear ſecrecy.

2. *Sould.* Ha! hum!

1. *Sould.*

1. *Sould.* What is't he ſayes?

2. *Sould.* Something that carries reaſon if we durſt truſt him.

1. *Sould.* D' ye hear? either truſt him and let him go, or cut his Throat; for if he lives to ſee the Prince, he'll tell what he has loſt; and then we muſt not onely reſtore all, but put fair for hanging.

2. *Sould.* And 'twould be a ſad buſineſs to change this Gold chain for a halter; My Friend, turn to the Tree and pray, for I am reſolved not to loſe one link of this chain for your ſpan of dayes; How fine my Girl will be when ſhe has it on!

1. *Sould.* Juſt as fine as mine, 'twill burn your fingers elſe; that as the reſt muſt be divided.

2. *Sould.* No, no, 'tis pity to ſpoile it; take you his Clothes in conſideration of half; Come Friend, diſpatch this matter.

Leop. Villain, wilt thou rob me and murther me too? Take heed, thy wants may plead for the one, but no excuſe will ſave thee from that vengeance that ſees thee if thou ſhalt act the other; The Blood thou ſhed'ſt in the heat of battle may find ſome excuſe, as drawn from an Enemy, though Treaſon brought thee there.

The Souldier *holds his ſword againſt his Breaſt. He catches hold of the chaine. They ſtrive for the chain.*

2. *Sould.* Nay, nay, no ſentences; Pray, if you can, or die, overſeen, and ſay you were fairly adviſed; 'twill be ſo, indeed it will; I cannot afford it cheaper, will you diſpach?

Leop. Villain!

1. *Sould.* Yet 'ere you do it, I ſhall make bold with this.---(Half is my right, and I'll have it.)

2. *Sould.* It may be ſo, but I ſhall ſee you prove that right ere I quit it.

Leop. Hell that gave a Mind to men full of Avarice, and corrupted Souls, Luſt for wealth, ſend Diſcord the fruit of that curſed metal to fill their Hearts.

The firſt Souldier *ſtrikes, they fight.*

1. *Sould.* Let it go.

2. *Sould.* I will not.

Leop. So, ſo, that blow will be reveng'd, I hope; I have a weapon in my boot, could I come but to uſe it; I might gain my freedom by this ſtrife.----'Tis done, now I am free; But 'ere 'tis known, let me get within reach of them; Hold, as you are *Souldiers*, hold, do not ſtrive for trifles at the rate of lives too.

He ſlips down his hands, gets the dagger out, and cuts the ſtrings that binds them.

2. *Sould.* Stand you off, or I ſhall ſpoile your expectation; You had hope a good from this, but you are couzen'd: keep off, or I ſhall find a ſpare thruſt ſhall do your buſineſs.

Leop. For wiſhing your good?

2. *Sould.* A pox on your Charity and your baubles; I would you been both hanged when I met with you; the Rogue has hurt me.

Leop. If that Villain ſcapes me I am ſtrangely couzen'd.

1. *Sould.* I am wounded too, will you divide yet? And not let him laugh at both; he's like to be our Heir and Executor if we agree not.

2. *Sould.* I am content; We are Friends, and thou ſhalt have half; Here's my Hand, and let's diſpatch him.------Oh, he has kill'd me.

While they embrace, the Prince ſtabs the ſecond Souldier, *and takes his ſword, he falls. The firſt* Souldier *ſets upon the Prince, they fight; the* Souldier falls, *his perriwig drops off.*

Leop.

Leop. Ye gods, that thus have arm'd in defence of my Innocency, to you I acknowledge this ſtrange deliverance; I am free, but whither to go to keep that liberty, you that miraculouſly have ſent it direct me too; I would find *Phillora*, but I know not where to ſeek her known and purſu'd in this habit, though not for the Prince, yet as an Enemy, will be dangerous. ---- ha! ſee what fate preſents in this Extremity; 'tis a Perriwig, why not uſe it, and change habits with this Souldier, and ſo attempt to paſs as one of them? it muſt be ſo, my wounds will be my excuſe too, for being behind my Fellows; Thus, like an Enemy to my ſelf I'll prove a Friend, and from theſe bitter flowers this honey gather; and by Fortune made equal to my love, ſafely enjoy the converſation of that maid, in this private habit, which was refus'd as Prince, when fortune frown'd. ------ I ſtart not at this miſery at all; nor will I upbray'd the gods for theſe afflictions, 'tis the common fate of the beſt of Princes; no ſtory but is fill'd with theſe blots of Treaſon, and the certain Vengeance that purſues 'em; And who e're he be that will venture into the troubled Seas that Empire Sails in muſt ſet out with a mind reſolv'd for all fortunes; Princes are but men, and when they have reſolv'd wiſely let them Act with Honour, and leave the reſt to Fate. [*Exit.*

He ſtrips the Souldier, and carries the Clothes off the ſtage; the Picture Palantus *had loſt drops out of the Souldiers pocket unſeen of the Prince.*

ACT. I. SCEN. II.

Enter Bellamira, Fidelia, Arcus, *and* Philemon.

Bell. GOod heaven, what a day was this! My ſoul trembles to retain the ſadneſs in my thoughts; the cries and groans ſtill fill my Ears, The wounds and death that lies in thouſand places are ſtill before my eyes; The horrour of ſo many kindes of Entrances for death makes my ſoul ſad, to think any man can be proud of conqueſt when they conſider at what a Rate of miſery and Cruelty 'tis purchas'd; Oh *Fidelia*, the ſad means and Lamentations that the deceived hopes will breed from the fate of this day! ---- ſlaughter yet flying over the Field, waited on by death, who viſits the Innocent, the Coward and the valiant, none can refuſe him. Yet nothing is fuller of wonder then mine own part, who, this day, the thought of a friends danger would have begot a tear from, yet now am forced to tread upon the blood, and ſuck in at my Noſtrils the ſouls of wretched men, whoſe laſt thick breath hath fill'd the Air.

Fidel. Pray, Madam, ceaſe to weep, and employ all your patience to reſiſt the violence of this ſtorm; your Innocency will ſave us all.

Bell. Oh *Fidelia*, This horrour, nor the divers dangers of the times, is the load my ſoul ſhrinks under; 'tis the loſs of my Royal Father, and poor *Leopolde*, that bows me to the Earth; yet, in midſt of theſe miſeries and fears my eyes abuſe me, if I ſaw not this day in the battle that fatal Figure my dreams have thus long convers'd withall.

Fidel. 'Twas sure the same the Prince met this morning.

Bellamira. No, no, I saw her too; this was not unlike her, in habit, I confess I have labour'd with my grief, and the weakness of my Sex, thus far, to see if fate would guide me once more to his sight.

Phil. I pray be pleased, Madam, to repose here, whilst *Arcus* and my self see what horse those were that entred the wood.

[*Exeunt* Arcus *and* Philemon.

Fidel. If there be in nature such a blessing as you imagine, I shall yet smile; for my heart tells me his sight concludes our miseries; yet what can be stranger then the things we have seen and suffred this day? how our fears have reconciled us even to this habit!

Bell. We have not leisure to consider those lesser things now; Yesterday I should have blush'd to let *Fidelia* see what is now exposed to the view of common men; Behold the power of Parents, whose command hides all, and my obedience is as modest as my Coats; but when I consider my mind, and what fate imposes upon me, thus to pursue a flying shadow, ye gods behold, and pity a Virgin wooing, and a Virgin armed; stranger things then these no maidens fortunes know; Yet if I should see him, I can do any thing sooner; then tell him that I love (and that too I fear) sooner then leave to do so.

Fidel. From one that has felt the same sting pray take a little counsel, and resolve not what you will do, or say, until you see him; for to hope to be wise, thus far afore, in business of Love, is Madness; The heart only prepares love a perfect well-come; They are too much themselves that can speak sence; at such a time your worst Lover will tell his Tale best.

Bell. No more, no more, 'tis a Riddle, all; The wise man is not sure to read it, nor is't impossible to the Fool.

Fidel. I am yet afraid we are not safe: for the Enemy pursues us in all places, and therefore let us retreat into this wood; yet whither should we fly but from our selves, that carry our griefs along with us?

Bell. This sword too, if all fear'd it as I do, though by mine own side, Repentance cannot make this day so Innocent as my fears would have preserved it; Behold ye powers, A maid, whose feeble prayers could not reach your throne, thus upbraids ye; & as a more powerful weapon draws her Sword; your anger thus has arm'd our Sex, which has still been taught, Maids can so little glory gain in fights, that they can scarce be modestly angry.

Fidel. Treacherous and Injurious men give us a dispensation; and nothing is more lawful nor modest then those wounds a Virgin gives in defence of her Honour.

Bell. Alas, *Fidelia*, arm'd women have as far out-shot their mark as cowardly men fall short of theirs; fighting women can add so little to their Fame themselves, that 'tis scarce for their honour to be fought for; and if men cannot add to womens fame by fighting, (which is their Idol virtue,) sure we catch at Shadows when we draw their Swords: and to speak really, that womans honour

nour that must be held by a Sword is not worth a Swords cure; For who has once been doubted may be innocent, but never fully cleared; for such a doubt, if it do's not stain, yet it dyes the minds of the best friends; Men, reasonable enough, fear there was something call'd, some looks or words, some motion, that becken'd him to come, and made her subject to the boldness of that Sex; some negligence that bad him hope a Surprize, e're the boldest durst attempt such a fort as a modest mind; if there had not been some intelligence within, or at least the guards of virtue sleeping, they durst not (I say) hope; And this is my guilt, who, in my sleeps, have given up that mind and heart to a shadow, in my Dreams, that waking defended it self against the world; and now the Conquerour insults.

Fidel. Oh Madam, leave to repine at a Fate you cannot change; but calmly obey the gods; your virtue was not wont to dispute their wills; Remember, Madam, you have much to expect from hea- *They sit upon* ven e're you can reap your wishes; and obedience is the only well- *the ground.* come price Mortalls can pay.

Bell. Sure I am not stubborn, *Fidelia*; Obedience is all I plead; for I am so far from refusing what they command, that thou see'st I follow a shadow because they sent it; and I believe all these desires but so many calls, so many becknings to come, which I shall cheerfully Obey; I know there must be some divine providence shut up in that Figure, some hidden secret some knot in fate that heaven has appointed my mortal hand to untie; It cannot be they should pick me out of a Nation onely to make me miserable; No, no *Fidelia*, 'tis but to make our joys taste the sweeter, that they pass them through these difficulties and fears.

Fidel. Now I propheſie we shall be happy; and give me leave to say, your former doubts have been one cause of these sufferings; for to doubt their power or mercy is the great sin; for when men dare confine the gods to the capacities of their narrow minds then they cleave the Air with Thunder, and in some high Example speak their Anger; hark, I hear a noise of weapons, we have talk'd away our safety.

Enter Arcus *and* Philemon, *pursued by the Enemy.*

Arcus. Haste, haste, Madam, or we are lost; this curſed colour of mine is known to be one that fought on the princes side to day; This brand of shame, not onely sent to be my curse, but yours; fly, and I'll kill my self, and let them believe I dy'd of wounds in the battle, 'tis only me, me that they pursue, and what wretch is he, would live, when he might die, to serve?

He turns his Sword as if he would fall upon't.

Bell. Hold, *Arcus*, thy faith shall live to be admir'd, as I have a

life and Honour, if thou lay'ſt the leaſt violent hands upon thy ſelf, here I'll ſtay, and expect the worſt of Fortune.

Arcus. Fly then, for Heavens ſake.

Bell. We have loſt the way, and know not where to go.

Phil. Enter this wood, Madam, that though we find not the Prince we may not loſe each other.

Bell. Innocence! where's thy home? Alas, ſhe has none! Innocence as reſtleſs is as her Servants, ſent upon Journyes, as Fortune, or Oppreſſion pleaſes; no certain place aſſign'd her, They wander ſtill over the Earth; Courts and Temples are but Inns to virtue, where ſhe lodges for a Night, but early next day ſhe muſt be gone.

Fidel. 'Tis ſad, the while, when the Palaces of Princes, nor Empire (beyond which the ambitious Sword aſpires not) cannot terminate her wandring ſteps, nor the Temples Sacred Odours breathe air pure enough for her to live in. But theſe ſad contemplations are not proper now; leave them, Madam, and ſeek a ſafety, for fear of worſe evils then we have yet met.

Bell. Heaven I obey, and but follow, where thou lead'ſt the way. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. I. SCEN. III.

Enter Almanzor, Roderigo *and* Souldiers, *in purſuit of* Bellamira, Fidelia, Arcus, *and* Philemon.

Alman. PUrſue them, *Roderigo*, they hide in every Buſh, victory and ſmiling Fortune beckens us to come.

Roder. 'Tis a ſullen kind of Courage that deſpair and anger gives 'em; they have defended themſelves to this place, with a ſtrange daring, and a kind of miracle in ſucceſs.

Alman. 'Tis but this deſperate handfull that remains.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. I. SCEN. IV.

Enter Pollidor, Phillora, *and the* Satyr.

Phil. IT is the Princes party that diſputes the hill, I ſaw the ſlave, I cannot be miſtaken dear *Pollidor*, I know the Moor; my Imagination, nor my Love, which ſo oft you have upbraided, cannot change colours, *Pollider.*

Poll. See my Reaſon, Blood, All I have freely given to your Paſſion; Follow thy Fate; for ſince my Father's ſatisfied, I ſhall without diſpute obey you; though his news ſurprize me, being not apt to believe the Prince though he offer'd marriage; but heaven has time to puniſh and reward. — hark, I hear the noiſe of weapons, ſtep into this Wood, and ſee what it means.

Noiſe of weapons within.

Enter

Enter Bellamira *and* Fidelia *with their Swords drawn*, Philemon *and* Arcus *making their Retreat.*

Fid. Fly, Madam.

Bel. O whither, *Fidelia?*

Enter Pollidor *and* Phillora, *and sides with the Princes party, and meet* Bellamira *and* Fidelia.

Phil. See, see the Slave I spoke of, and certain they must be Friends to the Prince. [*Among the Trees.*

Pol. The odds makes the rest our Enemies, and honour calls Swords to their party. Stand, What are you?

Bel. We are two that would fain be Friends to thy Fortune what ere it be. O *Fidelia*, this is the same fatal Figure agen.

Pol. The Word?

Bel. Bellamira.

Pol. Pass that way while we endeavour your safety here.

Exeunt Bellamira *and* Fidelia.

Phil. How they tremble! their fears ly heavy upon them; some secret bosom-sin which they are loth to part with makes the fear of death worse than death.

Pollidor *and* Phillora *take part with* Arcus, *and beat the Enemy.*

Enter Bellamira *and* Fidelia.

Bell. This way, *Fidelia*; 'tis the Deity that in visions made his visits here, I cannot be mistaken, Love and Fate have stamp'd the Figure in my virgin-minde, let us follow and tell him so.

Fid. Stay, Madam, Whither will your distracted griefs transport you? if you be discover'd you are lost for ever; your Honour too calls you back; when Women pursue how full of blushes are the most innocent actions?

Bell. But if he goes ere I speak to him my soul will wither still in the fear that this should be a Dream too. O *Fidelia*, it is a cruel Fate that forces me to these precipices; Is there no possibility to be happy, but we must lose some grains of our value? Has Honour no Holy-days? Is her service all toil of minde and body, no reward? Are Chains and Slavery the sole marks she desires to be known by? All Sting, all Thorns, no Roses, no Flowers, no Honey? Why should Man endow'd with a reasonable minde sacrifice to such an Enemy for such shadows as these?

Fid. Alas, Madam, is this a time to dispute the power and will of Heaven? Let us seek a safety first before new dangers finde us.

Bell. No, *Fidelia*, I fear no new danger; could I finde a cure for this old wound I would despise all the Conquerour, either with Sword

Sword or Chains could bring; Why ſhould his youth by fate be made ſo fit for my love, and then be ſet ſo far out of my reach? See how he hunts for honour, how greedy of my dangers, onely as they are glories; for he knows not me; his gentle Siſter too faithful by his ſide without fear of wounds ſeeks them with more fury than we tremble at the thought, and gives the lie to all that we have ſaid this day, giving and receiving wounds; Yet a Virgin, in whom no ſtains nor bluſh can dwell; What would theſe two have been? What ſtories would they have made if Fate had ſet them free, unfetter'd into the world! What parts would they have acted, had not theſe Minds been hedged in and confin'd with private births! Had not that cloud hung o're 'em, who could have beheld the brightneſs of that Virtue which ſhines through their humble Fortune? And ſince my Dreams were not ſafe from his ſhadow onely, what would the real Figure do? Oh *Fidelia!*

Fidel. Why theſe tears? Why this grief, when you ought to rejoyce? This day has remov'd a ſeven years doubt, the fears of an Age are blown over in this one object; That 'twas a ſhadow is now removed; there reſts onely fitneſs now to compleat your happineſs; Heretofore you were to wiſh a being to your Love; now when your great Heart can deſcend to meet a private virtue your may be happy. Remember, Madam, your Dream, and how ſtrange a cure was appointed to heal this troubled Age, the marrying of a Tree; and ſee the ſacred plants, the health and wealth of the Foreſt, deſigned for that great work.

Bellam. To Love and Fate I bow; and what they ſhall appoint moſt readily I ſhall ſubmit to.

Fidel. The night will ſuddenly joyn in our ſecurity; This way, Madam, we muſt expect the faithful *Arcus.* [*Exeunt*

ACT. I. SCEN. V.

Enter Pollidor *from the Reſcue of* Bellamira.

Poll. THis Girls paſſion makes my life a burden to me; but for love of her that's dearer than my ſelf this Sword ſhould with a kinde wound releaſe me, that I ſhould ſee her doat upon the Son of him that ruin'd us, my ſelf too hunting their dangers, and in our bloud write our ſelves Friends to what we hate----- What have we here? a poor youth ſlain, and a Picture by him, of his Miſtris ſure; what may be miſerable is ſtill ſo; I never yet knew that blinde froward, humourſom Deity; Fortune omit a miſchief that lay in her power; this Wretch that had but one thing dear to him, and was no doubt precious himſelf in the eyes of ſomebody. See how early her malice has found her youth, and cut him off in his firſt dangers; while to me ſhe has this day afforded a miraculous Victory onely to vex me; had I been unwilling or afraid to dy ſhe would have ſought death for me; but finding me weary of life ſhe aids me ſtill againſt my wiſhes that has no buſineſs here--- Ha! What does my eyes behold? I dream ſure------Ye Gods What,

He findes the Picture, the Souldiers body lies by the Stage-ſide till now.

He takes the Picture and looks upon it, and at the ſight of it is amazed.

What is your will? Why this ſtrange way to new miſeries? What kinde of Curſe is this you have ſent me? 'tis the ſacred Figure ſure of ſome Deity prophan'd and raviſh'd by this Wretch, whoſe Sacrileдge has from Heaven met a puniſhment---O ſpeak, ſpeak, divine Spirit, command me and I'll revenge thee. 'Twill not ſpeak, 'tis ſome Witchcraft ſure----- I'll fly and call help from Heaven---- What is it that pulls me back? I feel ſomething oppreſs my breaſt, my thoughts grow too great and powerful for Reaſon to command: This Diſorder is not unlike *Phillora's* love, thus ſhe deſcribed him. O thou art a Propheteſs, I fain would go, but without this ſtrange new acquaintance my heart ſays no.

He throws the Picture down: and offers to out.

He ſtoops, takes up the Picture, and gazes on't.

Enter Phillora.

Phil. 'Twas the ſame my heart told me, I knew the Moor; O *Pollidor*, this was fortunate; to reſcue the Princes Friends, he mindes me not. *Pollidor*, Brother, what is that his eyes are fix'd upon? a Picture---*Pollidor*, Brother! Heaven, what ails he? 'Tis a Picture, and of a lively form, divinely grac'd. Do, ſtart, and ſigh, and change colour; that paleneſs ſhews the fright and allarm his heart has taken at thoſe eyes: Heavens you are juſt; and Love, if ever a virgins heart given freely to thy power found grace, be propitious to my prayers, and feed the flame thou haſt kindled in his frozen breaſt, till thy great name has fill'd his minde, and ſick with love let him taſte that bitter Cup he made me drink ſo deep of, inſenſible of the pain he never felt---- So, ſo, does your heart grow too big for your breaſt, while your ears are deaf, and your eyes blinde to all other objects? Yes, yes, talk on, ſhe'll hear thee as thoudidſt me. So, ſo, now thy minde has buſineſs of it's own---*Pollidor*, what, talking to thy ſelf?

She looks upon the Picture.

Pollidor *ſighs.*

She lays hold on him.

Pol. Phillora, Siſter.

He throws the Picture down, and looks on his Sword. Phillora *takes it up and holds it.*

Phil. Ne're caſt this from you, in vain thou think'ſt to be rid of it; a cunning and a great Maſter has graved it with a powerful hand in thy heart, try thy Philoſophy now, forget her, *Pollidor*; See what *Lethe* can prevail; haſte to *Gaietta*, try if ſome new Figure, ſome freſh object can relieve thy minde; Does *Pollidor* now begin to finde there was ſomething like Reaſon I ſaid to day; O *Pollidor*, I was thy wonder to day, but thou wilt be mine to morrow, and thy own for ever.

Pol. Enough, enough, *Phillora*, unleſs thy heart hunt revenge; remember 'twas but miſtaken kindneſs; I then was a ſtranger to love, and therefore ought to be forgiven if I miſtook thy paſſion; but what canſt thou plead, after having made acquaintance with the God, if thou deſpiſe his Prieſt? Have but patience, and thou ſhalt

ſhalt reap all thy revenge, and with innocence of thy heart be pleaſed with it, and ſee thy Brother miſerable even to pity.

Phil. No, *Pollidor*, 'tis far from me to ſeek Revenge againſt thee; yet I muſt confeſs I cannot be ſorry to ſee thee a Lover, 'twill poliſh thy heart; 'twas too harſh, too ſevere before, a knotty roughneſs hid much of that beauty which now will ſhine when this paſſion ſhall illuſtrate it; Love will weed thy minde, and prune all that barbarous wildneſs that wanted ſenſe for others pains; and thenthy awaked honour and armed thoughts will defend Love and thee againſt the world, and make thee, if it were poſſible, more welcome to *Phillora*.

Pol. Come near *Phillora*; Does not thy heart finde a decay of my love? Haſt thou not miſt, this hour, the diligent minde that was employed, ſollicitous for thy good onely?

Phil. Not I, me thinks *Pollidor* is as kinde as ever, and much more lovely in this paſſion than in all the reaſon thou wert ſo proud of.

He takes the Picture from Phillora.

Pol. Why then I fear, -----ſhe, this divine figure remains alone ſtill, though my heart be gone to finde her alone, as when the dead, cold hand of her murder'd Lover held her, and none but I, (wretched I) feel this fatal change; ſure there's Magick in't, how could itbe made? my minde is ty'd to it, no other thoughts can finde a place; hunger and thirſt I feel not but what the drought of longing love begets,and that (I fear)will lick up all the warm bloud that circles my heart.

Phil. No more, no more; let us firſt attend our ſafety, and at leiſure ſeek a remedy for this ill, the Enemy purſues us cloſe.

Pol. Tell not me of ſafety,an Enemy at my foot is not ſo pleaſing a ſight as this;though it be full of deſpair,'tis a poiſonous fire,*Phillora*,that's crept in at my eyes, it burns here,and the pain is beyond that which Poets deſcribe Luſt, Ambition, or Famine by. Yet my vain heart would fain promiſe it ſelf ſomething of happineſs and pleaſure from this ſtrange thing. Victory nor Conqueſt is not half ſo welcome to my heart as this object; no ſuch muſick as the harmony of this face; it has ſmooth'd my brow, and calm'd my heart; all forms of paſt affection, either of love or hate, are cancell'd, all the impreſſions of former joy or anger one ſight of this has deſtroyed; thoſe eyes have even melted my ſoul, and *Pollidor* lies ready to receive what form ſhe'll impoſe.

Phil. The Gods have heard my prayers ſince *Pollidor* is become a Lover,and I ſhall now hope my words will again be Reaſon.

Pol. I love thee, *Phillora*, but thou art not half ſo handſome as this; Prithee do not leave me, leſt I forget thee and my ſelf too: for all the world will vaniſh from my minde beholding this; I have already loſt my anger, and can forgive *Leopoldo* and the King, ſo ſhe'll but ſmile. O that the divine hand that fram'd thee had but given thee a tongue too; 'tis all thou wanteſt to beget a worſhip, yet we'll carry it home, and ſet it upon *Diana's* Altar.

Phil. All but Sacriledge I'll joyn in; take heed, *Pollidor*, how you incenſe the greater Deity; remember how the youthful God has reveng'd himſelf, remember; I ſay, and tremble. *Pol.*

Pollid. It cannot be they ſhould be true gods; flies play with 'em and worms deſtroy them; when they fall we are fain to raiſe them; I cannot worſhip my own creature, 'tis a contradiction to make my god; but ſuppoſe what thou believeſt, would *Pallas*, *Venus*, *Juno*, *Minerva*, or the reſt of that glorious number, affect ſuch odd poor forms as we adore at home, and give to a mortal this divine frame? See, ſee if there be not mercy in her eyes, calm peace in that brow, innocence and juſtice in thoſe fair hands; is there grace that men could wiſh, or women envy, that grows not in this face; is it not one it ſelf, or rather all the Graces? and therefore kneel.----Thou art a Virgin *Phillora*, here lay thy hand upon this Virgin turfe, which never crooked Plow deflowred, and by yon chaſte ſpring, whoſe ſacred ſtreams with fruitful embraces circles yon flowry Meads, never to worſhip any other of her ſex, nor ſhall any but our ſelves have leave to ſacrifice, leſt we pollute her ſhrine with common vows, which I know will diſpleaſe her, for ſhe cannot be thus excellent but ſhe muſt be particular, and conſtant too; for conſtancy and particularity ſhew the minds chaſtity; every froward Girle taught by cuſtom can keep her body chaſte, but the mind is ſeldom ſo: vanity, *Phillora*, has a thouſand ways to tempt a womans mind, and nothing like love and honour guard it.

They kneel and worſhip.

Phil. Should I now be as deaf to your reaſon as you were to mine, and deny all thoſe truths of Love and Honour; what could *Pollidor* ſay when he ſhould ſee me dote upon another face, and forget the Prince?

Pollid. I'de ſay a woman that out-lives her love has out-lived her honour, and is from that minute to be eſteemed but as her carcaſs, and the moving figure of ſuch a perjur'd woman but the ſhadow of what ſhe was, which ſome licens'd Demon has uſurp'd to diſpatch his buſineſs here on earth in; and ſuch a looſeneſs ſtains both the fame and figure, the guilt will caſt ſuch a poyſonous ſtench that ages cannot waſte it; like treaſon it taints the blood, the grave cannot hide the deformity; a broken heart will out-laſt the Marble or the Epitaph.

Phil. From thee I'll learn to love, be thou my guide; while thy great heart leads the way, who follows thee and Love can never ſtray.

Pollid, No *Phillora*, if I dye ere I ſee the ſubſtance of this ſhadow, I conjure thee bury me in this fatal place; and on my Tomb engrave my fate, that the world may know here was enterr'd the betwitch'd Foreſter; this was he that equall'd Eccho, and rival'd *Narciſſus*, unleſs that goddeſs (who ere ſhe were) that liſtned to *Pigmaleons* tears, would now look down on wretched *Pollidor*, and lend a life to this beloved ſhadow; Love let it be thy act, then find thy eyes, that with one ſight of her I might pay thy bounty; but then take heed thy youthful deity do's not become my Rival, as ſhe has done the gods in worſhip.

Enter Leopoldo *in his diſguiſe, and finds* Pollidor *and* Phillora *upon the place.*

Leop. This deliverance had all the favourable gods to friend; my diſguiſe will hide me from the curious eye of all, ſince 'tis too poor and low to call the ſearch of jealouſie or envy upon me; but to think of ſaving my ſelf till I know what fortune is befallen *Phillora* is a thought I cannot let enter my heart, poſſeſt with care and fear for her.----Ha! 'tis ſhe; what ſight is this? a man in her arms! they are kind too: ſee ſhe leans upon his breaſt; I'll ſtrike the villain to the earth.---Sure 'tis ſome Phantaſme: ſhe refus'd my love when 'twas accompanied with the offers of ſacred Hymen; and yet my ſoul tells me 'tis not poſſible there ſhould be ſuch a curſe deſign'd me as to love a falſe heart; they are blinded, ſure, with their paſſion, elſe they could not chuſe but ſee me; ſtay, he ſpeaks to her; I'll obſerve, but fatally, if ſhe be falſe; which my heart trembles to believe.

She is leaning upon her Brother, and looking upon a picture, Leopoldo *diſcovers her.*

Phil. Oh my *Pollidor*, keep it as the treaſure of thy life; 'tis a jewel I would not part with for the world, the gods have ſent it, keep it and love it; and now purſue thy fate, and heaven witneſs how much I love and pity *Pollidor*.

Leop. Ha! my heart! what do I hear and ſee?

Pollid. Keep it? yes, as I would my Reaſon or my Soul; this ſhall be my Buckler againſt all but thy fair ſelf, whoſe friendſhip I'll prefer before Empire; and if thou ſmileſt Fortune has no ſting: theſe two leſſons I have quickly learn'd, *Phillora*, the unfortunate, and the Lover; and they are two parts, if thou frown, that I muſt act for ever.----Love, thy Army would be numerous, couldſt thou to the world ſhew this Commiſſion; our paſſion muſt be happy for the matter and the end is noble, though the ſubject be yet a myſtery.

All the while he looks upon the picture.

Leop. 'Tis her picture, ſhe has given it him; my ſoul is on fire; and though I cannot hope to enjoy my love, my revenge is ſtill in my power.

He goes behind them, and ſnatches the picture from Pollidor; Pollidor *ſtrikes him with his ſword.*

Phillora *parts 'em*

Pollid. Villain, reſtore it; reſtore it upon thy life, and quickly.

Phil. What art thou? why doſt thou commit this outrage? who ſent thee? why doſt thou purſue him, and not regard my words?

Pollid. Let me kill the villain.

Leop. The villain will not be kill'd, Sir.

Phil. Hold, fond wretch; though that Jewel be by him prized above his life, conſider what a vain thing 'tis in thee for a ſhadow thou knoweſt not thus to ſacrifice thy ſelf, and hazard the becoming one amongſt the ſhadows; why doſt thou frown upon him, and look'ſt with rage on one thou know'ſt not? what, is it for avarice thou would'ſt have it? deliver it, and take a better value then thy poor hopes can promiſe.

Phil. Dear *Phillora*, ceaſe to ſue to the villain, let me come; Death,

Death, doſt thou think I ſhall not win when I play this game; where wilt thou venture my ſword if I loſe her?

Phil. I do not doubt thy ſucceſs, but 'tis baſe for both of us to deſtroy him; and my love for *Phollidor* is ſuch, I will not ſee him hazard that rich heart againſt a common ſword.

Leop. Falſe and cruel.

Phil. Beſides, 'tis ſome poor Souldier of the enemy, whoſe wants have engaged him, and for a reward he'll reſtore it.

Leop. No, fond Girle; I'll give thee my part of the earth firſt, and the ſhort ſpan of days the gods have left here I'll waſte ere that villain ſhall boaſt his victory o're my Maſter that ſent me hither.

Phil. Thy Maſter? who's thy Maſter? who ſent thee?

Leop. Love and Fortune, blind Guides I fear.

Phil. What's thy buſineſs hither; for heavens ſake unriddle thy anger, ſpeak; what wouldſt thou have?

Pollid. And ſpeak quickly.

Leop. From the Prince *Leopoldo*, who now lyes weeping out his drops of life in red tears on yonder hill; and even with his laſt breath mourns the loſs of thee, if thou be'ſt *Phillora*, calling on thy name; for love of whom, ſlowly and unwillingly, he becomes a ſtar, that art giving away thy ſelf into anothers arms.

Phil. The Prince *Leopoldo* dye! oh where! guide my deſperate feet to that ſad place, and thou ſhalt ſee how vain his fears are by the haſte this heart will make to meet him; for charities ſake, for the Princes ſake, upon my knees I beg, reſtore his Picture, and let us go.

Leop. What ſhould I believe?

Phil. What villain gave the Prince his wounds? could he look upon him and ſtrike?

Leop. Falſe and fair have a thouſand ways to kill; and there is more danger to *Leopoldo* in thoſe eyes then in his ſword; whoſe frowns nor anger have any terror, 'tis an idle rage; and thy paſſion only dangerous to thy ſelf.

Pollid. Death, ſhall I be injur'd and deſpis'd too? ſure I am not ſo weak an enemy as to be beat with words?

They fight and are both wounded, yet ſhe does all ſhe can to part 'em; in the mean time Almanzor *and* Roderigo *come in with their companies, and ſeize on both* Pollidor *and* Phillora.

Phil. Oh my fate, Fortune I defie thee now; doſt thou grudge me the mourning for the Prince?

Pollid. Dog, treacherous dog, this odds made thee ſo brave.

1 *Sould.* See, Sir, here are two of thoſe that reſcued the Princeſs *Bellamira*, who in boys habit we ſurprized, together with *Arcus* the Moor.

Alman. And what are theſe?

Pollid. We are nothing, at leaſt not worth telling now, ask thy ſelf what we are; fooliſh fortune has given thee the power of diſpoſing

fools we are that might have look'd on and would not, and now pay for playing others Cards.

Phil. 'Tis yet my joy I ſerved the Prince, and ſav'd his Siſter; and know, Tyrant, if my faithful heart could redeem him, I could know no miſery after it.

Roder. What is he there?

Pollid. A villain, one of thy own train; but had not her fond pity ſav'd him, I had paid his ſcore.

Leop. You took one priſoner before from me; but ere you get looſe your ſelf you ſhall pay both ſcores.

Alman. Roderigo, did'ſt ever ſee a more graceful couple; there is ſomething of greatneſs in their looks I have not ſeen in perſons of their rank. Prithee anſwer me calmly; what ye are this habit ſpeaks you are no Souldiers.

Pollid. The unhappy iſſue of one chaſte bed, the children of a poor Foreſter bred and born in theſe woods, led to this fatal day by chance, and kindneſs to this luckleſs Girle, who till this hour has always been all my care; but love, curious love has found my mind buſineſs of its own.

Leopoldo, aſide. Ha! what do I hear, Brother to my Love, and I wretched villain have ruin'd them.

Roder. Convey them ſafe to *Capua.*

Leop. Yes, Sir; we'll ſee them ſafe, I warrant you.—— Something I muſt do like an enemy until I can prove a friend, this day's full of fate.—— Come Sir, will you march?-----Had not my jealouſie blinded me I might have ſeen a Brother in his face, and the fatal figure in my Siſters Dream.

[*Exeunt* Pollidor, Phillora, Leopoldo, *and two* Souldiers

Manent Almanzor, Roderigo, *other Officers and Souldiers of his party:* Clytus *and his Officers ſtand on the other ſide of the Stage, and* Clytus *looks ſullenly.*

Alman. At laſt the cloud's diſperſt; and now we may ſee clear, free and round about a full victory, ſuch a ſullen game I never plaid, and had they been of one mind, this had proved a black day.

Roder. How I abhor the very victory treaſon brings us!

Alman. If *Bellamira* had not eſcaped, the whole work had here found an end; but if that ſcornful fair one fall into my hands ſhe ſhall ſee how I can act her part, whom my anger and revenge purſues more now then my love did heretofore.

Roder. Your Highneſs is in paſſion, elſe this anger to a Lady of her birth and virtue is ſo unlike the reſt of your character, I am confident you would not own it; for to me ſhe ſtands much greater in eſteem for that anſwer, then if ſhe had ſhrunk with her fears and ſudden change of fortune, and ſhould have liſtned to your propoſitions; for conſider her part that was born Daughter to a King, now ſubject to an invading enemy, the deſtroyer of her Father, ruiner of her Country, to receive from him in the height of diſpleaſure and anguiſh of her mind a propoſition ſeconded by force of arms; it had been ſtrange if ſhe ſhould have ſent a better anſwer.

Leopoldo *returns.*

Alman.

Almanzor. All these Arguments are against her; for she saw my kindness such, as when she was fallen into my power I offer'd from being a Subject to make her a Queen.

Clytus. Subject? Sir, that's beyond your contract to make any of this Nation your Subjects.

Almanzor. Is it beyond the sword, *Clytus?* I know no other Law nor Contract.

Clytus. Yes; and now in your greatest glory I dare tell you so; And know, there is not a man amongst us, but will fall upon those swords you owe this victory to, ere yield themselves your Subjects; You will find *Naples* scornes to acknowledge any other King then their own: And here, in the name of all those that sent me, whose Loyalty sixteen years banishment and oppression could not weary, no nor the virtue of those most generous Princes *Bellamira*, and *Leopoldo*; whose miseries though we lament, yet they had not power to seduce our Loyalties; therefore do not hope to fright us into slavery.

Roderigo. Clytus, you are in Passion, and too suddain with the Prince, and your fears most unreasonable.

Clytus. That. Your answer will clear; Know, in the Name of them whose General I here stand, I again require performance of conditions. In the first place, the delivery of all prisoners into my hands; Then, that this night our young King be produced and crown'd; which Ceremony being past, your Highness will please to Command your Army to retire towards *Calabria*; where, with all conveniency which we shall provide, they may pass for *Sicily*; and according to conditions leave to us our King and the quiet possession of all those Dominions, that belonged to his Royal Father, the unfortunate *Ortho*; *Sicily* being by us abandoned to your Highness as 'twas agreed; though I confess my Heart bleeds to think our ills had no other remedy, nor this diseased State could admit of no gentler cure then the hewing off these branches, as *Leopoldo* and *Bellamira*, from the royal stock to save the Tree.

Almanzor. Clytus, I have stood silent long, and wonder rather then Patience bred that Attention to this new kind of Language from you. Where's the Oppression, Treason, and Tyranny; The wrongs to gods and men; where's the usurper against whom your Flattery and dejected looks and folded Arms? These postures and these words were *Clytus* his, when he sought my aid; *Clytus*, there, strove to perswade we were appointed by Heaven the scourge of these mischiefs, and made it appear that Fate had named me in a Dream seven years since to your scornfull Princess; In which I was pointed at, and the whole succesſe of this warr most Prophetically foreseen; How often has thy Flattery called me that stranger that she saw land in that calm Evening; This, that forreign habit that kick'd up the dust in their faces? And see the King and Prince, all lost in that dust, the disaffected people. And now I know my strength, and see your Hearts, I will not march one foot farther, until the Princes and Castles are deliver'd to me as rewards of this

this victory; Nor shall you see your King till I think fit to trust you, lest he find you as false as I have done; which I shall be yet able to punish in your greatest Pride and strength; For the Prisoners, poor and contemptible as they are, (for I know onely of two Shep-herds) yet since demanded thus unhandsomely, not one hair of their heads shall be deliver'd; nor dares *Clytus* fetch them.

Clytus. Either produce the King, and perform the Articles you swore to, or we shall find a power will be too strong for perjury.

They both lay hold on their swords, but are parted by company.

Almanzor. Perjury!

Clytus. Yes, Perjury.---------Death, have we refus'd the Brother of our King, to be usurp'd over and govern'd by a stranger? No, *Leopoldo*, if any stranger must be our Fate, thy Starr shall guide us; whose noble Breast, this day, I rob'd of his honour'd Order, and forc'd like a private Souldier to fight for his safety; yet then, had not thy odds rescued thee, or his noble Mind given a protection, thy proud Heart had found a Justice some worse Nature must pay; 'Twas he that gave thee thy Life; that Life thou so insultest with over the ruines of his Father, which (slave and Villain as I was, to joyn in laying those sad loads of grief upon his great Heart) I'll redeem, or die in the attempt, if you delay this night to produce the King. Your Answer.

Almanzor *and* Clytus *draw.*

Almanzor. 'Tis here, double Traytor; here in this sword, and in the field, I'll make thee read it when 'tis written in thy blood.

Clytus. That Traytor, though Truth, shall cost thee dear; Perjur'd Prince.-----March. [*Exit* Clytus *and his party.*

Leopoldo. Heaven, thy Hand still! *Clytus*, my Soul forgives thee; Honest and gallant; and what I thought crime is but virtue in thee, and loyalty to thy Master; and I'll find a way to tell thee so if thou persist: This quarrel may give us power to strike once more for our Revenge; -----*Almanzor*'s full of thoughts; this quarrel must be fatal, they have both too much Courage to bear such injuries as these.

Roderigo. Now, Sir, has your passion had the full swinge are you deep enough in dangers? Have you Enemies enough? If not, we had best seek for more.

Almanzor. 'Tis better to know, then doubt of a foe; I saw him false from the first hour he had possession of the Castle; this is but pretence; A few wretched Prisoners, onely a pretence to pick a quarrel now the work's done; It was my curse to trust a Traytor; yet if we had not mist the Princes the Castles had been no losses.

Roderigo. Sir, 'tis now no time to talk of why-nots; this night we must expect some attempt from them, their business is done, the King is slain, the Prince too, for ought we know, his Clothes and order being found upon the ground; the people too are armed in their defence, and expect we should produce their King; which abused hope We cannot expect they should forgive; and we are to believe this party that have defended themselves thus long against the King will never yield to our power by any argument but the Sword: Besides, you may gather from *Clytus* what the rest intend, whose Forces are drawn apart towards *Naples*, and

and thoſe of *Gaietta* remain ſtill upon the paſs; and can if we oppreſs them, upon occaſion, retreat or joyn when 'tis to ruine us.

Almanzor. What's to be done then? I am all rage; The Villain *Clytus* has rob'd me of all my hopes.

Roderigo. You muſt reſolve to fight with one of them this Evening, whilſt divided, elſe to morrow 'twill be a double buſineſs; if not, march immediately to *Capua*, ſecure the Harbour, and this night diſpatch a Galley for *Sicily* for ſupplies, and therein ſend the priſoners; for I believe them of more worth then they appear, by the earneſt demand of *Clytus*.

Almanzor. Give order then, that we may be ready to march. Fortune, if thou ſmil'ſt upon this Action I ſhall yet have time enough to make ready a Revenge for the Villain *Clytus*; whoſe falſhood in a fatall hour has thrown me from all my hopes of Love and victory.

Leopoldus. This *Clytus* ſhall know.

As Leopoldo *goes out, he meets a* Souldier *coming in haſte and ſtops.*

Almanzor. How now, the news!

Souldier. Sir, purſuing the Enemy in the wood I have lodged ſome perſons of quality; who, by their lamentations for the King and Prince *Leopoldo*, I know muſt be of that party; Two of them are remarkable, a Satyr and a Moor.

Almanzor. Speak ſoftly, tis they. The Princeſs *Bellamira*, I know by that Moor; *Roderigo* take a choice party and let us fly to this remedy: Fortune, I no ſooner called upon thy name, but thy kind Deity has ſent a medicine for my Mind, a cure for all my ills; Leade the way, and for this chance thy reward ſhall exceed thy hopes; Come, *Roderigo*, now we may ſmile again; *Bellamira* will weigh down the ſcales, and make our Revenge full.

Roderigo. A few will do it, the quieter the better, for this wood is full of paths and caves, and there's no hunting of them unleſs we could do it by the ſcent like dogs. [*Exeunt all but* Leopoldo.

Leopoldo. Sure ſome ſullen ſtar purſues this girl; I'll follow too, and make it ſad to ſome. [*Exit* Leopoldo.

ACT. II. SCEN. I.

Enter Nigro, Ravack, Clytus, Cleon, *and* Souldiers.

Nigro. 'TWas done like *Clytus*, and to morrow we'll ſecond thy words; let the men be well fed to night, and a Donative diſtributed for this dayes ſervice.

Ravack. My Children, *Clytus*, had they many wounds?

Clytus. No, nor any dangerous; oppreſt with multitude we took them, and they are now his Priſoners; But this night, I fear, they will be ſent away, and the rather that I was earneſt for their delivery; And I believe we are deceived all this while; for I am confident the delivery or diſcovery of our young King is beyond his power, and onely a pretence to engage the people.

Nigro. No matter, that pretence has done our work, and now the

the people are arm'd, we'll make them cut our way through all difficulties he can oppose; and then, *Clytus*, I'll promise thee to produce the young *Genorio*.

Ravack. Let *Cleon* immediately to Sea with all his force, and lie dispers'd, that no Boats pass the Harbour but what he speaks with, lest we lose those long preserved reliques, now his Prisoners.

Nigro. He has his Orders already, and pray keep a strict guard, *Cleon*, and specially on the Rivers mouth from *Capua*, that nothing pass.

Cleon. 'Tis time I were gone; is there other directions that I am to expect?

Nigro. *Genorio*, King, be the word to night.

Clyt. Your accident in the wood was strange; did the King know you at first?

Ravack. No, we bore him to my cave, where he lay some time oppress'd with loss of blood, till we applyed our remedies; upon which he began to look like one awak'd out of a Dream, whose horrour yet dwelt upon his Mind; and seeing us by him asked where he was, and who we were, and by degrees came to himself, and with his Reason found the Memory of his late mercies; Much he asked of the business of the day, his Childrens Fortune, and Fate of the battle: To some I answer'd doubtful, to others the whole truth; Then he enquired how he came thither which I resolved him, and standing in his eye I found it fix'd upon me; and my discourse no sooner ended, but he inquired what I was, why, and how long I had lived there; I reply'd, longer in the number of years, then I found it in the neglected time; yet not led by any curiosity, but to find a safety for my self and children, being persecuted and crush'd by Fortune; Here I found a safety, and had now forgot the world, and was grown to pity them that ruin'd me; and from this security I beheld the precipice I fell from, and Philosopiz'd of them that aspire those dangerous heights; Then, with a serious brow he asked me who were my Enemies? I replyed, such as Justice, Loyalty, and oppress goodness shrunk under, when my Prince, the unfortunate *Ortho*, fell; After which fatal day I chose this solitude, in whose innocence I had spent my dayes, enjoying here a clear Mind, and Honour free from slavery; For in this poverty we have preserved a free, though private virtue, Sir, all my joy and business being two pledges of a chaste bed, and fruitful faithful Love, those two Shep-herds you saw me follow in the battle, whose Maiden swords are in this dayes battle no less fortunate then strange; While I was telling this story I saw his breast heave, and his Colour change, and his Eyes swell with tears; and with Hands lifted he cryes: *Ravack*, *Ravack*, or else my Soul dreams what it wishes: Speak, are my Eyes mistaken or no, if thou beest the same *Ravack*; for though it be long since I saw thee, yet there are li nes of my old Friend in thy face; speak and make me happy; for with thee I lost my Nephews; and if with thee I find 'em, the gods are just to my vows, for they know my Heart, and have preserved what I never had a cruel thought against. Speak and let me

die

die in peace, for my Soul hangs upon thy words; it is Life or death thy anſwer brings; give me that ſecret, 'twill remove the pains of Death; Thy King and Friend begs this ſecret: Could thy fears have given faith, Oh *Ravack* (for now I know 'tis thee) what ills has fear of ills begot this day! All that was precious to me is loſt; Treaſon and murther has deſtroy'd all, Madneſs and jealouſie of ſome has thrown our Nation into the Slavery of a ſtranger, rather then truſt me their Prince, becauſe they had injur'd me; meaſuring my innocence by their own narrow hearts, and having liſtned to that black policy that counſel'd their guilt to deſtroy me to prevent my revenge; not believing it poſſible I could be better then they, and forget the wrongs which they cannot forgive themſelves; This is that Curſe whoſe puniſhment ſtill gnaws the mind, and Dogs the ſin of Rebellion, whoſe dangerous paths are ſo full of ſin and horrour they dare not look back nor think upon them till grown deſperate; thus they ſeek a falſe ſafety in deſtruction to all; But if my Nephew live I ſhall die in peace. Then I threw my ſelf at his feet & kiſs'd his royal hand, and aſſur'd him that his Nephews lived, and ſtranger things in their Fortune then yet his ſoul imagines; for thoſe Shepherds I told him were his Nephews; at that he ſtarted, and called upon Fate, and *Bellamira*, whoſe viſion now was clear; then we diſcourſed of their paſſions, their ſtrange paſſions; he propoſed a Treaty, and his coming hither, which I conſented to.

Clytus. Which Shepherds? thoſe you call'd your Children?

Ravack. The ſame.

Clytus. Ye gods, 'twas their genius, ſure, that made me ſo earneſt for their delivery; This night we muſt fall upon the Enemy, or they are loſt, ſent beyond our reach; My anger too will make them jealous what they are.

Nigro. Heaven, to thee we owe our Sacrifice; 'tis thy hand has play'd our game, and I hope a happy one; though the day was ſad, and full of Fate to ſome, yet if the Night crown it, 'twill be Sacred for ever in our Story.

Clytus. The gods have done their parts, and we, that are appointed here their Inſtruments, muſt now act ours; I'll to Sea this night, with *Cleon*, who knows what may be attempted, and 'twill be fit you go, *Ravack*, leſt they doubt me; your report concerning the King, and preſent affairs, will find that faith I cannot expect, conſidering my part in theſe late miſeries.

Ravack. You have reaſon, and I'll bear you Company.

Nigro. Let this ſecret dwell with us only till they be deliver'd, leſt the wealth of that knowledge be the cauſe of loſing it; for we are ſure he wants ſuch a pledge for his ſafety.

Clytus. His Army (now ours is drawn from it) looks like the Pageant that ſtalks upon others legs, moſt lame and deſpicable, and his falſe ſoul ſhall find what a Force his Treachery has given us, that could call all the gods to witneſs his Falſhood, and thus make us deſtroy each other, to gain him an eaſie way to victory; I am all impatience, till I have prov'd my fate with him.

Ravack. Calmly, *Clytus*, and resolved let us proceed: now we have the game in our hands take heed of rashness or security, which may be as dangerous as his despair; let us in, and resolve with the King what we shall do, and to whom, e're ye go, let me present you both; his pardon and blessing will prosper the work. Kings are their Countries Parents, and heaven never blest that people whom a good King curs'd. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. II. SCEN. II.

(*A Scene representing a Cave.*)

Enter Bellamira, Fidelia, Philemon, Arcus, *and* Satyr.

Arc. MAdam, wee'l look out, if you please, and see what we can learn abroad. [*Exeunt* Arcus *and* Philemon.

Satyr. Shee's lost, shee's lost, I'll eat no more; a curse on all their heads that fetch'd us from our quiet home. ---- Let me go, what are you to me, or I to you, I loathe your hated sights, 'tis your mischiefs we mourn, my dear Mistress lived quiet here till your impious visit; Innocence, peace, and Love fill'd every Circle of the Moon till you and mischief came and rob'd us of our peace; Wounded in mind and body, my Love, and her gentle Brother, rage like Dogs, by the Suns poyson stung, and rob'd of Reason, hunt out your dangers, and Death, I fear; and I that have but these poor Rags of Nature, See how I am torn with following you; ----- Hell on both your causes I have lost my love, and know not where to seek her, but here in my wounded mind; my heart has her still; would she had ne're stay'd beyond this fold; if she die I'll starve my self, I will, and poyson you; I will, by *Pan* I will, you shall not out-live my Love. [*Enter* Arcus.

Fidelia *holds him.*

Arcus. Quick and silently into the Cave, for there are some entred the Wood; what they are I know not.

Satyr. I'll not go in, but stay and tell them where you are, unless you give me my love, or shew me where you have hid her, that I may worship her grave.

Arcus. Shee's not dead, man, shee's in the Woods only, and to morrow we shall find 'em.

Satyr. To morrow? why 'tis not night yet; Cramps and Aches find me, and the Murrain eat my Flocks, if I will eat or sleep till I find her; all Night, and not know where my Love is?

Arcus. Go in then, and defend these people who thou know'st she loves, for shee'll die if they be hurt.

Satyr. Shall we seek her when we have done? I'll not strike a Dog else.

Arcus. See they come, defend this pass, and then wee'll seek her. [*Enter into the Cave* Bellamira *and* Fidelia.

Enter

Enter Almanzor, Roderigo *and* Souldiers, *and ſet upon them; while* Arcus *and the* Satyr *are engaged, they force* Philemon, *and get into the Cave; The* Satyr *and the* Souldier *fight, the* Satyr *gets him down.*

Satyr. Yield, and let me bind thee, or I'll paſh thy Scull.

The Souldier *thruſts at him while he ſpeaks, and hurts him; he kills the* Souldier, *and takes his Sword.*

Arc. So, ſo, follow me, and ſave the Princeſs; what, art thou lame?

Satyr. The Rogue has hurt me with this fooliſh thing; a Bee's ſting is worſe, and yet I am lame.

He lookes upon the Sword, and pricks himſelf with it, and ſtarts.
Exeunt Arcus *and* Satyr.

ACT. II. SCEN. III.

Enter Bellamira, *and* Fidelia, *priſoners to the* Souldiers *that diſcovered where they were.*

Soul. NO reſiſtance, but patiently expect what the prince commands, or you are dead.

Bell. What Prince, Villain? Either be a friend, or enemy; give us our Freedom, or with thy Sword perfect that Treachery thou haſt begun with the worſt of miſchiefs; Kill us, any thing rather then be ſubject to the impious rage of that inſolent Conquerour.

Enter Leopoldo, *in his diſguiſe.*

Soul. Ha, Comrade! where's the Prince? here are two of the birds I promiſed him, the reſt are flown. (Leopoldo *looks about him.*)

Leop. They are ſo, Traytor, that thus art armed with ſucceſs; ſtare not, but defend thy ſelf; Fly, Madam, to any ſafety; if this ſervice prove ſucceſsful, thank me hereafter; if not conceale me, what e're you ſee me do. [*Exeunt* Bellamira *and* Fidelia.

Soul. Madam? 'Tis the Princeſs *Bellamira*, ſure. -- Villain, thou'lt live to repent this Act.

Leop. Thou ſhalt not, if I miſs not my aim.
(*They fight, and* Leopoldo *kills him.*)

Soul. Hold, 'tis enough; my faults are powerful, and Treaſon alone is weak, I am loſt. (*He dies.*)

Leop. This wretch had given up all our hopes to the Invador, had not my fate been above him.

Enter Almanzor.

Alman. Souldier, which way went *Roderigo?*

Leop. That way in purſuit of the Enemy,--- Why not, in this diſguiſe, ſtrike him dead and ſecure all? why not? becauſe 'tis baſe, and unworthy of *Leopoldo*; treachery has no Argument ſtrong enough to juſtifie it, ſucceſs cannot do it; I'll follow him, defie him, and as *Leopoldo* take a full revenge, or give him a perfect victory, ---- Nay, then I ſtrive againſt my Stars; Yield, *Leopoldo*, ſtoop to Fortune, War no longer againſt that froward Diety, bent to thy ruine; poor *Bellamira*, ſomething I muſt do, and by appearing ſtill a violent enemy may gain a power to ſerve her; Sir, do you not know this Priſoner? 'tis the Princeſs *Bellamira*, the ſame that the Shepherds took from us.

As Almanzor *goes out he meets the* Souldiers *bringing* Bellamira.

Alman. 'Tis not poſſible, this the modeſt Princeſs, fighting in Breeches? ſure 'tis one of her Pages.

Bell. What I am is as heaven appoints, who has delivered me over to your barbarous power; what I was this morning is now no argument, ſince they are pleas'd to withdraw their bleſſings; yet in all conditions I can deſpiſe the inſolent *Almanzor*, prince only in power, ſlave of Fortune, bleſt by chance, like her undeſerving children, who claim neither by virtue nor merit what they hold.

Alman. You are angry now, and I laugh; and ſince you would not be a Queen, try if you can avoid being a Slave; and all thoſe graces of that Magick form which once I loved, all thoſe Flowers of Youth and Beauty my hate ſhall look on, and ſee wither in a ſcorn'd ſervitude, under an envious and cruel Miſtreſs, who will make my love to thee as great an affliction as thy ſcorn hath rendred it my heart; for ſhe loves as violently as thou hateſt, to whoſe revenge I'll give my intereſt up.

Bell. The ſame impious barbarous *Almanzor* ſtill, upon whoſe power I'll look with ſcorn, it cannot be long liv'd; thou art too wicked to be long our Rod; for thy threats, they move me no more then thy promiſes; Thou knoweſt I would not ſell my honour for the firſt, nor be frighted from it by the laſt; for know, when I will be free, (which yet I will not be) 'tis not all thy guards can keep me; and to heighten thy rage, know, it is no cold frozen Nature, no averſion to Loves gentle paſſion, makes me deſpiſe thee; For never Virgins breaſt had more love in it, that had no more honour then *Bellamira*; and I rejoyce to ſuffer for thy Rival, and he ſhall know it, that thy envious ſoul may gnaw thy heart, which, if thou loveſt, 'twill do, when thou ſhalt ſee me die for him that's o're-come, and deſpiſe thee though a Conquerour.

Alman. Away with her to the Caſtle, and upon your lives ſecure her, I ſhall have my time too; what ſucceſs, *Roderigo?*

Enter Roderigo.

Exit Bellamira, *and the* Souldiers *pulling her.*

Roder. 'Tis in vain to hunt them; that *Satyr* and the Moor are a pair of Devils, ſtout, and ſubtle; I'll not undertake ſuch another chaſe, for their ſkins; they are all flown, but whither I know not; only one boy, I left him crying and ſhaking in a buſh.

Alman.

Alm. That Boy we have, and with him all our hopes; that in Boys habit was the ſcornful *Bellamira*; and now *Clytus*, and his inſolent Abettors will ſtoop again, if my heart can be brought to reconcile it ſelf to her, whoſe injurious words have again enraged it ſo that Ambition, Love, nor Intereſt can ſcarce make me diſſemble my hatred of her.

Rod. If you be certain 'tis the Princeſs, away with her this night, or with the morning Floud, for *Sicily*, together with the reſt of your Priſoners; leave me to make good *Capua* untill I hear from you; beſides, when you and they are gone, they muſt treat; for to fight ſignifies nothing; for if they beat us (which is uncertain too) yet they advance not to their end; for *Leopoldo* being dead, and ſhe next Heir, diſſemble, flatter, ſwear you love, any thing to appeaſe her minde, marry her and confirm your Conqueſt.

Alman. 'Tis reſolv'd this night privately we'll depart, and in the *interim* order the affairs here to your direction.-----Diſſimulation be thou my Friend while I baniſh hence this idle paſſion Love, and make room for the more noble Ambition, thou Guide of Princes, Love, that precious nothing, that dear I know not what, that makes us finde a difference between a Miſtreſs and other women. Farewell for ever blinde unbodied Boy, that's proud to become both Poyſon and Medicine to the minde, the wounder and the wound, where he can finde a faith; elſe an indifferent common cheap companion for all (but Death) from King to Beggar;------- *Points to his heart.* Here he would have impoſed Laws, here threatned Darts, unleſs I would fondly have worſhipp'd him. Fool, that wert made the Slave of Nature! and ſo thou ſhalt ſtill be to *Almanzor* when ere thou dar'ſt appear charm'd by my ſcorn, and this thy perfect Character; till thou haſt tam'd her minde, and till hers be kinde, in ſpight of all thy Power or Art, Ambition or Revenge, not Love ſhall fill my heart.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

[*And the onely one of this Act.*]

Enter Leopoldo, *ſolus.*

Leop. TOo late I finde my Errour, poyſon'd with a dangerous paſſion, Jealouſie, fooliſhly ſeeking what it would not finde; the Curſe of all the Gods are wrapt in his black thoughts, that yields to that Enemy of man, a Curſe both in the Root and Fruit: Firſt he blinded my Reaſon, againſt which Reaſon he made me doubt my Love; Then my eyes, which elſe muſt have ſeen a Brother in his face, and in this cloud made me loſe my ſelf; and then to finde a new doubt, another miſery. This Picture Picture of my Siſter found by him, loſt by I know not who, but given by ſome-body; I would not doubt *Bellamira*, yet I am ſure 'tis

'tis hers; neither ſhe nor my eyes are diſguiſed; there is ſome myſtery as well as fate abroad to day; I'll have patience until I ſpeak with her, nor will I be diſcover'd until I be ſatisfi'd whoſe this Picture is. But ſee how my divided minde forgets her buſineſs, and talks away that little time that reſts for their ſafety; for ere I can purſue my Deſign, and return from *Clytus* his Quarter, (whoſe faith I now admire and forgive) 'twill be too late to uſe his friendſhip; for the Prince is reſolved with his Priſoners this night to eſcape for *Sicily*; nor is there a way left to prevent this miſchief, unleſs I take advantage of that truſt that this Diſguiſe has given me, and privately arm my friends, ſo to ſurprize the Guard and eſcape to *Clytus* his Quarter: this is our laſt and deſperate hope, and this I muſt put in execution after the enjoying of ſome few minutes happineſs, thus unknown informing my ſelf of that dear knowledge my heart labours withall, and this benefit my miſery will afford me; for being thus levell'd by fortune I may be juſt to that excellence my better days could neither enjoy nor reward without bluſhing; ſuch and ſo cruel are the Laws we our ſelves are bound to; and though we can give Laws to others, we are yet Slaves to cuſtome and opinion, condemn'd to ſtarve our mindes upon the barren heart of ſome perſon onely great in birth, and forbid to taſte the full bleſſings this poor Maid is bleſt with---- Here they are within this place, the darkneſs will aſſiſt my Deſign, in hearing unſeen what they ſay; and when I will I can by the benefit of this light diſcover my ſelf. [*He turns his dark Lanthorn.*

The Scene opens and diſcovers a Priſon, where Pollidor *and* Phillora *appear next the Stage chained to a Ring faſtned to the ground upon the other ſide of the Priſon, and in a darker part of the Scene lies* Palantus *chained behinde them in the dark*, Bellamira *chained, and afar off in proſpective other Priſoners and dead Carcaſes.*

Phil. Good Heaven, do I lament any thing of Priſon? Is not all the World Priſon now, and a Priſon equal to a Throne when he is gone? O *Pollidor*, he's dead, loſt for ever, for ever, that's the great wound Death gives; let that thought excuſe my immoderate grief, and awake the guilt that has long ſlept in thy vengeful minde: Thy Prince is fallen, dead, neglected, and unmourn'd, and thy heart afflicts it ſelf for a Picture, the loſt ſhadow of thou know'ſt not what, while the beſt of Princes without a tear from thy eye fills the number, and is by treacherous odds become a ſhadow: O ye Gods, why ſhould mankinde, wretched mankinde, deſire to ſtay after him, and wither out ſome few Ages here; why ſhould the World out-laſt that gallant Prince, whoſe death has left it but a Carcaſs?

Pol. Your paſſion onely tells you he is dead, for none ſaw him fall; 'tis onely in your fears he's loſt, and moſt unjuſtly you accuſe me now of hate; for though I lov'd not the name of *Leopoldo*, yet Heaven witneſs I now adore the man.

Phil.

Phil. Prithee peace, and let me love once, and but once; even *Pollidor* can deceive my heart when the Prince is concern'd. Dissembler, my fears and thy wishes are built upon the same unlucky ground-----See, fond Youth, see the royal distinction of the brave *Leopoldo* from other men, behold his ancient Order, the Chain too I saw him wear this day; but where is the sacred breast, upon which as upon holyest Altars these consecrated Relicks hung? O *Pollidor*, *Pollidor*, that Shrine Murder and Treason have ruin'd, and with prophane hands thrown down a Temple built by and dedicated to all the Gods, *She shews his Order.*

Pol. All the Gods forbid.

Phil. Now you and my Father may smile, your hatred has found a malitious power to joyn with your wishes; try if all your Sacrifices or penitent prayers can make such a Prince, but I am certain thou hast lost a Friend; for do not think it possible I can be flatter'd to out-live him? and though I cannot hate thee, I can hardly forgive thy hatred to the Prince, whom I shall make haste to follow; Thou art but gone before to prepare the way; nor will I stay here but to dispatch thy business upon earth, and then *Pollidor* thou shalt see me follow; but I talk too much, untill it be time to justifie to the world how much I lov'd; here I will mourn my loss till I can finde a handsome when, and glorious how to follow.

Pol. When that time appears, *Pollidor* will quit himself of this unkinde thought, and thou shalt finde me ambitious to have it said, I fell in *Leopoldo*'s cause.

Phil. Such a Monument, (though I love my Brother) I would live to see thee raise thy self and the great *Leopoldo*: And if thou dy'st as handsomely for him as I would have liv'd faithfull to him, who pities thee, or weeps upon thy Grave, are no Friends to either: but these are words, and he's dead. Ye Gods, who would have lost so glorious an Enemy? 'Twas worth thy care to have preserv'd him, though thou didst not love him thou shouldst have kept him for a Pattern, his Virtues were worth thy Love and Envy; though he were bornn to thy Hate; Now thou hast yielded to his fortune; for though *Leopoldo* be dead and fall'n under thy wish, not under thy sword, a gallant man would not have lost such an occasion to have made himself known in his own Revenge: now the world will say, My Brother hated a Prince he could neither love, imitate, nor overcome.

Leop. Heaven, can I hear this and not relieve her? I must interrupt this grief, 'tis most unjust to let them be miserable for me that am the happiest man that ever Fortune struck at and miss; How I scorn her poor malice! Prouder of these two Friends than all those airy gifts she has call'd back.

Bel. Who these should be I cannot imagine; that so confidently avow their love and hate to my Brother; if it be dissembl'd it is done to the life; 'tis some cunning highly wicked, or else the kindest that our party has this day ruin'd.

Pal. What Picture's that they rave of? This discourse confounds my

my thoughts; a Brother and a Sister; by their discourse she loves the Prince too: I will not yet be known, perhaps they'll be free, and I may know more by chance than by question what that Picture is, the loss of mine makes these Chains heavy.

Leopoldo *steps to his Sister.*

Leop. Madam, start not, I beseech you, nor despise the Proposition I shall make for your safety, because you see me poor.

Bel. Sure thou art mistaken, dost thou not see thy Errour?

Leop. When 'tis to serve you, Madam, my confidence I hope will finde your pardon, else, miserable as I am, I would die sooner than betray the divine *Bellamira.*

Bel. Speak softly then what 'tis you design.

Leop. First be pleas'd to know 'twas I redeem'd your Highness, the Souldier that desir'd to be conceal'd, which service I should not remember but to beget your faith. Know the Tyrant boasts your captivity, and vows such miseries as shall make you proud of his embraces ere he'll embrace them; this wak'd my heart; and could my single revenge have serv'd you, upon the place I had struck him to the earth.

Bel. Sure I dream, whence comes this gentle sound? and how came so much humanity to get a power in this barbarous place, where Lust, Force, and Treason reigns! How came thy charity to get admittance hither!

Leop. Leave to wonder, Madam, and give faith to me, for our time's short, and 'tis not ev'ry hour I can serve you in: This night you must prepare to follow my directions, and attempt your escape; for you are with the morning tide design'd for *Sicily*, where you must prepare to suffer what the Conquerour shall impose.

Bel. Wonder not, I prithee, at my want of faith; I have been so little acquainted with civil language since I came into his power that yours amazes me; I have this day received nothing but Injuries from Men and Elements, abandon'd by all, and treated as the scandal and infamy of our Sex, like some Vagabond that had stray'd from Honour and Virtue.

Leop. Give me leave to remove even the greatest of your griefs; the King and Prince live, I speak a truth as great as your joy; *Palantus* too is safe, and your fellow Prisoner here, and those two you heard discourse even now are Friends to whom your Highness owes much; they are yet but private virtues, but the world shall know them.

Bel. Thou art my good Angel sure; May I know who thou art? Certainly I will not betray thee.

Leop. Hereafter, Madam, you shall; let but this night pass, and trust me, and Heaven curse me if I betray you.

Bel. He sighs, sure he has been miserable himself he is so sensible of mine, and now some heavy grief hangs upon his heart; I am curious to know what kinde of misery can make this poor Souldier sad.

Leop.

Leop. What kind of misery? alas, Madam, miseries have not one sting I have not felt, and her bittereſt roots are now my food. —— Nature cannot be diſguis'd, though my body be. [*He weeps.*

Bellam. He weeps; what are the miſeries that thus wound thy ſoul? for tears are her blood; didſt thou ever love unfortunately?

Leop. Never, Madam.

Bellam. Canſt thou have wit, courage, kind Nature, and a ſoft ſoul, and yet not love? 'tis ſtrange that Love and Honour ſhould be ſtrangers; without love all thy vertues are not thine, they're but Lodgers, Inmate excellencies, and may be ſeduced, if not ally'd to thy heart by Love; therefore leave to hide thy mind and fortune from me; which I know muſt have ſomething greater in't then thy words or condition ſpeaks; dare you venture your life rather then your grief?

Leop. Take all the ſecrets of my heart, I love.

Bellam. How by inſtinct I found his grief! humanity and civility but guide to Love, whoſe paths all that have honour tread.

Leop. Once, and but once, Madam; and therefore I may ſay I lov'd; though my eyes have much beauty ſeen written in her beſt characters, yet in all my days I was never pleas'd with more then one ſtory of that fair volumn, and my griefs are now the fear I ſhould loſe the Book ere I have read it out; for I have but newly begun the Hiſtory of her face; but I loſe time when 'tis moſt precious, becauſe 'tis yours; for know, Madam, I muſt retire to the Guard, of which I am one, but 'tis to ſerve you; as ſoon as I have contrived your ſafety I ſhall give your Highneſs notice; in the mean time I'll diſcover, by this light, who are your fellow priſoners; but pray be pleas'd to conceal your ſelf till I give the ſign. ——

Leopoldo *walks from* Bellamira *toward the reſt of the priſoners.*

Bellam. Sure this ſoul's miſtaken; it cannot be ſuch a princely mind ſhould be hid and buried in a Cottage, nor fate let ſo much honour grow ſo neer the earth, while a Prince declines beneath the mean'ſt wretch, and becomes a ſlave to his paſſion, and ſubmits to the worſt of ills, a barbarous luſt, a ſin that ſhame and repentance attend here, and horrour hereafter. ——

Leopoldo *opens his dark-lanthorn, they all know and gaze upon him.*

Pollidor. Ha! 'tis he, the ſame Villain that ſnatch'd my Picture.

Phil. His hated ſight brings back my anger; oh that I were free, to revenge the Prince upon thy ſinful head.

Bellam. Good gods, what do I ſee, protect me heaven; 'tis the ſame figure, my heart fails me, the Shepherdeſs is there too; Oh Fate, Fate, there is no reſiſting thy decrees.

Palan. Thanks for this friendly light, now I ſhall know the Authors of that diſcourſe my ſoul ſo much liſtned to; Ha! 'tis the young Shepherdeſs, I'll ſpeak to her, I'me ſure ſhe's a friend. Fellows in miſery, and friends to *Leopold*, ſuch I know you are by your diſcourſe, and to ſuch the name of *Palantus* is not unknown; and gentle Maid, by all thy heart loves beſt I conjure you tell me what Picture 'tis you lament the loſs of; for I, wretched I, have this day in battle loſt all my ſoul doted upon; for my royal Maſter and his noble Family are this day ruin'd, and in this miſery I have loſt the jewel of my heart; 'twas a Legacy my Maſter gave me with his dying hands; 'twas a little Picture, but of the greateſt virtue living, if heaven have ſpar'd her.

Pollid. Palantus nor his Maſter I know not, nor his Picture; but if 'twere that I found to day in the Wood, heaven and earth ſhould meet e're I'de part with it to any hand, but death's; his cold Commiſſion ſhould only force it.

Palan. 'Tis rudely anſwer'd, yet if there were no other difficulty in regaining it then thy barbarous mind can oppoſe.

Pollid. You promiſe your ſelf too faſt the victory o're him that would complain neither of you nor fortune, if he loſt it when the ſword could win it.

Palan. Prithee, who art thou that talk'ſt thus in chains?

Pollid. One that neither knows nor fears thee; one that will neither do nor take an injury.

Palan. Prithee, who art thou?

Pollid. No more nor leſs then thou art, an honeſt man.

Phil. I'll inform thee what he is; we are two Plants that grew together from the ſame root in theſe peaceful Woods; we are two that till this day never ſaw an enemy; but who can be friends to thoſe that hate the Prince, whoſe cauſe drew our ſwords? and though we be cruſh'd thus with thy Maſters ruine; yet I wiſh there were no more danger in either of your fortunes then you two will bring upon each other. For know, *Palantus*, thy faith to thy dead Maſter is admir'd by all; but none values it more then *Phillora*, a name yet a ſtranger to thee and the world, being ſprung this day in blood; know it's the ſame unfortunate Girle thou ſaw'ſt this day in the Foreſt; and this whom thou threatneſt is my Brother; what he and I have done this day to appear friends to thoſe royal names, *Leopoldo* and *Bellamira*, is not unknown, though yet never bleſt with one ſight of them but in their miſeries, which are but the aſhes of his greatneſs; let not then a ſhadow divide ſuch friends; though my Brother love the Picture, yet he has juſtice as well as love.

Palan. Gentle Maid, forgive the paſſion my love and miſery begot; and to you, Sir, the ignorance of whom I anſwer'd will excuſe the wildneſs of my words; pray let us calmly inquire by what accident your Brother came to find and loſe that Picture, by which I can eaſily collect whether it be mine or no.

Phil. Pray deſcribe yours, that will inform us.

Palan.

Palan. Mine was in a box of gold, enamell'd with Phillamorte and black (the ſad colours that are worn by me forlorn) the Cypher two *xx* croſt, within a figure of an armed *Pallas*; the hair brown, the forehead calm and full of peace; *Juno*'s eyes, fair and full of mercy; but I want Poetry to expreſs her beauty, to which the gods have give a minde equal to all ſhe bows to.

Phil. 'Tis the ſame my Brother found in the Wood, and that barbarous perſon there ſnatch'd it from him; and e're we could regain it again the enemy ſurpriz'd us.

Palan. Which is he?

Pollidor. That, there he ſtands; but if ere I get a freedom I'll make thee repent it at as ſad a rate as I lament the loſs now.

Palan. Villain, reſtore my Picture, or thou'lt find my chains too weak to hold me from thy throat; 'tis the ſame, now I ſee him I know the Perriwig and clothes.

Leop. You wrong me, I never took it from you, nor ever ſaw you before.

Palan. Villain and Traytor, thou ly'ſt; and were I looſe I'de make thee acknowledge it in thy hearts blood; I would I could look the ſlave dead.

Leop. You are angry, and I muſt laugh at it; look here's the Picture you have loſt; I have it and I will keep it.

Palan. Thou dar'ſt as ſoon drink poyſon; and as ſafe either of you may do it when I am free.

Phil. No more of this rage; ceaſe to injure a man you know not, and deſpiſe not a man you have never proved; your loves are nobler far then your hatreds can be; your love has a gallant cauſe, your hatred a meer imagin'd one; for a painted Card the curious thieft of an Artiſt's eye; beſides, we know *Pallantus* dares as much as any man; and therefore he ſhould not talk; and all honeſt men dare any thing that's juſt; and he that will more then is juſt is a bolder man then *Pollidor.*

Leop. Excellent Maid.

Palan. Forgive me gentle Maid, and I have done; and now I turn to thee, and calmly I conjure thee by a Souldiers honour, give it the perſon thou took'ſt it from.

Leop. Neither of your two threats nor prayers ſhall force it from me; yet ſuch a power thoſe eyes have over me, that you ſhall command it for one kiſs of your fair hand; diſpoſe of it as you pleaſe; and let me ſtand the fury of their diſpleaſure.

Phil. Gentle Souldier, give it to my Brother; thou took'ſt it from him, and with it all his peace of mind; juſtice is on his ſide, for I ſaw thee ſnatch it from him. [Leopoldo *kiſſes her hand, and gives her the picture.*

Leop. There, diſpoſe of it as you pleaſe.

Palan. Oh, for an hours freedom, and a ſword to diſpute this right.

Leop. You ſhall have both, Sir; and be aſham'd of your threats

too ere long; fear not, I have laid up your lye for you.

Pollid. 'Tis the ſame; look *Phillora*, here's our better Angel come again; ſo, now I defie Fortune and all her falſhood; frown on, here's my peace which I'll not give for all thy ſmiles; how I love my eyes now, better then I did my hands before! they faithfully held their hold, while theſe like cowards let thee go; 'tis the nobleſt ſenſe of any, and informs the knowing ſoul, makes acquaintance betwixt us and the great works of heaven, and obliges our hearts more then all the reſt; ſee how it feaſts my mind with theſe thin colours only! how gracefull too the eye is! what it borrows the tongue and heart pays; how juſt and innocent the eye is! it never wrongs in converſation, nor withers one flower in this Garden; ſhe fills her ſelf, and yet leaves no one beauty leſs for her delight: Now, *Phillora*, my ſoul feeds upon this divine object, and yet neither ſtains nor begets a bluſh; but, oh my fears! who can this be? that thought lies heavy upon my ſoul, and when 'tis known how to be won; were ſhe to be fought for, I would not doubt my fate; but this gentle ſex muſt be perſwaded and flatter'd from their freedom; and for me, a rude Woodman, bred in theſe Foreſts, where ſhall I finde ſoft words to ſpeak my griefs, and rock her gentle mind a ſleep; while her ſoul liſtens to the ſtory of my Love and miſery; rough as my life I fear ſhe'll think my nature too, and tremble at the thought of our converſation, and fly my embraces.

Phil. No, *Pollidor*, theſe are not thy faults; *Pollidor* was never barbarous, rough and cruel are not *Pollidor*'s crimes; that that ſtains thy heart was want of love; who elſe might promiſe to himſelf ſucceſs in all that honour can be engaged in: be therefore a Lover, and that powerful deity will teach thee how to conquer all thoſe doubts.

Pollid. Be a Lover! how like a young Lover thou ſpeakeſt! can all that would be Lovers? no *Phillora*, Love puts nothing to the queſtion that God moves in commands; why elſe do's this ſhadow bind me? which I can thus throw from me; but how can I remove that that's figur'd in my mind? no, no; I may ſnarle and be angry, like a Wolf in the toil, but 'tis too late; the Hunter's come, and I am now his prey; yet if I could but know who I love, and ſee it poſſible to be believed how much I love, I ſhould not repine at the price I pay for her faith: But alas! I catch at air, and my love is ſpent on ſhadows; and when I find it more real I fear my deſpair muſt encreaſe too; for if ſhe be mortal ſhe's ſome eminent perſon ſure, and where ſhall I compaſs proud titles to heap upon her, to raiſe her name above the people, to pleaſe her vanity, when they ſhall wonder and reverence as ſhe paſſes by? where's that wealth and jewels whoſe envied worth and charming beauty may affect and emulate her bright eyes? had I a Scepter, whoſe power (like *Leopoldo*) I might throw at her feet, and like him to *Phillora* by ſuch a ſervice ſpeak my love, then I might hope: but alas! all I have to plead is love; and all I can do for her is to love her;

and

and what is that to her? when I ſhall urge it, ſhe'll ſay, who do's not? what then is my love in order to my happineſs, till ſhe loves too, but idle air, loſt and forgot like the ſound that breath'd it?

Phil. What is love? why, it is ſent thy puniſhment; a revenge that his Deity has taken for being ſo cruel to my paſſion; and ſee if thou haſt not already forgotten my griefs, negligent of the miſery I ſuffer for fear of the Princes danger, only mindful of thy own pleaſure; and canſt thou (unkind) hope I ſhould joyn in thy loy, while thou art ſo negligent of my ſadneſs? no *Pollidor*, firſt thou ſhalt taſte my grief; what if ſhe be dead thou loveſt?

Pollid. Ha! what haſt thou ſaid?

Phil. Dead, as *Leopoldo*, fallen under ſome wicked hatred. Suppoſe murther and treaſon tearing in pieces that noble form, and *Pollidor* looking on, held back by a Siſters envy only; what thinks *Pollidor*, could my reaſon hold him? could he be perſwaded to look on, and not draw his ſword to reſcue her? thou art ſilent now, this was thy Siſters caſe to day, when thou, unkind, refuſed'ſt to lend a hand, or ſuffer me to go to ſerve the Prince; and ſee how the gods have reveng'd my quarrel; and thou that couldſt not be perſwaded to love the beſt of things, *Leopoldo*, now dot'ſt upon the leaſt of things, a ſhadow of thou know'ſt not whom, who perhaps is dead for love of another.

Pollid. Dead! oh *Phillora*, that doubt has ſtruck me to the ſoul; pale horrour fills my mind; the tapers of my eyes grow dark; ſtruck with that fear they grow drowſie.——If thou be'ſt dead may the clouds grow hard, and the ſeaſons be ſhufled again into Chaos, and deſtroy the ſeeds of nature; if thou be'ſt dead let the ſpring no more prove a common cradle, but with falſe conception become their fatal tomb. *He looks on the picture when he ſpeaks.*

Phil. Who this ſhould be that thus in ſhadows walks, and wounds the hearts of men, I cannot gueſs that know none but my ſelf of all our ſex; nor will not doubt my Brothers fortune if ſhe grow not without the reach of honour; but if thy ſtar be placed in a region as high as mine, then we'll ſigh, and mourn, and dye, and leave to the world the ſad ſtory of our Tragedy.

Pollid. Alas *Phillora*, death is the only thing that an honeſt man ought not to fear; nor did I ever apprehend him; but in the perſons of them I loved their dangers make him dreadful; 'tis not theſe chains, nor thus to be loſt in a croud, or buried in a dungeon, frights me; 'tis fear of this and thy fate that wounds me; for I am certain we cannot dye forgotten, we are not worſe then Plants. Shall I believe *Phillora* and *Pollidor* can when they periſh become leſſe then Herbs and Roots? they by dying loſe neither kinde nor vertue; nay the aſhes of ſome things my Father ſays are medicinable; and death ſure cannot ſo quench fame or virtue, but ſome that have virtuous minds will preſerve our ſtory, whoſe fortune will finde pity, though there be few to imitate.

Phil.

Phillora. Yet my Soul is ſick with thoughts that we muſt languiſh and wither here, then die oppreſs'd in the dark, and go I know not whither; and if not forgotten our ſelves, yet ignorant of what Fates our Friends ſuffer; Theſe, *Pollidor*, are the bitter wounds that ſtrike before death, and wound deeper then death it ſelf.

Bellamira. 'Tis he, but how to believe him or Fate I know not; one of the two deceive me; ſeven years I have loved his ſhadow, and now no ſooner find him but he's loſt beyond redemption; his ſhadow nor his obſcure birth are not ſo impoſſible to my Fate, as his Love of another; can it be that I ſhould be ſo curs'd, to dote upon a man below me, and be deſpis'd too? Heavens make him worthy of my Love, or me worthy of your care.

She ſpeaks to her ſelf.

Pollidor. No, *Phillora*, all other thoughts have given place to this great one; this deare object of mine Eyes and Heart I cannot part with, nor divide from my Mind; *Phillora* was, but this is now her buſineſs; A thouſand kiſſes I'll give each day to this pale ſhrine, while Love and Grief will lend me life.

He kiſſes the Picture.

Palantus. Hold, as thou haſt Honour, hold; and prophane not that picture with thy Lips; all but that I can ſuffer, till kinder Fate will give me leave to diſpute my right.

Kiſſes it again.

Pollidor. Not kiſs it for fear of thee? Yes, and die upon it.

Palantus. You will, wretch? I ſhall make thee live to know that Princeſs is to be kneel'd to, and not be approach'd but with ſacrifice of thy life; For know, (to thy deſpair) 'tis the Princeſs *Bellamira*'s picture that thy luſtful Lips have thus prophan'd.

Bellamira aſide. Ha! what ſayes he? my Picture!

Phillora *and* Pollidor *gaze upon the Picture.*

Palantus. Does your Soul ſhrink at the name of her? Wretch, when thou ſhalt ſee her Eyes thy Heart will turn to aſhes for this Inſolence; and thy proud thoughts find an humbler Altar to offer thy ſawcy flames at then thy Princeſs Breaſt.

Phillora. The Princeſs *Bellamira!* Oh *Pollidor*, our Fates are akin ſtill; and 'tis my joy we fell from a height fit for Princes to aſpire unto: Great and noble (though unhappy) were our Loves; But if ſhe be that gallant perſon Fame ſpeaks her, how came you by her Picture? *Palantus* is her Subject as well as *Pollidor*, and all ſuch are ſet at equal diſtances in Honour; Any thing that's a Gentleman is as near this hope as *Palantus*; Did ſhe give you this Picture?

Palantus. She give it me! no, fond Girl; ſhe has a Soul of another temper, tis a Jewel of a double value as 'tis hers; the greateſt wealth of my Heart that never loved ought but her, though I never yet durſt tell her ſo: But with care and fear kept diligent watch to hide my paſſion, as thy fond Brother has done to publiſh his.

Phillora. If ſhe did not give it, by what right can you pretend to it more then my Brother?

Palantus. By my Royal Maſters Bounty; who this day when he fell in my arms (full of age and wounds) from his Breaſt he pluck'd that Jewel and gave it me, with his commands to wear it as his laſt

laſt favour, a preſent fit for my hopes, that never durſt aim at more then her ſhadow, too well acquainted with her generous Mind; whoſe royal branches will never bear ſuch low fruit as my Love that was born her ſlave. Her Brother too, (to whom thou haſt avowed hate) my God-like Maſter; A Prince whoſe great Soul has ſtill been my pattern, and I muſt die ere I can imitate; whoſe kindneſs ſtill kept me warm in my Royal Maſters boſome, and honour'd me with his truſts too; His Mind never ſtayn'd with jealous thoughts of my greatneſs with the King, which are the great ties upon my Heart, not to abuſe their favour as the ungrateful, ambitious pretentions of a ſlave; But here my Breaſt has worn in ſecret that fire whoſe grief was known onely to one as unhappy as my ſelf, whom I lament no leſs then I love the other.-- And now I beg from thee, for that royal families ſake, be ſo juſt to thy King and Princeſs, as to redeem from that rude hand thoſe ſacred reliques; See how he hath ſtain'd it with his hot breath! Thy hands are looſe; or but releaſe mine, and I'll tear the figure from his Heart too. Good gods, I alwayes kneel'd to it, and had thy Soul been fill'd with Honour thou would'ſt ſooner have kiſs'd the Plague then have prophan'd it thus.

He ſpeaks to Leopoldo *as a Souldier Enemy.*

Pollidor. 'Tis Truth he ſayes, my Heart condemns me. Here, *Souldier*, prithee carry it to him, not for fear of thee, but her; ſuch reverence and ſuch fear as we pay the gods her name has bred here, which is the trueſt Valour: And here I confeſs my ſelf a young and ignorant Lover, take it and forgive me; take it and be a friend to him that will dote upon thee for loving that Princeſs with ſo much more gallantry then himſelf; Yet you nor ſhe ought to be angry with me for not finding a way I never trod before; The is the firſt time I ever ſaw any thing better my ſelf; we are two, a Brother and a Siſter, that have loved each other with as much Innocency and Paſſion as you can boaſt; and yet we kiſs when we love moſt.

Pollidor *is ſad and full of thoughts all this while*

Palantus. Now can I ſcarce reſolve to take it, his Heart has high ſenſe of Honour; How rude, and how calm, in one minute! would I had ſome of that power again that I loſt this day but to ſerve thee with, that all the world might wonder at the Friendſhip of us Rivals in a deſperate Love.

Leopoldo *gives* Palantus *the picture.*

Pollidor. Oh *Phillora*, thou ſett'ſt out firſt, but I ſhall overtake thee, if not over-run thee; for my Heart is wounded, I hope, to death, with this new kind of grief.

Palantus. If we out-live this misfortune thou ſhalt be my friend; the Brother that lay in the ſame womb with me ſhall not be prefer'd before thee.

Bellamira. Heaven! thy hand is working, and as invincibly as fatally.

Phillora. Oh *Pollidor*, dear as my Souls bliſs, leave to ſtab my Heart with theſe deſperate groans; Look up, or elſe farewel; do not think to go and leave me behind; We are both miſerable, the ſame cauſe too, and all our joyes were of kin; we are ally'd in our miſeries too, and we will die Brother and Siſter; I am now collected

collected, and can chide that paſſion that accus'd thee even now, and thus kiſs thoſe Eyes whoſe dear light is my Hearts fire; Oh *Pollidor*, thy tears have mortal poyſon in them, Farewell; The gods call, and by a thouſand wayes becken us to come; and to refuſe their ſummons would look rude in us that have Honour and Peace of Mind gone before to make our way. Oh *Pollidor*, we muſt part, forc'd by a ſullen Fate, and broken heart; Love, and the Prince, give fatal wounds. [*She ſwoons.*

Pollid. Phillora! Siſter! Oh ye gods, ſpare this poor Girle, and take a ſtubborn heart; Oh, ſhe's gone! help, as you have charity, ſome water, fetch ſome water.

Leop. Heaven, and all good things forbid this early mourning for ſuch virtue in the bud; unkind froſt, to nip ſo ſoon the faireſt Roſe that Nature ever boaſted. Art, thy Envy has deſtroy'd her, becauſe thou could'ſt not imitate her Excellency. She breathes; Oh look up, gentle *Phillora*, and hear thy Prince conjure thy Soul; if Love be her errand, bid her ſtay; *Leopoldo*, thy *Leopoldo* calls her back; for if thou dyeſt thou haſt loſt thy way, and to find *Leopoldo*, ſtay.

Pollid. Bellam. Palant. Leopoldo!

Leopoldo *diſcovers himſelf.*

Leopoldo. Yes, Shep-herd, *Leopoldo.*

Phillora. Leopoldo! Sure I heard that name; that voice had a power to call me from my Grave; But why does *Pollidor* abuſe his Siſter, does he take delight to ſee her miſerable?

Leopoldo. Hence all thoughts of low fears, this cloud I thus diſperſe; See, Gentle Maid, behold thy *Leopoldo.*----Oh thou ſtrangely Excellent, above the merit or weak faith of dull men; whoſe ſtory will make paſt Hiſtories bluſh, and ſhrink their narrow fame into nothing, when thy faith and excellency is known; And I bluſh to think how much I owe thy Virtue, and how little Fortune has left me to pay thee with.

Leopoldo *puts off his Souldiers clothes.*

Phillora. 'Tis he, 'tis the Prince; Oh let me kneel to you, Sir; why does your noble heart thus ſtoop to ſave a piece of earth, whoſe infection you ought to ſhun?

Leopoldo. See, kind Fortune has thrown me down from that greatneſs that divided us laſt, onely to make me capable of thy Friendſhip now; And when I wiſh my ſelf greater then *Phillora*, may Treaſon find me; Here is perfect happineſs, this is full joy; for what is joy (gentle Maid) but hope ſtrip'd from our fears, that hung like rags upon them and darkened their Beauties?

Bellamira. My Brother! Then the gods are careful of poor *Bellamira.*

Leopoldo. If my Love be welcome here, but thy ſafety I have no wiſh in ſtore.

Phillora. Welcome, Sir, as winters ſun, or ſummers ſhade, welcome as your own wiſhes, welcome as your ſafety to my Heart, that loves and fear'd you were betray'd; Oh give me leave to kneel, and in ſilence at your feet weep out our joyes which are ſo ſurpriſing I want words to expreſs, and am fain to uſe theſe Emblems of grief (my tears) to utter it.

Palantus.

Pal. The prince *Leopoldo*; good heaven where was my mind!

Leop. From your Brother I beg forgiveneſs, for taking his picture; jealous, I confeſs, he had too much Intereſt in the Excellent *Phillora*; for finding her in his Arms, the ſight blinded me ſo I could not diſcern the Brother in his face; Thus love is pleas'd to Triumph ſtill in afflicting our minds with unreaſonable hopes, ſometimes, and other ſome with as idle fears. And now, *Pallantus*, can you accuſe me for having robb'd you of your Picture? but I can reconcile all; for I believe the ſame Souldiers that took me robb'd you, and in the wood ſpoil'd me of ſuch Jewels as I had about me, for which they quarrel'd in the diviſion; The advantage I took hold of, and ſlew them, and then took one of their habits to ſave my ſelf, and ſerve my friends, which you are; who I muſt now acquaint with the happy news; the King lives, found and known moſt miraculouſly by your Father the old Foreſter, who knew his Signet upon his finger; the reſt of our friends, I hope, are eſcaped; for I hear of no other Priſoners but our ſelves. ---- And by this my Siſter, I hope, believes I am a Lover; however I know ſhe is dear *Bellamira*.

Points to Pollidor.

Steps to his Siſter.

Omnes. The Princeſs *Bellamira*! is ſhe a priſoner too?

Leop. Dear *Bellamira*, hide not thy face; let us reſolve like our ſelves, and Act thoſe decrees with honour, and leave the reſt to the gods; for we ſee how little we can command our own, or rule others fortunes.

Bell. This was the Shepherd that reſcued me, and ſaved my brother.

(Leopoldo *looſes his Siſter, and brings her towards the Company.*)

Pol. 'Tis the Princeſs; then, oh, be dumb, for ever dumb, ſince thy guilty tongue has betray'd thy heart. ---- Yes, Madam, 'twas my fortune, and the only grace that ſhe ever ſhewed me, when ſhe gave me power to ſave the Prince; and if ſhe will let me die for your Highneſs, I have all my wiſhes.

Bell. I pray, Sir, quarrel not with Fortune; me-thinks you owe her much, and are ſtill likely to be in her debt for more.

The prince looſes all their chains; Phillora *goes to the princeſs, and kneels.*

Phil. Oh, Madam, upon my knees I fall, and beg a pardon for our unreaſonable hatred, which our Ignorance was only guilty of.

Bell. Kneel not to me, gentle *Phillora*, whoſe friendly heart has Juſtice to all our kindneſs; and if I can live to pay my ſcore to this Company, I ſhall then die endebted only to the gods, whoſe mercy will take our Faith for further Sums.

Phil. Softly, I pray, leſt the buſie ear of Jealous miſchief (watchful to our deſtruction) catch this dear Secret.

Leop. Pray let me deliver to your Love and Care this Jewel of my life; for know, *Bellamira*, I have vowed, (and 'tis written in

Heaven, and here I again confirm it,) Never to marry any but this Maid; and if fate frown upon that, a ſtrange curſe find me if ever I quit my freedom.

Phil. Oh hold, Sir, call back that raſh vow, and be ſtill worth the love and envy of all the world.

Leop. If *Phillora* ſays I am happy my joys are currant; her ſtamp only can make them ſo, that's my vow; for I will purchaſe thee at the rate of all things but my Honour.

Phillora. Why do you vow ſo raſhly, Sir? before you have call'd your Reaſon to counſel? my heart is ſo much yours it will not conſent you wrong your ſelf; and I am ſo proud of my Innocence, and reall Love to your Highneſs, that I muſt not conſent to that vow; For though I am the private Iſſue of a poor Foreſter, yet my heart's too proud to Love every common Virtue; nor is it every Prince that I could love, nor do I find my mind ſo ſubject to the vanity of our Sex, as to be pleas'd with their loving me; therefore be pleas'd to live my Prince, or I ſhall die your handmaid, and ſhew my love was greater then my ambition, which few women arrive at in Story.

Bell. No more of this kind war now, for heavens ſake; Put on your diſguiſe, for fear we be all loſt in your diſcovery.

Leop. I ſhall obey, and ſo muſt you, *Bellamira*; Do you not find ſomething like your dream, Siſter? ----- Me-thinks there is ſo much fate in theſe accidents, that we war with heaven when we diſpute them; See thy viſion reveal'd; are we not all ſaved by theſe Foreſters? the King loſt and found, and theſe two Cedars of the Foreſt, whoſe fate heaven only knows?

Palantus *kneels, and offers* Bellamira *the picture.*

Pal. Upon my knees, Madam, I reſtore this jewel; The grief and diſtraction my ſoul was in wounded this day with thouſand miſeries, will plead, I hope, a pardon for the fault my Tongue has made in diſcovery of a Saucy paſſion; yet I could wiſh the whole Kingdom were as guilty as *Pallantus*, their love would have been leſs dangerous then their hate.

Bell. No, *Pallantus*, if it be dear to thee, keep it; and value that, as I ſhall do thy Friendſhip; for I have long known thy heart, and ſhall truſt thee hereafter with the Secrets of mine; my father has found thou art faithful, and grateful; And all the gods ſo bleſs me as I love thee for it, with all that thou canſt hope, or I can in honour give; and if I have Intereſt in *Pallantus* he will obey me; What 'tis I command him *Fidelia* ſhall tell him; till then I am ſilent, and her love ſhall ſpeak the reſt.

Pall. Madam, I have much pretence to love; but I ſhall doubt it, and not hope your reward, when I ſhall refuſe a ready obedience to all your Commands.

Leop. Farewell, *Phillora*, our ſafety calls me, pray be ſilent here, when I am gone, for they are jealous of me already; this night if poſſible wee'll make our eſcape to *Clytus* his quarter, of whoſe heart and faith I am fully ſatisfied; The keys are now in my power; and in the dead of night I'll call ye: The word ſhall be, *Phillora.*

Omnes.

Omnes. All the gods protect the Prince. [*Exit* Leopoldus.

Pollidor. What do they mean by his figure in a Dream, and point at me, and talk of her Love? ſure I dream; when I have ſeen the worſt of Fortunes, 'Twill always be in my power to die; there's none ſo wretched but ſhe can affoord him a grave; her Eyes are fix'd upon me.

Bell. Why do's my heart tremble at the ſight of him I thus long have deſired to ſee? why ſhould I apprehend this hour as dangerous? Yet I feel a pain without a name, a power not known; 'tis leſs or more then Love, Yet not arrived at guilt; 'tis neither fear, nor deſire; why ſhould I bluſh then to own the Joy and kindneſs I have for him?

ACT. IV. SCEN. I.

The Scene ſhuts, and Leopoldo *comes in (alone.)*

Leopoldo. HOw vain and Inſolent is man, that dares call theſe the weaker Sex! when we conſider the Actions of Virtuous Women, the thouſand dangers and difficulties they muſt paſs through e're they arrive at that great name; what patience, what courage, what reſervedneſs, what ſilence, what modeſty, how quick of ſight, ſometimes to apprehend approaching dangers, to ſhun them, and again not ſeeming to ſee ſuch as meet them in the face, their checkings and forbidings of Nature, denying, when ſhe calls loudeſt, and moſt pleaſing to their ſenſe when ſhe prompts them to be women; Yet we ſee them many times, in pure ſenſe of their Honour, deaf, and dumb, and lame, even when wealth, dignity, and beauty, becken unto them to come; all theſe, and thouſand difficulties more, almoſt impoſſible to our ſenſe (that have taken up a liberty to Act the contrary) they daily perform, with a watchful diligent virtue, whoſe generous minds have impoſed theſe Laws upon themſelves, and now thoſe Laws muſt be obeyed before they can command a fair name; while vain men aſſume a Diety, and believe, if they have Courage they can with their Swords build themſelves Trophies. In ſhort, from theſe Excellent ſufferers within I may conclude, nature, and all good things ought to be committed by deſtiny to the care of that ſoft Sex, who, till they love, and give themſelves away to men, can do nothing little. [*Exit* Leopoldus.

ACT. IV. SCEN. II.

Enter Arcus, Phidelia, Filemon, *and* Satyr *with proviſions upon his back.*

Phil. SO, ſo, lay down the proviſions here; come, Madam, let us retire into this Rock, until the tide ſerves, then we ſhall be called; for we have agreed with an old Fiſherman, an acquaintance

of the *Satyrs*, who for his Masters sake will safely convey us to some port that's free from the Conquerours power; but we must lie close till then, for the Enemy are already in the Town, but the height of the Cliffs, when we have the night to friend, will secure us; under whose protection we must make our escape, and leave the rest to Fortune.

Satyr. I'll go too, I'll not stay, until I find my gentle Mistress; a curse fall on his head has frighted my love from her home; the plague of Ambition and cross love torment him day and night; may his Eyes ne're shut till I have blest mine with a sight of her; I fear she is hurt, my heart akes so; this busie trouble of my mind was never so unruly as now; it makes me sick, my Spirits grow weary, I faint to death, a cold sweat and sadness is all o're my breast.

Arcus. How lively this poor wretch describes my pain! But die *Arcus*, and all the world, e're she knows I have a thought of Love; yet all my resolution cannot keep me from repining at my fortune, made by nature so opposite to what I love, and as if design'd for miseries her heart is by fate given to a shadow in a Dream; My first cross lost a friend, dear as my Eyes, whose kindness and faith but speak that love which his modest Sister could neither tell nor hide: together our miseries found us, but to this day I could never know his Fortune, being, by different lots, become the slaves of different Masters, and my heart apprehends his death; our Countrey else would ere this have discover'd him, our colour in this nation, making us as publick as odious; A gallant and a faithful Servant 'twas as ever prince made a Friendship with; and had not our miseries struck us in the spring of our design, something worth story might have befallen us; Curious to see the world our youths ventur'd into dangers; to which slavery was our first step; but my fate was not to be satisfi'd with one Captivity; not miserable enough she thought, while only my body was in chains, and therefore sent these that gall my mind; Love, blind partial Love will have me his prisoner too, only to shew the variety of his slaves; Why else did he throw away a dart upon me, where there is no possibility of being any thing but his slave? But I am resolved neither my condition nor passion shall be known, but in my Epitaph; and there, by a silent Lover, I'll stand distinguish'd from the croud of Rivals, which my heart only emulates in worship; but see the fate of men, the least deserving is most successful; And barbarous *Almanzor* by an impious conquest has power to revenge himself, and insult over the miseries of that Princess; But I am still a wretch to talk while shee's in chains; Yet if I out-live her, let base and ingrateful be writ upon my name; This night I'll find the proud Conquerour, and print a thousand wounds upon his breast, or fall a Martyr to those great names, *Leopoldo* and *Bellamira*, which, though they were guests too great for my sad heart to contain, yet their loss is death.

Fidel. Alas, *Arcus*, we have all the same interest in this general grief; This grief and common Calamities (like the infected Air) wounds all, to whose dangers I must add a wound of mine

own

own, and the cure grows ſtill more deſperate; I have loſt my friend, the kind and faithful *Pallantus* is fallen; and I muſt fear, though I cannot know, his miſery, the uncertainty of whoſe ill wounds deeper then any danger that can threaten my ſelf.

Phil. No more of this imagin'd danger; but retire, and wiſely attend our own ſafeties, that we may preſerve our ſelves till we know what fortune has befallen our great Maſter; which we cannot hope, unleſs this Night we make our eſcape; within we may reſolve what to do. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. III.

Enter Almanzor, *with his ſervants only.*

Alman. SEnd for *Roderigo*, put all things in readineſs, 'tis reſolv'd this morning tyde I'll be gone, and with me bear the ſcornful cauſe of my affliction; That blind fooliſh boy is neither won by reaſon, Intereſt, nor flattery, and ſet without my Swords reach; he is not to be bribed nor won by ſacrifice neither, like his friend fortune; ſome way I muſt find to reconcile my ſelf to that fond Diety, or all my hopes are loſt. [*Enter* Roderigo.

Alman. Roderigo, I am thinking. ---

Roder. Of Love, Sir, I know you were.

Alman. Of Love, yes of Love, and ſent for ----

Roder. Me, to inform your Highneſs of his humour; faith, Sir, I know him as little as you reverence him; his kinſman, and his mother, I have practiſed, (a Bottle, and a Girle) theſe kind friends I can ſerve you in; for the other young Gentleman, he ſpoils converſation, and affects corners, either to kiſs or cry in; I hope your Highneſs is not inclin'd to that Idle humour; pray will you let me hear you ſigh; upon my Conſcience you will make but an ill Lover; I dare aſſoon undertake to hedge the Eagle in, as you win the Princeſs; yet they ſay there are as many and certain ways to win a woman, and as many holes into her heart as there are upon her ---- Baſta. ---- But believe me, Sir, there's one, if you can hit it, is worth them all.

Alman. This is a kind of knowledge, *Roderigo*, that few are ignorant in; but yet let the god deſpiſe me if I fear either of them; and though Poets and Lovers ſtill conſpire to beget a terrour in our hearts, yet my reaſon tells me, even from thoſe lamentable Stories that make love ſeem ſo dangerous, that we moſt unjuſty blame Love when 'tis the Lover that's in fault; for Love is not in himſelf our Enemy; Love is as wholſome and as natural a paſſion as any that affects the heart; and only corrupted loves are dangerous; Love and Wine may both be poyſon'd; ſhould we therefore curſe the Vine? No, 'tis Love, wounded with Jealouſie and Inconſtancy, or Infected with diſdain; Love ſet too high, or too low, by birth or Nature oppos'd, which, thus ſet out of her reach, or ſo low in the Earth that Honour cannot ſtoop to gather her bleſſings; or elſe

elſe at ſuch a height that even Hope loſes his Leap, and the noble Fruit hangs ſtill to tempt us: or a worſe Curſe than all theſe, which is my fate, to love a ſcornful Maid that loves another: theſe are the true grounds of Lovers miſeries, and their Errours are falſely laid upon Love, and all our ſtubborneſs call'd his Crimes, when we, not Love, are blinde, who is indeed the gentle Ty of all Mankinde, though he be made many times the moſt innocent Root of many miſchiefs, and would be all Honey ſtill but that our Reaſon gives him a ſting; Reaſon, *Roderigo*, which Chain the Gods, have thrown upon us; for we no ſooner covet and know what would pleaſe us, but we finde it ſtill forbidden; and from this Root (this Reaſon) all the foregoing miſeries are deriv'd; kinde Nature elſe would be obey'd, and all theſe troubles paſs without a thought or grief. But to our buſineſs, which I'm ſure, Love ſhall never be with *Almanzor*.

Rod. Yet 'twould be fit to be civil, and either ſend or go your ſelf to the Priſon, you have handſome cauſe enough to yield you an Excuſe; diſſemble your paſt anger, being in the heat of battel, incens'd by her ſcorn, whoſe ſharp language and your wounds ſmarting made you ſpeak and act beyond your Reaſon: Come Sir, when you can win two Crowns with a few fair words never refuſe to play at any game Fortune propoſes: beſides, I have obſerv'd it, Women ſooner forgive faults done to them, than thoſe they do to others; for their ſhame is more than their anger can be; and 'tis eaſier flatt'ring their weakneſs into pity than ripening their Reaſon into Juſtice or Diſcretion: The left-ſide is predominant in them ſtill: could I love one Woman better than another, (which I am ſo far from believing Virtue, that I think I ought to be beaten for't) if I did not with your game win any Woman I'de never command Men again. Death, what Cards would you have to play if theſe loſe? A young handſome General, a Prince, and Conquerour, that has wit and courage, and yet be ſtrangled in an Apron-ſtring! ſigh and let a Smock ſmother me! They ſhall bury me under the Gallows when I dy of that Diſeaſe; No faith, if any of them be too hard for me it ſhall be in Bed, and there let them uſe me as they pleaſe; I care not whether I win or loſe in their arms, and he that deſires more of Love than ſuch a kindneſs is mad: when I embrace her if ſhe ſmile and do ſpeak like a Lover, let her heart be as buſie as ſhe pleaſes, and make any other happy till I miſs her company. I do not remember I ever ſigh'd, yet I think I have had my ſhare of Women, but I would not be ſo miſerable as to remember any of their faces for a Kingdom, for then I might be ſubject to Conſtancy, a Diſeaſe harder to be cur'd than the Pox; Conſtancy is really a weak-ſtomack'd Lover: My heart digeſts a Miſtreſs preſently, and hungers for another; thirſts and enjoys her without any thought of Conſtancy and Remembrance; but the laſt is as dangerous as if my Supper ſhould ly in my belly always, where ſhould my Dinner go? If ever your fine Arguments perſwade me to be one of your one Meals men, you ſhall geld me; give me an appetite every meal in the day, and kinde hearts to

feed

feed on, Wit and Beauty will finde a Cook, and we'll make our Sauce our ſelves.

Alm. This Doctrine I am no Heretick in, *Roderigo*; yet I believe you will allow a man may love one Diſh better than another, and ſo far I am a Lover.

Rod. Faſt and get a ſtomack, Sir; then all that's young and kinde is fair and pleaſing; ſo far I am happy though no Lover.

Enter to them Leopoldo, *and another Souldier.*

Sould. All things are in readineſs for your Highneſs departure, and we onely ſtay for your direction.

Rod. I'll wait upon your Highneſs to the Priſon.

Alm. Is all ready?

Sould. Yes, Sir, but 'tis ſomewhat of the darkeſt to put to Sea, within two hours the Moon will riſe; and being not ſtreightn'd in our time, I ſhall counſel your Highneſs to ſtay a little; two hours of the Ebb carries us out of all dangers.

Alm. When 'tis time call at my Quarters; Come, *Roderigo*, within we'll reſolve of this new buſineſs, Love.

[*Exeunt omnes except* Leopoldo.

Leop. This I feared; but how to prevent it, ſomething as ſpeedy as their miſchief muſt be thought of.

Exit Leopoldo.

ACT. IV. SCEN. IV.

The Scene of the Priſon is diſcovered, and the Priſoners in it.

Bellam. WHy this ſadneſs now when our great griefs and fears are over? Why thus ingratefully in ſilence do we receive bleſſings we ſcarce could hope for? when all our Fates both of Love and Hate were doubtful, none were ſad; the great and general calamity paſt without concern, *Pollidor* and *Palantus* with all their Faith and Loyalty could finde room for Love and Anger; and now when our loſſes are repair'd they ſigh and droop for ſhadows.

Phil. And *Pollidor* that never knew Love, Fear, nor Grief, but mine, till this Figure fill'd his breaſt, now when he ſhould ſacrifice droops and hangs his head like Flowers oppreſt with ſhowers; now when kinder Fate has unriddl'd all our doubts beyond our hopes, diſperſing all thoſe miſts we muſt have wandred in, by the bright eyes of the divine *Bellamira*. Fy *Pollidor*, canſt thou be ſorry for any honour the Gods have heap'd upon thy Miſtreſs? Thy ſadneſs now is ſelf-love, and ſhews her Excellence is too great a Gueſt to lodge in thy narrow heart. Fond Man, wouldſt thou be happier than to love and be belov'd by ſuch a perſon; a begging Lover with her alms is richer than thoſe that triumph in the ſpoils and embraces of another Queen.

Bel. I ſee our paſſions, *Phillora*, are the innocent thoughts of pure mindes;

mindes; we love Honour and Virtue onely; and when they are in ſafety we know no fears: theſe men have Deſigns and farther ends in their deſires than their bluſhings dare declare, elſe our joys muſt have found theirs.

Phil. 'Tis too great a truth, Madam, I can prove it in my ſelf; for my condition is equally miſerable to theirs; Are not my youth and hopes equal to *Pollidor*'s? Are not my dangers great as yours? Is not my ſtake as great and rich as any that now diſtruſts their fortune? Is there not the ſame diſtance betwixt me and my happineſs that you tremble at? Yet I ſmile, becauſe I know I deſire no unreaſonable thing; all my wiſhes are to ſee theſe Princes happy.

Bel. Can you hear this and not bluſh to finde two Maids prompt you to finde your reſolution? We that are eſteem'd the weak Sex, that Shadows have led in Chains, I that have ſuffer'd under a deſperate Love without groaning or crying out for help, ſeven tedious Winters afflicted with a Figure in a Dream, and till this day never ſaw the thing I lov'd, yet now 'tis met it ſhall not make me guilty of a bluſh for any action, though I know there be a Fate and future Prophecy wrapt in this Cloud (which thou art) and even my own wiſhes have ſomething in them which I can fear; but *Bellamira* will dy rather than ſtain her ſtory; and if *Pollidor* and *Palantus* have that honour they pretend they will ceaſe to afflict our mindes with their ſadneſs, and patiently expect that Birth Heaven and Nations have thus labour'd to bring forth.

Pal. Thus at your feet I fall, ſtruck more by this Virtue now, than by your Beauty heretofore: O ye Gods, the divine *Bellamira's* miſeries but ſet her off, and upbraid your juſtice that could neglect ſuch a minde when they had taken pains to make it. And now be pleas'd to know my ſilence was no guilty fear of my own misfortunes, but revolving in my minde your fatal Dream, whoſe every particular is explain'd, which makes me wonder who this Youth can be whom Fate has mark'd out for the Envy of Mankinde, though Nature have conſpir'd againſt him, and ſet him as far from the reach of his happineſs as there is diſtance between a Cottage and a Crown; yet ſee, Madam, if ſadneſs have not ſeiz'd his heart, deſtin'd to lodge the greateſt Gueſt that ever yet poſſeſt the minde of man, *Bellamira's* love.

Phil. Sure *Pollidor* has not ſo poor a ſpirit as to be ſad for himſelf; I ſhould hate him more than I love him now if I believ'd his heart could be ſo narrow as to wiſh his own happineſs at ſuch a rate as prophaning of this Princeſs; add for leſs thou canſt not hope to purchaſe her: Let not this grieve *Pollidor*, but reſolve to follow thy Siſter ſtill. Remember 'twas ſhe that led thee to this degree of Honour: Remember how, contrary to Nature, Sex, and Cuſtome, inſpir'd by the Deity of Love, I laid violent hands upon thy heart, and forc'd thee to receive thoſe glories thou now art proud of, in ſpight of that low mean hatred of a gallant Prince which would have held thee back: Look upon theſe wounds, there is a beauty in them, and a grace even in theſe ſcars,

ſuch

ſuch as no Virgin can excel with all the art of dreſs; and I glory more for having receiv'd them for theſe Princes, then in any my revenge gave this day upon our enemy.

Pollid. Certainly, when your Highneſs ſhall conſider my part, 'twill not appear ſtrange that my mind is poſſeſs'd with wonder; and then I hope my ſilence will find your pardon: I would I had loſt my Reaſon with my hopes; that enemy Reaſon that inform'd my ſoul, and made me aſpire that happineſs; the loſs of which ſhe now preſents with horrour to my mind. Yet, know all the world, *Pollidor* can neither repent, diſſemble, nor tame his love, though he can dye when a leſs cauſe then your Highneſs diſpleaſure calls; but will not be hired to live at a leſs rate then your pardon. And *Phillora* may call to mind ſomething conſonant to this fatal Dream; do's ſhe not remember how in our moſt innocent days, the Dreams our diſtracted ſleeps have had? what honours and what worſhip has been paid us from crouds of unknown faces? which compar'd with this waking Dream ſeem to revive, though darkly and afar off, ſomething from thoſe nothings; and theſe thoughts begot that guilty ſilence which diſpleas'd my Siſter. But though *Phillora* can chide my ſilence now, I fear ſhe will ſhortly find her heart ſubject to thoughts too, whoſe ſtrange kind of fortune is like troubled waters now, and the ſtorm is yet in her ſtreams; but when 'tis ſetled, honour and quiet of mind will divide thy heart; for though ſhe thinks now her heart will deſire nothing but leave to love the Prince; know, *Phillora*, thoſe roots that are in the ſpring contented to ſend forth a bud, their ſollicitous natures are buſie ſtill to nouriſh them; ſuch is thy heart now Love but buds in it, and it will break to ſee that after all thy care that flower thou doteſt on ſhould hang upon anothers boſome; and all thy ſweets and graces wither in that ſhadow; and while thou dy'ſt to make a handſome ſtory, ſome one leſs excellent, but more fortunate, ſurfeit on thoſe ſweets thou pineſt for; then thou wilt find how vain and idle a good pity is, and that fruit (if they love) poor and virtuous *Phillora* may reap; for pity is a good that's ſtill attended with miſery, dear bought, being never purchas'd at leſs rates then ruine; and they may be happy that can pity, but the wretched are ſtill their ſubject; now thou hang'ſt thy head, blaſted with this ſad truth; and now thy ſoul is awakned I deſie thy heart to be at peace.

Bellam. Alas, *Phillora*, ignorant of the dangers we were in made us laugh in this ſtorm; and thoſe waves which we were pleaſed with to ſee toſs our Barque, threaten deſtruction to us, unpractis'd in that dangerous element, which *Pollidor*, like a Pilot, wiſely apprehends, and arms againſt the known ill, whoſe dangers I dare not now behold: ſomething above Reaſon muſt ſecure our Reaſon, elſe ſadneſs and deſpair muſt find us all.

Phil. Madam, I have heard all, and ſhall conclude, as to play a Game that muſt be loſt, is childiſh; ſo to throw up all Cards that agree not with our wiſhes, ſhews covetouſneſs and impatience; we do not always play for gain, ſometime company and paſtime en-

gage us; and I am reſolved ſuch fates as are dealt me I'll receive; and ſhew how much I am above that fortune that oppoſes me; and if I cannot be happy, yet (againſt my miſeries) I have this remedy, I dare dye; that pale gueſt needs but little invitation; eſpecially to thoſe that care not to live, nothing is ſo eaſie, nor ſo pleaſing as to dye: and we, *Pollidor*, that are but beggars at this feaſt, may go when we will without taking leave, or being miſs'd.

A priſoner within the Cave, cries for help.

[*A priſoner within the Cave cries for help.*

Priſoner within. Help, help for charity.

Bellam. Whence came that cry for help?

Priſoner. As you have charity help the wretched; oh my fate! muſt I look on and ſee his dear limbs torn, and not have power to help him?

Bellam. What ſtrange miſery is that that ſtands in need of our help to relieve him, that are our ſelves loaden with miſfortunes?

Phil. Heaven bleſs the Prince from uſe of ſuch a ſuccour; hark, whence came the cry? ſure 'twas from above; I fear the Prince may be diſcovered in his deſign of our ſafety; if ſo, laſie ſlow death, in ſpite of thy envy, I'll find a way to meet the Prince, and haſten thy viſit hither.

Priſoner. Are you all deaf to our miſeries? have the wretched no ſenſe of others miſery? are your hearts hardned to our ſufferings, who beg nothing but the mercy of a ſpeedy death?

Pollid. 'Tis in the Cave; ſome other priſoners, ſure, I'll take a light and ſee in what our charity can ſerve them.

Palan. Hold, I hear the Priſon door open, and that light comes this way; be ſilent and obſerve, leſt ſome unlook'd for danger happen.

Pollid. 'Tis about the hour the Prince bad us expect him.

The door opens, Enter the Prince Leopoldo *ſeeming ſomewhat ſad.*

Bellam. Some new calamity, I read it in thy eyes, *Leopoldo*; ſpeak, what fate muſt we expect?

Leop. The time's too ſhort to execute my deſign, for now at this inſtant the Guards are coming to fetch you forth; and this night you muſt away for *Sicily*, in company of the Tyrant, whoſe deſigns my heart dreads to think of, which e're he ſhall execute I am reſolv'd, though I ſacrifice my life, I'll ſtrike him to the earth; this muſt ſuddenly be done, unleſs we can ſurprize the Guards, and thus in the dead of night make an eſcape; ſee, here are Weapons for all.-----Thus armed and thus unexpected, who knows what ſucceſs may attend the juſtice and reſolution of this action? *Phillora* is the Word; Here then let us embrace, as friends and fellows in a great calamity, whoſe ſad eſtates admits no cure but this deſperate attempt.

He gives them all weapons.

Phil. The gods, and Prince *Leopoldo*'s fortunes guide us.

They embrace one another.

Priſoner. Oh the miſery of men, fall'n below the pity even of the wretched themſelves!

Leop.

Leop. What voyce was that?

Palan. 'Tis ſome wretch in the Dungeon; juſt as your Highneſs op'ned the door he call'd for help, and your coming put us off from inquiring what it meant.

Leopoldo *takes the Candle and Lanthorn, and his Dagger in his hand, goes to him, diſcovers in the Scene with his light carcaſſes of dead men, and other priſoners chain'd upon the ground; and at the appearance of the light ſome Foxes run away.*

Leop. Alas, alas! how cruel are men to men! See, if the very beaſts do not prey upon the living members of the wetched.

Priſoner. Sir, your habit ſpeaks you a Souldier, and ſince you are Maſter of thoſe great bleſſings, Arms and Freedom, be merciful to the wretched, who only beg ſome charitable wounds to relieve them; I hope you will not find your ſword the power for ſuch an alms. See, Sir, two of many, two in number, one in blood and miſery, the dearer part of my ſoul, all that the Plague and Famine has left to finiſh ſuch ſad fates as a cruel enemy ſhall impoſe, deſpiſed and forgotten, neither worth his cruelty nor his care, unleſs your ſword relieve us; and yet our crimes are onely our Nation.—— [*They are Moors.*

Leop. Your colour ſpeaks you ſtrangers; and your miſeries have begot a pity, which I have time onely to relieve, but not to inform my ſelf of; what were thoſe that run away?

Priſoner. Foxes, who daily haunt this place, and will ſcarce expect while we are dead, but grown bold upon our afflictions prey upon the living; yonder lyes my friend oppreſt with ſickneſs whoſe words they deſpiſe; nor could all our threats nor cries prevail; ſlavery has ſo defaced the image of the gods in miſerable man, that the creatures have loſt the reſpect and reverence due to him; dull captivity has given ſuch ſtrange allay to that rich metal that man was at firſt coin'd in, that we are not currant among beaſts.

Here he releaſes the priſoners.

Leop. Sir, we are priſoners too; and now upon forcing our freedoms a ſword and liberty I can give; and if you will take your fortune with us you ſhall be welcome.

Priſoner. When I have afforded this charity to my friend I ſhall moſt readily joyn in any deſign, to be reveng'd on this barbarous enemy.

Leop. One of thoſe keys I believe will open his locks; and while you perform that charity I'll ſatisfie my ſelf concerning thoſe Foxes.—— How ſhould they come hither? ſurely there is a way out, elſe how could they come in? I'll ſee the iſſue of this chance.--- [*The priſoner runs to his Siſter and releaſes her.*

Siſter-priſoner. Oh Brother, what new bleſſing's this that gives thee to my Arms, what means this freedom? will they at laſt be kind, and let us dye?

Brother-priſoner. No, gentle Siſter, a better ſtar guides us; and far from hence be thoſe ſad rites of Funeral, till we have taken

ſome revenge upon that barbarous power under which we have thus long ſuffer'd. [Bellamira *and the reſt come to them.*

Bellam. Sir, your goodneſs I hope will excuſe our tardy viſit, when you ſhall know we are under the ſame ſlavery, and but this hour releas'd from our chains.

Bother-priſoner. Our gratitude, not our excuſe is due; and all my paſt miſeries you have buried in this great bleſſing, and I ſhall at laſt be free, or dye revenging the injuries this poor Girle has ſuffer'd, the only precious part of my ſoul; whoſe youth has been perſecuted with the worſt of ills that Love or Fortune could threaten, and all for loving a gallant man; whoſe noble heart I know would bleed could he but fear the miſeries ſhe ſuffers for him, though he be her Prince. This ambitious paſſion has made her taſte many a bitter thought: Her colour makes this ſtory ſtrange to your ears, and this black makes it look like a fable, when we ſay we love; though here be the ſad example of that little god, great in power; whoſe dart has fir'd her private mind, and the ſaucy flame aſpires her Prince's breaſt; yet ſhe's nobly born, and what was my bleſſing proved her miſery; for had not I been bleſt with his friendſhip ſhe had not ne're been miſerable with the ſight of him; this as a ſecret her troubled mind conceal'd till the Prince was loſt at the fatal battle of *Carthage*; ſince which miſery I have waſted my days in ſlavery, and by chance met this poor Girle, hunting through divers miſeries a peaceful grave, ſeduced by a Witch, who ignorant of her ſex, being ask'd her fortune, bad her ſeek her happineſs in the hand of a white woman, ſtrange and impoſſible.

Siſter-priſoner. I am very faint, yet my heart divines ſome bleſſing from the ſight of thoſe fair eyes.—— [*To* Phillora.

Bellam. How my ſoul ſhakes to hear this poor Maids miſery! and my pity would fain believe, amongſt us, ſhe might find that bleſſing that ſeems moſt deſperate in her fortunes. *Palantus*, pray give her ſomething to drink.—— And be not dejected with thoughts of paſt ills; you are now amongſt a company that dare vie with your moſt deſperate thoughts; and yet will not doubt the rewards due to their innocency.

Phil. Her fortune is ſo like my own I cannot but love her, I grow concern'd too in her miſeries.

Siſter-priſoner. My thanks is due to all; but the joy and wonder of this hour has made me neglect the payment, which I ſhall do in prayers to all the gods, that ye may never know the uſe of ſuch a kindneſs, by having taſted thoſe ſad calamities that wound my mind.

Palan. Be quiet and reſolved; for I hear ſome noiſe at the Priſon door; which way went the Prince? let us retire, for they are now ſhutting of the door.

ACT.

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

The Scene of the Priſon ſhuts.

Enter as out of a Cave, by the Sea ſide, frighted, the Satyr *and* Fidelia, Arcus *and* Philemon.

Saty. EIther my Eyes deceived me, or they were foxes; I ſaw them leap.

Arcus. Foxes, fool? whence ſhould they come?

Phil. Why from their burrow among the Rocks, forc'd with hunger to ſeek their prey; finding us in their way, what's more natural for thoſe beaſts then to force through us? Let us return and ſee if we can find any ſign of their paſſage.

Arcus. How eaſie 'tis to give fire to fear! Our late danger makes us apprehend every noiſe. Hark, 'tis ſomething ſcrapes within.-----See, ſee, the furrs hang upon the Rocks ſtill; how contemptible a thing this fear is!

They no ſooner enter the grot, (which muſt be made in proſpective to preſent a Cave by the Sea ſide,) but they hear one knock within. Arcus *takes the light, and goes towards the hole, and finds the Foxes furrs upon the Rock.*

Fidel. How long are the hours that ſorrow loves! Time paſſeth like a thought when we are happy; But Oh, how tedious will my grief make the few dayes I have to live! Ha! 'tis fire, ſome ſtar ſure; *Arcus*, do you ſee that light?

She looks towards the hole where the foxes came out, and ſpies a light.

Arcus. 'Tis ſomething ſtrange, but what Heaven knows; A light in the earth! Be not amazed, collect your ſelves; If our fears be true, what is there in fortune left for fear? Hark, I hear a noiſe too, liſten.----Do you not hear a noyſe and ſtrokes? Tis ſome Witchcraft ſure.- ----'Tis a man, I hear his voice, and his words have reaſon; I'll ſpeak to it what e're it be.------Ho! within, what art thou? how cam'ſt thou to this cave? what ſeek'ſt thou in this place of miſery?

He layes his ear to the hole, and beckons them to come to him.

Leop. I'll anſwer it.-------A wretched Priſoner whom the mercileſs Enemy hath expos'd in chains to the rage of wild Beaſts; What e're thou art, for charity give ſome relief to the wretched, by informing our miſeries where thou art, for thy light has deceived me purſuing of thoſe Beaſts that would have devoured us; I hoped to have found a paſſage this way, which now is deſperate.

Leopoldo *within, this way they went, and I do ſee the ſtars or Moon light, and that murmur muſt be the breach of the Sea.*

Arcus. Hark, ſure I know that voice.

Le. And I that ſound, or elſe my miſeries deceive me. *Arcus! Arcus*

Arcus. Prince *Leopoldo!*

Leopoldo. The ſame; ſtruck with wonder and amaz'd, what are we next to expect from Fate? Are we all Priſoners then?

Arcus. No, Royal Sir; we are in freedom yet, though their nets are pitch'd about us; Help, help, *Philemon*, to remove theſe ſtones, and force a paſſage here.

[*They pluck ſtone after ſtone away, till the Prince comes out.*

Philemon,

Phil. Oh Sir, this is a bleſſed chance, and gives ſome hope of better fortune.

Arcus. Are you alone, Sir? are all your royal branches lop'd from you? All our great marks to which we bent our loyal hearts, is all loſt? All dead in this fatal day but wretched *Arcus?* Is the nobleſt piece of earth, the Princeſs, loſt? Is ſhe gone to make a ſtar in Heaven?

Leop. No, kind and faithful, no ſuch ſadneſs is due to this dayes loſs; The King, my Siſter, *Palantus*, and the gentle Foreſter, all are ſafe; But how is the ſtory of an age; and this time too precious to be ſpent in any thing but ſaving thoſe friends that are all within this dungeon, Juſt now reſolved to attempt our eſcape, which I propos'd by the advantage of this habit, being yet unknown to the Enemy, and truſted as one of their guard; and while we deſign'd our buſineſs two wretches in the Priſon cried for help; and going to inquire the cauſe I ſaw two foxes fly the light, which I purſued, believing reaſonably enough they had ſome paſſage forth.

Arcus. Theſe were the foxes that frighted us; For Heavens ſake, Sir, let us return and bring forth thoſe dear pledges of our Lives; we have a boat and all things ready to eſcape this tyde.

Satyr. Is my Love there too? Is her Brother well? Shall I go ſee her? My Soul melts with fear of loſing her; I'll worſhip thee, if thou wilt love and not hurt her; King of men I have been ſick, and my Mind pines when my Eyes loſe ſight of her.

Arcus. No, *Satyr*, you muſt ſtay and ſteal through the Rocks, to haſten the Barque away, and then you ſhall ſee your Love; Elſe, not a ſight; let the reſt ſtay and expect the *Satyrs* return and the Sea-men with the Barque.

Leop. *Arcus* and I'll return, and do you expect us here.

[*Exeunt* Arcus *and* Leopoldo *by the hole.*

Enter Satyr *and Sea-men.*

Satyr. See, ſee, the old man's come.

Phil. So, ſo, where's the boat?

Fiſher-man. Behind the cliff, where I was commanded to expect; where we have both wind and tyde to friend.

Exeunt Sea-men with proviſions.

Phil. Away then with theſe proviſions aboard, expect us and lie quiet till we come.---Hark, I hear their tread, that light is theirs.

Fid. At length, I hope, the fury of the gods is paſt, and we may yet live to ſee an hour of joy; they come, they come.

Enter the Prince and Bellamira *at the hole, then* Pollidor *and* Phillora; Arcus *goes before with the light, then* Palantus *and the two Moors priſoners;* Bellamira *embraces* Fidelia, *and the* Satyr *cries, and runs to* Phillora's *feet and kiſſes them.*

Bellam. What thinks *Fidelia?* Have we yet overcome the miſery threatned in that fatal Dream?

Leop. No more; ſilence is now our next part; nor is there time

time to tell our joyes; away, *Arcus*, guide us to the boat; and till we have a fit time and place to expreſs it let every joy keep in the kind Heart that bred it.

Bellam. But where's our new friends and fellow-priſoners? Alaſs, *Fidelia*, 'tis not we alone that are miſerable; for here's one of the ſaddeſt and moſt miſerable pieces of Innocence and Beauty that e're yet begat a ſtory.

[Arcus *and the Moors gaze upon one another.*

Arcus. What ſtrange ſight is this? 'tis he.

Priſoner. I cannot be deceived; Love has as curious Eyes as Malice, and we may as ſoon hide our ſelves from death as friendſhip; And the gods are kind, ſince our Eyes are again bleſt with the ſight of the Princely *Arcus.* [*He runs and kneels to him.*

Arcus. Welcome, faithful; but as thou loveſt me yet conceal me; therefore riſe, and excuſe my parting thus abruptly from thee, to flie to one to whoſe virtue I'll pay that duty thy knee hath given me.----*Cadeſſe?* It muſt be ſo, and this cloud's too thin to hide thee from my Eyes and Heart. *He runs and kneels to the Maiden Moor, and ſhe kneels to him.*

Cadeſſe. Cadeſſe, and the humbleſt of all that bows to the Princely *Arcus*; But why does your Highneſs bow to me?

Arcus. The reaſon thou ſhalt find in the Love and ſervice of my life, if *Cadeſſe* will receive my vows.

[Bellamira, Leopoldo, *and the reſt, wonder to ſee them kneel to* Arcus.

Bellam. Did they kneel to him?

Fidelia. I ſaw them kneel.

Leopoldo *goes to them.*

Leop. Sir, this poſture of your friends does not at all ſurpriſe us; for your Mind, where you are known, has ever ſpoke you Prince; and if you have not been treated like one, you cannot blame *Leopoldo*, whoſe value was equal to all you would ſet upon your ſelf; And now, Sir, I conjure you by all our kindneſs, let not our miſeries make you hide this ſecret from us.

Arcus. Sir, I ſhall no longer hide my ſelf from the great *Leopoldo*, of whom I beg pardon for having thus long done it; 'Twas a Vow made when our curioſities had by chance engaged us in the battle of *Carthage*, where the Syracuſians got the day, if we were taken, to conceal our names untill we met again; which being here abſolved in *Pyrrhus*, *Leopoldo* ſhall find a ſervant faithful as *Arcus.*

Bellam. Pyrrhus! See, *Phillora*, this is that Prince ſhe even now mourn'd in priſon; Sir, when you were *Arcus*, I conſidered er'e I would command; But as *Pyrrhus*, I ſhall onely beg you'll give me leave to fullfil a Prophecy; and from my hand give a preſent to this Maid; which when ſhe ſhall know I am a Virgin too, perhaps ſhe'll find as much wonder as I ſhall joy to ſee another happy.

Phillora. This Omen begets a ſtrange thought in my troubled Mind.

Cadeſſe. Madam, I have neither will nor power of my ſelf, by double tyes a ſervant to the Prince; and ſhall with joy obey what ever he commands.

Pyrrh. Nor will I pretend a power there greater then I ſhall give the Princeſs *Bellamira* here, whoſe commands are the welcomeſt

things

things my Heart can wish, glad to find my Love approved by so great a Mistriss in the School of Honour; By whose name I vow to the gentle *Cadesse* an eternal Faith, and *Hymen* shall witness my Vow.

Omnes. All the gods say Amen.

Bellam. We must be gone, but whither, oh whither! Sad Fate! that must be gone, but knows not where to find a safety!

Leopol. Not whither? Yes, to *Gaietta*, where faithful *Clytus* resides; Wonder not that I call him faithful, time will unriddle all; and (I hope) my Sister will not refuse to trust those that I esteem faithful, untill we gain *Gaietta*; Love and *Bellamira*'s Fortune shall guide us.

Bellam. I submit, and where *Leopoldo* trusts will not ask a why; and if *Clytus* be faithful, and we escape, let us hereafter no more throw the scandal of blind guides on Love and Fortune; but freely deliver our selves to their protection. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. V. SCEN. II.

Enter Clytus, Ravack, Cleon, Souldiers *and* Sea-men, *supposed aboard their Galley.*

Cleon. COmmand them pique their Oars, and let her drive with the Tyde, lest the quietness of the night discover us with the noise; the Moon is risen too.

Sea-men. Sir, The boat that came from the Town is put under the Cliff, and there we saw lights.

Cleon. Give order to hide ours, lest they betray us as theirs have done them.

Sea-men. Ours are hid.

Clytus. We have the wind and tyde to friend, she cannot to sea but we must meet her; if she fall into the *Bay*, the other Gallies are ready to oppose her; Come, Sir, let us look out, 'tis a fine Evening.

Ravack. 'Tis so, and if our honest intentions find their gods, I hope to see a glorious day in *Naples*. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. V. SCEN. III.

Enter Almanzor, Roderigo, *and* Souldiers.

Almanzor. RO*derigo*, if you can think of any thing to be added to your Commission or Instructions, send after me and it shall be confirm'd.

Roderigo. At present I can think of nothing; for till your Highness and the purchase be arrived in *Sicily*, (which is indeed the root of all your business) all other thoughts are idle; and pray, Sir, let me prevail with your passion this night to treat them civilly, and make excuses to the Princess for your past neglects; Confess you know the debts are great you must pay er'e she can believe you a Lover; and if you prevail not with her Heart, consider how miserable

miſerable you muſt be though you ſhould force her to a Marriage, when you muſt ſleep in the boſome of an oppreſt incens'd princeſs that looks upon you as the Murtherer of her father, brother, and deſtroyer of her Countrey; Which, with that ſoft gentle paſſionate Sex is a grief above all the reſt; her heart muſt tell her 'twas prince *Almanzor*, that deſtroyer of the man ſhe loved, to your face, the anguiſh of ſoul threw out that ſecret knowledge which upon my life the perſon himſelf could never win from her; but diſtracted with her affliction, or anger, to ſpight your heart, has given you a ſecret her boſome friend ne're was partaker of.

Alman. 'Tis reaſon all thou urgeſt, and I confeſs my ſelf a beaſt when my paſſion rules me; but I will now endeavour to redeem my fault.

Roder. Sir, your Civility, If it does not get you a wife, yet it will oblige her, and make her your friend; 'twill be no ſmall advantage to your ſucceſs; and having her in your power, it may divers ways advance your affairs in *Sicily*; Her love and paſſion for another, with the right ſhe has to the Crown, and Intereſt in the people, you may by compounding her freedom ſecure your Conqueſt in *Sicily*; think on't, Sir, and let not paſſion for a woman ſeduce you; and Remember Kingdoms, Sir, are ſcarce, and there are many chapmen, and women are common, and grow every where; let us be wiſe men, Sir, and when we cannot do what we would, do what we can.

Alm. How now, where's your fellow, that we ſent for? [*En.* Sould.

Sould. And pleaſe your Highneſs, we cannot find him; 'tis not above an hour ſince he went into the priſon, whoſe doors are ſtill lock'd, and the key in the Inward ſide.

Alman. Did you knock?

Sould. Yes, Sir, but no body would anſwer.

Roder. Death! not anſwer, Sir, let's force the doors.

They all go out towards the doors of the priſon, which they force open; They all draw their Swords, and with Torches in their hands enter the priſon, which is the ſame Scene where Bellamira *and the priſoners lay.*

Roder. Here's the neſt, but the Birds are fled.

Alman. Haſte to the guard, command no perſon whatſoever paſs without my order, let them ſeize all.

Sould. Perhaps, Sir, they're hid; for tis not poſſible they ſhould be gone, and the door ſhut.

Alman. Search, Villains, 'twill concern you, for your lives are at ſtake.

Sould. Your Highneſs found us upon our duties, the doors ſhut, we cannot anſwer for a priſon.

Roder. What Path is this? it is full of the new ſteps of many feet; let's follow theſe ſigns, ſee whither it leads.

They follow, and the Scene ſhuts, and they come all out with their Torches at the hole of the Cave where the princes came out.

Alman. Here they have escap'd, but 'tis certain this pass was found by chance; and being so lately gone cannot be far from hence; search the Rocks hereabouts, they are but three men, unarm'd, and two women; let's lose no time, *Roderigo*, but divide, and call if you see any body; this Accident has destroy'd all our hopes; fool, fool, too late thou findest the punishment of thy barbarous rage.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. V. SCEN. IV.

Enter Leopoldo, Pollidor, Pallantus, Arcus, Cadesse, Bellamira, Phillora, *and the other* Moor.

Leop. IS it far, we must go?
Arcus. No, Sir, the Boat Rides under yon Cliff.

Enter to them the Satyr *and* Philemon.

Philem. Haste, haste aboard, for we are all lost; a party of armed men pursues us, I saw them and their lights Issue from the Cave.

Leop. To the Boat then dear *Bellamira*, and with thee take these our friends, and dearest pledges of our lives; *Philemon*, by all thy past kindness I conjure thee, take it not unkindly that I desire thy age to retire with these to a place of safety.

Bell. I'll not stir unless *Phillora* will be my Guard.

Poll. Gentle *Phillora*, let me once prevail, and now wait upon the princess *Bellamira* while I with Faith and Duty follow the brave *Leopoldo*.

Phillora. I obey, and scorn to doubt that fate, that the prince, and *Pollidors* swords strike, to defend.

Leop. Away, away, I hear their noise; when we are engaged lie off from the Shore; if we be fortunate we'll call you back; The word shall be Victory and *Phillora*.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. V. SCEN. V.

Enter Almanzor, Roderigo, *and their Company.*

Roder. COurage, Sir, it must be they, they fly us; 'tis impossible they should have means to escape.

Alman. Let's pursue them close then.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT.

ACT. V. SCEN. VI.

Enter Clytus, Ravack, Cleon, *and* Seamen.

Cleon. THoſe lights a ſhoar muſt be they; they have now doubled the Point, the Boat too is but a ſmall Fiſher-man.

Clytus. I counted them by their lights, they are not above a dozen in number; let us land a ſmall party upon this Point, and 'tis impoſſible they ſhould eſcape us, for we are now betwixt them and their Boat, which I have commanded the Galley to ſurprize.

Rav. I am of *Clytus* his opinion, and that it be executed with diligence.

Cleon. I'll command the Boat aſhoar then. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. V. SCEN. VII.

Enter Leopoldo, Pollidor, Pallantus, Arcus, *and the* Moor *priſoner.*

Leop. STand, and make good this paſs, by this, our Friends are ſecur'd; and let us make them find the danger of purſuing a Lyon to his Den.

Enter to them three Souldiers, Almanzor *and* Roderigo.

Alman. See *Roderigo*, here they are.

Leop. Ha! *Almanzor*! nay, then the Fates are kind.

Pol. Is there no more of you? Fools, what made you venture upon even terms? do you think our Innocency, and the Princeſs *Bellamira*'s cauſe, is no odds?

Roder. Ha, how the devil came they Arm'd?

Leop. Hence this diſguiſe. --- Shall ſtories ſay *Leopoldo* feared to be known when Fate ſet him, Man to man, to diſpute Fortunes with *Almanzor*? no Tyrant, ſee *Leopoldo*.

Almanzor and *Roderigo.* Ha! *Leopoldo.*

Whilſt Leopoldo *throws off his Souldiers Coat, and makes himſelf known*, Pollidor *ſpeaks.*

Pol. Yes, *Almanzor*; but ſee a Saucy Wood-man, that will ſtrike the faireſt Deer in the herd, or fall at his foot. [Poll. *and* Alman. *fight.*

Roder. And the beſt is beſt cheap.

He fights with Leopoldo, *and the reſt man to man*; Pollidor *wounds* Almanzor, *and cryes, that for* Bellamira. -- *and that. And kills him.*

Alman. O! and this last sigh for *Bellamira.* [*He dies.*

[Leopoldo *disarms* Roderigo, *and he falls too.*

Leo. Ly thou there.

Rod. To fall under *Leopoldo*, though it be ill luck, 'tis no shame; your chance is good.

Leop. And so is *Roderigo*'s; and let him thank this Disguise for his Life, under whose protection this day I safely heard him speak like a Man of Honour, which has made me forget he was an Enemy---Hold, every man hold. Let us not use our Advantage with cruelty, while I embrace the noble *Pollidor*, and congratulate with Princely *Pyrrhus* our strange delivery.

Pyrrhus. Though nothing be welcomer than the Princely embraces of *Leopoldo*, yet let us remember how dear these pawns are which yet are expos'd to Fortune; and when they are safe let us rejoyce as Winners.

Enter to them Ravack, Clytus, Cleon, Bellamira, Fidelia, Phillora, Cadesse, Philemon, *and the Satyr; they being all together,* Ravack *discovers to all the Company who* Pollidor *and* Phillora *were.*

Pollidor. Ha! the Princess taken! this my Soul apprehended: See Sir how busie mischief has been, and prepare to redeem the Princess.

[Pollidor *offers to fight with* Clytus, *and* Ravack *appears.*

Ravack. Hold, *Pollidor*, while I to Prince *Leopoldo* discover a Secret which will seem strange and full of wonder; yet witness Heaven, I shall deliver nothing but a happy Truth, a Truth that has already found the wish and faith of the persons most concern'd; and to gain the speedier credit with your Highness; be pleas'd to receive this Signet from your Royal Father, who impatiently expects your Highness at *Gaietta*; the Princess and this joyfull Company are already satisfied with my news which I shall begin with throwing at your feet the old *Ravack.*

Leopoldo. Ha! *Ravack* alive!

Ravack. A Name sometimes well known to *Palantus*, who here presents to your embraces our King, and your Kinsman, the young *Genorio*, Son to the unfortunate *Ortho*, whom cross Fate has thus long hid in the person of the gallant *Pollidor.* A Secret not less to him than to your Highness, for which upon my knees I beg his pardon.

Leopoldo. Is this my Royal Kinsman?

[*He runs to* Genorio *and embraces him.*

Pol-

Pollidor. What do I hear?

Ravack. Be not amaz'd at this new Truth; for it was by the counsel of your Friends we conceal'd your Birth and Quality, which I should have discover'd could I have promis'd my self your safety.

Pollidor. Have I lost the dear *Phillora* by this knowledge, Is not she my Sister still?

Ravack. Yes, Royal Sir, *Phillora* is a Branch from the same great Stock-----And what change this knowledge may bring her Fortune we must consult your Highness breast; my heart flatters it self with hopes of happy *Hymens.* *He turns to Leopoldo.*

Leopoldo. Then the Gods have been careful of poor *Leopoldo*, whose heart *Phillora* knows was resolv'd (at the price of all things, but my Honour) to have purchas'd her friendship; and I will not now be so faulty to her as to fear her faith.

Phillora. If sullen Fate had robb'd the noble minde of the great *Leopoldo* of all those Royal Dignities that distinguish'd him from common men (as Fortune threatn'd once this day, acting her worst to destroy him) yet my Soul witness I should have torn from my head all those unlook'd-for Glories she has heap'd upon me, to have repair'd the Prince, from whom I beg that *Hymen* now I refus'd, and defie the World (being *Leopoldo*'s) to make me miserable or faulty.

Leopoldo. To *Gaietta*, and there let the Gods see us possess the blessing they have prepar'd for us; but first let me embrace the faithfull and kinde *Ravack*, who as a Father shall ever be lov'd and reverenc'd by us; and to you, Sir, though once an Enemy, thus I open my arms; no Excuses, *Clytus*, this habit gave a sufficient satisfaction, in which as a private Souldier I heard thy dispute with that unhappy Prince, by whose discourse I can witness *Clytus* his faith to his Prince, which has reconcil'd me to all his Errours.

Clytus. Your goodness, Sir, has bound my heart for ever; I confess 'twas a blinde zeal I follow'd my Master's interest with; and my faithfull heart has found this great blessing for his reward.' [*He runs and kneels to* Genorio.

Leopold. Bellamira, thy Hand *Bellamira*; Is there so much of *Pollidor* remaining in *Genorio*, as still to desire to change a Sister? If there be, let *Bellamira* strive to out-vy *Phillora* in Love and Faith, and thus become one Root again, while the different Branches bear the same Fruit, Love and Friendship. [*They all four embrace.*

Pollidor. Sure 'tis not believ'd I should finde words to express my joys; this is a blessing I must thus approach upon my knees, and shall always possess as Servant to *Bellamira.*

[*He kneels to* Bellamira.

Bellamira. Your knee, Sir, but teaches me what I owe the King,

nor

nor will I allow you have a greater ſhare in this joy than I: this bleſs'd diſcovery has clear'd us of all the guilt that ſtain'd our Family, while the precious bloud of your ſelf and *Phillora* lay upon our name. This Storm has happily wak'd me from a fatal Dream, and now is ſetling into Innocence and Peace. Heaven witneſs how dear the name of *Genorio* was ever to me; and ſince the kinder Fates have made him and *Pollidor* all one, my heart has nothing left me to wiſh: Now I can rejoyce when I call to minde the doubtfull hopes *Genorio* (as *Pollidor*) lately purſu'd; and I hope this confeſſion that I believ'd *Pollidor* lov'd will ſatisfie *Genorio*; he that deſires more Arguments of my Love than a Faith of his muſt dy unſatisfi'd by *Bellamira*; for I can tell it all the World ſooner than *Pollidor*, and hide it too from all but him; what is the reſt of Fortune that ſhould make *Pollidor* thus ſad?

Pollidor. My ſilence, Madam, is neither ſad nor dulneſs, but a buſie minde, confus'd and ſurpriz'd with joy of un-imaginable bleſſings, in which the Crown was the leaſt part. They were the thoughts of the divine *Bellamira* that drew my Reaſon into my ſelf, that I might with an humble thankfull heart contemplate the great Giver and the glorious Gift. Can you believe, Madam, your Friendſhip is to be poſſeſs'd with leſs than diſtracting joys? At this time to be deaf and dumb ſpeaks Love beſt, and my ambitious heart whiſpers there is a hope in this change that I may out-live my deſpairs.

Bellamira. No more of Fear, Sir; for know, I do not hide my joys, curious to conceal them or my thoughts from *Pollidor*; but becauſe I fear 'twould look like Diſſimulation to tell him how happy this day has made me; and now I beg he will let me conceal my joy for my own ſake, as I did my grief this day in tenderneſs of *Pollidor*, whoſe griefs were then the afflictions of my heart.

Pollidor, Vanity and folly would onely aſk more than your great heart freely gives: Know, Madam, when I have waſted my life in gratitude my laſt breath ſhall be my laſt thanks, if I poſſeſs ſuch a bleſſing as to be yours for ever.

Palantus *and* Fidelia *are all this while talking together, and* Leopoldo *and* Phillora; Leopoldo *kiſſes* Phillora's *hand.*

Leopoldo. By this, and by this *Phillora*, I conjure thee no more of doubt nor fear. Heaven and Earth are reconcil'd, and we ſhall ſtand the marks of their bleſſings here.

Phillora. With you, Sir, there is fulneſs of joy; and I ſhall be forc'd to uſe all the virtue Heaven has ſent me to receive this bleſſing of *Leopoldo*'s friendſhip; therefore ceaſe to aſk any thing of *Phillora* that has nothing left in her heart to give but your ſelf again, and when unkinde you will rob me of that I will dy to make me a

paſſage

paſſage through my heart, for nothing but death can force that dear name from thence.

Leop. No more, no more; this kinde ſtrife and emulation in your love will make us waſte a happy age together.

Palantus *kneels to* Bellamira.

Pal. From your hands, Madam, with joy I receive and give this faith, and I doubt not but *Fidelia* will approve my faith the better, for having ſeen it try'd by deſpair, and approv'd by ſo great a Judge in Love as the divine *Bellamira.*

Fid. Nor ſhall I think my heart leſs brave for being folded in thoſe arms your Highneſs refus'd, nor eſteem the love and friendſhip of *Palantus* worſe for having been worn by ſo brave a Princeſs..

Bel. This, *Palantus*, is that I had to beg; and now I conjure thee by all that love and gallantry thou haſt been ſo diligent to ſhew the world, pay here thy vows to friendſhip, and I ſhall be happy by being able to make my dear *Fidelia* ſo.

Pal. Madam, my love was always obedient, but here is no occaſion to ſhew it; and now I lament the virtues of the ſad and kinde *Fidelia* which give me no room to expreſs your power. *Fidelia* has a Beauty and a Virtue to be ſought after at the price of Kingdoms, and hazard of all that's moſt dear to man, and 'tis to injure her to receive her as curteſie from her who knows my ſoul had always a value and kindneſs for her; and truth ſtill dwelt in my heart; for ſince I would not ly to thee that lov'd, but plainly told I lov'd another, be confident I ſhall never ly hereafter; and now I have ſaid that here before the Gods of Gratitude and Truth, in the preſence of this Princeſs, I vow a faithful friendſhip to the gentle *Fidelia.*

Bel. Your hand, *Fidelia*; this days miſery ſhall beget to morrows joy and wonder.

Arcus. Theſe ſtrange unlook'd-for bleſſings, like Dreams of troubled mindes, are ſo far beyond our hopes they can ſcarce finde our faiths: See, Madam, the firſt change of Fortune was of this your Servant; you'll laugh, Madam, and ſcorn, when you ſhall know *Arcus* was one of your Train, and thoſe eyes made me forget my Love, till the miſeries and kindneſs of this Maid ſtrangely ſtruck my heart; and I beg the Honour to let our *Hymen's* Torch be lighted at your bleſſed fire; the black is but the ſhadow of a beauteous ſoul, and ſecures us from Rivals in our Loves.

Rav. Untill your Highneſs has ſeen the King I beg we may defer the reſt of this ſtory, where there are many Friends that long to pay their duty here; you'll be pleas'd, Sir, to give *Clytus* your Commiſſion to publiſh this joyful news to the Army?

Pal. Why this Ceremony to me? If I be your King, I command you live ſtill like a Father with me; and may Heaven frown upon me when I forget the affection of a Son. O *Phillora!* this day is thine, and (if we out-live it) our peaceful Cell we'll to a Temple turn; but where's our Friend the Satyr?

Phillora. Fled, with Joy, to bear theſe tydings to the King.

Leop.

Leop. Let not our Joys rob us of our Humanity towards theſe, the Enemies of our peace, ſince fortune uſed them as the means to the happy diſcovery. *Pallantus*, let that unfortunate prince be taken up, and his body embalm'd, and mourn'd, as becomes his birth; his miſeries were his own ſeeking, no fault of ours; To you, *Roderigo*, the body ſhall be delivered; and to let you taſte part of our Joys, in this your miſery, you ſhall have fair leave, and all things fit, to make your retreat; provided you withdraw your Forces out of *Sicily*, and quit all you pretend to there; to this, I hope, Prince *Genorio* will agree.

Roder. This generoſity is like the Character the world gives of great *Leopoldo*; and he ſhall find his humanity has overcome more then his Sword; and from ſuch an Enemy We ſhall not be aſhamed to have received Conditions, nor fail to Magnifie the juſt *Leopoldo*.

Leop. This Charity being done, we may ſafely review our happyneſs, mine has his Centre here. Lead the way, *Clytus*, to the Temple; there let us finiſh thoſe bleſſings that the Sword has but begun.

Pollidor. *And ſince ſuch bleſſings from our Dreams we ſee;*
And that I ſtill may happy be,
Let Bellamira *Dream for me.*

FINIS.

CLARICILLA,

A

TRAGI-COMEDY,

The Scene *SICILY.*

Written by

THOMAS KILLIGREW,

IN

ROME.

DEDICATED

To His Dear SISTER

THE

Lady *SHANNON.*

LONDON:

Printed by *J. M.* for *Andrew Crook*, at the Sign of the *Green Dragon* in St *Pauls Church-yard.*

1663.

The Names of the Actors:

The King of *Sicily*.
Appius, the Prince of *Calabria*.
Melintus, and *Philemon*, } A Lover of *Claricilla*. both Sons to the Kings Brother.
Timillus, Friend to *Melintus*.
Silvander, the Uſurper, in love with *Claricilla*.
Manlius, and *Tullius*, } Two Pyrates diſguis'd, of *Silvander*'s party.
Seleucus, a Lord, and Favourite to the King, in love with *Claricilla*.
Carillus, his Friend.
Ravack, a Slave, but a great man of *Sicily*.
Jacomo, Servant to *Melintus*.
Claricilla, the Princeſs.
Olinda, her Maid.
Attendants.

CLARICILLA,

A

TRAGI-COMEDY,

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

Enter King, Appius, Seleucus, *and Attendants.*

King. *Seleucus,* you know the ſoul of our Deſign lies in the ſpeedy and ſilent execution of the Plot; let us not then preſume in their ſecurity till we fall in our own; but go, and when they have begirt the place give us notice, that with our Charge they may at once fear and feel their danger, and by us be cloath'd in Ruine ere they know whoſe Livery they wear------ This, if Fortune be kinde, *Exit* Seleuc.
muſt be; for where Juſtice and ſhe ſtrike in what corner of the Earth can Victory hide her ſelf, and that youthful hand not finde her? [*Turning to* Appius.

Appius. I ſhould bluſh at this, if there needed more Arguments to confirm I ſhall be victorious than the reward propos'd; for had the Gods intended the far-fam'd *Claricilla's* Virtues a Reward for Treaſon they would not then have left her Virtue ſuch a Guard, whoſe power hath ſtood amongſt Traitors when yours fell upon the faith that bore it.

King. You oblige me, Sir, and this goodneſs makes me beg you would be pleas'd to let me once again call to your memory ſome particulars of that tedious ſtory which ſo often in my miſeries I recounted to your Highneſs: This Traitor *Silvander* having by my love gain'd an intereſt, and by my ſmiles climb'd o're the Heads of all his Fellows in the ſtrength of that truſt grew too powerfull for me, and in a Battel (where my cauſe onely ſtruck) our Forces being not half the Traitors number we loſt the day, to which Theft, not Conqueſt, was joyn'd the Murder of my Brother and loſs both of my Crown and Daughter.

Appius. That fault the Gods will puniſh; but his uſurpation of the Princeſs, and intended Rape which in a forc'd Marriage he labours, are thoſe that blow my rage.

King. 'Tis true, it has always been his aim, but his Love, by Heaven appointed for his punishment and our Guard, has given her a constant power over him, which we have so directed that she has prevail'd with him to quit his greatest strength, and retreat with her to this private *Villa*, where now he remains attended onely with some few Troops of Horse: This opportunity we owe her piety, that has put it in our power to strike for our Revenge and Right again.

Enter Seleucus.

Seleuc. Arm, Sir, and behold how in the obedience to your commands they are lost; Ruine in silence like Growth steals upon them; th'are now empal'd, and destruction hovers yet undiscover'd to the Prey; but defer not, for Night makes haste away, and the Cause hath such a Glory cast about the Souldier that it forceth Day, and Victory in their resolution waits but your Command to send her forth.

King. Sir, pray be pleas'd to give these lost men their Dooms; the Signal's yours.

He draws his Sword. *Appius.* 'Tis an Honour, and I accept it----And thus I give it, Follow me. [*Exit* Appius.

King. And that Souldier that refuses such a Signal, let his weighty fears sink him where he stands. Come, *Seleucus.* *Exit* King.

Seleuc. Come, *Seleucus* had not wont to be the Word upon a Charge; O Love, thy power hath disarm'd me, or rather Envy hath disarm'd my Love; could it be else that I should stand thus unspirited in *Claricilla's* cause, while others gild their Swords in her revenge? it could not be-----Hark, how eagerly they pursue my misery; cruel Honour too puts in, and tells me, I lose my interest in her, unless by giving wounds I pull on mine own by making way for this Prince's hopes. [*Exit.*

A Charge within.

ACT. I. SCEN. II.

Enter Melintus, Timillus, *and* Jacomo.

Melintus. COme, *Timillus*, let us haste to the Charge, lest our Friends believe Fear declin'd our Peace; and we are early enough, if we succeed, to let them see we have brought the wishes of Friends.

Tim. Faith, if we do not succeed we shall finde we came too soon, I am sure I shall; In an overthrow I am certain to get my share; when I live to want an Enemy my Friends shall knock me o'th' head; for I thank my Fates, Fortune has been as bountiful of her mischiefs to me as an Enemy could wish, and that's but a hard condition, you'll say, for a man that cannot ask rewards when he does well.

Melint. Mention not that here where reward grows within thy reach in every daring forehead; and if *Timillus* dares not gather them,

them he muſt go without 'em; jeſts brings none of the ſwords harveſt home.

Timil. You are ever thus ſnappiſh till I am angry, and then I fight to my own ruine not mine enemies; one would think you might allow a man his humor, and not be forc'd to fight your quarrel, but he muſt fight your way too.

Melin. Prithee no more, leave this diſcourſe and follow me.

[*Exit* Melintus.

Timil. And what wilt thou do, *Jacomo?*

Jac. Who I? I'll follow my Maſter.

Timil. No prithee, let us be friends, chuſe ſome other place, for I'me reſolv'd to keep that my ſelf till I am beaten from it.

Jac. Y'are merry, Sir, but I have ſeen them claw'd ere now that have taken it; but I hope you'le find better fortune.

Timil. A pox of Fortune, ſhe has no ſuch thing as good or bad belongs to her; follow me and if we gain the day I'll give her thee.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT. I. SCEN. III.

Enter Claricilla *and* Olinda.

Olinda. FLy, Madam, and leave 'em, for theſe enemies bring our freedom.

Clar. Be conſtant heaven.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Silvander *wounded, and ſees* Claricilla *fly to his enemies.*

Silvand. What, ho *Claricilla*, gentle *Claricilla*, do'ſt thou fly me too? nay then I'me loſt indeed; thou might'ſt have had mercy, though no love, and preſerv'd me for thine own ſake; for in this fall of mine thou haſt a hand in ruining thine own Temple; nor can'ſt thou after this ingratitude be term'd the juſt, however the fair *Claricilla.*——No, ſince *Claricilla*'s cruel I will not ſtir a foot that leads from danger, nor vainly attempt to eſcape the hand of heaven, unleſs I could hide me from his eye too.——What art thou that wear'ſt ſuch death about thee, and look'ſt as if thou cam'ſt to put off thy habit here? *Within, fly, fly.* *Enter* Melintus *wounded.*

Melin. 'Tis not you I look for,——'Tis ſomething that ſhot from heaven before me; ſhe appear'd like innocence her ſelf, ſtriking in her own cauſe; ſaw you not that ſtar, did ſhe not in her deſcent paſs this way?——He minds me not. [Melint. *offers to go away.* *He ſaw* Claricilla *in her flight.*

Silvand. 'Tis ſo; this youth but ſaw her, and he's overcome.——Stay, what ere thou art, that once again I may ſee thy face, and read the ſtory which Love and Anger appears ſo mingled in.——Now, By all our gods, 'tis nobly writ; and had I met it when I commanded fortune, I would have ſtudied thee, and by obligations have grafted thee my friend; but ſince that power is gone, by this——and my name, I command thee be my Prieſt, know *Silvander* the unfortunate calls thee back. *He draws his ſword.*

Melin.

Aside. *Melin. Silvander!* Oh ye gods! what power ye give to treaſon? that name hath diſpers'd the cloud that paſſion threw betwixt him and the revenge a Fathers murther call'd---Unfortunate as wicked; what fate rul'd thee thus to call me back!

Silv. Prithee youth, no noiſe; I was a traytor, but true to Love. A King, and yet his power commanded me; and could my love to *Claricilla* have conſented to have worn ſuch a Jewel in leſs then a Crown, or been ſatisfied to have ſeen her whom I prefer'd before the gods ſtand ſecond to any; thou in all thy wounds and faith which thus adorn thee, ſhould'ſt not have out-ſhin'd me this day in loyalty.

Melin. Love and Treaſon mixt! know, though thou haſt prov'd thy ſelf a cunning Chymiſt in attempting to deſtroy that noble body; yet I have that here ſhall in ſpite of all thy adulterate mixtures reſtore and fix it: Guard thee.

Silvand. Prithee threaten not, for though I propheſie thou bring'ſt my winding-ſheet, yet thou ſhalt ſee my ſmiles in ſcorns wreathe it about me; and yet I mean not to fall unlike a Souldier, nor be buried without my Rights about me, my ſword upon my breaſt thus: and therefore guard thee.

He draws his ſword.

Melin. Guard me! 'tis the office of the gods.——To kill thee is to do the execution, and the way as ſafe as that the Miniſters of Juſtice tread: and were it as noble as juſt, I would command thee hold thy neck out; but I ſcorn ſuch ways to my revenge; and therefore take an equal trial.——Yield, and your Perſon's ſafe; for 'twas againſt your cauſe, not you, I drew my ſword, which ſcorns to ſtrike even *Silvander* upon the ground. [Silvander *wounded.*

They fight.

Silvand. Hold, and ere this darkneſs hath quite ſhadowed me, hear my ſtory; that as thou haſt puniſh'd my treaſon, thou may'ſt pity my misfortune: and thus (when I am gone) report of me, *Silvander* bow'd to a cruel power, who when he had offer'd all that a Lovers thought could compaſs, and the power of a King worn only to ſerve in when that power leſſen'd, and my offerings came to be in the heart, not hand, the way to his mercy was ſhut, and my prayers becauſe unperfum'd unheard, and I the offerer thus made the ſacrifice: Oh gentle youth, would any bow to ſuch a power as flies us in our miſeries, or worſhip that image which thus falls upon her Prieſt. [*He dies.*

Melin. Unfortunate indeed, as all men are that build upon faults; but I will not ſay I pity thee; for where a King once grew to ſow pity is the worſt of changes. [*Exit.*

Enter Appius *and* Seleucus.

Seleu. This way he went, Sir, if he be mortal; but his ſtay's ſo ſhort that we but ſeem to follow in the tract he makes.

Appius. Let us loſe no time then in overtaking him, that we may aſſiſt his work.

Seleu. I will not fight a foot farther that way; if there be no enemies backwards, I'll make ſome; S'death, I'll not take *Mars* his leavings in the field. *Appius.*

Appius. Come *Seleucus*, turn this fire the right way, and 'twill light thee to find out honour.

Seleu. It has don't; but to day she's so busie in obeying one mans fortune that my wounds are not currant pay to purchase her.

Appius. We're sure he's this way, for here's his mark; where ere he goes he makes death his character; know you this that bears it?

Seleu. Know him? yes, this stroke kill'd not a traytor, but treason it self fell here: this is *Silvander*, and he's gone.——Envy, be not prophetick; his aims beyond a Crown: it must be *Claricilla* then, ye gods! whither else tends this youths flight, or what but she will satisfie; when a King cannot make his quarry! this doubt makes me pursue him, though to a dangerous knowledge. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. I. SCEN. IV.

Enter Claricilla, Melintus *following her.*

Clar. SUre this stranger knows me not; he pursues me as if I were part of the enemy.

Melin. O stay; for know, since I have once again seen my fate I'll read it what ere it be, 'tis written in so fair a book.——See, unconfident of my arms I beg your stay; he begs that dealt death as oft as wounds to his opposers in your pursuit; your fears wrong me; he that dares fight with men will not war with beauty; and this sword that hath cut through so many fates, this day, to find mine own, tremble not at it, for it hath ever been the servant of justice, not cruelty. *He kneels.*

Clar. Sir, I know not guilt enough to beget a fear; yet if you mean me no harm, why do you pursue me, and neglect the advantage Fortune throws upon your daring youth? have you such choice of honours you scorn to stoop for this you have ventur'd so far for? what dress would you wear? what beauties would your youth put on to make it lovely, when those wounds a Crown and conquest cannot satisfie? when your heart thinks these no harvest, where would your sword sow your hazards to reap one more glorious?

Melin. Fair soul go on; and whil'st you blame the effect, I'll read, the cause, and thus look upon the conquest; Crown and reward I struck for, and if ever I have triumph it must pass through those Arches in gentle smiles; and whil'st I enjoy this happiness, let the Crown and Victory pass by as the lesser good. Nor would I give this sight to possess the blessings that attend them both.

Clar. Heaven grant this fruit be from a noble stock, and yet 'tis safer 'twere not; for I fear I am not proof against such vertues; 'twas the dress my *Melintus* wore when he appear'd most comely (nor need I doubt him) for never honour grew where 'twas not sow'd; Sir, you forget your wounds, they exact a care.

Melin.

Melin. No, fair one; I am now pouring Balm into them; and could I hope you would afford this way of cure, it would be one health not to be heal'd.——Why do you turn away, and let my truths fall ere they reach your ears? is it your fears that would remove you? let this truth secure you; though I appear in this bloody dress, more like a Priest, yet know I am a sacrifice, and that sacrifice which once was acceptable to you.

She turns from him.

Clar. Sure I have heard that voyce.——Sir, for heavens sake, wound me not with doubt, but tell me who you are.

Melin. Are there no lines in all this misery that you can call to minde?——Nor the print of one joy left which you set there. [*He pulls a patch from his eyes, she leans on him and weeps.*

Clar. Oh yes! there is.

Melin. O *Claricilla!*——Soul of honour, why do you not in charity quit your vertue, 'tis single here, that I may throw off my pain.

Clar. O *Melintus*, you must not wish it; *Melintus* can bravely suffer, he's a Souldier, Loves Souldier, but Honours Leader; let me weep my soul into thy noble breast; this payment I can make to none but to thy self; those tears that were due to absence sadness paid thy memory; Oh let me rest upon thee, my joys are too great a load to bear; and feel how the *Melintus* here beats to meet *Melintus* there.

Melin. Oh ye gods, 'tis Paradise sure; the way was so rugged that lead to it.

Clar. 'Tis a great power we serve; nor is it more seen in his punishment that parted us, then in this reward; but let us not, my soul, unhandsomely, or saucily, express our joyes; it may displease those powers that have been thus favourable; and my *Melintus* had not wont to sacrifice to himself and forget the gods. [*She offers to go from him.*

Melin. Oh gentle *Claricilla*, remove not from me; for you mistake the posture, the breast is Loves Altar, and the seat of friendship; and for sacrifice, is not *Claricilla* a fuller offering in either kind then a Cake or Spice? but I submit, for *Melintus* shall never know a reason that contradicts *Claricilla*.

Clar. Yet let us remember what we owe to your safety; your wounds too (but that I know *Melintus* ever plac'd dangers behind his Love) I should ere this have prompted you to a care of.

Melin. For my wounds, the cause will heal 'em; to me you owe nothing for your deliverance; your freedom grew here, and your enemies mistaking the place, in search of my dangers, digg'd it out; and you shall find this truth in the beauty of the scars they leave. Oh *Claricilla*, thy faith makes me smile through all this blood; but hark, I fear we are pursu'd; this upon your fair hand, and then let me hide my love and name under my disguise.

He puts on his patch.

Clar. Good night, *Melintus*; for thou hast now put out the light, and like Love himself thou art blind, and thou art all I worship of that god. [*Enter* Appius *and* Seleucus.

Seleu. See where the Eagle stands, my fears were true; the Princess

Princeſs in his hand too, he holds her like his prey in the foot.—— Sir, though you fought well, this Lady will not prove your reward, ſhe cannot be a priſoner here, Sir. *He takes her from him.*

Melin. What I did well was rewarded in the act; and for this Lady I am ſo far from hoping ſhe ſhould be my priſoner, that I would have ſuffer'd all the miſeries of war ere ſtruck one blow againſt her freedom. [Seleucus *turns ſleightly from* Melintus.

Seleu. Here is a Prince whoſe youthful fire blown with deſire to ſerve your Highneſs has through thouſand dangers, this day, courted your favour, and in his hand you'll ſeem more aptly worne.

Appius. Madam, though his friendſhip ſeem to direct, your highneſs has an intereſt that commands here; and 'tis honour enough if you pleaſe to let me kiſs your hand.

Clar. Sir, civilities are always fruitful, and beget civilities, if they meet with honour; which I hope ſhall not be wanting to give a a growth to what you venture here.

Melin. Madam, I ſee 'tis not my opinion only, but this Lords too, that I am unworthy of this honour.

Clar. If it be an honour, Sir, wear it; you firſt ſecur'd it. *She gives him her hand again.*

Seleu. Will you make your hand the reward of Fortune then, and ſcatter your favours ſo that they may be had for ſtooping? is that an honour due to the firſt comer? if ſo, I grudge it not, for ſuch favours and upon ſuch tyes he may wear; elſe I ſhould be loath to ſtoop to her that bows to him.

Clar. You are inſolent.

Melin. Thus, Madam, be pleas'd to accept your due, and then give me leave to exact mine.——Sir, let not your intereſt here and the opinion you have but a ſingle enemy, make you preſume to injure me, nor ſo miſtake my bounty as to think I have thrown my blood away in vanity; for though I ſet no price upon my wounds, and contract not for killing of a Traytor, yet I can tell whether I am bid fair or no when I have don't; and 'tis nobler far to give a courteſie then ſell it under.—— Do you ſmile? it may be you have had good markets, and ſuch weak chapmen for thoſe few good deeds you have done. *He turns to* Seleucus. Seleucus *ſmiles and turns.*

Seleu. Yes, but if thou wert from this place I would make thee pay dear for one which ſhould on thy heart write, Thou wert but my factor; and all the honour thou art thus proud of but my ſtore.

Melin. You promiſe to your ſelf too fair; and noiſes fright only when we are ignorant of the cauſe, and there's too much in thee to have a dangerous depth. [Seleucus *offers to ſtrike.*

Appius. Hold, *Seleucus*,—— Sir, when you know his good, you will pardon this ill, nor do I conceive it an injury to ſhew by his envy what value he ſets upon your glories; and I make no doubt when his reaſon hath purg'd this choler from his honour, you'll find him a healthy friend, and his acquaintance not ſubject to theſe ſickly paſſions; if he does, as of a ſurety, command my faith to make this good.

Melin. Sir, I can eaſier bear injuries that I deſerve not, then receive obligations that I cannot pay; for injuries have a cure growing within my reach; but obligations I muſt ſuffer under their weight, if you propoſe not the remedy too.

Appius. Come embrace; *Seleucus* had not wont to hate the perſon of an enemy, much leſs fall in love with injuries; eſpecially when jealous honour begets them upon miſtakes among friends. [*They embrace coldly.*

Seleu. Love and Honour, farewell to both; my ends are the gods I'll worſhip now; and my Net once thrown, I'll catch 'em though they ſwim in blood. [*Enter* King *and attendants.*

Clar. See my royal Father; and I have reap'd my bleſſings ere I have paid my ſacrifice: thus, Sir, to the gods I bow, in pious obedience here to you.

King. Welcome, dear *Claricilla*, riſe, twice born to a Crown, twice parent and twice the iſſue of my joys; live and enjoy all the bleſſings that my prayers and ſacrifice can call down upon thee; and you, Sir, to whom we ſtand thus oblig'd for unmerited favours, ſince you have left no other way to return them, take the bluſhes you have begot; and be pleas'd to let us know your name and Country, that our grateful mentions may not fall like darts thrown at nothing: Sure 'tis a happy one that hath ſuch ſtore of vertues, that ſhe can ſpare from her helm ſuch a Pilot in the courſe of honour.

Melin. Your pardon, royal Sir, for diſobeying your command; my Country I dare not tell; for as my Parent, I would hide her faults; and my name is, where 'tis known, ſo diſpleaſing that I dare not venture it here where I would remain an humble ſervant.

King. Come, my *Claricilla*, let us not forget the heart to ſacrifice unto the hand; thus acknowledging the means, and forget the power that commands them; but remember that the gods, though they oft-times are ſeen but in the ſucceſs and latter end of things, yet their place is firſt, and ought to be ſo in our worſhip.

Melin. In the morning I ſhall beg leave to viſit your Highneſs.

Clar. I hope ſo. *Exeunt* King, Claricilla, *and attendants.*

Melin. Sure I have ſurpriz'd my joys; they had not wont to come thus naked, thus like Angels, whoſe cloathing is all we ſee, the reſt a myſtery. —— My friend, pardon, when I forget my ſelf, if thou appear'ſt loſt in my joys.

Enter Timillus.

Seleu. He's alone, and ſomething I'll do,---But ſtay, who's this?

Timil. Prithee call thy bird back again, for mine is flown, that we may have ſomething to truſt to; this is the comfort of a Comrade, a man may go halfs, and be both ſavers.

Melin. Thou art wounded.

Timil. Why, do you wonder I ſhould get a wound? I wonder I got no more; I am ſure I have been where fewer have been dealt ere now, and yet more has fallen to my ſhare; but, by this hand, I am glad thou haſt got ſome of Fortunes goods, as they call 'em, by this wrack; I had a ſmock too, but it tore in taking up; what are thoſe that ſtand ſo at diſtance, are they enemies or no?

Melin.

Mel .Where?- ---O no. [Seleucus *gazes in a corner upon them.*

Tim. Why then they are worſe, for they are friends that will be enemies.

Mel. They are Enemies to nothing but this days fortune; for yet they know not me.

Tim. Enemies to nothing but this days fortune? I prithee what ſubject is there elſe for their hate, or wiſh, but thy wounds? and thoſe are things I believe few court, elſe on my Conſcience one or other would have had mine ere this time.

Sel. I muſt take ſome other time. [*Exit* Seleucus.

Mel. They are gone.

Tim. Let 'em go-----And now prithee tell me what was that, -----that ſhe that went in; as thou lov'ſt me; let her not be ranſom'd till I have hung theſe Fetters about her for a night; By this hand we'll ſhare.

Mel. Doſt thou know what thou haſt ſaid?

Tim. Know what I have ſaid? No, nor I don't care; but pray, what have I ſaid?

Melint. That thou'lt be aſham'd of, when thou know'ſt of whom.

Tim. Why? I have not ly'd, *Melintus*; and for the Who in woman 'tis a thing I look not after; when my eye is pleas'd the Sex bleſſes all the reſt; the Who and What belong to thoſe Fools inquiry that hunt Mariage.

Mel. Come, thou'lt be aſham'd when thou ſhalt know, This is that Princeſs *Claricilla* that thou haſt heard me in tears ſo often mention; that virtue which thou ſo admired'ſt from my relation, whoſe noble ſweetneſs has made kindred and duty to my King the leaſt ties of love and reſpect I bear her.

Tim. She is honeſt then-----and no hope left: By this hand I'll be o'recome hereafter and get more by it than ſuch a Conqueſt, where a Manget's nothing but cold Honour: Do you hear *Melintus*, though ſhe be a Virtue as you call it, yet I hope there's a vice belongs to her.

Mel. Prithee put off this humour, Repine at the growth of Honour! Sad, becauſe a fair woman's honeſt!

Tim. No, Sir; I'm glad ſhe's honeſt, becauſe it ſeems honeſty pleaſeth you; but an honeſt woman to me is a book I could never read in nor I imagine why we ſhould ſtudy them, they're ſecrets that reach but to one mans knowledge, and the beſt of 'em are worſt; a knowledge whoſe virtue is ignorance, and I'll not traffick for ſuch Commodities as are not vendible; and by this hand the very thought ſhe ſhould be handſome and honeſt hath made me dry; Look how white I ſpit; let me go that I may be drunk and forget the ſad cauſe.

Mel. Drunk? thou canſt not, thou haſt a Leak will preſerve thee, 'twill paſs out there ere it come to fuming; you had beſt look to that.

Tim. This? what? whoe Pox, I can ſtop this with my finger.

Mel. Come, prithee leave thy fooling, and let me ſee't; I hope 'tis not dangerous.

Tim. No, no, ne're fear it; this narrow Lane will ne're prove my High-way to Heaven.

Mel. Prithee come away then, we ſhall be obſerv'd to be ſo long together.

Tim. Hang obſervers, for I am ſure I ne're had any.

Exeunt.

ACT. II. SCEN. I.

Enter Manlius, *and* Tullius.

Manlius. STrip thoſe Slaves, and to the Bank chain the Cowards; Slavery is no new thing to ſuch as fear: and *Tullius*, looſe the *Rhodian* on the Star-board bank: Me-thinks that Fellow looks as if he were unjuſtly yoak'd with his miſery; in the heat of the fight I ſaw him ſhake his Chain like a fierce Dog held from the Chaſe.

Tul. Sir.

Man. Urge me no more; Juſtice as well as Bloud has an intereſt in the Revenge I take; and that makes it healthy, though it may be that which Anger hunts would taſte as ſweet.

Tul. Sir, your pardon; 'tis my ignorance in the cauſe of your diſpleaſure made me mediate for them.

Enter Philemon.

Philemon *aſide* Ha! *Manlius.*

Man. And becauſe *Tullius* ſhall not think that *Manlius* would in miſery expect the compaſſion that he would not give you ſhall know why I refuſe theſe my Countrey-men in miſery that mercy I found from thee in mine.

Tul. Sir, not that I doubt you have one, but the deſire to know it, makes me beg you would relate the cauſe; *Tullius* can be but faithful when he has heard it, and that I hope is not to be queſtion'd now.

Man. Know then, in that day when Treaſon flew above Juſtice, and falſe *Silvander* enrich'd by his Maſter's truſt out-vy'd the noble King with his own bounty, who too late found his love had not gain'd a Friend, but begot a Traitor, 'twas in that day the brave *Thiſander* fell. The intereſt I had in this fault Heaven, I hope, hath pardon'd as well as puniſh'd; but to be ſhort, our party having gain'd the day, the Crown and Beauty that attended it, the fair *Claricilla* fell into the hands of falſe *Silvander*, where her virtues by daily ſeeing them diſpers'd the Cloud Ambition had ſet betwixt my Loyalty and me, and then too late I repented what I had done; yet not willing to deſpair before I had attempted ſomething, I undertook an act, which if Heaven had ſmil'd on, might have redeem'd my forfeit Honour; 'twas to heal the wounds I had made,

made with the bloud of the ſurpriz'd Traitor, whoſe fall I had decreed in the midſt of all his falſe glories.

Tullius. How came it, Juſtice was ſo abſent in her own cauſe?

Man. His ſins it ſeems were not ripe, nor this puniſhment that Heaven deſign'd him, which by I hope this is fully paid: But to the parcular; one night being in the Princeſſes chamber contriving her eſcape, which we reſolv'd ſhould be ere I gave the blow, a Guard ſeiz'd me, and no cauſe given; I was ſent unto my ruine, as he deſign'd, there your gratitude preſerv'd me, I afterwards learn'd the occaſion of my impriſonment; theſe men whom Fortune now has given into my power urg'd the luſt-burnt Traitor to a Rape upon the Princeſs, and with a forc'd Mariage counſel'd him to confirm his Title, blowing in his eat that there was love betwixt the Princeſs and me, which if his care remov'd not would be a hindrance to his deſigns; from his guilt and jealouſie grew that neceſſity which made me receive the command my better fortunes gave your merit: And now judge whether or no there be a juſtice in this puniſhment.

Tul. 'Tis viſible they bow under a weight that juſtice hath laid upon them, and my Galley is both a Priſon and a Sanctuary.

Phil. Is this *Manlius*, and the cauſe of his diſgrace? [*Aſide.*

Man. But ſee the Slave I have ſent for, *Tullius*; Was he bought or taken?

Tul. 'Tis one of that Ging defended the *Rhodian* when we loſt ſo many men in fight.

Man. I remember the ſtory; but how came it he was left when you ſold the reſt?

Tul. They did not like the price; beſides he was dogged, and that made me put him to the Oar.

Man. Of what Countrey art thou, and thy name?

Phil. Of no Countrey,----nor no name, in Chains; Slave is a being-----That what has been is of no force againſt; elſe my Name and Countrey are not things to be aſham'd of.

Man. Yet if you think they have power to gain your freedom you are too blame to keep 'em hid.

Phil. I have vow'd never to diſcover either till I have my freedom, and I will not break my vow.

Man. Why ſo dogged in your anſwer?

Phil. Why not? What is there in my fortune that needs fear a worſe condition? or what danger in a Slave worth your conſideration what he ſays? If you dare a venture good deed, give me credit for one and ſet me free.

Man. No, no, we muſt not be forc'd to a benefit. *Tullius*, command the Galley to put from ſhoar, and ly looſe to night to be ready if there be occaſion offer'd, we will ſtay a ſhoar to night and expect what iſſue this days trouble hath. [*Exeunt all but* Philemon.

Phil. Yes, I was of the *Rhodian* Ging, and chief, though you know it not; and had our Seconds been men of ſouls and not made up of fears, might have plaid your parts now. To what a miſerable condition am I fallen? The laſt Mart, becauſe I was wounded,

no

no body would buy me, the ſoul of a Slave in their eſteem not weighing down his limbs: Ye Gods, either ſend me liberty or take your gifts again: Honour and her Iſſue, Courage, Juſtice, Faithfulneſs, are of no uſe to me; Who would be judg'd by a Slave? Courage in Chains, what can it hurt? or to be faithful, of what uſe when we are not truſted? O my fate! Why was I born free? Had I been bred a Slave I could have ſung in Chains; nay, to have periſh'd in them had been dying in my Calling; but to fall from greatneſs, and without a fault be puniſh'd with the guilty! nay, where the guilty ſcape! False *Rhodes!* my Curſe kindle a fire within thee; the freedom that my ſoul brought thither threw me into her dangers which their Cowardice had made ſuch certain ruine; in their apprehenſion that not one amongſt them had man enough to look upon their fears; I then a God was held, becauſe I durſt venture thus to become a Sacrifice.

ACT. II. SCEN. II.

Enter Seleucus *ſolus.*

Sel. YE Gods, by what ways or marks ſhould men follow what is good? when virtue it ſelf does not always keep one path; when *Claricilla* who has all I know of virtue ſhall quit the God-like attribute of Truth, and the Guard which Innocence ſecures her from impious men with, and fly for ſafety to an Excuſe? She deny'd my viſit at the price of a Ly, and at that rate of ſin bought a ſtrangers company: *Olinda* aſſures me he's at this time with her; but why do I thus without dangers bark againſt him, and let this Tree without a Root, this Ly ſtand in my proſpect? It ſhall not, I will ſee her; and ſince ſhe can ſo put off her Honour, as to ly for one man, who knows but ſhe may ly with two? *Exit.*

ACT. II. SCEN. III.

Enter Melintus, *and* Claricilla.

Mil. YOu have now heard all the paſſages of my life ſince that ſad day! we parted to this joyful hour; which if poor *Philemon* had liv'd to ſee, how happy had we three been!

Clar. Have you not heard of him ſince his loſs at *Rhodes?* Do you believe him dead?

Mel. My love makes me believe what I fear, for he had many wounds; beſides, I know his Ranſom would have pleas'd the Conquerour better than his bonds, for they were Pirates; but no more of this ſad ſubject now.

Clar. O *Melintus*, grow not weary of mentioning a Friend; though it be ſad, 'tis juſt, and let that bear the weight; had *Philemon* liv'd to have ſeen me and *Melintus* loſt, we ſhould have ſpent our days

days in your ſtory ere ſuffer'd your name to have paſt un-mention'd. *Philemon*, to his Friend a Lamb, and in ſuch ſoftneſs he always wore his Lions heart; *Philemon*, whoſe youth had growth with us, a Plant by the ſame hand ſet, a flower from our own ſtock, and all his ſweets akin to us; and we ought to be ally'd to his misfortunes too: but why do I teach *Melintus?* 'tis boldly done to give Laws to him that is ſuch a Maſter in the rights of friendſhip. [*She weeps.*

Mel. To let you ſee I love *Philemon*, I do not grudge him that precious dew; and gentle *Claricilla*, to witneſs my ſoul hath one conſent with yours, See, I can bear you company in your own Sex.

Clar. O ye Gods! he weeps, *Melintus* weeps; What Agony muſt this noble Youth feel when his Soul ſweats ſuch drops? Pardon me for thus ſtirring thy grief.

Mel. Do not think I left the ſubject becauſe I was weary of the diſcourſe, or could enough mention *Philemon*, that durſt be my Friend when 'twas certain ruine; and now he's dead I break no truſt to tell you the cauſe was a greater tie than any effect it had. Know, *Philemon* was in love with *Claricilla*, and it was with *Claricilla* and not himſelf; for when by my truſt he found your ſoftneſs had receiv'd impreſſion from my conſtant love, and you were pleas'd to call me your *Melintus*, I became his too; and to ſerve us in our wiſhes was all the Heaven he aimed at. And now (my Soul) you muſt either confeſs me unworthy, or elſe grant, ſuch daring courage, and ſuch fearful love as *Philemon* commanded, could never ſink from the ſoul of *Melintus*.

Clar. Since *Melintus* hath begun, take my confeſſion too; know I ſaw it long ago, and decreed rewards of friendſhip for the noble youth; but when 'twas beyond my power to cure, it had been cruelty to have inquired the pain, and therefore would not ſee what I pity'd. And now you have all the ſecrets of my heart; thoſe of joy thy friendſhip multiplies, and thoſe of grief; thus thou divid'ſt the pains. [*Enter* Olinda.

Mel. O lay the whole weight here.

Ol. Madam, *Seleucus* upon earneſt buſineſs, as he pretends, will ſee you.

Clar. How? will ſee me? Tell him----

Enter Seleucus *and ſurprizes them*, Melintus *is tranſported into rage.*

Seleuc. Nothing, Madam, he knows too much already; and though my Anger, which Envy and your Cauſe begot, was grown to ſuch a deſtructive height that I could not rule it till it found mine own ruine in your frown, yet a Souldiers envy is no ſin; nor ought his anger be puniſhed by his friends, when he appears not in love with his fault, nor ſeeks to juſtifie it. This day I begg'd leave to crave your pardon for my offence; and your Highneſs refus'd my viſit, and made an Excuſe to admit this----Madam, 'twill be no glory to you that you could withſtand the ſieges which *Silvander* and

He points in ſcorn to Melintus.

and my ſelf laid againſt you by many ſervices, when it ſhall be known you were o'recome by a ſingle one, and yielded at firſt ſight to a ſtranger.

Clar. Seleucus, when I take you for my friend I'll take your counſel, and not till then; for the ſervices you urge they have been always dreſt ſo in commands that they appear'd unbecoming.

Sel. Madam, you did not look with equal eyes upon them, elſe their paſſion would have appear'd their greateſt beauty; and I never ſpake Loves language more than when I was leaſt a Poet.

Clar. The love of Subjects to their Prince is duty; and thoſe whom we pay we do not thank; the Hireling ought to ſerve.

Sel. Madam, you ſpeak as if I ſerv'd for bread, and forget that Subjects are Heavens ſervants; and 'tis the Gods that appoint us Kings, and I am doom'd to it. 'Tis that, not want that makes me a Subject, which condition your Highneſs is not exempt from. But I wonder what mighty Prince this is that thus vouchſafes to hide himſelf.

Clar. This inſolence here?

Mel. Your pardon, Madam, 'tis my Q. your Sex cannot ſtrike, and 'twas the reſpect which this place claims made me ſtand his mark thus long-Now to you who this ſecond time have with ſcorn look'd upon my temper when a calm has hid it. Know in the beſt of all thy ills, thy love, thou art a Traitor; elſe thou durſt not hope this Princeſs would be food for ſervants; and though thy fawning on thy Maſters feet hath been cheriſh'd ſo that thou haſt left the Crums there, and are now ſet by him, ſnatching at his own diſh.

Sel. This to me?

Mel. Yes, to thee whoſe pride hath now but begun its leap, which I propheſie will end at his throat; nor are ſuch Dogs ſtrange in this ſtate. Remember yeſterday, when one of that hated breed fell unpitied.

Sel. Sure you take me for a Coward, you durſt not urge me thus elſe.

Mel. No, Sir, that would ſecure you; nor do I believe, though you have many faults, coward any of them.

Sel. I'll expect you in the garden then. [*Exit* Seleucus.

Mel. I'll follow you-----Madam, let not this threatn'd ſtorm fright you; your intereſt lies in the ſecurity of my innocence, which cannot fall here.

Clar. O that *Melintus* would hear my Reaſons for what I ſay ere accuſe me for having too much woman in my ſuit, and then I would tell him he muſt not fight, at leaſt not now.

Mel. Not fight? My honour is concern'd.

Clar. And my honour is concern'd; twill look like fighting for me; and I hope, *Melintus* will not ſet that at ſtake againſt opinion, eſpecially when his courage is ſo far from being in queſtion, 'tis become a Proverb. Beſides, though you conquer you are loſt; you ſee his intereſt in my Father makes him not look with juſtice on your merits; and to kill his creature may threaten your own ruine,

ruine, but theſe Arguments have their period in fears ſtill; and therefore I'll not urge the reaſons they bring, as of force againſt the danger that honour threatens.

Melin. And thoſe that come not ſo attended are commands to *Melintus*, who covets only to keep thoſe beauties of his mind, that you may not be put to make excuſes for your love.

Clar. Then gently thus, let me prevail with you to appoint a farther day, to determine this angry queſtion, whilſt I acquaint my Father with his ambitious hopes, which he not dreams are levell'd at me, and conſequently the Crown; I'll tell him of his inſolence now, and at the Battle; then I will urge the late treaſon, and bid him call to mind the dangers that Traytors hopes threatned, which ſprung from this root. I know 'twill ſtartle his ſoul; and if it fail to ruine him, yet 'twill take the edge o'th Kings faith off from what he ſays, and with jealous eyes he will look upon his growing greatneſs; and when he is thus ſhook, thus parted from the Cedar that ſhelters him, then let thy juſtice pour a ſtorm upon his head: And now by the power *Melintus* hath given me I command him deliver his honour for a time into my protection; this (if I have not appear'd too careleſs of mine own) you cannot deny me.

Melin. You have o'recome me, take my honour which I have preſerved through thouſand hazards, I freely give it you, and now reſt ſecure I am yours for ever; for my love and honour being gone, what remains is fit for nothing; I will not meet this angry man; his inſolence ſhall have juſtice on her ſide; and I will give him cauſe to ſcorn me.

Clar. Melintus ſhoots his preſents, and then they wound, not oblige; curteſies done unwillingly is throwing the frozen into the fire, where too much heat kills the charity, and proves but altering, not reſcuing the danger.

Melin. Pardon, Madam, if you find me unvers'd in the way that leads to diſhonour; for though I ſubmit to your reaſon, yet *Seleucus* nor the world (to whom he will barely tell the fault) will know what argument with-held me.

Clar. Pray obey me once without diſpute; and I hope this cloud is all that is left of many that lowr'd upon our joys, and we ſhall ſee a clear evening yet to crown our wiſhes. Farewell.

[*Exeunt ſeveral ways.*

ACT. II. SCEN. IV.

Enter Seleucus.

Seleu. HEnce Love, and thy pale dew of tears be gone; Revenge and her beauteous purple, 'tis to thee I bow, Love cannot now reach my ends; though at firſt I ſtalk'd with it, 'twas indeed a proper Nurſe, and rock'd the Cradle while my deſigns were young; but now they walk alone waited on by my reſolutions and confident of my ſtrength; I need not ſuck her milky miracles, to confirm my faith; nor ought the event (though ill) be

laid to me; for to dare ſpeaks the great ſoul, not the ſucceſs; ſince Prophets well ſeen in things to come have been themſelves o'retaken with an unknown doom; but ſtay, the buſineſs now in hand requires my being preſent here.——Now, Sir, y'are ſomething ſlow in juſtifying, though quick in doing injuries; ſure you believe me the dog you call'd me, you would not have made me wait thus elſe.

Enter Melintur.

Melin. 'Tis true, injuries are things I am as ſlow to juſtifie, as commit; they are commonly the children of choler, and ſuch baſtard iſſue ſhame the Parents; and if through weakneſs at any time I get them I hide them if I can with ſatisfaction.

Seleu. Words are too neer akin to heal words; your ſword hath a more certain cure, and I repair to that, draw.——Do you not underſtand the word? draw. [Seleucus *draws his ſword.*

Melin. Firſt hear me; that I came un-invited, and now am going without taking leave, ſhews 'twas choice put me upon theſe hazards, not neceſſity; and that I dare fight I have it written in my face, there under my enemies hand, to witneſs; and ſuch torn Enſigns tell the bearer fled no dangers; let that ſatisfie 'tis not fear binds my hands, and yet I will not fight.

Seleu. 'Twas the cauſe I ſee gave you fire; and I am aſham'd to call that man enemy which I muſt bid twice draw his ſword, which do or I'll kill thee.

Melin. I tell thee I will not fight.

Seleu. You will not fight? By my life I'll kill thee then.

Melin. When I will not fight any body may do it; but when I will thou canſt not; and once again I tell thee I will not fight, nor dar'ſt thou kill me.

Seleu. Not dare? why what haſt thou about thee that can protect thee from the juſtice this brings?

Melin. Thou haſt that about thee that protects me; and though I hate thee yet I can be juſt.

Seleu. Do me juſtice with your hand, your tongue has loſt his power; draw your ſword, 'tis her proper emblem, or, By my anger, thou art loſt; nor ſhall this new kind of coward ſave thee; Turn, and do not tempt me, or, By him that rules the day, I'll kill thy fame too with a cowards wound in thy back.

Melin. Thou dar'ſt not do it; I know thou wilt not take ſo little for thine honour; it coſt thee too dear to be ſold ſo cheap as to take a naked life, that's undefended, for't; thou ſeeſt I am reſolv'd not to fight to day; ſo bound by a reſolution that coward could not loſe it, therefore in vain thou tempt'ſt me.

Seleu. Why the devil did you take this reſolution againſt me that long to fight with you?

Melin. 'Tis but for a time.

Seleu. Will you then hereafter?

Melin. Yes, by all my hopes; and nothing but this reſolution then in thee ſhall protect one of us.

Seleu. Till this fit be over, then, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Melin. 'Tis ſtrange, having both one buſineſs, our way ſhould lye

ſo

ſo ſeveral, *Claricilla*, thy commands can put me into any form, that can bow me thus.

ACT. II. SCEN. V.

Enter Seleucus *and* Carillus.

Seleu. WAs the Prince in the garden when you left him?

Car. Yes, my Lord; and he had newly parted with the King; he's this morning to make his viſit to the Princeſs; your Lordſhip is appointed by the King to accompany him.

Seleu. You ſaw not *Olinda* ſince?

Car. No, my Lord.

Seleu. Go find her and tell her of this viſit; bid her ſingle her ſelf from the company, tell her I muſt ſpeak with her this morning----- *Claricilla* will think me very bold, to dare thus ſoon to preſs into her preſence; but 'tis no matter; her thoughts have now no power to puniſh me that have ſet my ſelf free; nor will I again ſtand in fear of ought but that power which does create cauſe as well as beget the fear; that power that made Fate to be Fate, and yet his ſervant; there I will pay all that I have for fear; here to tremble is to fear the Idol I my ſelf have made. [*Exit*

Exit Carillus.

ACT. II. SCEN. VI.

Enter Claricilla, *and* Olinda *following her.*

Olinda. MAdam, the Prince is without attended with *Seleucus*, and deſires to kiſs your Highneſs hand.

Clar. Wait him in; this Prince is in report a man of a noble ſoul, I gueſs his buſineſs, and muſt with pain impoſe that which will ſound what depth of honour is in him.——He comes.

Enter Appius *and* Seleucus.

Appius. Now thoſe clouds which thus long have hid your vertues, and that ſtorm is again blown over; ſo that your Highneſs begins to break like your ſelf among us; *Appius* is come, though unconfident in the ſucceſs, lab'ring with ambitious hopes to beg you will give the ſervices of his life leave to wait upon your happy days.

Clar. Ere your Highneſs proceed be pleas'd to hear a ſuit that I muſt bluſhing make, and to your own ear only; and if you pleaſe to retire with me I ſhall acquaint you with it.

Appius. Command me, Madam.

Seleu. *Olinda*, a word with you.

Olinda. This way then. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

Enter Claricilla *and* Appius.

Clar. SIR, 'twas his Counſel, thus, by a truſt, to oblige your Highneſs to be our friend, rather then by injuries (which has been the common way of States) to decline your pretenſions.

Appius. 'Twas charitably done not to let my hopes lead me too much aſtray; and ſince 'tis to ſo gallant a Rivall as *Melintus*, I ſhall without envy, though not pain, lay down my hopes.

Enter Olinda, *over-hearing their diſcourſe.*

Clar. He's now in Court, but yet unknown; 'tis the ſtranger that yeſterday made ſuch way to my reſcue; at firſt I fled him that with ſuch love purſu'd; for his diſguiſe kept me ignorant who it was; within I ſhall acquaint you with our deſign, and beg your counſel; and ſometime this night I would fain ſpeak with him in the Garden.

Appius. I ſhall not fail to ſerve you. [*Exit.*

Olinda. The ſtranger! is he the man, and muſt you meet him in the Garden this night? this ſhall to *Seleucus*; I'me ſure of my pay, for I have my reward already. [*Exit.*

ACT. III. SCEN. II.

Enter Seleucus.

Seleu. I See 'tis neither ſo eaſie, nor ſo ſafe to be a Villain, as I thought; 'tis true, wicked any fool may be; but to be a Villain and Maſter in that Art, oh the baſeneſs that we ſtoop to! the hated means, the loath'd ſubjects that with Chymiſts patience we muſt extract our ends through! and when the work's done we have but whet the ſword of Juſtice, and with our own hands pull'd down unpiti'd dooms.——The thought ſtrikes amazement into my ſoul, which has not yet conſented to my ills: What ſhall not I fall to, that could conſent, for the knowledge of a ſecret, to make my ſelf the ſteps by which a Whore climb'd to her ambitious luſt? the baſeneſs of the act hath awak'd my ſleeping honour; and I'll be honeſt ere I'll again pay ſuch a rate for ſin. No Love, 'its thy cruelty has begot this diſtraction in me.

He lyes down on the ground.

Enter Olinda.

Olinda. Ha! upon the ground? up, my *Seleucus*, up, I am yet breathleſs; my Love in her deſcent has made ſuch haſte that it begot a fire in the motion that had like to have burnt our *Cupid's* wings.

Seleu. What ailes thee? is it impudence, or diſtraction begets this

this boldneſs; what is it that thou thus labour'ſt with, has it no name?

Olinda. It had a name, and 'twas call'd a ſecret whilſt but by two known, and *Claricilla*'s ſecret; but it ſhall become a general knowledge, I overheard it when ſhe gave it to the Prince, and by this name, the onely ſecret of her ſoul; ſhe is in love, and by honour engag'd, Does that move you? when you know to whom, your love will ſacrifice her to your anger: 'Tis the ſt anger; and but that her baſhfulneſs could not name him aloud, I now might have told you who he was, for ſhe nam'd him, and he is this night to meet her in the Garden; the Prince is of their party too, and has promis'd to quit his pretenſion, and onely ſtays to ſerve her in her love; ſo there's but I faithful to *Seleucus*; now, do I rave or no?

Sel. No, my *Olinda*; 'tis I that rave, and beg of one that lives upon anothers alms.

Olind. Thus would I ſacrifice the Gods ſhould they ſcorn what I love.

Sel. Thou art my Goddeſs.

Olind. Will *Seleucus* then be juſt, and reward that faith that thus has flown o're thoſe poyſonous Plants, and from them with danger ſuck'd this honey-ſecret? Will he, I ſay, be juſt, and give me leave to unlade this precious Dew in his gentle boſom, and there finde my Hive when I return from travelling in his ſervice?

Sel. Thou ſhalt have any thing, but be gone now, 'twill breed ſuſpition to be ſeen with me alone: Art certain they are to meet to night?

Olind. Be gone! *Seleucus*, there was more diſcretion than love in that Injunction. Urge me not to jealouſie; for I that could betray a Miſtreſs and a Friend for love of thee, if injur'd, I would have thee know, for my revenge my love ſhall go. But I hope better, and I obey. [*Exit* Olinda.

Sel. This the King ſhall know----- Yield at firſt blow! 'Tis worſhipping a ſtranger God, and a ſin in honour though he were ſo-----But ſtay, who are theſe? the Prince and the ſtranger. He, ſhe ſays, is of their party; as I could wiſh, I hope it ſhall ruine him too. *Enter* Appius *and* Melintus.

Mel. Be pleas'd to urge it as a thing you are diſpleas'd with, and that the Princeſs made it her complaint, and deſir'd your Highneſs would acquaint his Majeſty with it; and Sir, when you have compleated this work which thus nobly you have begun, and finiſh'd your creation, command us and our happineſs as the Creatures that owe their being to your favour.

Appius. Noble *Melintus*, when I have ſerv'd you, 'twill but pay the expectation your early faith gave me credit for.

Mel. Look, *Seleucus!* Sir, I hope his ears have not met our words. Your pardon, Sir. I'll ſtep off ere I am diſcover'd; after I have this night waited on the Princeſs in the Garden I ſhall in your Chamber acquaint you with all our proceedings, and there hope to hear how

how the King entertains the complaint againſt this great man; 'tis the firſt ſtep to a Favourit's fall when the Prince will hear complaints of him-----I kiſs your hand. [*Exit* Melintus.

Sel. This Letter will make me ſeem not to have ſeen them; Diſſimulation do thou aſſiſt me, and I'll break as 'twere from a cloud of thoughts; and chance that threw me into this way----- My Lord, the Prince, whither ſo faſt with your ſpoil? Me-thinks I ſee conqueſt in your eyes. How did the Princeſs entertain your noble offer? Do you not finde the path that leads to her heart untrod by Lovers feet? Were not her Guard of bluſhes call'd to defend her againſt your aſſault? Loves treaties, my Lord, are ſtrangers to her maiden ears.

Appius. Againſt impious men the Sanctuary is no Guard, elſe the reſerv'd modeſty with the priviledge of birth and beauty that wait upon the Princeſs might have defended her againſt your ſaucy flames, which too late have aim'd at the top of thy Maſters houſe; but that injury was not ſo great as this, that thou durſt think thy Poyſon would not break her Cryſtall, but with this injurious hope believe ſhe ſhould conceal thy inſolence, which I'll ſpread. [*Exit* Appius.

Sel. Ha! Is't come to this? either prevent this danger, or thou art loſt, *Seleucus*: The Prince is flying with my ruine to the King; Thanks yet to his choler that thus has arm'd me. Paſſion is no deadly Weapon; we hear her noiſe before ſhe does the execution, and then we arm. Now, my brain, be ready with excuſes, thy womans weapon, to defend me. [*Exit.*

ACT. III. SCEN. III.

Enter King, Appius, *and Attendants.*

King. IS it poſſible?

App. Sir, if you pleaſe but to go to your Daughters Chamber you ſhall yet finde the ſtorm not laid which her anger rais'd, to think ſuch a ſcorn ſhould be deſign'd for her.

King. Some one go finde *Seleucus*, and command him hither immediately; we'll take him with us, and by all our Gods this poyſonous ingratitude that ſwells him thus ambitiouſly ſhall burſt him. [*Within.*

Sel. I cannot ſtay, for I have earneſt buſineſs with the King; Are you ſure he is not in the Lodgings? in your return you ſhall finde me in the Garden; if I meet him there----Hold, *Carillus*, the Kings here. [*Enter* Seleucus.

King. Seleucus!

Sel. Sir, I have been this morning in ſearch of you, I have a buſineſs for your own ear onely, let your Guard attend, Sir.

King. Yes, it ſhall ſtay. Noble *Appius*, your pardon, I'll meet you at my Daughters. [*Exit* Appius.

Sel. This morning I have diſcover'd-----

King. So have I, that which thou ſhalt rue, fond Wretch.

Sel.

Sel. Sir!

King. Impudence, with what brow dar'ſt thou thus meet my fury? Think'ſt thou to ſcape? Art thou again raiſing new Treaſons ere the fire has conſum'd the Sacrifice for our laſt delivery, again to put my preſervation into the power of a miracle onely to relieve me? No, thou ſhalt finde thy ingratitude hath deſtroy'd my mercy, and begot an anger that ſhall conſume thee. Seize him. [*The Guard ſeize* Seleucus.

Sel. That you have the power of the Gods, and I am ſubject to your Thunder, is confeſt: but my innocence protect me; as yet I know not the cauſe why it ſingles me out. 'Tis true, I came to ſee you dreſt like *Jove*, for now 'tis juſt you wear your Lightning, but not for me who have with longing ſought you to deliver the greateſt ſervice that ever yet my faith pleaded reward for; but why you thus meet me in diſpleaſure, Heaven ſtrike me if I can gueſs; nor do I believe I am guilty; for you proceed not with me as I were a Delinquent, the worſt of which are heard ere condemn'd: But I ſee you repent your favours and deſire my fall, which is the time I ought not to out-live; and therefore by this wound I'll plead my faith and readineſs to ſerve. [*He offers to ſtab himſelf.*

King. Diſarm him.

Sel. They cannot; but when I am gone you'll hear a miſchief my life might have prevented.

King. Hold, or I ſhall conclude thy fear of deſerv'd torture makes thee thus by a ſudden ſtroke execute thy ſelf.

Sel. Fear? No, I fear but one more than a King trembles at, and that's the Gods, and him; and to let your Majeſty ſee I apprehend not Torture, thus I throw away all dangers that my own act threatens; and now, Sir, be ſo juſt as to let me know the cauſe of your anger e're it ſtrikes.

King. Were not you this morning with my Daughter, and there made the traiterous offer of your love?

Sel. Yes.

King. Yes! Dar'ſt thou avow it, and know'ſt how lately that danger threatn'd our ruine in *Silvander?*

Sel. Will you be pleas'd to hear me? if I be guilty puniſh me; if not, give me leave to tell you, a King can onely cure ſuch a wound as your ſuſpition, Sir, hath given my diligent faith, which has ever been watchful in your Majeſties ſervice.

King. Speak, let him looſe.

Sel. Know, Sir, though I am amaz'd to finde this news before me, I came now from the Princeſs Chamber, drawn thither by an occaſion; which if you pleaſe to lend your ear to, I am confident you'll ſay I had reaſon for what I did. [*They whiſper,*

King. Can you prove this?

Sel. Can I prove it? Yes, Sir, I can prove it; but Jealouſie is a Weed whoſe Root lies ſo many ways that if once it take growth it is hardly digg'd out; and this ſad truth (if once ſuſpected, and never confident) is fallen upon me, elſe what I ſhall ſay would

would finde a faith with you; but I desire not now to have my words clear me; take but my counsel, and I shall give your Majesty the satisfaction you desire; seem still to frown on me, and require not the Princes's company this night in the Court; the rest, Sir, in *They whisper.* your ear.——Will this confirm you I am loyal, and by several ways hunt your safety?

King. Come, *Seleucus*, this trouble shews thy loyalty; th'art my friend, and shalt ever have an interest here.

[*Exeunt* King *and attendants.* *Manet* Seleucus.

Seleu. Yes, I will have an interest in the Crown, whatever I have in thee; and now thou believ'st thou art safe thy dangers but begin. [*Exit.*

ACT. III. SCEN. IV.

Enter Tullius.

Philemon *asleep on the Stage. He stumbles on* Philemon.

Tull. 'Tis a brave clear night, and something may be attempted from the Town, we must keep a strong watch to night. ——How now, who have were here? rouze up, I say.

Phil. Who's there? lye down, why do you kick me? ye gods! one would think this bed were large enough; if the earth be not, where shall the wretched lye? that thus you kick me out as if you wanted room?

Tull. Up I say, leave your snarling, you dog; sleeping in your watch?

Phil. If I am a dog, why should I be punish'd for obeying nature, the only Deity that beasts bow to? if not, why am I refus'd the benefit of reason?

Tull. Are you grumbling? look to your duty; you'll find you have use of other thoughts else. [*Exit* Tullius.

Phil. Oh ye gods! why do you thus load a youth? I was not proud when I was bow'd to; nor ever with repinings did I bow to you; why then on my free-born soul do you lay the load of slavery, and thus let your justice sleep, that she does not now guide my prayers; but suffers them to lose their way 'twixt heaven and my suffrings: which I have been so long acquainted with, that I am now grown a kin unto my woes, ally'd unto my oar, where I have set, forc'd to unwilling haste, sighing for my freedom, till through a thousand eyes I have sweating wept my miseries: oh look down in time upon them, ere I yield to those irreligious thoughts that tempt me to question my faith; for ye cannot blame me if I grow weary of praying, when I find that mighty power that threw me here want mercy to break the snare.

Enter Manlius *and* Tullius, *bringing in a Slave that had stabb'd the Captain.*]

Man. Strike an Anchor through the body of the slave; he has not hurt you, I hope.

Tull.

Tull. No, h'as miſt me.

Man. What urg'd the villain to this bold undertaking?

Tull. Unleſs the opportunity that the night afforded, and the neerneſs of the Town made him attempt it for his freedom, I know not elſe.

Man. Look that to morrow early as the day the dog be ſacrific'd to the parting ſhades, that their black may ſtill be friendly to our deliverance; and d'you hear, let him be broke upon an Anchor, that, on Hopes Emblem, the wretch may meet his deſpairing croſs.——When dogs thus fly at their Maſters, 'tis juſt we ſtrangle them, neither their kind nor uſe conſider'd; go, *Tullius*, let the watch be ſet, and ſome good guard put into the wood to ſecure the Paſſage from the Town.

Tull. It ſhall.

Man. Tullius, did the Peſant ſay the King was crown'd again, and the Uſurper dead, and the Princeſs to be married to the ſtranger, Prince *Appius*, that came in aid of the King; and that *Selencus* has been in ſome diſgrace to day?

Tull. So the fellow ſays, for certain.

Man. To morrow then we'll fit us with our diſguiſe, and to Court we'll go; for now virtue ſits at Helm and holds the purſe; gratitude will find ſome reward for me that wiſh'd well to her power; for this night ſee the Galley at road, and when the watch is ſet, to reſt; and to morrow call at my Cabine.

Tull. I ſhall. [*Exit* Tullius.

Man. Lye you there, and let no body, without exception, trouble, till I call, unleſs ſome dangers threaten, then give me notice. *Speaks to* Philemon.

[*Exit* Manlius.

Phil. Methinks, in that condemn'd ſlave I read mine own fortune, whoſe croſs fate hath forfeited him to eternal bonds for ſtoutly attempting his freedom; which if ever it comes within my power, here ſtands another mark'd for ſacrifice, if he fails in the attempt; for death frights not me, nor binds the innocent, but comes to ſet them free; I cannot let it ſinke with patience into my thoughts, I have not man enough, nor Religion to continue an acquaintance with that vertue that ſays, endure: when I conſider I was born a Prince by the conſent of all, diſtinguiſh'd from a Chaos of common people, created their head, and ſo ſtood the man of men, till this misfortune ſtruck me, in which I am not ſure I ſhall have a burying place; for a ſlave can call ſo little in this world his own, that the very earth he wears about him is not his, nor can I command this handful, not this, not mine own clay: But loſt like yeſterday; when my Maſters *Fiat* comes, I fall and diſſolve to the firſt Maſs of things. *Lays his hand on his breaſt.* [*Exit.*

ACT. III. SCEN. V.

Enter Melintus, Claricilla, Olinda, *and* Timillus.

Clar. So, now leave us; and if any body ask for me, say, I am laid to rest.

Olinda. I ſhall.----And where you reſt too. [*Exit.*

Melin. Dear *Timillus*, is *Jacomo* ready with the horſes?

Timil. He is, and waits us at the Poſtern.

Melin. Let us not loſe a minute then of this precious time; 'twill be a reward for thy faith too, when they ſhall ſay *Timillus* had a hand in this great work: prithee, let thy friendſhip ſecure the paſſage that leads from the Kings lodgings.

Timil. So, now have I an honourable excuſe to take cold with; 'tis a ſtrange bold venture he makes; and a confident vertue, that of hers, that dare truſt themſelves in the hands of my opinion, when I am alone to gueſs how they mean to imploy this opportunity.

Melin. Madam, 'tis not the fear of my particular that makes me urge this ſad parting, but your intereſt which is joyn'd to it; and when your Highneſs is concern'd, 'tis a civility to fear, and an obligation to doubt my joys; for *Claricilla* knows deſpair is no ſin in Loves Religion.

Clar. Let me not underſtand thee, nor let not reaſon bind up that you urge; oh *Melintus*, 'tis the firſt time that ever I was grieved to hear thee in the right; and you muſt pardon it; for though parting be the only way to confirm my joy, I cannot conſent at ſuch a rate to buy my happineſs.

Melin. Thus you encreaſe the wiſh'd number of my bonds; the Prince until my return will obſerve all your commands, and aſſiſt us in our eſcape, and by his favour countenance the act; for *Meſſina*, if my Father commanded there in chief, I could not hope a greater power then I am confident *Pelius* will allow your worth when you arrive there; and e're this Moon hath felt her change, I will again attend you with the Gallies here.

Clar. Muſt you then be gone? and again with abſence ſpin our loves into a thred which is faſtned to our fates; I hope that no diſtance may find the end; ſay, muſt you go? muſt it needs be ſo?

Melin. I would there were not ſuch a ſtrict neceſſity, but that I might ſay, no. [*She turns and looks on the Tree.*

Clar. Well, ſince it muſt be, reſolved then, but not contented, I ſubmit unto my fate; and thou Lawrel-tree which ſo oft haſt been a witneſs of our ſad parting, if within thy Barque the angry god hath with the trembling Virgin any of his paſſion hid, thou know'ſt what pain they feel that with longing love follow their flying joys; and ſee, look, *Melintus*, caſting mine eye by chance, I have ſpy'd one of the witneſſes of our infant love; do you remember when we chang'd our characters, and with them printed

our

our faith on this yielding barque, 'twas then but a ſmall ſcratch we gave; but now like our miſeries by time encreas'd, 'tis in her tender ſide to a large wound grown.

Melin. Why ſhould we not for ever grow thus? why ſhould the gods with thunder part what themſelves have joyn'd? we that have known but one wiſh, and to each others thoughts have parent been; why ſhould not we thus gazing ſit, and tye with kind ſmiles ſoft fetters for the eyes? but this cannot be; and therefore hear me pronounce mine own doom. Farewell, but e're I obey this ſad neceſſity let me on your fair hand print my faith, and with holy vows bind my ſelf to you for ever. *She leans on his breaſt.*

Clar. Oh hold, give me no contract, gentle *Melintus*; no tyes but love; theſe are bonds I ſcorn to throw on ſuch who from mine eyes can go. *She lays her arms upon him.*

Enter Seleucus, *betraying them to the King while they are thus embracing.*

Seleu. Doth this object ſatisfie, have I perform'd, nor no?

[*The King ſurprizes them, and takes* Claricilla *away,* Melintus *ſits in a maze.*

King. Yes. *Claricilla*, this act, when thy ſtory ſhall be written, will not appear a kin unto the reſt, that have had honour and duty ſtill their guide, and not thus lead aſtray by paſſion.

Clar. Sir, I muſt not be beaten from my ſtrength here, though you frown; a fault, I confeſs, but diſhonour has no ſhare in't.

King. Sir, you came a friend, and you are a ſtranger; nor will I while I labour to puniſh commit a fault by being ungrateful; or break the laws of hoſpitality, by laying hands upon you; only thus much, the injuries you have done me and the Prince bid me tell you, if to morrows Sun ſet upon you within my Court, his ſhades will bring yours upon you. [*Exeunt* King, Claricilla, *and Attendants.*

Seleu. Revenge, th'art proſperous, and in my anger this is loſt; Craft, be thou as friendly to my deſigns upon that ſhallow Prince, and I alone ſtand fair for *Claricilla* ſtill; I'll watch how it works; oh how he'll fume anon! [Mel. *is amaz'd, & loſt in his rage a little while.*

Melin. The wounds that amazement gives ſtrike all our ſenſes, and like lightning deſtroy without a breach; and yet I ſee ſome food for my Revenge; and whil'ſt that fuel laſts this flame ſhall not periſh. *Seleucus*, come back, and let your friend ſtay.

Seleu. Carillus, ſtay; what, your fit is off then I perceive, and you can be angry upon your own ſcore, and fight when women are not by you.

Melin. Yes, thou ſhalt find I can, fond man! and the flame that thou haſt kindled in my breaſt I will husband ſo that it ſhall conſume thee; and neither hold it ſo high as to loſe it in my choler, nor ſo low as to let patience tread it out.

Seleu. Spare your threats; your words wound not; when I refuſe to fight upon a ſtrange reſolution then rant and rail, and I'll excuſe it.

Mel. No, I am no Railer; I could wiſh thee rather a more glorious Enemy, on whoſe name ſcandal of no kinde had ever lighted; by my life I wiſh it, and that thou wert clear from this baſe act, whoſe weight has ſunk all the honour that ſwam in thy bloud; and I am aſhain'd to think this neceſſity forceth me to offer one ſo lame in honour, and in paſſion blinde, to the power I worſhip; for the imperfect are not fit for ſacrifice.

Sel. I hope you have none of thoſe faults, but will become an Altar. Lead the way, and you ſhall finde *Seleucus* dares follow without being pull'd to ſlaughter.

Mel. Under the Woods ſide that borders on the Haven will be a fit place; 'tis near the Town, and I believe free from company.

Sel. There I'll meet you then.

Claps his hands. *Tim.* Hiſt, hiſt, to him. So, now they are come within my way to put in: I am no good Talker; but when opinions are to be maintain'd thus, I think I have as ſtrong an Argument as another. *Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. III. SCEN. VI.

Enter Claricilla *and* Olinda.

Exit Olinda *Clar.* HAſte to Prince *Appius*, and deſire him immediately to do me the honour to ſpeak with me. O me moſt miſerable! this night has ruin'd me; my Fame which was like a Star, bright and fix'd in the Court till this ſad hour; Treachery black Treachery in ſome body, has made appear a Meteor; but if it portend my *Melintus* fall, my night at Court is come too; and in that vaſt Element I'll ſhoot, and be no more remembred.

ACT. III. SCEN. VII.

Enter Melintus, Timillus, Seleucus *and* Carillus, *ſeverally.*

Tim. SEe, here come two of the long-ſtaff-men that ſtrook ſo deſperately under the Hedge to night; I hope to apprehend one of them by virtue of this Warrant.

Mel. Bold and injurious *Seleucus* ſtill.

Sel. Let your anger paſs, and hear what I ſay, for this is the laſt talk I'll have with thee what ere thou art; Know, ſince firſt thou croſs'd theſe eyes my Jealouſie and Envy have waited upon thee; and now I have gain'd my end; 'twas to ſee whether Conqueſt grew upon thy Sword or no, when this (not us'd to loſe) ſhould go forth thy Enemy and Rival; and therefore guard thee, and with thy Sword onely make reply.

Melin. 'Tis my wiſh, for words are not the weapons I fight with. [*They fight.*

Tim. Do you hear, *Carillus*, may not you and I fall to at this feaſt before your Lord has ſupp'd?

Car. Yes, and be mine own Carver too.

Tim.

Tim. That I believe, for I ever took thee for a ſawcy Serving-man.

Sel. I am loſt. [Seleucus *wounded by* Melintus.

Mel. Does your load ſink you? thy faults wil grow too heavy anon.

Sel. I know no fault but that I am unfortunate.

Car. Lie there Talker. [Timillus *falls.*

Tim. A pox upon thee, thou haſt don't.

Melin. Yield, or by my hopes in thy heart I'll write my Conqueſt. [Seleucus *falls.*

Sel. Strike, Dog; I'll periſh ere I'll have ſo baſe a ſin to anſwer for. [*They ſtruggle, and* Carillus *parts 'em, juſt as* Melintus *diſarms* Seleucus.

Car. Hold, or I'll write the ſame ſtory here.

Mel. Ha! *Timillus* fall'n? though it ſpeaks his praiſe, my Friend calls for revenge, and thus I bring it. [*They fight.*

Car. I fear no ſingle arm.

Sel. Be proſp'rous, *Carillus*, and I will call thee Friend, the Saver of my Fame-----'twill not be. That wound hath ſent me frowning to my home. Carillus *wounded.* Seleucus *ſwoons.*

Tim. A pox of Fortune, have I ſcap'd the Maſter ſo often to be ſerv'd in thus, like broken cold meat for the Serving-men? I finde I cannot live, I begin to have ſerious thoughts----- No, Faith, I am gone. I always fear'd ſuch ſober wounds as theſe; they are in ſuch earneſt I know they'll kill me, if they would endure a jeaſt there were ſome hopes. *He ſtrives to riſe but cannot.*

Car. Hold, if thou haſt honour, and tell me who thou art, that ſtrik'ſt with ſuch a conſtant fortune. [Melintus *leaves* Carillus *and goes to* Timillus.

Mel. I have no leaſure now-----O *Timillus*, ſpeak to thy unfortunate Friend, whoſe acquaintance hath never brought thy faith to any thing but miſery and dangers: How doſt? I hope thy wounds are not mortal.

Tim. No, nor our troubles; would they were, that we might once ſee an end of them-----But no more of this now. I hear a noiſe, and I know we ſhall be purſu'd; therefore make haſte and fly. *Within* Follow, follow.

Mel. For ſhame urge like thy ſelf, if thou wouldſt have me take thy counſel; bring my Friend into a danger, and leave him there? No, *Timillus*, we grew Friends, and we will fall together

Tim. Leave me, and provide for thy ſafety, or by my life I'll betray thee, and tell who thou art; nor will I, if thou ſtay'ſt, attempt the poſſibility of my own cures. S' Death? becauſe I could kill my Enemy, muſt I deſtroy my Friend?

Mel. Why thus paſſionate!

Tim. If *Melintus* lov'd me he would obey the paſſion of his Friend, and not chide-----Hark, you will be taken, ſtep into the Wood, and in ſome Diſguiſe you may come to Court. *Within* Follow.

Mel. Farewell, *Timillus*, I obey. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter King, Appius, *and Attendants.*

1 *Attend.* This way they went, Sir, and here lies one.

King. Seleucus ſlain?

Appius. And here lies *Carillus.*

King. Who's the third?

Tim. A Bird of the ſame flight, that had worſe luck than my fellows; for my wings onely broke, that I might live miſerably, to make ſport for the Fool that laid the ſnare; Shall I never be ſo happy as to be knock'd o'th' head when 'tis to do me a curteſie?

King. The bodies are yet warm; bring them with all poſſible ſpeed to the Town, that no care may be wanting to ſave my Friend; bring him along too, he ſhall finde our love till he be well; I will not offer a ruine to my Friend; when he's repair'd he'll ſcarce be a full ſatisfaction. Some other purſue the bold Murderer; if he once come within my reach he ſhall finde his Sword has no power to protect him againſt that which my juſtice brings. [*They take up* Timillus.

Tim. So, thus much honour I am ſure of; but how much more I know not, do you my Friend?

2 *Attend.* No, Sir; and yet I think you'll finde what you deſerve.

Tim. Y'are courteous and liberal of your opinion, and therefore I will not be ſparing of mine; it may be I ſhall be honourably hang'd for having a hand in killing *Seleucus.*

2 *Attend.* It may be ſo. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. I.

Enter Philemon *preſently after* Tullius.

A noiſe within.

Phil. WHat noiſe is this that thus circles us?

Tul. This noiſe is every where, and begirts us round; I'll go wake *Manlius*, 'twill be worth our care to ſearch the cauſe.

Phil. Stand, who goes there?

Tul. I, *Tullius*; Have you wak'd the Captain?

Phil. No.

Tul. 'Tis time he were wak'd. [*He offers to go on,* Philemon *holds him.*

Phil. Hold.

Tul. How now!

Phil. 'Twas his command, that no man, without exception, ſhould come to him till he had notice, nor be call'd unleſs ſome danger threatn'd.

Tul. Did you not hear the noiſe?

Phil. Yes, but noiſe is no danger, nor will I call him.

Tul. You will not call him? Who am I that thou dar'ſt tempt me thus? Call him, and call him quickly, or thou ſhalt call thy laſt.

Phil.

Phil. I ſerve but one Maſter, and him I will not call; nor ſhall you break his reſt while I can hinder it. [Phil. *ſtands in his way.*

Tul. Do not play with my anger; by all our Gods with a wound I'll make my way; and it ſhall ly over thy belly (Slave) if thou provok'ſt me.

Phil. Wounds are eaſily given to naked men; and thou wilt ſooner bring 'em than I fear 'em.

Tul. S'Death! brav'd by my Slave? Thus, Villain, and then I tread under my feet thy ſcorn'd earth. [Tullius *draws.*

Phil. Help, *Manlius*, help. [Phil. *takes hold of* Tullius *Sword.*

Tul. Unlooſe thy hold, or by my vex'd ſoul I'll print Deaths cold Seal on thy Heart.

Phil. I will not looſe it: O my Vow, to what ſtrict Laws thou bind'ſt me; elſe here I would throw off my bonds, and with thy own knife cut thy hated throat; Dog, thou art more a Slave than my Chains can make me. [*While they are ſtrugling, Enter* Manlius, Tullius *on the ground,* Phil. *upon him.*

Man. Ha! what ſudden cry was that call'd for help?----The *Rhodian* grapled? How's this? and *Tullius* under? Let go, or I'll part thee with death. Is this a poſture for a Slave? [*Draws his Dagger*

Phil. No; if I would have been a Slave I had been ſafe, and you it may be might have felt theſe wounds.

Man. Tullius, what mean theſe wounds?

Phil. Wounds are the food of Slaves, elſe I deſerve not theſe for my faith; but Loyalty is againſt kinde in me, and therefore I am puniſh'd for obeying your command, which was that no man without exception, ſhould paſs this way till I had given you notice, which he would have done, and becauſe I refus'd him thus my faith's rewarded.

Man. Is this true?

Tul. In part 'tis; the Wood this night was full of noiſe, and I awak'd with the Alarm, would have given you notice, and he refus'd to let me paſs, and therefore----

Man. You would have kill'd him?----Come, 'twas not well, ſuch a piety as faithfulneſs among Slaves is ſo ſcarce it ought to have been cheriſh'd not puniſh'd. Every day by one act or other this Fellow begets my wonder, Honour and Courage ſtill ſtriking in him----Come hither; once again I command thee tell me who thou art, and by my life I'll ſet thee free. *He turns to* Philemon.

Phil. I ſee you have honour, Sir, and therefore preſume when you ſhall know I am bound by a Vow never to diſcloſe my ſelf whileſt I am in bonds, you'll call it Religion, not diſobedience, when I refuſe to tell.

Man. Wilt thou be faithful when thou art free?

Phil. I will be faithful though I am not free.

Man. Vow that, and I will immediately knock off thy Chains.

Phil. Arm but my hand, and ſet me free, and then I'll take a Vow; and having ſworn faith to thee all the earth's wealth ſhall not make me falſe. *He calls one to take off his chains, and gives him a Dagger.*

Man. Here, by this I manumize thee; and if thou prov'ſt a Gentleman, henceforth thou art my Friend, however thou art free.

Phil.

Phil. And, Sir, ſince your pity hath thus made my joys put off my fears that I ſhould have fell forgotten, and return'd to my Mother Earth like her common Iſſue-----Thus in thankfulneſs with eyes to Heaven bent, and a ſoul full of gratitude, I vow a conſtant faith to virtue, and-----

Enter Melintus, *purſuing a Souldier, who cries help;* Melintus *kills and diſarms him.*

Mel. To what ſtrange fate am I reſerv'd, or by what ſin have I pull'd down this Curſe of a general hate that all paths I tread are arm'd againſt me? Ha! more Enemies? Nay then, *Melintus*, yield, for 'tis viſible thou warr'ſt with Heaven. [*He ſpies 'em.*

Man. What art thou that with ſuch pains haſt to this place hunted thy ruine, and thus with injurious wounds in the dead of night awak'd our anger?

Mel. Prithee go forward with thy injury; ſuch another Charm will call back my anger, and then I ſhall be ſafe; for it hath ever yet been proſperous, though that ſucceſs made me unfortunate.

Man. Leave thus vainglorioufly to urge your former ſucceſs, for 'twill be no ground now to build a future conqueſt on; and therefore yield thy Sword, and quickly, before I command it and thy head; Know my power here rules even thy fate.

Mel. Yield my Sword? By what other priviledge do I hold my life among my Enemies? Prithee look upon me, and if thou canſt read theſe Characters, they'l tell thee I was not born to yield; and though thou art the glorious Maſter of the ſport, and I unfortunate by a croſs fate am hunted into the Toil where dangers on all ſides begirt my innocence, yet with the Lion I dare be angry with my bonds; and although I may become thy Prey yet I will not be thy ſcorn.

Mel. *ſhews his wounds.*

Man. I'll diſpute no longer; Seize him; if he reſiſt, in his heart ſeal the firſt ſtroke of thy freedom. Phil. *goes towards him, and knows him.*

Phil. Ha! *Melintus!*

Mel. He nam'd me; What art thou that call'ſt me by my name? Ye Gods, is miſery ſo near akin that by inſtinct the wretched know me?

Man. How now! what do you muze on? Had you daring onely while you were unarm'd?

Phil. No, 'twas a conſideration of the baſeneſs of the act, not fear, made me ſtop, and the remembrance that I am free held me from ſtaining that maiden liberty the Gods have ſent me with ſo baſe an act as to ſtrike where there's three to one: beſides, his poſture and his habit ſpeak him a Gentleman, and his misfortunes rather to be pitied than increas'd.

Mel. A help from Heaven if this be real.

Man. Slave, and ungrateful, thou ſhalt finde thou haſt too ſoonmention'd thy freedom; Fool, onely free in hope; and this act hath but increas'd thy load of chains. Curſe thy ſelf for thy increaſe

creaſe of miſeries ſhall make thee finde th'art more a ſlave then ever.

Phil. Do not deceive thy ſelf; look there and here.——And ere thou art loſt in thine anger, hear this truth I ſpeak, he that is maſter of this and will become a ſlave muſt be a coward too; and now I'me arm'd I ſcorn to ow my freedom to any but the gods. *Points to chains, and ſhews his Dagger.*

Man. Death, dog do'ſt thou brave me with my courteſie? draw, *Tullius*, my thirſty rage will be quench'd with nothing but the ſlaves blood. *They both draw and run at* Philemon.

Melin. Heaven! for ought I know we are by thy direction thus caſt two to two; if not, I'me ſure by honour we are——here, take this ſword. [*He runs in between 'em, and gives* Philemon *the Souldiers ſword.*

Phil. Now, *Tullius*, thou ſhalt ſee how mortal thy power is, which ſo like a god thou wear'ſt among thy ſlaves. Revenge and freedom guide me to thy ruine; and you, Sir, ſtrike to prevent the uſe of ſuch an opportunity; a vow forbids me to tell you who I am ——Now the wound that thou baſely gav'ſt me when I was bound and naked ſhall be reveng'd. *Speaks to* Tullius.

Tull. I have but few words.

Man. I am your choice then.

Melin. As it happens.

Tull. I am ſlain, and by my Slave bound for ever. *They fight,* Tullius *falls.* Philemon *leaves him, and runs to* Melintus *and parts 'em.*

Man. Nay, then I'll ſmiling fall now I have my revenge; for I ſee thou wert born to be a ſlave, and all thy acts of honour were but diſtempers in thee; and now thy nature is ſtrong thou appear'ſt thy ſelf a ſlave in thy ſoul; come, what ſtays thee, I have a breaſt ſo clear it defies thy Ponyard, Traytor.

Phil. No, I was born free, and *Manlius*'s rage once over he will ſay he has injur'd me:——And, Sir, as I drew my ſword againſt my Maſter when Honour bad me; ſo when you ſhall ſeek to make me faulty, I am your enemy; and therefore attempt no farther this mans danger, 'tis not ſafe. *To* Melintus.

Man. My wonder waits upon all this fellows acts.

Melin. What art thou that thus in leſs then a man hides more then a god?

Phil. What am I? a ſoul with her old clothes on, a ſlave with wounds and croſſes torn; and yet in better fortune I have known your face.

Melin. If thou haſt mercy in thee tell me who thou art.

Phil. Mark me well, doſt thou not ſee thy ſelf here? not yet? ——Now I am ſure thou do'ſt in theſe Cryſtal drops; friendſhip will guide *Melintus* to know *Philemon*. *He weeps.*

Melin. Philemon! Oh ye gods! new weights to ſink me!

Phil. Oh! 'tis a powerful rod that *Melintus* friendſhip ſtrikes with; a thouſand miſeries have ſmote upon this rock; but never any that made water iſſue through till now.

Melin. Oh *Philemon*, *Philemon*, what cannot friendſhip do? 'tis from her living ſprings this dew falls.

Man. Melintus and *Philemon!* good heaven, what change hath

Manlius *kneels to* Melintus *and* Philemon.

begot this misery? Oh noble Princes, upon my knees I beg, when your surprized joys are over, you'll shower a pardon upon unfortunate *Manlius*.

Melin. *Manlius!* is this *Manlius?* he was *Claricilla*'s friend.

Phil. 'Tis *Manlius*, and I hope a fair day will break from this bloody evening.

Melin. Your pardon, Sir, or here upon my breast return the wounds my rage directed against yours.

Man. Repeat it not, Sir; you make me but call to mind my shame, which I must ever blushing wear when I remember a slave could look further into honour then my self.

Phil. Oh *Melintus*, I have a story for thee, that we shall weep out together.

Melin. When I look upon thee, I am distracted to think the gods would consent thus to let their temples be ruin'd, and vertue always walk naked like truth's Emblem, while better fates clothe the wicked.

Phil. Dear *Melintus*, let not the sense of my misfortunes urge a consideration from thee at the rate of sin, nor dare those powers which I know thou feareſt.

Melin. I have done, noble youth; yet when I look upon thee, joy and amazement will seize me, I have strange things to tell thee, but this nor time nor place.——Who is this that thus unfortunately met thy anger? [*Turns to* Tullius *that lies wounded by.*

Man. A stout and grateful fellow; 'twas the Captain that sav'd me when I was doom'd to death by the Usurper, *Silvander*, 'cause I design'd *Claricilla*'s freedom.

Melin. He stirs; heaven, I hope, will not let the guilt of one accidental fault hang upon this evening to cross our joys.

Phil. I am sorry, since there dwelt such honour in him, that he prov'd my enemy; this was the Pirate took me at *Rhodes*, in that unfortunate fight where we were parted.

Man. Pray help him aboard my Galley, where we may all repose until to morrow; and resolve what is to be done in this new change in *Sicily*.

Phil. Lay thy hands here, *Melintus*, for these bonds can only set *Philemon* free. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

Enter Appius *and* Claricilla.

Clar. I Have done; passion can be a friend to none, she's so unconstant; give her way, and she destroys her self; if I had been so fortunate to have spoke with you last night, I had prevented this sad chance; for I knew *Melintus*'s anger would take a dangerous leap, when by amazement he had contracted it.

Appius. If I could have fear'd such a danger, I should not have been so absent with the remedy; but I am not satisfi'd how it was discover'd

discover'd by the King; yet if civility had not prevented me ere now I had spoke my fears; and long since said, beware of *Olinda*.

Clar. *Olinda!* she betray me! it cannot be, 'tis such a common fate I blush to think it; I cannot fear a punishment that comes such a road way; and yet I'll observe her: but pray what said *Timillus*, was *Melintus* wounded?

Appius. Not dangerous, some sleight hurts he had, and upon our approach he took covert in the Wood; *Timillus* says he is resolv'd in some disguise to attempt to speak with you; and my counsel is to send some one that's trusty in search of him.

Clar. I shall; and then if you please we'll walk into the Garden.

Appius. I'll wait upon you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCEN. II.

Enter Melintus, Philemon, Manlius, Ravack, *all, but* Manlius, *in Slaves habits.*

Phil. I Rejoyce that this day has prov'd so fortunate as to bring your youth a freedom with less sadness, then last nights storm threatned.

Rav. Sir, my safety is a debt I owe your watchful mercy, that thus amongst the earliest of your joys could let your noble pity hunt for so lost a thing as *Ravack*.

Melin. Now we are arrived we have no spare time to clothe truth fine, therefore give my naked faith a hearing; I am confident you will not refuse to take our fortunes in this design, whose innocency, though we are thus forc'd to hide with the marks of guilt, and slaves habits, yet know there is so much justice on our side, that though we fall in the attempt, and this haste prove but running to embrace the stake, yet we shall in our stories be distinguished, and live in the glorious shine which breaks from the Brows of Honours Martyrs.

Rav. I am but one, and I'll not say I shall be fortunate; but I am certain I shall attempt any thing that may speak my gratitude.

Man. Give me leave to break this discourse; and since you are pleas'd to trust me with this service let me not lose time; but while this expectation is in the Court let me see whether I can walk unseen, or no; and because *Seleucus* danger was only loss of blood, they will be more intent about him then if he had fallen; I'll be gone, the day grows old, in the Garden you say 'tis likely I shall find her, and the Prince is a young man, fair hair'd.

Melin. Yes.

Man. I am instructed. [*Exit* Manlius.

Phil. 'Tis the mind I see that binds or sets us free; for that being satisfi'd we have made our fears our sports, and thus mask in our miseries; but, by my life, the earnest they once were in makes me start to think thee thus miserable in jest.

Melin. *Philemon*'s love is more fortunate then *Melintus*; for it finds

finds kind ways to expreſs it ſelf, while I unfortunate only wiſh and cry how fain I would rejoyce in the laſting knot, which we have thus triply tied: By blood, by love, by miſeries alli'd.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCEN. III.

Enter Manlius, Appius, *and* Claricilla.

Man. THis place returns my forgotten miſeries, by calling to mind how happy once I was; but who are theſe?

Appius. Who's that that walks there?

Clar. I know not, is he not of your acquaintance?

Appius. No, Madam; walk on, and mind him not. [*He follows 'em.*

Clar. Who would the man ſpeak with all?

Appius. What would you, friend? would you ſpeak with the Princeſs?

Man. Yes, Sir; Madam, I am one that wants, but cannot beg; yet when I have put off my bluſhes, be pleas'd to caſt your eye upon a Souldiers ſcars, and pity a Gentleman bow'd by misfortunes, not faults, to this wretched lowneſs; if then your bounty find not a charity, your pardon, and I am gone.

Clar. A Souldier is the god I worſhip, and to him I offer this charity.——Here take all that at this time I have about me; pray, of what Country are you?

Gives him a purſe.

Man. The name of Souldier is ſuch a common Theam to beg with, and a diſguiſe ſo many cheat under, that I ſhould not dare ask like my ſelf, but that I can ſhew under the honour'd hands of thoſe Commanders where I ſerv'd, who and what I am; and had it been my fortune to have met the brave Princeſs, *Melintus*, and *Philemon* here, the ſervice I once did them they would not have ſeen unrewarded.

Clar. Prithee ſoftly; doſt thou know *Melintus* and *Philemon*? ſay, and be not amaz'd I ask thus haſtily; where did'ſt thou know them? gentle Souldier, ſpeak.

Man. Yes, Madam, I do know 'em; and here under their hands I have to ſhew the ſervice I did them, which if you pleaſe you may read. [*He delivers her* Melintus's *Letter, ſhe reades aſide.*

Appius. Prithee has't of late heard of *Philemon*, or can'ſt thou tell whether he be alive or no; or can'ſt thou give any account of *Melintus* lately?

Clar. Oh yes, yes, he can; read there and ſatisfie your ſelf. Oh noble *Manlius*, where is *Melintus*, where is the Galley, where is *Philemon*? why do I ſtay, cannot you guide me, will not you guide me, will not Prince *Appius* go? I am reſolv'd I will, and be miſerable no longer here, where Religion, Friendſhip, Duty, Love no harveſt bring; all my endeavours here as vainly beat the air, as the Impoſtors beads that fall without a Prayer; ſay, ſhall we go? will you remove me from this place ſo full of danger, to my friends? look, he writes to me to come, and ſhall I ſtay? no, no, *Melintus*, I obey; and were it to ſhrink into the earth I'll meet thee,

thee, and no longer with my prayers protect this ingrateful place from the puniſhment her treacheries call down. Let fools like Beads-men to the Altar bow for others ſins; I'll pay none but mine own vows.

Appius. We muſt follow her, Sir, and within counſel or charm her paſſion. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. V. SCEN. IV.

Enter Seleucus, Surgeon, *and Servants.*

Seleu. IS there no hope of *Carillus* life?

Surg. No, my Lord.

Seleu. Will *Timillus* ſcape?

Surg. Yes, my Lord, his wounds were ſleight.

Seleu. But he ſhall not, nor ſhall fortune have power to add another ſickly week to his hated days, wait all without.——My hopes are blaſted, nor muſt I expect ever to gain my ends by fair means from *Claricilla*, I have woond up her hatred to ſo great height; and 'twere folly to hope a peace from a woman croſt in her love; no, no, policy or force muſt gain the pleaſure I am at.—— Who's there? *He knocks.*

[*Enter* Servant.

Serv. Sir, the King. [*Enter the* King.

Seleu. Oh Sir, hide me from my ſhame, or my bluſhes will not let me look upon you; the diſgrace brands me with coward for ever, that I ſhould be o'recome when nothing but a Traytor ſtruck; a thing which ought to have been the ſcorn, not fear of honeſt men when they are arm'd.

King. Quiet thy ſelf, and be not troubled at ſuch a ſcorn'd ſubject; I come to tell thee ere this ſhame be over, while I can with juſtice frown, I would have *Claricilla* married; and how to work our ends we'll now reſolve. [*Enter* Servant.

Serv. Sir, there's a Sea-man without deſires to ſpeak with you; he ſays he has earneſt buſineſs that concerns the State.

King. Admit him. [*Enter* Manlius.

Man. Diſſimulation, thou that ſo oft haſt been proſperous in thy attempts upon the innocent, once let vertue owe thee for a ſervice.

Seleu. What's your buſineſs, Sir, that ſo haſtily requires a hearing?

Man. Ha! the King! I muſt not know him; Sir, be pleas'd to command your ſervants off, and I ſhall whiſper a ſervice ſhall claim a reward, which I will not require till it be perfect.

Seleu. There needs no whiſper here; for if it concern the Kingdom ſpeak it to the King.

Man. The King! thus low I beg your pardon, Sir; and then give me leave to ask whether it be worth your care, or no, to have in your power the ſtranger that fought with my Lord *Seleucus*. *He kneels.*

Seleu. ſoftly.

King. Doſt thou know where he is? canſt thou direct my anger

ger which way to ſeize the Traytor? if thou can'ſt propoſe thine own reward, and take a Kings word, thou ſhalt have my power to effect it.

Man. Sir, I will not bargain; but in ſhort, thus; I have been faulty; and a Pirat ſpeaks the kind; but 'twas while the fault was in faſhion here, and a thief (*Silvander*) wore the Crown; your pardon for my paſt faults is the reward I beg for this ſervice; which if I were not confident I could do I were mad thus to wake your anger with a deluded hope. But to the buſineſs; early this morning there came to my Galley (which now rides in the haven) two ſtrangers, as they pretended, that had unfortunately in a duel ſlain one that had a neer relation to your Majeſty, and by many arguments pleaded my protection; which at firſt ſight their miſeries engag'd me to, and I undertook to ſerve them: one of them (the fair-hair'd-man) gave me a Letter to deliver to the Princeſs, from whom he ſays I ſhould have great rewards if I would be faithful; I undertook it; and if this may procure my peace, when you pleaſe to command me, they are dead.

Seleu. The Letter, prithee let's ſee the Letter; 'tis he for certain, but who the ſecond ſhould be!

King. I cannot gueſs.

Seleu. Thy pardon, and a reward for thy faith, upon my life, thou ſhalt receive.

King. Haſt thou the Letter?

Man. Yes, Sir. [*He delivers the King the Letter.*

King. Ha! *Melintus* and *Philemon*, their hands ſubſcribed to this treaſon; ſee *Seleucus*, 'tis *Melintus* and *Philemon* that in diſguiſe have waited our deſtruction; the gods are juſt ſtill, and now from the height of all their impious darings have let them fall into our puniſhments; look, they urge *Claricilla* to an eſcape by the aſſiſtance of this honeſt Souldier; they aſſure her ſhe may ſafely make it, and call all this treaſon flying from ſlaughter; aſſiſt me, *Seleucus*, that I may invent ſome ſtrange torture to afflict their falſhoods.

Seleu. Is this poſſible?

Aſide. *Man.* Work on, Miſchief, till their rage has blinded them; that in the dark I may the eaſier lead them to their ruine.

Seleu. *Melintus* and *Philemon*, 'tis no new danger, this; my rage diſtracts me; and in the ſtrength that anger lends me I can perform all you can require from a ſound and healthy friend; but do it quickly, Sir, before I am unbent; and thus by her aſſiſtance reach their ruine.

King. It cannot be ſhe ſhould conſent to my deſtruction.

Seleu. It cannot be! then he were a fool, and only ſow'd dangers, to reap dangers; think you he would loſe his heaven to place another there? no, 'tis viſible, he loves; and that has been the cauſe mov'd all his darings; and that he loves the Princeſs, do's that ſtart you? call to mind the ſurprize in the garden, what rage will that meeting fill your breaſt with, when you ſhall know 'tis no airy, hopleſs, ſingle Love; no *Cupid* with one Wing that threatens

threatens now as when *Silvander* ſtruck, theſe have made the imperfect Boy a perfect god betwixt 'em; and with return of eternal faith have given both wings and eyes, and direct by their bold ſouls; what to do is now upon the wing, and flies with more certain danger in your Court then death, or fire.

King. This is a dangerous truth; and if my Daughter conſent to their deſires, they dye.

Selen. To be ſecur'd of which, ſeal this Letter, and deliver it this honeſt man; and let him deliver it to your Daughter, and urge her anſwer, which when he has, let him return with it to your Majeſty; this will guide your juſtice which way to ſteer; and your anger ſhall only find the guilty; and the act being juſt, conſequently 'tis ſafe; for the guilty have no revenge to follow their fall.

King. I am reſolv'd, if ſhe conſent they fall; diſpatch him with the Letter, and let me have an anſwer at my Chamber.

Selen. Sir, now you conſent to be ſafe, be not troubled, but leave the reſt to me.——Now to our buſineſs, I'll immediately ſend a ſervant for a woman of the Princeſs, my creature, from whom I have daily intelligence; ſhe ſhall get you an opportunity to deliver the Letter; her name's *Olinda*; and to her I'll addreſs you; to be falſe now is to be faithful. *Exit* King.

Man. And that makes me ſo falſe; but ſtay, Sir; I have a mind to make you indebted to me for a greater benefit then you dream on.

Selen. Whither tend'ſt thou?

Man. To aſſure you I intend to be faithful, and to oblige my ſelf; to make which good I'll put my life into your hands; and if you dare obey my directions, I'll propoſe away that with ſafety you may reach your revenge; a Crown, and *Claricilla.*

Selen. Claricilla! can'ſt thou propoſe a way to gain her? let but that appear, through fire and water, oppos'd dangers, greater then cowards fears create I'll fly to embrace it.

Man. Within I'll inſtruct you, and then I'll obey the Kings directions for the Letter; which will be one ſtep to advance our plot, and if it thrive, what I ſhall be I'll leave to your own boſom to reſolve.

Selen. What thou ſhalt be? why, thou ſhalt be my boſom.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCEN. V.

Enter Appius *and* Claricilla.

Clar. I Wonder he ſtays ſo long; I am afraid his reaſon will not prevail with my Father and *Seleucus*; and though I was by ſtrength of your argument perſwaded to it, yet I am ſorry I conſented to let them know 'tis *Melintus* whom they purſue, a name already ſubject to their hate: but heaven I hope will direct all.

Appius. If I were not aſſur'd that *Manlius* were honeſt, I ſhould not have ventur'd thus to perſwade you to diſcover where your health

health lyes; but when I am ſecure that thoſe in whoſe power he is will with their lives protect him; and his diſcovery is only a bait to draw his enemy into his power; I muſt again deſire you will with patience attend the iſſue of what is well deſign'd, however it may meet a croſs. [*Enter* Manlius.

Man. Oh Madam, I am laden with joy; and the ſtrangeneſs of the burthen makes me thus ſink in the way; I have diſcover'd who 'tis that betrays you, 'tis *Olinda*; *Seleucus* made it his boaſt; but you muſt not yet take notice of it, but ſeem to relye upon her faith as a means of your eſcape, which is conſented to by all, under a hope that they ſhall ſeize you and your friends together; I cannot tell you all the particulars now; only thus much, our deſigns have taken as I could wiſh; this Letter by their conſent is return'd to you; had you ſeen the care your Father took that the violence the ſeal met might not be perceiv'd, you would have laugh'd; they expect your anſwer, and I have promis'd to bring it immediately, which muſt be, that you will meet *Melintus* this evening without delay, your woman only in company; and to be receiv'd from the Garden-wall; this being diſpatch'd I'll to the King and ſhew it him, and there make all ſure; Sir, you muſt be pleas'd to mingle your ſelf in the preſence; and there cheerfully accept any Propoſition the King ſhall make, which ſhall only be what we reſolve on within; and then I'll to my boat, and there in ſmiles pitch the bloody toyls, wherein we'll take theſe hunters, and make them our prey.

Clar. Loſe no time, for heaven's ſake, 'tis a ſtrange torture; do not you, nor you, feel it? thus to be delaid in the path that leads to brave *Melintus*.

Man. Madam, we'll loſe no time; be you ready to obey yours, and I'll ſtrictly obſerve my part; and I hope the next thing we diſcourſe of will be the ſacrifice due to heaven, for our deliverance. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCEN. VI.

Enter Melintus, Philemon, *and* Ravack.

Melin. 'Tis about the time that *Manlius* bid us expect his return; if we be ſo happy as to ſee *Claricilla*, what kind of habit will thy joy wear? I am afraid mine will be cloth'd in a paleneſs, for I cannot promiſe my ſelf ſtrength enough to bear ſuch unexpected happineſs.

Phil. Prithee think not of it, let it ſteal upon us; I find I have not man enough to meet her without trembling; the very thought has ſtruck a coldneſs through my blood; and now you have told her that I love, I could eaſier dye for her then ſpeak to her; for though my love has none, yet I ſhall ſtill have a guilt about me when I but look or ſpeak to her.

Melin. Dear *Philemon*, we believ'd thee loſt when I told the ſtory; and I did it that thy friendſhip might live in her noble mention.

Phil.

Phil. Sir, your pardon for that we entertain our ſelves when you ſtand by, to whom me-thinks Love ſhould not be a ſtranger.

Rav. I have a ſtory too, but this no time to tell it.

Man. Noble Princes, do'you not finde me ſtrangely alter'd with the joy that now poſſeſſes me? the Princeſs is well, and ſalutes you both, and the Prince kiſſes your hand.

Mel. Prithee let us partake the joy; Will the virtuous *Claricilla* come? Say, Have we an intereſt in this joy too?

Man. Yes, but I have a thouſand things to tell you, which if you will attend and follow my directions, we ſhall ere to morrow Sun ſee all our wiſhes crown'd; but let us in, for we loſe time, the day will be too ſhort to bound our buſineſs in; and onely thus much know, we but the metall bring, the Gods will have the way, and form to our deliverance the work of their own hands.

Mel. Let us ſoftly follow, and give thanks with hearts that upwards look; for gratitude is to mercy both the Bait and Hook.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCEN. VII.

Enter Seleucus, *ſolus.*

Seleuc. THis Souldier was ſent from Heaven I think to take care of me, all things run ſo even that he takes in hand; the Princeſs hath conſented, the King I have perſwaded to go in perſon and ſurprize her, the Prince too will bear them company, and what then?-----My joys want a name; *Melintus*, *Philemon*, and the King, muſt dy, Their fate which is, I have ſaid it. The Prince ſhall live, but firſt I will ſhew him Death to engage him in my action, upon no other condition ſhall he wear his head. O the ſeveral habits their humours will be in! that Rage, Envy, Fear, and Amazement will breed in their wretched thoughts, when they ſhall finde my words pronounce their doom, poſſeſs me of *Claricilla*, whoſe beauties increas'd by the ſweetneſs of force will make me more a King than all the power that a Crown can give. But I loſe time, and neglect my part in my own affairs; the King and Prince I muſt ſee meet at the place, where they muſt ſtand but as Witneſſes to the receipt of all my part in Heaven, a Crown and *Claricilla.*

ACT. V. SCEN. VIII.

Enter Melintus, Philemon, *and* Ravack.

Phil. THis is the place he appointed we ſhould wait for him, and 'tis much about the time he bid us expect him; if they come we ſhall profeſs a joy we hop'd not; he brings revenge along, whoſe fruits the Gods have been pleas'd to feaſt with, and

the ſweets we ſee makes them from us Mortals with fiery injunction ſtill incloſe the Tree. [*Enter* Manlius.

Mel. Hark, I hope he comes, the Moon is friendly, 'tis he.

Man. Are you ready?

Omnes, Yes, yes.

Man. Be reſolute then, and ſtill, for th'are coming.

Enter King, Appius, *and* Seleucus.

King. Are we right?

Sel. Yes, Sir.

King. Where's the Souldier?

Sel. He's ſtepp'd before.

King. Sir, I refrain'd to tell you what the occaſion was till now, becauſe I was aſham'd to let you know my Daughters fault till you might be a witneſs of it, and then you would not wonder at my diſpleaſure, when you perceive ſhe could ſo put off her honour as to leave me loſt in my promiſe to your ſelf, and hope of a wiſh'd Heir to ſucceed me here.

Appius. Sir, I hope ſome miſtake has begot this doubt; the Princeſs ever promis'd a fair return of love to your Majeſty, and I ſhall be glad to finde you are deceiv'd.

King. No, Sir, 'tis too true; for had not *Seleucus* his faith been watchful this night ſhe had made her baſe flight into the loath'd embraces of a Traitor and a Subject, nor does ſhe yet know ſhe ſhall be prevented.

Appius. I am ſorry, Sir, your doubts have ſo much reaſon to build upon. [Manlius *whiſtles.*

Sel. We are call'd.

Man. This way, your hand.

Sel. Manlius, do they know how to diſtinguiſh me?

Man. Yes, I have given them a Sign.

[*He leads the King and* Seleucus, *and delivers 'em to the Slaves.*

King. Is it long to the time ſhe appointed?

Man. No, Sir, 'tis the hour ſhe commanded me to wait; one of you look out, and if you ſpy a fire call, that we may approach to the Garden-wall with the Boat.

Phil. I go. [*Exit.*

Sel. If it be poſſible let *Olinda* fall by the board, I'de have her dead, ſhe'll be talking elſe. [*Enter* Philemon.

Phil. I have made a Light from the Princeſſes Window.

Manl. Quickly then ſet to the Wall; and do you hear *Rhodian?* [*They whiſper.*

Phil. Leave that to me. [*Enter* Claricilla *and* Olinda *above.*

Clar. Doſt think they'll come? Doſt thou believe I ſhall be happy? My Love was ever of her bliſs afraid.

Olind. You need not fear, I am confident your thoughts will be proſp'rous, I hear the water daſh. Who's there, the Souldier?

Man. Yes, 'tis I. Who's there, *Olinda?*

Olind. Yes, and the Princeſs.

Man.

Man. Come to the next corner, we are all ready, be ſpeedy.
Exit.

Enter King, Appius, *and* Seleucus; *to them* Manlius, *and* Claricilla.

Man. You are ſafe, the Slaves are the men I told you of; your Father, *Appius*, and *Seleucus* are all here; but be confident.

Sel. Stand cloſe till they be off the Wall, and *Olinda* come, for ſhe is guilty too.

Enter Manlius, Melintus, Philemon, *and* Ravack.

Man. Fall'n by the board, and not to be found? S'death, Slave, thy life ſhall anſwer the neglect.

Phil. She periſh'd by her haſte, no fault of mine.

Man. Leave your prating, Sirrah. Madam, your pardon for this unfortunate accident, your Maid is loſt, fall'n by chance by the board, and drown'd; I ſhould not dare to look you in the face after this but that I am confident I ſhall ſhew you other Friends that are as dear to you.

Clar. My Maid loſt! O ſet me back again, this ill *omen* foretells a greater danger.

Man. Can there be danger to *Claricilla* where theſe Friends are? [*Diſcovers the King*, Appius *and* Seleucus.

Clar. Ha! Traitor to my Love and me, What haſt thou done?

King. Thou art a Traitor, unworthy, no more a Daughter, but the ſin and ſhame of my blould; Fool that thou art, couldſt thou thou believe that thy baſe paſſion could walk id ſo cloſe a diſguiſe that my anger could not finde it: no, thou art deceiv'd; and to urge thee to deſpair, know, thy obſcure Paramours, *Melintus* and *Philemon*, (the two Wolves to my heart) thou haſt thus with ſafety cut away, put off to the ſhoar, and there thou ſhalt behold their ruine.

Manlius *ſtands by the King*, Philemon *goes to* Claricilla, Ravack *to* Appius, *they ſeize them.*

Sel. Yes, Put off, that's the Word, and then put off hope, and in amazement behold the Lightning that's wrap'd in this ſwoln cloud, which now breaks, and in death ſhoots your ſeveral fates.

King. Heaven, thou art juſt; and 'tis equal to let me fall in the deſign I laid to deſtroy thoſe noble youths; but for thee, I will not look upon ſuch an hated Traitor when I am ſo near my home.

Sel. No, you muſt be witneſs firſt to the Marriage of this Princeſs, then you ſhall both be a Sacrifice to our *Hymen*.

Clar. Thy wife? I ſmile upon thee; thou art ſo baſe a thing thou couldſt never finde my anger yet; my ſcorn was ever ſtrong enough to ſtrangle thy hopes.

Sel. Anon 'twill be my time to ſmile when dy'd in thy Father's bloud, my Revenge ſhall force all their Sweets from thee which I will gather in the preſence of thy Paramour; nor ſhall he or theſe have liberty to dy before I have enjoy'd thee; but that act once paſt the Earth ſhall not redeem their Lives; Do you perceive how ſmall a ſhare you are like to have in this Kingdom?

Appius. I am glad to ſee thee grown to ſuch a height of ſin; for now my hopes tell me the Gods will not ſuffer ſuch a Dog to bay them long, their Lightning will ſhoot thee, Monſter.

Man. Sir, ſtay not to talk, but away to *Neptune*'s Temple; when we have perform'd what you reſolv'd there, then to the Gally, and end your hunt.

Sel. Binde them then, and let's be gone.

ACT. V. SCEN. IX.

Enter Timillus *above*, Jacomo *below knocking.*

Tim. WHo's there?

Jac. 'Tis I, *Jacomo*; we are loſt if you ſtay this night, your Friends aboard are betray'd to the King, and the Princeſs that was this night to meet him is ſurpriz'd in her journey by the treachery of a Souldier that they truſted; and if you attempt not your eſcape you are loſt; your Window's large and ſtands upon the Haven; if you can ſwim, this night leap in, and I'll be ready on the ſhoar to receive you, with dry Cloaths and Horſes, to convey us to our ſafety; if you ſtay you periſh.

Tim. Nay, I can ſwim, but the ſeaſon is ſomewhat too cold for that pleaſure; I could be glad to have the wounds the mad Dog gave me cur'd without being drench'd in Salt-water; but however if you'll aſſiſt me, I'll leap far enough.

Jac. What hour ſhall I expect you?

Tim. At Twelve.

Jac. Till then Farewell. [*Exit.*

Tim. There's ſome comfort yet, where there is a way, when leaping forth a Window can do't; Well, if I get free if ever I come into any company that think it lawful to love any woman longer than a man has uſe of the Sex, they ſhall geld me. By this hand I have lain with a hundred unſound Wenches with leſs danger than I have look'd upon this wooing, this ſcurvy honourable Matrimony, which is ſo dangerous a thing the very ſtanders by are not ſafe. I muſt ſwim but for wiſhing well to it; but from this time either *Melintus* ſhall quit his honourable way to his Loves, or I'll leave him to the honourable dangers.

ACT. V. SCEN. X.

Enter Seleucus, King, Melintus, Manlius, Ravack, Appius, Philemon, Claricilla, *and a Prieſt.*

Seleuc. STand, now Prieſt do your office. [*He take*, Clar. *by the hand*

Clar. Has this impious Traitor bound the hands of Juſtice, that thus ſhe lets him proceed to miſchief, and will not in her own battleſtrike? Muſt the innocent fall and none defend them?

Phil. Yes, fair one, and in their uſual way ſhew their power, which thus from the meaneſt of the earth Heaven has rais'd me a Guard for your Virtues. [Philemon *draws his Sword.*

Sel. Ha!

Phil. Who is ſo much a Slave that he can let this ſin chain him for ever?

Man. How's this?

Phil. We that have together born our miſeries, and with a harſh fate worn out our weary days, have not amongſt them all met one that will ly ſo heavy on us as this baſe act if we aſſiſt the Traitor.

Rav. Sir, be free, and let honour onely draw your Sword.

Ravack *releaſes* Appius, *they draw, as* Seleucus *attempts* Manlius *ſets a Dagger to his breaſt.*

Sel. Kill that Traitor, Slave.

Mel. Free the King ----- Fool, canſt thou yet read the miſeries thy hated life ſhall feel? Here *Melintus* tells thee what they are. [Manlius *undiſguiſes himſelf.*

Sel. Melintus!

Mel. Yes, *Melintus*, whileſt *Philemon* and *Manlius* triumph in the Victory their Loyalty has gain'd over thy inſulting treacheries ----Sir, to you I kneel for pardon, for thus venturing to threaten dangers; all elſe are acquainted with the Plot we laid to diſcover to your abuſed truſt this wretched Monſter. [Rav. *ſeizes* Seleuc.

Clar. The Prince, Sir, was of Council in all we did.

Mel. And we have his conſent, Sir, to be happy.

King. Of all I aſk a pardon whom my doubt has injur'd; and I'll no longer croſs your joys, you have my conſent, and Heaven crown your wiſhes; but for thee, thy villany ſhall deſtroy thee.

Sel. Madam, to your virtues which my miſchiefs ſtill have hunted thus low I bow, and when with repentant tears I have waſh'd the way let my laſt breath finde your faith. That I lov'd the rate I would have paid ſpeaks how much; and ſince from him I derive theſe miſeries, by his power which you have bow'd to I beg and conjure your mercy that it may in pardon finde me; and then with a wound here I'll give Balm to thoſe under which my honour now languiſhes. [*He draws his Dagger.*

King. Diſarm him.

Sel. Attempt it not.

Clar. Hold, I forgive.

Sel.

Sel. Can you forgive? O! this mercy has chang'd my opinion; I thought nothing could have made *Claricilla* more like an Angel: but this mercy has added to all thy beauties a heavenly form; and one wound to those that justice threatens; and thus, fair soul, 'tis fit I offer my self, though none be more unfit for sacrifice: and whilest my faults expire in the bloud that bred them, from Heaven onely shall *Seleucus* beg a pity, my hate dwell with all the rest. O turn not, but look upon the ruine you have made; and while I thus gazing dy, witness my Heaven, (which is *Claricilla*) I fall to love and scorn a Martyr. [*Dies.*

He stabs himself.

King. While Justice is striking let me lift a hand: Here *Melintus*, this I hope will cure all the wounds my unkindness gave thee; and now to Court, that when thou hast these bonds put off *Hymen* may new Fetters bring.

Mel. Sir, your pardon, if I say I must not change this habit till my joys are full, and by another bond freed; this Disguise has been so fortunate that I dare not quit it while 'tis possible to miss my wishes.

King. Take your pleasure.

Phil. O Madam, you have heard a story which makes me blush to look upon you.

Clar. Philemon must not be troubled now when our joys are thus complete, but live in smiles to recount our miseries.

King. The story how we came to be thus happy we'll reserve to crown our Feast with; *Manlius*, thy part in the success of this day shall not be forgotten. To the Boat, and then to the Temple, and let the Priests sing an *Epithalamium* to these Lovers praise, whose faiths have turn'd their Chains to Myrtle and triumphant Bays.

As they go singing off the Stage, Enter Timillus *with a Rope to make his Escape, hears them sing, and thence understands 'tis all joy and peace, and so speaks.*

Tim. Nay, if the Winde be in that Corner I'll leap no Leaps, but thus with a Health,

The Prayers of the Laity,
Give thanks for their Delivery.

FINIS.

THE PRISONERS, A TRAGI-COMEDY.

The Scene *SARDINIA.*

Written by

THOMAS KILLIGREW,

IN

LONDON.

DEDICATED

To His Dear NIECE

THE

Lady *CROMPTON.*

LONDON:

Printed by *J. M.* for *Andrew Crook*, at the Sign of the *Green Dragon* in St *Pauls Church-yard.*

1663.

The Names of the Actors:

The King of *Sicily*.

Eumenes, the Sicilian General.

Sortanes and *Cleon* } Two Sicilian Lords.

Philon, a Sicilian Lord, Kinſman to the King.

Theagines, Judge of *Sardinia*.

Memnon, Chief Prieſt of *Sardinia*.

Hipparchus and *Panſanes* } Now Priſoners, the loſt Sons of *Memnon* and *Theagines*.

Gallippus, a baniſhed Sicilian Lord, now a Pirat.

Zenon, alias *Pelius*, a diſguiſed Lord of *Sardinia*, in love with *Zenonia*, a Lady of *Eucratia*'s, who was abus'd by *Eumenes*, the Sicilian General.

Dyon and *Cremnofeild* } Two Sardinian Commanders.

Procles, an old common Souldier.

Boat-ſwain.

Sailers.

Slaves.

Lyſimella, Siſter to the King of *Sicily*.

Leucanthe, Daughter to *Theagines*.

Eucratia, Daughter to *Memnon*, beloved of the King of *Sicily*.

Eugene, *Lyſimella*'s woman.

The Scene *SARDINIA*.

THE PRISONERS, A TRAGI-COMEDY.

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

Enter the King *of* Sicily, Sortanes, Eumenes, *and* Cleon.

King. ARe the Gallies come from *Rhodes?*

Eumenes. Yes, Sir; they arriv'd this evening.

King. Then w'are all in readineſs; and if the gods ſmile upon us, thoſe proud Siſters ſhall find they have pull'd down fire by playing with my anger; thus to pretend a vow to peace, and feign a Law by which they're bound not to arm but in their own defence: come, 'twas treacherouſly deſign'd; and ſince in our greateſt danger they could leave us to that ſudden ruine that then threatned all our Nation with a forreign yoke, they ſhall find (now our vertues have wrought through that ſtorm) what enemies we can be, whoſe friendſhip they have deſpis'd; till in their boſoms I have thrown all thoſe miſeries of war, whoſe ſingle name was ſuch a terror to them; but where's our Siſter? did you call her, *Cleon?*

Cleon. She went this evening, in her Galley, to take the air.

King. When ſhe returns tell her, I muſt ſpeak with her.—And (d'you hear?) *Eumenes!* let all things be in readineſs to put to ſea, with the morning tide. The wind ſtands fair ſtill?

Eumen. Yes, Sir; the wind's ſouth.

King. What ſaid the Captain of the Galley that you took, had they notice of our intent?

Eumen. Yes, Sir; he ſays they had intelligence, but they are ſo unprepar'd for war that the knowledge was no advantage; they received it as men ſtabb'd in their ſleep, that wake only to find their dangers certain.

King. Their falſhoods have begot their fears, and now like cowards they fall upon their own ſwords. *Eumenes*, let the ſlaves be well fed to night.

ACT. I. SCEN. II.

Enter Lyſimella, Philon, Eugene, *and three Souldiers, being chaſed aſhore by Pyrats.*

Philon. FLy Madam, ſave your ſelf while we with our faiths oppoſe the purſuers; for know, *Philon* will lay his body a willing ſacrifice to intercept your danger.

Lyſimel. Oh Cozen, which way ſhall we take? I know not where we are; why did you land here? he durſt not have purſu'd us to the harbour; my Brothers fleet, now in readineſs to depart, would have protected us.

Pyrats within cry follow, follow.

Eugene. This way the ſlave ran that went to call for aid.

Philon. Hark, Madam, w'are purſu'd; 'tis now no time to talk, upon my life, it is *Gillippus*, and the bold Pyrat I fear knows the value of the prize he hunts. [*Within follow, follow.*

Lyſimel. They come, take ſome other way, and try if you can divert their chaſe whilſt we take Covert in theſe woods.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. I. SCEN. III.

Enter Gillippus, Hipparchus, *and Souldiers of their party.*

Gillip. FOllow Mates, for we have in chaſe the wealth of Kingdoms; one whoſe maiden mine the gods would dig in, nor has her virgin earth been wounded yet for that precious metal, but keeps her Indies ſtill unconquer'd; if we gain her, we need ſail no more to find uncertain fates; ſhe's prize enough.

Hippar. Slip not this opportunity then; you know not how long fortune will Court us; which path took ſhe?

Gillip. I know not; let us divide our ſelves; I'll take this.

[*Exit* Gillippus.

Enter Pauſanes, *and meets* Hipparchus.

Pauſ. Hipparchus, Hipparchus; what glorious things were thoſe that fled us, as if we durſt hurt 'em?

Hippar. They were handſome women, man.

Pauſ. Were they but women?

Hippar. But women! no, but women.——What ail'ſt thou?

[Pauſanes *ſtands with his eyes fix'd on the ground.*

Pauſ. I'me ſure they are more then man; for I never ſaw any of that ſex that made me tremble, yet theſe did; and with a cold fear the memory dwells in my breaſt ſtill.

Hippar. What? thunder-ſtruck by a woman! courage, man.

Black

Black eyes though they lighten yet they do not uſe to ſhrink our hearts in the ſcabbard. *He ſhakes him.*

Pauſ. Theſe do not uſe to fight, do they? —— If they do, by all the gods, they'le conquer me; oh *Hipparchus*, do not mock my miſery; but tell me, haſt thou ſeen many ſuch? are ſuch formes uſual amongſt 'em? this has *Meduſas* power, in a beauteous form, and I am chang'd to weeping Marble. Hipparchus *Laughs.*

Hippar. By this good day, he's in love; could I be ſo, how happy ſhould I be; for I have been pretty lucky in the ſex; and could I have lov'd all that I have lain with, what a ſhare of heaven ſhould I have had? —— Look how he ſtands now! *Pauſanes!* what doſt mean, let fall thy weapon when thou purſu'ſt a Wench?

Pauſ. A Wench! what's that? I thought of none.

Hippar. What is a Wench? why, the greater part, and the handſomeſt; and that they are not the better part of woman, is yet to be diſputed.

Pauſ. How canſt thou diſtinguiſh 'em? how doſt thou know a Wench?

Hippar. How do I know 'em? ſeveral ways, but the beſt and certain'ſt, is by feeling 'em.

Pauſ. But that I know from our rocking in the Cradle it ſtill has been ſo, I ſhould wonder how we two came to be friends; ther's ſuch contrarieties even in our natures, that both looking on one and the ſame heavenly form, we ſhould thus from the ſame ſubject draw ſuch different thoughts; for whilſt I was Philoſophyſing upon her diviner part, and preparing how to worſhip her, thou wert caſting to pollute her; but, prithee tell me, were it not better to find thoſe beauties that adorn her, the cloathing of a perfect goddeſs, then ſuch a falling image?

Hippar. Faith, in ſerious thoughts (which handſome women ought not to be mingled with) worſhip is a good thing; but to have them worſhip me I ſhould think were better. —— But, prithee put off this ſerious diſcourſe now; this is no time to talk when we have ſuch prey in chaſe.

Pauſ. Fare thee well; but that I know thee ſtout, faithful to thy friend, and one that ſpeaks worſe of himſelf then any other dares, I'de tear thee from my boſome; but when I know this, and how ſtrictly thou wilt pay thy vows to honour, thou ſhalt dwell for ever here.

ACT. I. SCEN. IV.

Enter Gillippus, *following* Lyſimella.

Gillip. YOu are very fair; let that remove your wonder, how I dare again gaze upon that excellence. —— Why do you frown? is it your innocence, or your beauty, that you miſtruſt? that thus you arm your ſelf with anger to defend you: Pray leave to be an enemy, you ſee that could not protect you. *She frowns.*

Lyſimel. No, Monſter; 'tis not to ſee thee play thy part that troubles me; but to think that heaven fails in hers, thus to leave vertue without a guard, while luſt and rapine grow ſtrong in miſchief; as if the innocent were created white, only to be fit to take the murtherers purple.

He kneels. *Gillip.* As you have mercy remove that threatning danger; that ruine in your curl'd brow, and in juſtice (which your anger cannot know) weigh my action and croſs fate together; then call to mind how ſeverely I was puniſh'd for a ſingle fault, a fault that my love pleaded for, but did not excuſe; and when you have found that blot in my ſtory, if you are equal you muſt confeſs all my life, to that hour, paid you an humble and a faithful ſervice, and to the King my Maſter a ready hand, and a loyal heart; nor could he urge any thing againſt my pretence, but that I was born his ſubject; yet that I could willingly have undergone, and all things elſe but your ſcorn, which ſtill left me to my deſpairs, I had elſe waited my fortune, and not by force attempted to have gain'd my wiſhes.——Oh Madam, had you not bow'd me that way, but try'd what I could have ſuffer'd for you, not from you, 'twould have ſtarted your ſoft ſoul to have ſeen me ſuffer that would through a thouſand hazards have courted your favour till I had ſaln your Beauties Martyr.

Lyſimel, Away; thy oyly tongue, nor bloody hand can prevail, thy flattery and thy force; I am by my reſolutions above both, for Love and his ſoft fire thou never felt'ſt it, nor know'ſt that god but by the name: Theſe thy falſe ſtoopings conclude thou canſt not worſhip, that thus durſt again by force attempt me; that heart that truly loves nobly ſuffers; and knows that god of paſſion is to the longing ſoul both the hunger and the food; and if his heaven be not reach'd by knees, their hands dare not, nay cannot; yet may'ſt thou live to love, and me, I wiſh it not to glory in, but to puniſh thee.

He riſes up. *Gillip.* Are you ſo reſolv'd? then I'll kneel no more; but frowning gather all thy ſweets; begging Lovers teach women a way to deny, which elſe they durſt not know——(A ſlave there) *Hippar-*

Enter a Slave and Hippar- *chus,* take to your charge this fair folly, and as your eyes look to her; let not her face betray your faith; away, I ſay, convey her to the Galley, there my Empire will begin. [*The ſlave binds her.*

Lyſimel. Think'ſt thou thy threats can fright me? no, I cannot ſo much doubt the care of heaven, as to think that power, whoſe providence conſiders the fall of every little Bird, will ſleep now, and o'reſee the ruine of a Kingdom; no, Monſter, I defie thee.

Gillip. Away to the Galley; there, when we have got the booty, I'll meet you. [*Exit.*

Hippar. 'Tis a lovely form; with what a ſcorn ſhe bears her fortune!

Lyſimel. Sir, I am but a ſtranger to you; yet if you durſt diſobey this bad man, and give me freedom, I will not ſay I can reward ſuch a benefit; but I am certain I can be grateful; can you do it?

Hippar.

Hippar. If I durſt be diſhoneſt, Madam, I think I could.

Lyſimel. Diſhoneſt, Sir! if it were not mine own cauſe I would diſpute the act; but ſince 'tis for my ſelf, I'll urge no more; for know I can with leſs pain be a priſoner then twice beg my freedom; obey him, Sir.

Hippar. With pain and bluſhes, Madam, I ſhall. [*They meet* Pauſ.

Pauſ. Ha! 'tis ſhe, and bound, *Hipparchus!* whither doſt thou lead that innocence?

Hippar. Our Captain deliver'd her to me, with command to carry her to the Galley.

Pauſ. Hold, *Hipparchus*, at what price haſt thou accepted this unbecoming office? 'tis not like thy ſelf; the brave hunter dotes not upon the quarry; nor had *Hipparchus* wont to fight for ſpoil.

Hippar. Nor do's he now; nor ever ſhall ſo faulty a conqueſt hang upon my name as to make me bluſh the victory: She was deliver'd me a pris'ner by our Captain, as the Jewel of his ſoul; and ſhe can witneſs that to my faith he left the ſecuring her to the Galley; and *Pauſanes* knows *Hipparchus* dares not break a truſt.

Pauſ. Alas! thou miſtak'ſt this ſervice; for to do this act is breaking truſt with heaven; thou break'ſt with the gods, thou break'ſt with them that gave thee credit for thy courage, and thine honour, and ſent thee forth their Souldier to fight for them; and this is their day of Battle; here's the vertue on whoſe ſide thou ought'ſt to bleed, the innocence in whoſe cauſe they bid thee dye to live a conqueror with them; now thou flyeſt, now thou runn'ſt away; *Hipparchus* flies, meanly vanquiſhed, as if by a pannick fear terror-ſtruck, for he is beaten by a miſtake, and conquers for his enemy, while he loſes his fame at home.

Hippar. Hold, what means *Pauſanes* thus with injurious words to wound his friend?

Pauſ. I injure thee! I wound *Hipparchus!* I throw a ſcandal upon my friend! ye gods ſtrangely puniſh *Pauſanes* when he do's ſo.

Hippar. What do you leſs, when you upbraid me for my faith, and with art of words labour to make me appear faulty? as if you did not know the law by which we are bound is not alike with freemen; we are his ſlaves, and for our loyalty have been rewarded with theſe priviledges above our fellows; would'ſt have me kill the cauſe of his bounty, and in juſtice, for my treachery, become a ſlave, and make that which was my fate my puniſhment? I tell thee, *Pauſanes*, I could not be free here, ſhould I do this act. [*Lays his hand upon his breaſt.*

Lyſimel. Defend me, ye powers, from this youth; his honour brings greater dangers then the traytors bands. Sir, pray plead no more for me. *She looks on* Pauſanes.

Pauſ. Thou ſee'ſt how tamely I have pleaded, and in calmneſs urg'd my reaſons; once again, by our wounds and blood ſo oft together ſhed that their mixtures have in their fall upon the earth begot a kind of kindred, by all our miſeries which ſtill have been ally'd, by our friendſhip I conjure thee, give me her freedom. Hipparchus *offers to go.*

Hippar.

Hip. I ſee thou hateſt me, elſe my Reaſons would prevail, and thou wouldſt leave to prefer a Pris'ner or a Face before thy Friend, and his faith given; and therefore know, though your friendſhip do plead, when 'tis thus wilfully againſt mine Honour, I can be deaf.

Pauſ. Thou canſt be any thing, and I can weep to finde it: Ye Gods! would I have us'd *Hipparchus* thus?----- O Heavens! that ever I ſhould call thee Friend! ----- *Hipparchus*, ſtay; I have one Argument ſtill left, unbinde her or guard your ſelf.

Hip. *offers to go away:* Pauſ. *draws.*

Hip. Pauſanes!

Pauſ. Your Sword.

Hip. Hear me ſpeak.

Pauſ. No words, her freedom or your Sword.

Hip. Why then I draw; and *Pauſanes* knows I will not be beaten into an opinion; and ſince thou haſt drawn thy Sword I will not yield her, my honour forbids me. Thou art injurious to think thy force can prevail beyond thy Reaſon and thy friendſhip; for I tell thee, *Pauſanes*, thy anger ſhould not ſtart me if I could make thee an Enemy.

Pauſ. Defend your ſelf. [*They fight, and are both wounded.*

Hip. Will you yet give me leave to be faithfull?

Pauſ. No, *Hipparchus* hunts his will, not his faith.

Liſ. As you have honour hold, and let a Virgins tears that ſhall fall to Seas divide your anger but till my Prayers can confirm your friendſhip. [*Here* Hipparchus *gets* Pauſanes *down.*

Pauſ. Look upon her tears and theſe wounds, whoſe anguiſh thy friendſhip not thy ſword brings, and then weigh the act: I would thou hadſt been ten Enemies rather than one Friend, to have diſputed this cauſe. [Hipparchus *diſarms him.*

ACT. I. SCEN. V.

Enter Gillippus, Zenon, *and Souldiers.*

Gillip. MAke all poſſible ſpeed aboard with the Booty, they purſue us cloſe----Command *Hipparchus* and *Pauſanes* aſhoar to guard us; Tell 'em our Scouts are beaten in, and the Kings party preſſeth upon us-----Ha! what means this? What makes ſhe aſhoar?

Pauſ. That which thou canſt not make aboard; ſhe has made an honeſt man; and if thou dar'ſt make another ſhe may have two Friends.

Gil. Hipparchus, reſolve this Riddle.

Hip. This woman whom you gave to my truſt *Pauſanes* would have releas'd; and when his Arguments, as Friend, could not prevail, meanly, he threw off his faith, and by force attempted to take her from me.

Gil. Slave, did I for this prefer thee when at the Sack of *Tunis* thou becam'ſt my Pris'ner, and by thine own confeſſion wert a thing without a name, and couldſt neither from men nor countrey

claim

claim a being? now thy Treachery ſhall make thee as dark an *Exit* as thy baſe ſoul had entrance.

Pauſ. I ſcorn thy threats, from this death I ſhall begin to live; till now I lay wrapp'd in ruſt, and the Canker fed upon my fame; from this act I ſhall adopt a name which till this minute I deſpair'd of ſince that fatal day in which old *Perſeus* fell, in whom onely liv'd that knowledge we ſo hunt for; and *Hipparchus*, if thou continueſt thou'lt be aſham'd to finde. For the bounties thou urgeſt, *Gillippus*, what were they but making us a better kinde of Slaves, commanded Commanders, empaling our free ſouls ſo that we could employ but one virtue, our courage, ſince we ſerv'd thee; and that has thrown us into dangers honour would be aſham'd to own, and brought wounds that leave theſe bluſhing ſcars. This, when *Hipparchus* has let fall his paſſion, will make him tremble to finde he could not fear but bleed for a Traitor, and ſtruck againſt a virgins honour, and in his rage ſold his Friend to buy his will: Then, then, *Hipparchus*, the wounds thou now art proud of will hang upon thee with more diſhonour than thy Chains; for me, I ſmile at the chance; for though I have miſt my firſt freedom yet I have found my laſt wounds. *He turns to* Liſimelia.

Hip. Ha!

Gil. Villain, haſt thou not yet enough laid open thy treacherous ſoul? Art not ſatisfy'd to be falſe thy ſelf, that thus thou labour'ſt to ſhake his try'd faith? *Hipparchus*, kill him, kill ev'n his memory, that the ingrateful Slave may fall like a Dog, and leave no name behinde him---- yet hold, he ſhall not dy ſo nobly, nor finde ſuch mercy in his fall: *Hipparchus*, Strip the Slave, and upon a Tree ſtretch the Traitor's body; there let him hang alive like the condemn'd fruit to the fruitleſs Tree, doom'd thither to live a death; and would count that Murder that threw him there Mercy, if it would come and break the ſnare. *The ſlaves offer to kill him*

Liſ. Bloudy Villain, dar'ſt thou command this with a belief thou ſhouldſt be obey'd? What is he that has ſo much Hell about him, that dares execute what thy bloudy rage impoſes?

Pauſ. Gentle Soul, plead not for *Pauſanes*, nor grudge him this glorious end; for now I fall, what I could not have liv'd with him, Honour's ſervant.

Gil. Away with him, and ſee it done; or by the Gods he pulls his own fate down that diſputes it.

[*The Slaves ſeize* Pauſanes, Hipparchus *ſtays 'em.*

Hip. He that trembles at death let him dy; 'tis juſt. Hold---- Sir, witneſs my wounds, I dare be loyal; and when my faith was given I ſwom through the Streights of Friendſhip to ſerve you; yet though I did this, becauſe my faith was given, and Honour told me I was in the right; Do not think I will be ſo faulty to my Friend as to ſtart at your frown more than his ſword, or be frighted to the Murder of my Brother.

Gil. Ha! what's this?

Hip. No, *Gillippus*, I have no ſuch aguey courage, nor comes my honour ſo by fits. Know, though I durſt not break my truſt, yet I dare

dare diſobey your impious commands: nor can you call it Treachery when to your face I diſavow it: Frown not, for whileſt I have mine old guide, Honour, there's no act brings ſo dark a hazard but *Hipparchus* will ſtrike a fire from it ſhall light him through.

Gill. Zenon *and the ſlaves draw.*

Gil. My Rage, whither wilt thou hurl me? Draw, Mates.----- Villains, though my anger has loſt her tongue, yet her hands are left ſtill; and thoſe in wounds ſhall print on your wretched bodies my Revenge.

Hip. There, defend thy ſelf; Fear not, Madam, theſe are our Enemies. [Hip. *returns* Pauſ. *his Sword, they defend themſelves.*

Pauſ. Now I have my wiſh. [Pauſ. *ſteps to* Lyſ. *and unbindes her,*

Gil. At this rate take it. Gil. *wounds him.*

Pauſ. Think'ſt thou I would not buy her freedom when my bloud could purchaſe it? Have I liv'd as if I fear'd wounds? thou canſt ſcarce be mine Enemy after this favour. O that I could kiſs it, thou ſhouldſt kill me ere I would take my lips from it.

Lyſ. For what fate I am reſerv'd I know not, but I am reſolv'd to ſhun this if it be poſſible-----Help, Rape, Murder, Murder. [*She runs out, and meets the King her Brother.*

Enter the King, and Souldiers, they beat off Gillippus *and* Zenon, *and take* Hipparchus *and* Pauſanes.

King. Binde theſe, and purſue the reſt. Siſter, well met, Come you along with me. [*Exeunt omnes*

ACT. II. SCEN. I.

Enter the King, Lyſimella, Philon, Sortanes, Cleon, Hipparchus, *and* Pauſanes *bound, with a Guard.*

King. YOu are my Siſter, but I beg you will urge me no more; thy ſoftneſs was betray'd, and becauſe they were penitent thou thought'ſt them innocent; I tell thee, *Lyſimella*, if they could have hop'd to have born thee hence thou ſhouldſt have ſeen Luſt and Pride flow naturally in them; 'twas their fear made them fawn; Away with them to the Galley.

Pauſ. Our fears?

Hip. Had we ſcap'd misfortunes till we met fears, thy Army, King, might have found a Grave ere they had ſeen us bound; and to let thee ſee we have no ſhaking ſouls, this threatn'd miſery ſhall not make us or fear or fawn on thee.

Pauſ. Peace, *Hipparchus*, let him ſee us dy ere touch an Oar; 'twill reſolve him what we dare do.

Lyſ. Has my Brother loſt all his nature? Then I ſhall not wonder that I have loſt the intereſt of a Siſter. Can you be a King and have neither mercy nor juſtice? Farewell; henceforth I may obey but ne're approve your acts----- Hold, *Sortanes*; Sir, look upon their wounds,

They offer to lead Hip. *and* Pauſ. *away.*

wounds; ye gods! ought any thing that chance owns make men fall ſo low that we eſteem'em leſs than beaſts? See, they bleed ſtill; Can you leave 'em like Dogs to lick theſe wounds, whoſe ev'ry drop of bloud, I can witneſs, fell a ſacrifice to honour: O 'tis a fault, a fault (I fear) the Gods will puniſh; as if men in miſery had no ſouls, or ſlaves did not upwards look.

King. Hold, *Sortanes*, unbinde 'em. Siſter, they are your Priſoners, and as you pleaſe diſpoſe of 'em, and think not my nature cruel, or that I frown'd upon them, for Kings do often ſo upon the fault when they pity the man; yet if I get the head of this Serpent, *Gillippus*, he ſhall finde our juſtice with its full weight but we'll cruſh him.

Lyſ. Now I kneel to you, Sir.

King. What means my Siſter? Riſe, my occaſions give me leave onely to ſay Farewell; this accident has retarded me ſome hours beyond my reſolution. Till my return my power I leave with thee, my Siſter-----And *Philon*, obey her as my ſelf.

Lyſ. The Gods guide and bleſs the King.

King. Sortanes, command the Officers aboard, and give order the Galleys be all looſe with the next Tide. [*Exit King.*

Lyſimel. Coſin *Philon*, pray let your care provide for thoſe men. [*She looks back as ſhe goes out. Exit.*

Pauſ. O *Hipparchus*, I am loſt ere I have found my ſelf, and have fought for bonds; Come my Friend.

Hip. That title confirms my life; for now I finde my rage did not deſtroy my ſelf, and through thy wounds let out thy friendſhip, with joy I live to redeem my fault.

Pauſ. O *Hipparchus!* This be my witneſs, thy friendſhip grows here, nor wert thou faulty at all to me, nor do I want an Argument for what I did; thou hadſt Reaſon, and I had Love to plead; Love whoſe power yet thou never felt'ſt; but when thou ſhalt finde he is undiſcern'd got in, and in thy boſom diſplays his fiery wings, then like me with all that light thou'lt finde thou art i'th' dark, and thus ſtoop to a willing yoak, ſighing for what thou wouldſt not part with. Theſe, theſe, *Hipparchus*, are the wounds I fear; thoſe the Sword makes are remedies, and if deep enough bring a certain Cure. *They imbrace*

Phil. This way, Gentlemen.

Hip. We ſhall follow, Sir. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. II. SCEN. II.

Enter Eucracia, Leucanthe, Dion, Gillippus, Cremnofeild, *and* Zenon.

Leuc. NOble *Gillippus*, thus to venture your ſelf and fortunes in our hazard is an obligation we know not how to pay; for the preparation you ſpeak of brings our certain ruine, if by treaty we cannot appeaſe his fury.

Gil. Pray, Madam, from whence ſprings his anger?

Enc. 'Tis juſt you know the cauſe of this War that thus venture your ſelf into the dangers of it: this Iſland bleſt beyond our Neighbours with a fruitful peace drew us into a conſideration how we came to be ſo happy; and in the ſearch we found Ambition had no dwelling here: for our cuſtome admits no one man chief, which kept all from that ſin: our Government is here in the hand of a Prieſt and Judge, which are choſen by lot, not faction; and their power remains to them during life, if they obey our Laws; the breach of one of which Laws has begot this danger; for when our Predeceſſors made their vow to peace, a Law was then enacted to prohibit our taking Arms but in our own defence.

Leuc. This Law the King credits not; for when we return'd it as the Reaſon that forbad us to yield that aid to him he then implor'd, he ſays we urg'd it but to hide our Treachery, and concludes we aſſiſted his Enemy becauſe we would not fight for him; ſo that now having labour'd through that ſtorm that threatn'd *Sicily* his rage bends this way.

Dion. And at a time when we have neither Arms nor Counſel to defend us: now, Madam, the puniſhments your Fathers have call'd down purſue us baniſh'd for abuſing the Oracle and truſt repos'd in them. *Theagines* being chief Judge and *Memnon* chief Prieſt of this Iſland, their Counſel and your Brothers ſwords were aids, which we ſhall beſt finde when to our deſpairs we feel the want.

Cremn. Yet let us not quit our ſelves when we muſt fall; the dearer we ſell our lives the greater fame will wait us; nor have our men forgot to fight, though we have left to invade.

Gil. Spoke like a Souldier: How is the Town fortifi'd towards the Harbour? for there your danger will begin.

Cremn. 'Tis no regular Fortification, yet 'tis in defence.

Gil. Madam, I beſeech you remove your fears, they are ill *omens* here: Speak, Courage, you know not what Miracles we may act; the night comes on apace, pray retire to your reſt, while *Cremnofeld*, *Dion* and my ſelf, go ſet the Watch, and provide for the entertainment of theſe ſtrangers that come ſo rudely without inviting.

Enc. We'll go and joyn our ſtrength of prayer with our Arms, which I hope will protect us, though they fail to conquer them.

Gil. I'll but order my Galleys to joyn with yours, and be ready in the Harbour to board 'em as they come ſtragling in, then I'll meet you upon the Guard.

Dion. Eucratia is the Word to night, Farewell. [*Ex. all but* Gil.

Gil. Farewell, ſhallow Fools. Think ye *Gillippus* will ſell his bloud for airy honour? No, 'tis Revenge or the ſatisfying ſome other Luſt engages; me therefore, I'll to my Galley, and while this dark protects us command *Zenon* to lanch from the Harbour, and in a little Creek ly looſe and undiſcover'd with his Galley, 'tis wiſdom to ſecure a Retreat; nor will I again put my happineſs in the power of Slaves whoſe Treachery wrack'd my ſoul, and depriv'd me

me of the pleaſures I had promis'd to my ſelf, in the embraces of the fair *Lyſimella:* but theſe faces have remov'd that pain; for he that like me loves beauty, where e're he meets it ſows his Love, and when he enjoys it reaps his Miſtreſs.

ACT. II. SCEN. III.

Enter Lyſimella, *and* Philon.

Lyſ. WAs the Fleet within ſight of Land this morning?

Phil. Yes, Madam, they hung about the Iſle of *Aſmara* theſe four days, kept back by contrary Windes.

Lyſ. When returns the Galley that came from my Brother?

Phil. This Tide ſhe puts off.

Lyſ. This opportunity then will advance my Deſign. Have you fitted thoſe Priſoners with a Diſguiſe?

Phil. Yes, Madam.

Lyſ. Hark, what's that, a Lute? Are they muſical?

Phil. One of 'em plays and ſings.

Lyſ. Prithee, let's hear.

A Song.

FOnd Pauſanes, *let not thy Love aſpire*
To a hope of coming higher:
But let thy faith grow under a Cloud
Of being not allow'd.

And ſtill purſue thy Love till ſhe like well
To know it, but thou not tell:
Next thy care muſt be, ſhe not perceive
Thou believ'ſt ſh'has given leave:

Thy love and ſuffrings thus being humbly told,
And not a ſigh too bold,
Nor with a look ſpeak, or let a fear be proud
To be diſcern'd, leſt thou love too loud.

Whileſt fairly thus thou do'ſt thy love purſue,
Pretending nothing due:
Who knows but that in time her heart may grow
To wiſh thee well whether ſhe will or no?

By ſuch ſoft ſteps as theſe and ſlow degrees,
And ever on his knees,
Pauſanes *ſtill ſhall approach his bliſs,*
But not come neer enough to miſs:

But at a diſtance look and love;
And ſee Lyſimella *far above:*
Yet not wiſh her deſcending to my ſenſe,
Or hope of meeting but by influence.

Exit Philon. *Lyſimel.* Call him hither.——Now, *Lyſimella*, arm thy ſelf with reſolution, that thy ſex may not ſtill be call'd weak, nor thou yield to thy paſſion, leſt this god in a cloud deceive thee, and force thee with his yieldings; he ſings his actions, and acts his opinions, which makes him a dangerous friend here; he's one that boldly dares, yet humbly loves; he ſtruck his Maſter, and bow'd to me; and when his rage had fill'd his eyes with fire, he ſighing turn'd, and looking this way, in languiſhing ſtreams quench'd their riſing flames.—— Oh power of honour! that makes this gallant in him, and honour in me not to return his love; it ſtarts me to find honour pleas'd ſtill to confound our Reaſon; and impoſe upon us an obedience to her Laws, when Nature and Reaſon plead againſt it; but ſee, they come.

ACT. II. SCEN. IV.

Enter Philon, *with* Hipparchus *and* Pauſanes, *like common Souldiers.*

He ſees Lyſimella *and her woman.* *Pauſ.* DO thou ſpeak, while I collect my ſelf; yet do not, why ſhould I refuſe by my diſorder to ſpeak her power? if ſhe deſerve my love, I'me certain ſhe may command my fears; nor is it a diſhonour to ſhake here, 'tis not, I tell thee, *Hipparchus*, it is not; theſe are valiant fears, and I'll ſpeak to her even what my heart ſends out; for by my life, all that I reſolved of I have quite forgot.

Hippar. But do not raſhly tempt her to a ſcorn.

Pauſ. Scorn! Oh no, *Hipparchus*! if ever her ſoftneſs hath felt Loves power ſhe knows his proper language is free proſe, and their diſtractions wrap the powerfull'ſt truth; confin'd Verſe tells us they are too much themſelves, nor is he afflicted who can compoſe his ſufferings.——See where ſhe ſtands. [*They kneel.*

Lyſimel. Riſe, your freedom is the bounty of another, and the thanks not due to me; I ſent for you to tell you my Brother is now upon a deſign for *Sardinia*, but has been ſtaid by croſs winds, ſo that you may o'retake him ere he lands, in a Galley which this morning is bound for him, and in this diſguiſe ſtriking on his party unknown, pay his bounty.

Hippar. Arm us, Madam, and you ſhall hear how deep we'll plow, how thick we'll ſow their wounds too, but we'll reap the honour, my miſtake has loſt me in ſtriking againſt your virtue; and now we are friends ſo that *Pauſanes* and *Hipparchus* undivided draw, I think we ſhall not eaſily be o'recome; for give me leave to ſay we are not often conquered but by our ſelves: and then though *Pauſanes* be victor, *Hipparchus* triumphs.

Pauſ. We can be grateful, Madam, though not fortunate.

She fetches a Cabinet and offers it to Hipparchus. *Lyſ.* That's my Q. pray, let me be thankful too, leſt you think I can only counſel it: within this Cabinet I believe is in value as much as my perſon would have yielded at a Mart, if it be leſs, 'tis the modeſt opinion I ought to have of mine own worth makes me faulty

in

in the ſum; for any other conſideration take this too. *She gives him a chain.*

Hippar. 'Tis juſt, Madam, that you throw this ſcorn on me; for I confeſs the fault look'd as if I had fought for money: which opinion my refuſal now I hope will remove.

Lyſ. Pray take it; why ſhould you receive wounds for me?

Hippar. I do not let my ſelf out to dangers, nor is it my trade to fight: wounds and blood are neither my daily labour nor the ſweat of my brow; they are honours and pay themſelves: if I have courage, 'tis a gift the gods ſent me freely, and as their bleſſing freely I'll diſpenſe it.

Lyſ. Your pardon, Sir, I meant no injurious upbraiding, for by my life I do not think you faulty: if you will not be rewarded, yet give me leave to ſupply your wants.

Hippar. I kiſs your charity.

Lyſ. What to give him I know not; Oh unequal Law, that binds us women, and forces me to let him periſh, becauſe I know how to ſave him! I muſt not ſtay, I know y'are friends, and what the one has is but the others ſtore, I wiſh ye may be fortunate. My laſt words, e're I knew what you were.

Pauſ. O ſtay! unbind me ere you go; and hear my ſoul labour'd with admiration of your beauties; but ſince I was bleſt with knowledge of your diviner part, all your acts from honour ſprung have collected thoſe ſparkes your eyes kindled; and th'are blown to a flame here, here it burns, and though this Altar (divineſt) be built upon the meaneſt earth, ſcorn it not; for my offering ſhall be of the pureſt love; and my ſighs ſhall conſtant incenſe breathe.

Lyſ. What thou might'ſt have done I know not; but I'me ſure thou canſt not now, thou haſt ſaid too much: Go fight, fight, for thou know'ſt not how to love. Oh woman, woman, woman ſtill! [*Speaks aſide.*

Pauſ. Not love! what ſtranger then is this that's got in here, and wanders ſo to ſeek; not love! 'tis he or cowardize crept in, no third cauſe can beget the fears, the tremblings I labour with; Oh! teach me how to know him.

Lyſ. That ſtranger when thou meet'ſt him at the eye thou wilt find he is conceiv'd in fire, and in an inſtant grows to perfect form; thence in fullneſs of time he takes his birth into the heart which is his world; there if he prove a healthy love he lives in ſilence, the tongue has no part 'ith birth of gallant loves; nor are they long liv'd that make their *Exits* that way; the true births of love know no delivery. But where they took their life through the eye, this is love: thine a ſhort-liv'd paſſion, I fear. (*I fear ſpoke aſide.*

Pauſ. My paſſions are no faults, Madam, when I maſter 'em; when we do not ſerve them we command admiration; or ſhould I yield to 'em, could any paſſion be unbecoming that has ſo beautiful a cauſe as the fair *Lyſimella*, who (I fear) has been us'd to ſuch Hecatombs of hearts, that my ſingle one being but a ſlaves might well be ſcorn'd at your ſhrine; yet if you be that power that my thoughts have worſhip'd, you muſt confeſs he that offers all, though a beggar, ſacrifices equal to a King. O turn not from me, but be like *She turns away.*

She turns away. like thoſe gods you bow to, which though they give and guard our flocks, yet accept a Lamb.

Aſide. *Lyſ.* Plead no more, if thou lov'ſt thou wilt prefer me; I muſt not, dare not underſtand, I am too much a party to hear him plead.

Pauſ. O do not ſhew the ſeveral ways you have to wound: may the fire for ever inhabite in thoſe eyes, but do not in frowns dart it this way.

Lyſ. Be gone then. And conſider what thou ſueſt for, a ſlave by his paſſion crowned, and a Princeſs by her inthron'd.

Pauſ. Do but believe I love, 'tis all I beg; ſtrike me heaven, if I have ſo faulty a wiſh as to attempt the unſhrining ſuch a power, or would live to ſee your beauty fall from this vaſt national ador'd condition, to make them my petty houſhold god. O ſay! do you believe I love?

Lyſ. Yes, yes; I believe and fear.

Here he reverences and kneels. *Pauſ.* O continue that friendly faith; I'll at a diſtance kneel, for 'tis a wealth I'll pray for, fight to keep, and weep to part with: and if that way of obtaining, that way of keeping, and this ſenſe of loſs ask'd with a whole heart, and with a whole heart defended, but parted from with a broken one, can confirm it, all joys.

[*She in paſſion interrupts him, and in diſdain ſpeaks, and leaves him.*

Lyſ. Peace, be gone. *Lyſimella* collect thy ſelf, for thou art loſt. O ye gods, would ye had given more, or that I had known leſs of honour. [Pauſanes *ſtarts again.*

Pauſ. *Hipparchus*, my friend, I find my miſery, and conjure thee that if thou out-live us, ſteal ſome of my aſhes into her Urne, that in our earth being become equal we may become one. [*Exit.*

Hippar. This is ſtrange, yet 'tis the beſt kind of anger; and the ſtorm is to friend, if I can judge a woman. [*Exit.*

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

Enter the King, *and* Eumenes, Sortanes, Pauſanes *and* Hipparchus, *with their ſwords drawn.*

Alarm. *King.* *Eumenes*, now the Souldiers are landed let 'em be drawn into *Battalia*; we'll charge this inſtant, and not give 'em leave at land to collect their loſs at ſea.

Eum. They were *Gillippus*'s Gallies that boarded us; yet I ſaw not the *Pluto* there; her brazen Prow had wont with the earlieſt to bathe in blood her *Proſerpine.*

King. That injury hath brought ſome fuel to my rage, to ſee they have given harbour to that traytor, that twice has attempted the rape of my Siſter; and in advowance of his fault, in his Prow he wears the helliſh preſident for that black deed.

Eum. Loſe no time, then, but while th'are ſcatter'd with their dangers,

dangers, and their fears ſtrike for us, let us bring that juſtice their treacheries have call'd down.

King. Away, every man to his charge.

[*Exeunt all but* Hipparchus *and* Pauſanes.

Pauſ. Oh *Hipparchus*, the joy to find *Gillippus* here has diſpers'd all my ſad thoughts. Ye powers that rule our fates! if *Pauſanes* have any of you to friend, give me *Gillippus*, this day, within my ſwords reach. [*Alarm.*

Hippar. So, now my friend ſpeaks like himſelf; and when thou ſtrik'ſt not at thy ſelf, thou ſtand'ſt ſafe; but hark, we muſt away. *Alarm ſtill.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT. III. SCEN. II.

Enter Gillippus, Eucratia, Leucanthe, Dion, *and* Cremnofield.

Gillip. THis is no time to talk now; they have begirt the Town, and will inſtantly attempt to ſtorm it, the immediate danger calls for reſiſtance, not counſel; *Dion*, go you to the gate that's next the harbour; and, *Cremnofield*, take you the charge of the Princeſs's perſons; I'll to that Port againſt which the Kings Standard is advanc'd; if we muſt fall, let us not go out faintly.

Eucratia and *Leucanthe.* The gods protect us. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. III. SCEN. III.

Enter Pauſanes *and* Hipparchus, Pauſanes *wounded.*

Pauſ. 'TWas *Gillippus*; he fled, and left me to the multitude; Oh *Hipparchus*, purſue the chaſe, and if thou overtak'ſt him, thou'lt find the coward imboſs'd with running from me; if thou canſt ſet him up, Bay him till I come; and as thou lov'ſt me, let me not loſe the honour of his fall.

Hippar. Are you ſure he's this way?

Pauſ. Yes, yes; I'me certain 'twas he. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. III. SCEN. IV.

Enter Gillippus *alone.*

Gillip. THey have forc'd the Town, and there's no hope of ſafety, unleſs I can recover my Galley, S'death; I am accurs'd of late; I hunt nothing but unprofitable wounds.—— Ha! *Leucanthe*, the Princeſs! as I could wiſh; yet if fortune would ſmile, here were a prize would heal all my unlucky wounds. *Enter* Leucanthe *and* Zenon.

Leucan. Oh *Gillippus*, w'are loſt, our lives, our honours and our gods, ſubject to the rage of the common Souldier.

Gillip.

Gillip. Will you venture then to follow me? if we can gain the Port I have a Galley may ſecure you.

Leucan. Oh guide me; which way, noble *Gillippus?*

Gillip. Come *Zenon*, follow, for there's no abiding here; hell I think fights on their ſide, for 'twas nothing leſs then a devil that forc'd, and then purſu'd me through our Guards; By day it ſelf, he ſtruck as ſure as if he had been the fate he brought; my flight could ſcarce out-ſtrip his conqueſt. [*A noiſe within, follow, follow.*

Zenon. They purſue us ſtill; away, loſe no time. [*Ex. omnes.*

ACT. III. SCEN. V.

Enter King, *and* Eumenes.

King. THis way, this way, *Eumenes*, the gallant Reapers went; ſure by this their ſickles are dull'd, and their hands weary with griping ſuch full victory; when the word was given they charg'd through their fellows, and like lightning ſcal'd and leap'd the wall, where once entred, cowards loſe not faſter then they gain'd ground; I was amaz'd to ſee their charge, 'twas as if they had flown, not fought for conqueſt.

Eum. They are not cloath'd proper for the Parts they Act; either their honour or condition is miſplac'd.

King. If they ſurvive, this day, inquire 'em out, and then, when we can reward we'll admire, now we'll aſſiſt the work.

[*As the* King *and* Eumenes *go off, they meet* Leucanthe, Gillippus, *and* Zenon.

Gillip. Ha! the King! fly Madam, haſte to my Galley and ſave your ſelf. [*The* King *and* Gillippus *fight, and* Eumenes *and* Zenon, Gillippus *wounded*, Zenon *quits the Stage*, Gillippus *throws his ſword at the* King, *and counterfeiting falls, the* King *leaves him, and purſues* Leucanthe.

King. Thou ſhalt not long impeach my ſtay; do you ſtare?

Gillip. Hell take thee. [*Exit the* King.

Enter Eumenes *and* Zenon.

Eum. What have you, at length, found daring to look upon the dangers? is the dead-doing *Zenon*, ſo fam'd for his bold deeds?

Zenon. Yes *Eumenes*, *Pelius* dares, though *Zenon* durſt not; do's the name of *Pelius* ſtart thee? know, falſe man, all thy darings cannot protect thee from the juſtice this brings, for the injuries thou didſt me during the Treaty here, when thou fought'ſt aid for thy ambitious Maſter.

Zenon *diſcovers himſelf.*

Eum. What act of mine during that time were you concern'd in.

Zenon. Haſt thou forgot the fair *Zenonia?* methinks the half I borrow, for my diſguiſe, from that name, ſhould prompt thy ſoul to a remembrance of the vows, the falſe vows thou mad'ſt her.

Eum.

Eum. Falſe vows?

Zenon. Yes, boaſting her the conqueſt of thy vanity; when with thy perjur'd breath thou begg'ſt for that thou valu'dſt not, meerly to affront my paſſion which purſu'd her with all thoſe truths of love, thou feignedſt; yet never reap'd a harveſt for all my pains. But this is not the injury that wakes my anger; 'tis thy ſcorn, not thy love of her engages me to think it ſhould be in any mortals power to ſcorn that deity which I ſacrifice to.

Eum. How do you know I ſcorn her?

Zenon. Say thou doſt not; ſay thou wilt return and pay thoſe vows of love, and by all our gods I'll kneel to thee; for if thou'lt love again (although my Rival) her love ſhall guard thee, and from henceforth thou ſhalt be my friend; but if thou proceed thus to triumph in her miſeries (whoſe pains I feel, though ſhe be inſenble of mine) thou ſhalt find, though I cannot intreat her love, yet I can force Revenge from her darkeſt Caves.

Eum. What do's *Pelius* ſee about *Eumenes*, that he ſhould take him for a fool or coward; thus to think I would truſt a Rival, or fear an enemy? and now I know the reaſon of thy hate, if thou ſhouldſt ſwear thou art my friend, I'de tell thee thou lieſt; if mine enemy, why, I do not care.

Zenon. Do you ſleight my profer'd friendſhip? do you believe this language? [*They fight.*

Eum. Yes, I underſtand it, and you ſhall find it by the anſwer I'll make. [Eumenes *wounded falls.*

Zenon. This ring was hers, and ſhall witneſs I have puniſh'd his falſhood.——*Gillippus* wounded! [*Enter* Gillippus.

Gillip. Yes, *Zenon*, but not ſlain, and yet the King ſtruck home; I found 'twas folly to reſiſt his force, unleſs I could have conquer'd his whole Army; and therefore wiſely I preſerv'd my ſelf for better days.——Saw'ſt thou the Princeſs *Leucanthe* ſince?

Zenon. Yes, ſhe's fled toward the Weſt-port.

Gillip. Who's this? *Eumenes* ſain! well, purſue *Leucanthe*, gentle *Zenon*; and if thou findſt her tell her of my eſcape, ſay thou left'ſt me aboard the Galley; and if ſhe know not where her Siſter *Eucratia* is, tell her ſhe's with me, who negligent of her own danger impatiently expects her coming to the Galley, where I'll go and wait your coming. [*Exit.*

Zenon. Yes, I'll go, but not to aſſiſt thy treachery, yet I'll bring her if I can; ſhe has an intereſt in *Zenonia*; and if I can thus bring her into dangers, my protection of her honour will endear me to her; and ſo engage her to be my friend to *Zenonia*, the thoughts of whom my ſoul will ever labour with. [*Exit.*

ACT. III. SCEN. VI.

Enter Pauſanes *and* Procles, *having both hold on* Eucratia.

Pauſ. UNhand her.

Procles. She's my priſoner, and I will not loſe her.

Pauſ. Dar'ſt thou be a Souldier and ſpeak that falſhood?

Proc. I firſt ſeiz'd her, and I'll keep her.

Pauſ. Had thine age been able to have kept flight with me, thou ſhouldſt have ſeen me hunt her through the ſtreights of a thouſand wounds, and mow down all the weeds that grew about her; yet then, then this Laurel protected by her own virtue ſtood ſafe in the midſt of all that Lightning; and let me tell thee, the ſame cauſe that kept me from laying violent hands upon her makes me ſpare thee; 'tis a reverence that in ſome meaſure thy ſilver hairs command.

Proc. I defie thee and thy naked Chin, Talker; this plead for me, nor ſhalt thou finde a gray Coward here; Binde her, and then we'll diſpute whoſe ſhe is.

Pauſ. Binde her! Look upon her, and then tell me on which part of that divine form thou dar'ſt hang a Chain.

Proc. I'll diſpute no more, unhand her, ſhe's my Priſoner or but Earth. [*He offers to ſtab her.*

Pauſ. Remove from her breaſt that threatn'd danger, or by our Gods thou art Earth.

Proc. Think'ſt thou *Procles* will quit his aged Honours for fear of a Boy proud in his firſt wounds?

Pauſ. Boy, nay then defend thee. [*They fight.*

Euc. I know not too which is guiltieſt, but I can ill preſerve mine own. [*Exit* Euc.

Pauſ. *diſarms* Hroc. *Pauſ.* She's gone, there's ſomething whiſpers to me, Protect her; I'll follow her-----There, take thy Sword, I will not rob thy age in thy fall. [*Exit* Pauſ.

Proc. I thank thee, and may thine be no leſs fortunate than this has been, and thou buy thy Honours at a cheaper rate. [*Dies.*

Enter Pauſanes *hanging about* Hipparchus *neck, wounded and fainting.*

Pauſ. Had I liv'd to have finiſh'd my Revenge on that Traitor *Gillippus*, and from his boſom torn the knowledge of our ſelves, which in a golden Relick the Tyrant wears about his neck, and ſtill with threatn'd loſs would awe us to our faith, then, *Hipparchus*, I could have dy'd in peace.

Hip. Whither did you go to finde theſe wounds?

Pauſ. In purſuit of the fair *Eucratia*, I follow'd her through all her miſeries, but not with intent to add to them, but to guard her from the raging luſt of the common Souldier, till at length ſome of her party met us, and to them I owe theſe wounds.

Hip. This diſorderly poſſeſſing the Town will ruine us; the wounds we receivd ſince the Conqueſt are more than we got in the Attempt; the Cowards fears have in their deſpair ſtruck deeper wounds than their courage knew how to deal.

Enter Zen. *and* Leuc. *Zenon.* This way, Madam.

Leuc. O *Zenon*, Haſte, I know not which I fly to with greater zeal, my Siſter or my ſafety; Is it far?

Zenon.

Zenon. If you can paſs the Port y'are ſafe. Ha!

Hip. Stand, the Word?

Zenon. The Word! Death, if thou refuſe us paſſage.

Leuc. Or a Virgin's thine for ever, if thou dar'ſt let my innocence eſcape this ruine. O ſpeak, Death and Diſhonour purſue us cloſe. O ſpeak, Sir; Shall I paſs?

[Hip. *is ſurpriz'd with* Leucanthes *beauty, and ſtands amaz'd.*

Hip. Paſs! Yes, fair one, I dare let you paſs, and through all hazards ſerve you; O *Pauſanes*, live to counſel me; ſomething like thy deſcription I feel here. [*Speaks aſide to* Pauſanes.

Zenon. Shall we paſs, or no?

Hip. Smooth your brow, your frowns will make no way here.

Zenon. My Sword ſhall then.

Hip. No, *Zenon*, thou know'ſt it never could when *Hipparchus* deny'd thee paſſage.

Zenon. Ha! *Hipparchus!*

Hip. Yes, *Zenon*, *Hipparchus*; who to let this Lady ſee how much he dares do in her cauſe, he will not onely give her a paſſage, but with it all his peace of minde, and do thou thank her for this Sanctuary; for were it not that thou hadſt taken hold on that Altar the Murder of *Eumenes* here I would have puniſh'd; but ſuch is the power of that Deity that I can defer my hate, nay, forgive thee, if ſhe'll confeſs thy Sword or Faith hath ſacrific'd ought to her deliverance.

Leuc. He has, he has, and he onely can guide me to a hope of ſafety. Gentle youth, the Gods reward thee----Hark, I am purſu'd, if thou haſt power divert their rage. [*Within Follow, follow.*

Hip. Your name, leave but that to call upon in my danger, and then I'll plant my ſelf here an Enemy to all that dare purſue your ſoftneſs. O do not hide your name from me, nor leave me to bow to a Power I know not.

Leuc. My name's *Leucanthe*, the unfortunate *Leucanthe*; gentle youth, May all thy wiſhes fall upon thy head. Away *Zenon.* [*Exeunt* Leuc. *and* Zen.

Pauſ. Now, *Hipparchus*, had I Reaſon once?

Hip. Leucanthe, the Princeſs *Leucanthe*, is it not?

King. Yes, Souldier, *Leucanthe*, the Princeſs *Leucanthe*, Which way went ſhe?

Hip. This way ſhe went, Sir; but I muſt beg you'll not purſue her.

King. Theſe are the Souldiers I ſo much admir'd. Is it your ignorance, or do you wilfully ſtrike out the reward your daring youth has this day merited?

Hip. If we are faulty 'tis wilful; but this act (we hope) owns no guilt.

King. Is it not a fault thus to blot the Conqueſt, whoſe greateſt beauties are gifts of your own hands?

Hip. My ſoul has vow'd, and I ſee it written yonder, not to ſuffer any one to paſs this way whileſt my Sword and I can impeach their ſtay. [Pauſ. *offers to riſe, but cannot.*

Panſ. And I, though weak in body, am ſtrong in friendſhip; my Friends vows ſhall ever be my cauſe.

Hip. You ſee our reſolution, Sir, and we dare dy.

The King charges, Hip. *onely defends himſelf.*

King. And I dare fight, and thus force my paſſage.

Hip. O! hold, Sir, and hear me ſpeak.

King. Shall I paſs?

Hip. Your ſelf can witneſs what faith I brought to your cauſe; my charge uſher'd pale death about the field; and when I found him lazy and waiting upon Fate I leap'd from his lean ſide, and with my Sword dealt more deaths than he.

King. Purſue that act ſtill, and let me hunt this ſcornful Lady till with miſeries I have made her wild heart tame, the Conqueſt will be perfect then.

Hip. All's done already; I fought to Conqueſt, and Cowards onely ſtrike afterwards. A Foe that flies is your Slave, and no longer deſerves the name of Enemy.

King. Shall I paſs?

Hip. 'Tis ſlaughter you purſue, and will ſtain all thoſe honour'd wounds your Conqueſt gave; but for this Princeſs, whoſe virtue I bow to, O, Sir, can you be ſo blinded with your rage as to avow a War with her?

King. Leave counſel and obey; Mercy and Juſtice are ſpecious ſhews, but to obey is your beſt Sacrifice, which if thou offer'ſt not, by mine anger I'll offer thee.

Hip. Obey! Yes; the Gods I'll obey, and ſtrike againſt all that ſtrike at them; Know, you command a Free-man, one that choſe your party, and none of that number that was born under you; And yet I beſeech you, Sir, attempt not your paſſage here; for I muſt not betray her ſafety as to defend her cauſe weakly.

King. Are you ſo reſolute? [*They fight.*

Panſ. O *Hipparchus!* hold; Remember 'tis the King, lift not thy hand againſt him; this Victory will be full of Curſes. O for ſtrength enough to part them!

[Euc. *purſu'd by the Kings party lays hold on the Kings Sword, and yields her ſelf Priſoner, who amaz'd in paſſion ſpeaks.*

Euc. This by his habit ſhould be a Commander to him, (ſince I muſt feel the miſery of bonds) I'll yield my ſelf. Defend me, Sir, I am your Priſoner, my name's *Eucratia.*

King. Hold your Swords; he that adds another ſtroke to War ſhall feel the weight of this.

Hip. Bleſt chance.

King. Eucratia! Are you *Eucratia?*

Euc. Yes, and a Princeſs, till thy ambitions (King) hunted me to my ruine.

King. O *Eucratia!* Soul of ſweetneſs, that wretched King ſee proſtrate at thy feet; and if thou canſt not pardon, tread upon my neck, and let thy virtues ſink me to my Grave: there's ſomething divine about thee which in an inſtant has from my temples torn the Laurel reward of all my bleeding wounds, and from a conquering King made me all thy Slave----Command me ſomething.

Enter

Enter a Souldier.

Sould. Help, Sir, to ſave the Princeſs *Leucanthe* that's loſt, ſold to luſt and rape, if you redeem her not ſuddenly,

Euc. Unfortunate *Leucanthe*, I foreſaw this danger, ſad Fate! O my Siſter!

Hip. Leucanthe! Which way went the Ravliſher? O Sir, your pardon.

Sould. I ſaw *Gillippus*, i'th' *Pluto*, bear her from the ſhoar.

King. Gillippus! 'tis falſe, pray (Madam) remove your fears, my ſelf ſlew him in the battel.

Hip. O Sir, he has abus'd you by ſome wile; for on my life I ſaw him ſince your encounter.

Sould. Let me dy, if this be falſe.

Euc. O Sir! now I claim your offer, and beg, not Command, you will not complete your Conqueſt, and puſue this Raviſher.

King. Souldier, thy faith in her cauſe has been already try'd, Do thou provide one of the ſwifteſt Galleys for this Expedition. Come, Madam, we'll all go to ſave this Innocent: Some one help this wounded Youth aboard, and ſee he want for no care; ſuch virtue ſhines not every where.

Euc. Sir, his courage has oblig'd me, and he ſhall be my care; he found me when I was fall'n into the rage of the common people.

Pauſ. I kiſs your hands, Madam; and 'tis happineſs enough that I have liv'd to ſerve ſuch a virue as is ſeated in the fair *Encratia.*

King. Command a Ceſſation of Arms, and let all Acts of War ceaſe here; for the fair *Encratia* is now the Conquerour.

ACT. IV. SCEN. I.

Enter Lyſimella, *and* Philon; Lyſimella *in Boys habit.*

Lyſimella. URrge not his condition, I muſt not ſo miſtruſt the Juſtice of thoſe Powers I bow to as to fear they would leave me to ſuch a ſcorn; a common Slave? No, *Philon*, if there were not chance in his condition, their tongues would have doubl'd under ſuch a Load, as Love. A Slave's heart would have had too many hungry wants upon it to have found leiſure to have begg'd for Love.

Phil. This, under favour, is no Argument; and though I fear a want in their bloud, yet I believe they have wit enough, and their craft perhaps took hold of ſome pity which your Highneſs ſhew'd m; for under favour, Madam, your mercies were even to weakneſs, and but that I fear to diſpleaſe you, I could ſay, he but returns love.--This will move her; and as my faith and duty thus low bows *Aſide.* *He kneels.*

ſo

ſo my honour bids me defend you, eſpecially when you have ſo dangerous an enemy as your paſſion to engage my faith againſt: look but upon your habit, examine the nature of this act, and you ſhall find you walk blinded to your honours ruine; have you not thrown off your ſex, the honour of a Queen, and now appear cloath'd in bluſhes, and diſguis'd with faults? but this were nothing if my fears were falſe, which tell me, this habit is lin'd with as faulty reſolutions; nor can you condemn thoſe that know you not, if they conclude you have, with your ſex, thrown off your modeſty too.

Lyſ. Oh! Iam loſt for ever.

Phil. No Madam, if you ſtay, y'are ſafer for this attempt, by having found your errour; I confeſs, to this journey I carry nothing but obedience; had you fled to meet a plighted faith, through darkeſt hazards I would have waited on you; but when you flie to follow one you know not, a ſlave too, that perhaps flies from you. Nay grant him a Prince, can your honour be ſafe when you purſue? Oh, Madam, when you were your ſelf, and from your Reaſon collected truth, and from that rock would in Arguments give law to Love; I have heard your powerful Reaſons conclude, that a Queen is ſafer that is purſu'd by a ſlave, if he keep the path of love, then the greateſt Monarch of the earth could be, ſhould ſhe purſue a god; and now upon my knees I beg you would not at this rate reward the ambition of a wretch.

Lyſ. Oh *Philon*, *Philon*, thou art cruelly faithful, and unſenſible of my ſufferings; canſt preſcribe an abſtinence! but hadſt thou my Fever upon thee thou would'ſt drink (ambition) why? ſay he has that Gyant fault; yet 'tis a glorious ſin, and without it not one among all the Synod of the gods had fill'd his ſeat, and 'twas their fears that made it ſin in us; yet, in Loves Religion 'tis meritorious ſtill to aſpire to a Miſtriſs; and that love that gives, but will take no Laws, has call'd it gentleneſs, not ſavage Nature, for a ſervant to leap even at the heart of his Miſtriſs: yet thus much I'll ſatisfie thy faith; by the honour of my mothers aſhes, he woo'd firſt, and in ſuch words as my reſolution only could deny; and for his nature, how ſtout, how gentle, how full of honour, judge you that were witneſs of his actions.

Phil. Madam, I ſee you are reſolv'd, and then I know you will not want an argument; and now I know not whether 'twere a bleſſing, or no, their protection brought, ſince you believe they love.

Lyſ. If thou'lt turn away I'll bluſh, and tell thee why I believe he loves; thou ſaw'ſt his friendſhip could not divide him from me; it made his vertues faulty paſſions, ſearching with bluſhing wounds an enemy in his friends breaſt. Oh my Cozen! when I think on this, and call to mind how for my freedom he ſtood as if h'ad been immortal, and intending only that, let the falſe *Gillippus* wound his ſtout breaſt, which when he will defend, none, ſave the thunderer, or a friend can hit; oh *Philon*, *Philon*, when I conſider theſe miracles, why ſhould I be ſo wicked as to conclude him leſs then a god that acts 'em? and now take a ſecret from me (for

I will

I will ſatisfie thee even with a faulty act) which may look like vanity; but turn thy face, and hear me; I know my Cozen is full of honour; and I know, with all that honour; he loves me, this confeſſion I would have dy'd with e're it ſhould have been forc'd from me, but to confute thee, for it makes thee a party here, and thy love as unfit to give counſel, as mine uncapable to take it; and now I conjure thee follow and obey me, that will obey my fate; nor ſhall the winds that now begin in ſtorms to plead againſt me, prevail; I am reſolv'd; and this night I'll to ſea, and in her greateſt depths dive to find this rich Pearl, which the wiſe value not the leſs for having a rugged ſhell. *The ſtorm begins in the Scene.*

Phil. Oh Madam, to be born your Kinſman was one bleſſing, but to find I have a friends place in your thoughts, two; and that you know I love, and not I tell it, is a joy beyond all but what your love brings; forgive me, and henceforth I'll obey not counſel. Your Galley ſhall inſtantly be ready; thus I have gain'd all my ends in love, by having no unworthy ends upon her I love.

[*Exit.*

Lyſ. O Love, do thou proſper my intent, and a Virgin ſhall thy Prieſt become; and theſe great truths in all thy Temples ſhall be ſung how in thy infant hand thou grip'ſt a bow larger then *Joves*; ſo that, when thou thy darts let'ſt fly immortality is no guard, for oft they have through his lightning ſhot and ſtruck the thunderer: thy Religion's eaſie, thy Law light; for thy Tables hold but one act one Commandment; obey, and we cannot miſs the way; let none then ſay this youthful god or cruel is, or blind, ſince from diſobedience grows all the ſtrange croſſes and dangers that we find.

[*Exit.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. II.

Enter a Hermit *and his Son, with the body of an old Man.*

Herm. GEntly Son; lay him down, and bow him forward; more of thoſe waters, he ſtirs; ſo, ſo, chafe him ſtill while I dry his ſnowy hair which the ſea could not melt, 'tis he, ſtrange accident! but I'll not be diſcover'd yet. *Storm.*

Son. He ſighs, there's ſome comfort in that.

Herm. Sad condition for his age, when 'tis a joy to hear him ſigh.

Son. Good heaven! what do's age abroad at this time of his life?

Herm. Sure he has wandred far that has miſs'd a reſting place in his evening; and to be piti'd when he's forc'd to ſeek his Inn thus late at night.

Son. Sure he was of ſome Religious Order, by his habit.

Herm. No matter for his habit, pull it off, and fetch him my gray Coat; dry now is better then rich.

Son. Which opinion if he had held, perhaps his had been dry now. *Storm blows high.*

Herm. Good heaven, what a night's here! this evening promis'd dangers, but not like this; ſure this Barque was one of that Fleet

Fleet that we ſaw off the Point laſt night, if we can recall life, he may inform us who they were. [*He ſtirs.*

Son. He ſtirs, and ſighs ſtill.

Judge. Wretched, wretched *Theagines*; what mercy is this at length has found thee? was my ſelf only ſav'd of all this wrack?

Herm. All elſe periſh'd.

Judge. Oh! that I had miſs'd this charity too! my friend, aged *Perſeus*, my Brother, brave *Memnon*, and my Son, the hopeful *Pauſanes*, all theſe my former loſſes have robb'd me of my griefs, which elſe theſe poor men would have requir'd of me; O equal heaven! thy abus'd Oracle, and breach of vows, thou now but beginn'ſt to puniſh. Father, by thy habit thou art vow'd unto the gods; if then like me thou'lt not be puniſh'd for perjury, again deliver me to the doom they appointed, and in the watry womb of the Sea intomb me.

Herm. Oh, Sir; deſpair not; they appoint us better then we can chuſe, and in our greateſt fears ſurprize us with their mercies.

Judge. Hear but what I am, and thou'lt be afraid to harbour me; for where ere I go, there vengeance purſues me; my name's *Theagines*, once Judge of *Sardinia*, and bleſt with all that men call happineſs; Children, Wealth, and power to ſave or deſtroy where I liv'd, and though our State forbad Kings, all but that name I poſſeſt; my Brother too, whom they have puniſh'd, reign'd chief Prieſt when I rul'd as Judge, equal in our births, equal in our bleſſings, in our power equal, and in our faults too alike guilty, but not alike puniſh'd; for he I fear is loſt for ever; but the fault which now they are buſie in puniſhing, is this; 'twas enjoyn'd by our Predeceſſors, as a grateful offering to peace, under whoſe protection we found ſuch benefits as all our neighbouring Countries wanted; that it ſhould not be lawful for any to take up arms but in their own defence, nor upon pain of perpetual baniſhment ſend their Sons abroad, leſt they might bring home the dangerous cuſtoms of other Countries; this law was made, and with it vows of the ſtricteſt ties; this vow we vowed, and to this Law with oaths were bound.

Herm. What danger could that bring you?

Judge. O Father, this Law we broke; and the curſe of this vow purſues us; for know, we had each of us a Son and Daughter; which bleſſings made us covetous to have our Sons ſucceed us in our honours; and therefore thought to breed them abroad, where they might learn to rule: thus by ambition blinded we abus'd the Oracle, and told the people 'twas the will of the gods our Sons ſhould be ſent abroad; and I affirm'd if they commanded, the Law aſſented. Then to the charge of a faithful friend we gave our children, who were ſo young they knew not themſelves what they were, with a command to breed 'em fit to be Princes; but neither to the world nor themſelves diſcover that they were ſo. Long this fault lay not hid, for the abus'd Oracle unask'd complains, and to the incenſed people tells our falſhood; by them we were baniſh'd, never to return till we had found our

Sons,

Sons, which was ſome mercy; but alas! Fate was juſter then the people; for our Sons are loſt, my friend dead, and my Brother in our Pilgrimage by a ſtrange accident divided from me. Now ought I to hope for mercy, or wiſh to out-live theſe loſſes?

Herm. As yet you are not ſecur'd that theſe are loſſes; nor has any aſſur'd you they are dead; therefore defer this ſadneſs, and let me lead you into my Cabin.

Judge. Oh let me lean upon thy aged ſhoulder; for I have a load will ſink me.

Herm. Do, do; ſad time when I can be a ſtay to a Prince! Son make a fire upon the ſhoar, that if any wretch unfortunate be caſt upon this loan place, they may ſee it and repair hither; 'twill be ſome comfort to find we have charity. *The Son makes a fire on the Stage.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. III.

Enter three Slaves.

Slav. THe gods protect us, and recall this judgment, [*Ent.* Gil. *Storm.*

Gil. Hence, ye dogs, leave your howling; S'death, have we liv'd as if we hop'd for mercy, or expected protection from our prayers? be gone, and endeavour; every wiſe man rules his ſtars, and may defer that fate which prayer cannot alter, ſee if I have not loſt my power? why ſtay ye? who plies the Pump now, ſhe'll founder through the ſlaves negligence.

Slave. Why ſhould we labour againſt heaven that has decreed our ruine? there's no hope, we are all loſt, the ſea already is our grave.

Gil. Villain, thou ſhalt not dye by water, I'll be thy fate.—— And yours if you ſtay. [*He ſtabs one, and the other ſlaves go off.*

Enter Zenon *and* Leucanthe.

Zenon. See if the ſtorm has not wrought in her Element of water too, and blown it in tears from her eyes.

Gil. Would it had blown the fire thence too, the earthy part would not wound me; my danger and their beauty in thoſe active Elements lye; for in her living ſeat the fire bears ſway.

Zenon. I know his reſolution, but I'll watch him. [*Steps aſide.*

Gil. We are alone; I muſt not loſe this opportunity; will you yet grant my ſuit, and yield me love? or muſt I follow the examples of the gods, and in a ſtorm compaſs my will? ſay, will you give, or ſhall I force?

Leuc. Is this a time for love, when the raging ſtorm drowns thy words? Oh thou abus'd power! who thus enrag'd purſues us even to the laſt of all our name; and for abus'd ſacrifice will the Prieſt in judgement offer? if thou haſt decreed my fall, take it while I am fit for ſacrifice, while I am pure, and my virgin ſnow unſoil'd. Protect me from this raviſher, whoſe impious heat burns his hated breaſt, even in the boſom of the ſea. Gillippus *lays hold on her and pulls her.*

Gil. Ceaſe to call, and yield me love; thou ſee'ſt all the ſhip is buſie with apprehenſion of our danger, which my love will not give leave to fear; thoughts of thee ſo take up all the room here, that care of my ſelf cannot get in.

He offers to take hold of her.

Leuc. Away, unhand me; conſider the dangers and miſery thou art in.

Gil. Dangers! 'tis but noiſe only; and to me no new thing to ſee the Elements thus at war, and ſtrive to run again to their firſt Chaos. Thouſands of times have I naked ſtood their rage, when the element of fire has ſhot his angry flame into the yielding main, as if he had meant to wound her god with his forked lightning; this I have ſeen, and felt the miſchiefs the unruly winds beget when they break priſon, and force from the entrails of the earth a dangerous birth; and ſtill their dangers were but noiſe.

Leuc. O impious man! haſt thou ſeen their power, and felt a mercy above it, and doſt thou ſleight it?

Gil. Sleight it? no, nor fear it; nor would you apprehend it were you acquainted with the uncertainty of this element, and with me had ſeen theſe dangers grow from nothing. A thouſand times I have look'd upon her ſmootheſt brow, and heard the falſe winds whiſper to her, till their flatteries have wrought into her boſome, and there fill'd with ambition the covetous element that would aſpire at heaven, being thus ſeduc'd, diſcovering even to the eyes of men the ſecrets of her womb; this I have ſeen too, and wrought through theſe dangers; nor will I believe any thing can ſave me when I cannot ſave my ſelf: will you yield? or you'll find other dangers.

He pulls her.

Leuc. Oh ſtrange daring! O heaven! quench his ſaucy flames, or add your fires to 'em, and hide your lightning in his luſtful breaſt: fool and villain I never met before, though wiſe and wicked ſeldom joyn; doſt tempt me now with all my fears about me? if I were a common proſtitute acquainted with ſin I durſt not, when thunder ſpeaks, liſten to thy wickedneſs; it ſhakes even my Reaſon; rather fall upon thy knees, and no longer tempt the gods thus to our deſtruction.

Gil. Away, I'me deaf.

Still he pulls her, and ſhe reſiſts.

Leuc. Villain, wilt thou ſin while their Plagues hang over thee; and add to thy faults while they are puniſhing? Oh ye winds, take my tears upon your wings, and through this ſtorm convey 'em to that youth whoſe honour took me even in the midd'ſt of my dangers; and tell him his faith unfortunately has betray'd me to this miſery. *Hipparchus*, unknown name of honour, guilty by chance, by fate only faulty; oh! that thy ſword were here to defend us both.

He takes her in his arms and ſets her down again.

Gil. Ha! is there another that you love? nay then the earth ſhall not ſave you.

[*Enter* Zenon.

Enter Zenon.

Zenon. But it ſhall, veer more ſheat, hale, tack aboard; who's at helm? Maſter, ſet a yare man to the helm, ſteer thus, thus.

Helm-man. Done 'tis.

Zenon. Peace.

Gil. Hell take thee for thy interruption.

[*Exit Leucanthe.*

Zenon. Low're your main-ſail, 'twas your fault we laod our bonnet to; full, full.

Helm-man. Done 'tis.

Enter Maſter.

Maſt. Strike her fore-ſail, here's a guſt will bear our Maſt by the board elſe.

Gil.

Gil. How now, Maſter, is ſhe tight?

Maſt. No, a pox on her for a Whore, ſhe leaks, but we have girt her: port, port hard.

Helm-man. Done 'tis.

Maſt. What Gallies are thoſe that chaſe us? the Admiral's one.

Zen. I believe the King's aboard, ſhe has ſtood with us all this day.

Gil. No matter what they are; would we had no worſe enemies to deal with; who keeps the lead there?

Within. O dem a deep, fifteen fathom and a half, oh! [*Within.*

Gil. What ground ha' you?

Within. Corral. [*Within.*

Gil. Corral, hell and confuſion; we are upon the Rocks of *Aſmara*, luff, luff-hard, and veer, tack, hale your ſheat aboard; Boatſwain, brace your fore-ſail, bring her i'th wind, be yare Mates, clap the helm a lee, bring her upon her ſtays, w'are loſt elſe.

Zenon. Keep the lead going. [*Exeunt* Zenon *and* Maſter.

Gil. Th'are howling already, what's my fate's my fate, and it may conquer; but I'll never yield to it, nor ſink while theſe oars can bear me through. [*Exit.* *Teey cry within.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. IV.

Enter Hipparchus *and* Pauſanes.

Hip. LOoſe the ſlaves, we want men to trim our ſails.

Pauſ. O *Hipparchus*, that we had but the *Pluto* here to buſtle with this ſtorm; this is a painted whore, her back's too weak to bear her burthen.

Hip. Look out, *Pauſanes*, the Galley that we chas'd is ſinking.

Pauſ. The gods protect the Princeſs; ſee, ſee, ſhe has ſcap'd that guſt, and now they bear up with the land.

Hip. Let us ſteer with 'em, we may ſave ſome; port, port hard.

Helm-man. Done 'tis. [*Enter* Boatſwain.

Boatſ. Who's at the helm? ſlaves, we'll bring our ſails into the wind, veer more ſheat there; for heavens ſake, Gentlemen, to your Cabins and pray.

Hip. We have chang'd our courſe to bear up with the Galley that's in diſtreſs.

Boatſ. Is the Princeſs in that Galley?

Hip. I, ſhe's there, and her virtue interceding a ſafety againſt all their hopes or merits.

Boatſ. In with the lead there: Ho, the cunnery, due weſt, weſt, ſteer due weſt; w'are ſo far upon the Lee-ſhoar we ſhall never weather the Land, if we fall to the ſouthward w'are loſt, the weſtward has a ſafe bay; courage, Madam, we a tight ſhip, and a ſtout ging. *Enter the King and Eucratia.*

Pauſ. Mates, clear an anchor to drop, ere ſhe ſtrikes; heave out the long-boat there. [*Exeunt all but the* King *and* Eucratia.

King. O ignorance of man! 'tis beſt ſeen in divers ways that knowledge runs in; this their art and wiſe directions is to me diſtractions. O Madam! let me add to theſe dangerous multitude of waters my tears, that my repentance may waſh off this ſtain. 'Tis not the Sea I ſink under, but my faults to you. Can you for-

give my blindneſs that have led you into theſe dangers? Accurſed be that Traitor Villain that brought 'em into this extremity. That on land I could have redeem'd, but this all theſe waters cannot expiate.

Euc. They are not dangers fright me, though yours be joyn'd to them, for which Heaven knows I have a pain; you have prov'd ſuch a friendly Enemy, my griefs concern not my ſelf now, for I am onely in the power of Heaven, and the Gods are no leſs ſtrong at Sea than Land; for though their wonders dwell in the deep, yet their mercies wait there too.

King. O divine *Eucratia!* let me kneel to thee, and in this ſtorm call upon thy name to ſave me.

Euc Tempt not thoſe Powers which muſt protect us, but joyn with me for my loſt Siſter, poor *Leucanthe*, who is not onely ſubject to this ſtorm, but the dangers too with which a Traitor's luſt begirts her. O Sir! I know to dy ſpotleſs is now her Prayer and all her wiſhes but what we pray againſt, a wrack.

King. 'Twas her Galley that we chac'd, the Villain was forc'd to run aſhoar; nor will we fail with our endeavours to ſeek her ſafety: but O! ſhe ſtrikes: O! w'are loſt, ſhe ſtrikes: O!

Within O! O? O?

Pauſ. Man the Long-boat, not a man enter till the King and Queen be in: Sir, deſcend, the Ship ſtrikes, but we are near the ſhoar, the Long-boat now is all our hopes.

Enter Pauſ. *and* Hip.

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

Enter Gillippus *with* Leucanthe *tied at his back, and the knot in his mouth.*

Gil. THe fire of luſt, and warmth which that heat lent gave me ſtrength to reſiſt the coldneſs of the water, and to my appetite and longings the Powers that ſav'd me: If I can call back her life I'll ſacrifice this Lamb; I made *Zenon* binde her, that ſhe might not have her will ere I had mine; the knot in my teeth I held that when I could keep her no longer ſhe might ſlip; for my love 'tis vow'd to the living not to the dead; and when I cannot what I would I will what I can; to yonder fire which guided me to this ſafety I'll bear my load, when ſhe begins to live I'll ſeem to dy; and ſo I'll handle the chance, and in oyly words cloath this ſervice, faintly pleading Pardon for my paſt faults, as if I had onely life enough to tell her the obligation ſhe owes me: then if I finde her melt, by degrees I'll let her charity prevail, and ſlowly ſeem to recover: but if ſhe ſeem to rejoyce in my fall, and my prayers fail, by all the Gods hers then ſhall not prevail.

ACT. V. SCEN. II.

Enter the King, Eucratia, Hipparchus, *and* Pauſanes, *all above.*

King. THe ſtorm begins to ceaſe, and this our miraculous deliverance calls for a hearty and ſpeedy ſacrifice; Let the Long-boat immediately ſearch the wrack for the Princeſs *Leucanthe.*

Hip.

Hip. What other Veſſel's that? Some of the wrack ſwims ſtill.

King. 'Tis a *Sicilian* Galley by her Flag.

Euc. O Sir! look, they ſwim ſtill in charity as a Sacrifice for our deliverance, if't be poſſible ſave 'em; the Youth ſtrikes the Waters with unſkilful Oars: O ſave, ſave the Innocent.

Panſ. Be at peace, Madam, if it be in man I'll ſave 'em.

Hip. What do you mean?

Panſ. To leap in.

Hip. 'Tis deſperate.

Panſ. 'Tis honeſt, nay 'tis honourable; and when can a young man dy better, or hope to have his end waited on with braver Mourners? Thou ſeeſt I have hunted from danger to danger all my life but to finde a name, or one to own me, and cannot compaſs it; therefore to chuſe I'll leap into this danger; for from this glorious end I may in ſtory force one; and therefore leave to counſel, and leap in with me; and let us through this as a thouſand other dangers together labour; then if I faint, *Hipparchus* may be by; and if *Hipparchus* faint, Am not I there? Farewell, if thou wilt not follow, Farewell for ever. [*He leaps in.*

Hip. He's gone, *Panſanes*, Friend, ſteer thy Courſe to yonder fire, there I'll meet thee, and if't be poſſible, aſſiſt thy brave reſolution. [*Exit.*

King. Ye Gods! What ſtrange kinde of men are theſe?

ACT. V. SCEN. III.

Enter Gillippus *with* Leucanthe *in his arms.*

Gil. SO, here I'll reſt my Burden; ſhe begins to recover her ſtrength, and Reaſon works apace; ſhe call'd for help, but nam'd no body, but at large, Gentle Souldier help. *He carries her to the fire.*

Leuc. O ſave me, ſave me, Gentle Youth, I am betray'd.

Gil. Hark! again.

Leuc. Ha! Where am I? What place is this?

Gil. Now *Gillippus*, hide thy Snares cunningly, and then thou maiſt catch this Bird. [Gil. *counterfeits himſelf dead, and lies by her.*

Leuc. Ha! wet?-----Good Heaven! now my fears return with my Reaſon, and I remember the danger I was in by a ſtorm at Sea. -----Ha! What's this? A man laid by my ſide? Sleeps he, or is he dead? Good Heaven protect me, How came I here?----Who's this? *Gillippus?* Bleſs me! he's ſo wicked, Me-thinks his Aſhes ſhould be dangerous. Hark! he groans. O! that faithful ſtranger, little does his ſoul fear what miſeries his bounty has brought me. *Hipparchus* the Traitor call'd him, or my buſie minde deceiv'd me.

Hip. Yonder's the fire which my Friend will ſteer his deſp'rate Courſe to. Ha! What do I ſee? *Leucanthe*, and *Gillippus* dead by her? *Enter* Hip.

Gil. Who's that nam'd *Gillippus*, *Zenon?*

Leuc. What, alive? [Gil. *ſeeing* Hip. *riſes.*

Gil. Hipparchus! Nay, then I ſee my fate purſues me.

Hip. Art alive?-----Ye Gods, take this in ſacrifice while I offer that----- [*Kneels and kiſſes her hand, then points to* Gil.

Leuc.

Leuc. 'Tis he, 'tis the Youth that ſav'd me-----O Sir, protect me from this Raviſher.

Hip. If he ſcape me now I'm ſtrangely curs'd; Do you ſtare, Sir? [*They fight.*

Gil. I bleed apace.

Hip. I'm wounded.

Gil. Nay, it has a mouth, would it had this tongue in't.

Hip. You can fall when you are not dead; if thou jeſt now take that in earneſt. [Gil. *falls.*

Gil. Hold, I'm unfit for ſuch a ſudden *Exit*; O ſhe's loſt, ſhe's loſt, for ever loſt.

Leuc. O Sir! Spare him a little time to throw off that load that ſinks him.

Hip. O Madam! to what danger has my miſtake of ſervice brought you? Are you not at war with all our Sex for the Treacheries of this Villain? [Hip. *as he ſpeaks faints.*

Leuc. How do you, Sir? Alas, he faints!

Hip. I bleed apace, and I fear my wounds are deeper than I apprehended; for I feel a darkneſs now begin to cloſe mine eyes. O Madam! Madam! [*He falls.*

Leuc. O! I fear he's loſt; Good Gods, ſend ſome aid and counſel to a wretched Maid whom ye have purſu'd with change of cruel fates. O that I had dy'd ere I had ſeen this Youth; unfortunate *Leucanthe*, to ſee thy Love thus in the Cradle bloudy, born onely to add another cauſe of grief. [*Enter Judge,*

Judge. This way I heard ſome body cry for help, and 'twas mingled with the noiſe of Swords; What's here, a man wet and wounded? Good Heaven! laſt night thou little expected'ſt ſuch a land fate: More miſery! Whence are they? A woman too? 'Tis ſome Murder ſure. I'll take my Sword, thoſe that could ſo deſtroy their youth will not ſpare my age.

Leuc. What art thou, Father, that pitieſt our ſad fates? Come hither and I'll teach thee how to mourn.

Judge. Is he dead thou mourn'ſt thus? Let me ſee his wounds, Hold up's head, he breaths, Bow him forward while I fetch a Balſam, whoſe ſovereign power (if the vital parts be not periſh'd) will reſtore his health. [*Exit Judge.*

Leuc. Run, run; O my Joy! if thou dy'ſt, upon thy Tomb I'll lay Marble rough as thy fortune, and on it ſet fix'd a living ſtatue till with my tears I have polliſh'd it. [*Enter Judge.*

Judge. So, pour this Balſam into his wounds, and binde them up, and ſtay his head while I go finde the Hermit's Son, he ſhall help to bear him to my Cabin. [*Exit Judge.*

Enter King, Eucratia, Sortanes, *Hermit and his Son, with the Bodies of* Lyſimella *and* Pauſanes.

King. Bring 'em to yonder fire; and while *Eucratia* applies her charity to the Youth I'll aſſiſt *Pauſanes.*

Judge. Eucratia! Who nam'd *Eucratia?*

Leuc. Why, do'ſt thou know *Eucratia?*

Judge.

Judge. Know her! Yes, *Leucanthe.*

Leuc. Father!

Judge. 'Tis ſhe.

Leuc. O ye Gods! your hands are viſible through all this change.

King. Who are thoſe about the fire?

Euc. Leucanthe and *Theagines.* O Sir! w'are bleſt beyond our hopes. *Euc. goes to the fire and knows them.*

Judge. Eucratia here too! O remove my doubts, by what fate are we met thus ſtrangely?

King. 'Twill aſk a longer time, Sir, than her charity now can ſpare to tell.

Son. Father, they are all acquainted, and yet in my conſcience they never appointed this meeting. *In this time the Hermit is buſie about* Lyſimella.

Hermit. What's here? A womans breaſt in a Doublet? Ladies, ſome of your hands will be more proper here, this habit belongs not to the Sex it cloaths.

Euc. A woman!

Hermit. Yes.

King. Sortanes, have you never ſeen that face? *The King knows her.*

Sor. Yes, on my life.

King. 'Tis *Lyſimella.*

Lyſ. Here, O here! Who call'd wretched *Lyſimella?*

King. Madam, your charity has found my Siſter, my Friend, all that I call dear; and ſee if a croſs fate has not attempted to ſnatch her hence: O perſiſt in your charity, and a little diſpenſe with your joy, and try to ſave her.

Euc. If my bloud could ſave her, to every vein I would a paſſage give, and through thoſe thouſand ſtreams purſue her ſafety.

Hermit. More of that Strong-water, and give him leave to breathe. [*Hermit buſie to ſave* Pauſ

Euc. Here, put on this looſe Roll, and hide her Diſguiſe.

Gil. Some charitable hand convey me to *Hipparchus*, that from my dying lips I may breathe him comfort. About my neck you'll finde two golden Medals which I took from him and *Pauſanes* boſome, in which (I heard one *Perſeus* tell, who that day fell in battle) was writ in Characters their Names and Countrey, which yet they know not. *They turn to* Gillippus.

Judge. Perſeus! Who can tell tidings of the aged *Perſeus?*

Gil. That can I----At the ſack of *Tunis* he fell by my hands, when I took thoſe youths Priſoners, they call'd him Father---- O! I feel I'm ſinking, but whither, O whither, Mercy, Mercy, Heaven. [*He dyes.*

Judge. I am wrapp'd in amazement at theſe things; theſe are the Medals we hung about our Childrens necks; Which of theſe two was call'd *Pauſanes?* *He takes the Medals from* Gil. *boſome.*

Euc. This.

Judge. On thee then fall a bleſſing; but on thee my Son a thouſand, thouſand bleſſings; all that a weeping Father can with penitent tears call down till thy days. *He turns to* Hip.

Hermit, aſide. What have I liv'd to ſee?

Judge.

Judge. Oh, *Leucanthe* and *Eucratia*, see your long lost Brothers.

King. Though my part be strange; yet these wonders make it seem nothing, there's such providence i'th chances; how fares my *Lysimella?*

Lys. Oh Brother, can you forgive this fault? I heard some body name *Pansanes*, where is he?

King. Here.

Lys. There! and not come to *Lysimella?* oh! my fears will end this wrack, speak; by all the honours of thy youth, I conjure thee, is he dead, or no?

King. No, upon my life, he lives and is found a Prince.

Lys. A Prince! and will not my Brother then——

King. Why dost thou hide thy blushes in my bosom, think'st thou I can be cruel to *Lysimella?* no, no; since I saw thee I have felt thy pain, and now can love too, but dare not promise I shall be fortunate.

Euc. Can I add to your joys? if I can, Sir, let this Priest witness my vows to the King.

Herm. Will it please the King to retire to my homely Cell, 'tis free from storms, unless you bring 'em with you; I have liv'd long there, but never felt any save what my sins brought. Some skill too I have in herbs, and fortunate (I thank the gods) I have been in my attempts in Surgery; and hope they'll smile upon these Patients too, I find no danger of death amongst 'em: and when I have my Salvatory laid by, then I'll take up my Beads; for the Priest, I see, must compleat the joys of these happy pairs, my interest in which I'll no longer hide.—Oh speak *Eucratia*, think'st thou the gods will accept an offering from aged *Memnon*'s hand again, that once abus'd their altars by giving false Oracles, which thus they have reveng'd? if thou think'st they will, here I throw off my disguise, and from a Father and Priest, Sir, receive her.

Puts off his disguise.

Euc. My Father!

Judge. Memnon, my Brother! oh welcome!

King. Let me interrupt your joys, lest their excess prove dangerous; and to the gods that have wrought this blessing, let us pass on to sacrifice.

Herm. Lead on, *Theagines*, while we these young men bear off, on each of which a Virgin shall like their good genius wait; the story, how we came to be thus happy, we'll defer to a fitter time, when health and Hymen shall wait on these Princes, to set their Prisoners free, and prove Loves Fetters Liberty. [*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

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